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**June 1993**



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EDITORIAL BULLETIN

# COLLIER'S WEEKLY

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## A NEW DEPARTMENT

WITH the next number, January 14, COLLIER'S will begin the publication of a weekly review of current history, under the title "What the World is Doing." Its aim will be to extract from the mass of facts, rumors, and contradictions, important and trivial, made public from day to day, those essential things that help to form the real history of the time, and especially those that contain the promise of future development. It will view affairs in a perspective somewhat different from that of the daily press. Some things that the newspapers dismiss with slight mention or altogether ignore will be made prominent, and others that inspire the most vociferous headlines will be passed over.

Especially attention will be paid to those events, domestic and foreign, national, international and local, political, scientific and educational, industrial and commercial, which make for human progress.

History has never flowed with a swifter current than to-day. The conditions of life change from week to week. There may be a new alignment of parties in America before the year is out. We may see the tariff reduced by the party of protection. Labor and capital are groping toward an understanding. The fight against corruption in politics and business is nearing a crisis. Russia, now an Asiatic despotism, may be a constitutional monarchy next New Year's Day. The war may have ended, or it may have opened to new and greater fields. The old theoretical conceptions of science are toppling; the axioms of yesterday are disputed or denied.

In its practical applications science is transforming industry, fertilizing fields, and exterminating the enemies of mankind. The nations are coming together in diplomacy, in commerce, in literature, and in sports. Although the greatest war of a generation is raging, universal peace is nearer than ever before. Education is becoming higher, broader, and deeper, taking hold of every new stratum of population. American ideas and American influence are spreading over the world, and especially over our own hemisphere. Not least, our people are learning the art of rational amusement, which is part of that "pursuit of happiness" which the founders of our Republic approved in theory, although they applied it imperfectly in practice.

All these things, and many more, help to make up the stream of history that is sweeping on day by day and carrying us further in a year than our ancestors drifted in a century. All of them contribute to the story of "What the World is Doing."

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**T**HE RELATIONS OF LABOR TO CAPITAL, and of both to the public, create one of the most difficult problems of the era. Ethically, the ideal solution would seem to be in a fair division of the produce between the two productive forces, instead of the present system of more or less fixed compensation for the employees. There are new evils of monopoly in each branch. The amount of practical monopoly by employers constantly increases. The unions have also made monopolies of the supply of labor of particular classes in particular localities, and often these monopolies are managed unfairly and unwisely. If the trades unions were made independent contractors for the supply of their labor, there might be fewer strikes and employers might be able to determine more definitely the cost of labor; but this would mean that the open shop and free labor would be destroyed, that the monopoly of the unions would be even more complete than at present, and that there might be danger of the laborers themselves suffering through fraud and mismanagement of those in charge of their unions. The usual objections to trades unions as at present constituted may thus be summed up: (1) They result in a monopoly of a particular class of labor, with the evils that always attend monopolies; (2) they destroy the independent laborer, and (3) they lower the standard of the laborers by preventing the more industrious and more capable from obtaining the rewards of their industry and ability. It is generally held by independent thinkers that no satisfactory solution is possible unless the freedom of the laborer is secured, and unless industry and ability are given their reward. The object to be accomplished is to make it to the interest of every employee to give his own best efforts and to secure the best efforts of his co-employees, by giving to each employee a reward proportionate, as nearly as may be, to his industry and merit. This result can be attained only by giving the employees a share of the profits of the business of the employer, and the employer can afford to give up a share of his profit if thereby he can secure greater industry and more intelligent effort on the part of his employees.

PROFIT-  
SHARING

**T**HE EMPLOYEES IN EACH BUSINESS or enterprise might constitute a separate union, interested in the success of this business or enterprise. They might act through a committee chosen by them in such manner as to represent the different classes of employees. A contract could be made between the employer and the union of his employees, and every employee could be hired on the terms of this contract. The contract should provide for the payment of specified minimum wages to the employees of each class and for the division among them, at stated periods, of any agreed share of the profits, each employee to receive a share proportionate to the minimum wages earned by him during the period when the profits were earned. Piecework should be introduced whenever practicable. The employer should retain the right to select and discharge his employees, but if such action in any case should be objected to by the committee, or if there should be any other difference which could not be adjusted by conference between the employer and the committee, it should be submitted to an arbitrator chosen by lot from among several named in the agreement. Of course, such a desirable relation could only be brought about gradually by proving its advantage to the laborers, and thus overcoming a natural prejudice against anything that might weaken the present unions. Practical methods of working under such arrangements could be evolved only gradually by experiment, and moreover there are many kinds of labor to which the plan could not be applied at all. It could be tested most easily in the management of some factory having a steady business and employing a moderate number of persons. Of course, somewhat different arrangements would have to be made according to the nature of the business. Thus, if a builder should contract to put up a house, he should agree to pay to all of his employees definite minimum wages, and then divide among them, in proportion to the sums earned by them during construction, a certain share of the profit on completion of the building. We pretend to no dogmatic opinions on such details, but it does seem obviously true that profit-sharing is just, and when a plan is just we should feel competent soon or late to devise methods for its practical execution.

SPECIFIC  
SUGGESTIONS

as "banker and broker, yachtsman, author," which reminds us a little, in its scansion, of rich man, poor man, beggar man, and so forth. He is alleged to be "prominent as yachtsman," and a contributor to magazines, reviews, and newspapers, since 1875, a period of thirty years, dating from a time when he was eighteen. His autobiography relates that of one of his works, a "History of the Republican Party," there were two editions, one a large illustrated quarto, the other a special edition on satin, consisting of four copies, one of which was presented to President HARRISON, one to Vice-President MORTON, and one to the Library of Congress, the fourth being retained by the author. This was in 1888, but we trust the author still has his copy. Mr. LAWSON blushingly enumerates, among his works, "The Krank," in 1887; "Secrets of Success," in 1888; a collection of short stories and poems, and the LAWSON history of the America's Cup, for private distribution. We are inclined to think, nevertheless, that his most important accomplishment is his last, in which, as Sir GALAHAD, he attacks the Standard Oil group of financiers in newspapers and in "Everybody's Magazine." This side of his activity should be envisaged in contrasting parts. It is to be remembered that after his attacks send copper down in Wall Street, Mr. LAWSON buys, and is credited with making a million dollars out of one recent onslaught. Therefore we can not recommend him to the many thousand lambs who seek prophets to guide them, through gambling, to sudden wealth. They may be pinched where he grows rich, and he will give them the most virtuous of reasons for the incident. But with all this LAWSON is doing some good. We think he is doing a lot of good. He brings some discredit on more honest investigators, but he is whetting the public conscience, and, mixed with his inventions, is much information that an ordinary critic could not get. "Is LAWSON a fraud or a useful witness who has turned State's evidence?" one of our readers asks. We answer, both; and natural optimism leads us to believe that his contributions to our knowledge of dishonest American finance outweigh in lasting import the effects of his distorting luridness or of the havoc which he raises with innocents who think they can gain wealth by following his advertisements. As a gambler observed in St. Louis, one thing that LAWSON has to his credit is that he has done something toward destroying the permanent market for gold bricks in the United States.

LAWSON  
PRO AND CO

**T**HE PITY OF DISHONEST FINANCE is not in the destruction it wreaks among the lambs, or in the blows below the belt that the protagonists deliver to one another. It is the small, honest, unspeculative investor who lends the touch of deep pathos to the game carried on by the big gamblers and tricksters. In England insurance companies are looked upon as something almost as holy as the British constitution. The most important specific thing that Mr. LAWSON has done to date is to cast a cloud upon some of our great insurance companies that will make it necessary either for them to clear themselves or for the Government to go far along the lines suggested by Commissioner GARFIELD. Mr. LAWSON has not proved the acts charged against the heads of the great insurance companies. Only libel suits would bring the matter where the charges could be proved or disproved. But what Mr. LAWSON has done already is to show the possibility of such improper manipulation by big operators of funds which are supposed to be absolutely safe and pure. The most serious accomplishment by LAWSON thus far is this putting of the great insurance companies on their defence. They are now in a position where they ought to show not only that the misuse of power is not a fact, but that it is not a possibility.

LAWSON AND  
INSURANCE

**O**F ALL HUMAN INSTITUTIONS none is full of deeper ironies than punishment for crime. "Is justice in France as absurd as the DREYFUS trial made outsiders think?" we asked a scholarly and fair-minded Frenchman. "Yes," said he, "as absurd as it is everywhere and always." Yet that punishment is necessary almost every one agrees, with a few great men in the minority. The innocent are sometimes slaughtered; the "guilty" are often no more depraved than others who break no law; the very punishments we inflict cause new crimes; families starve or become depraved because a single member is in prison, and yet depriving individuals of life and liberty seems a necessity of our being. One kind of case has become unfortunately conspicuous in America the last few years. A woman of bad character is accused of shooting a man who has decided to end relations with her. Through the agency of yellow

**V**ANITY AND PRETENCE call naturally for ridicule, but in laughing at the Hon. THOMAS WILLIAM LAWSON we had no intention of denying his utility, as some of our readers appear to think. Mr. LAWSON is described in his "Who's Who" autobiography





journals a wave of sympathy is worked up for the woman, and when she is acquitted she can speedily become rich upon the vaudeville stage. What does this sympathy mean? It means that such women will come more and more to think they have a proprietary right in the man who has become entangled with them. Of this view the consequences would reach far. A father, wishing to urge his son away from such a companionship, might hesitate to do so, when he thought of the ready pistol and the immunity lent by a sentimental public. A wife would inflict a similar peril on her husband if she sought to recall him from a wrong, or lend assistance to his own repentance. The public should do some thinking about the consequences before it creates a widespread sympathy with the class of women who shoot to maintain irregular relations. Heaven knows there is no need of feeling superior to them, or of throwing stones at anybody. Realizing that we are all miserable sinners, we can yet see that for the general safety certain crimes must be met with austere punishment. The complicated machinery of our criminal law, encouraging technical delays and tricks, helps to make such trials long drawn out for the public contemplation. Nevertheless it is always to be remembered, when change in procedure is contemplated, that the English system would be safe only with their superior judges.

**HEROISM AND REWARDS** have little to do with each other. When GARIBALDI, according to the tradition, told his followers that they would have to give up everything, and that their recompense would be suffering and death, he appealed to the roots of the heroic. In Manchuria to-day Japanese and Russians are fighting as bravely as men have ever fought, not because one race believes one thing about life hereafter, and the other believes another thing, but because they are full of the material that, since history began, has been found in men, making them do what was set for them to do, whatever the cost might be. KURO-PATKIN declared in the spring that he would eat his Christmas dinner in Tokio. The Russians boast, and prove themselves as brave as anybody. The Japanese do not boast; it is not according to their taste; but they do deeds of valor which no race could surpass, and do them, not in any frenzy, but with at least as much calm and judgment as an Anglo-Saxon. There is something inspiring, in spite of all our humane progress, in the thought that such doings are possible to-day as have been enacted for so many months around Port Arthur. Every new report that comes to us confirms the view that in the present war the most dauntless valor has been combined with watchful discretion. The virtue of physical courage is often preached so that it swells and blusters harshly, but it can still be preached with sad sincerity, and it can be practiced so that it seems part and foundation of much that is noble in our lives. An intrepid courage, according to one great Englishman, "is at best but a holiday kind of virtue, to be seldom exercised, and never but in cases of necessity; affability, mildness, tenderness, and a word which I would fain bring back to its original signification of virtue—I mean good nature—are of daily use." Yet we are so constructed that when physical courage ceases to be part of the male's constitution we are in a state of degeneracy where all our virtues tend to disappear. Courage is the great male virtue and will be found in all strong races. The world admires it, and the world thinks better of both Russia and Japan to-day than it did a year ago.

**OVERDOING ONE TRUTH** always makes it easier to overdo the opposite. Nowhere do extremes have a better chance than in the field of health. If some parents never allow a child to eat anything unwholesome, or to go out without elaborate adaptation of its covering to the weather, others will react to an extreme recklessness which they classify as common-sense. The very close connection between mental attitudes and bodily condition becomes clearer every day. The sight of salt provokes one secretion in a dog's mouth, and the sight of meat another. A man of science observes that if one is in the habit of carrying food or sugar in the pocket, the act of putting the hand in the pocket will provoke a secretion of saliva, and that if two dogs are looking at each other, it is only necessary that one should be eating meat to cause the same flow of viscous saliva in both. Dogs of positive and cold character are less likely to give these physical phenomena in response to the sight of food. The animal's liking or dislike for a given article is a largely determining factor in the amount of secretion caused by the sight of it, a fact which fortifies the ordinary

notion that it is better to eat food which is agreeable. Once make that admission, however, and many brilliant individuals will think it means a diet of cocktails and chocolate eclairs.

**AMERICANS ARE ACCUSED FREQUENTLY** of being dead to beauty; of going about on occasional trips, baying the wonders of some buried century, but caring nothing for the beautiful at home. A sculptor has been complaining that our cities spend almost nothing for their embellishment, and they do little even to prevent disfiguration. President ROOSEVELT's vigor may stop the increase of soft coal smoke in Washington, but the energetic cities of the West have passed ordinances galore against this needless dirt without enforcing any of them. Niagara Falls, one of the world's grandest spectacles, is being every year more deeply injured to benefit a few private corporations. That the Federal Government and Canada should not combine to make a park around the Falls, and keep them for mankind forever, instead of giving them over to be despoiled by private greed, really ought to be incredible. The National Government does these things better than the States. Apparently the great California trees, landmarks of a time before man's creation, are doomed unless California turns them over to the United States, in which case they will be as carefully guarded as the Yellowstone Park. About such matters Uncle JOE CANNON and his like in Congress care nothing, and public opinion is not yet strong enough to coerce them. Here is a line of influence in which an educated President like Mr. ROOSEVELT ought to be of especial use.

CONTEMPT  
FOR BEAUTY

**AMERICAN LOVE FOR INITIALS** was strong enough to amuse visitors, back in the days of DAISY MILLER, when her small brother appeared everywhere as RANDOLPH C. This taste is disappearing. Middle names and the use of initials become less frequent. STEPHEN GROVER CLEVELAND late in life dropped one of his names altogether. No man in public life to-day is so closely identified with a middle initial as Mr. BLAINE was with his. The simplicity of two names suits our circumstances, as fifteen or more are deemed becoming in some noble of Hungary or Roumania. It is not entire, however, this change of fashion, as we found by referring casually to a leading lawyer. "Should you have occasion," writes a correspondent, "again to speak of 'JOHN JOHNSTON' of Philadelphia, just slip in a 'G' between the first and last names. JOHN G. JOHNSTON is known to Philadelphians as JOHN JACOB ASTOR or GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS were to New Yorkers, whereas plain JOHN JOHNSTON makes a Philadelphian pause a moment, and even brings up in the mind a burlesque play of some years ago entitled 'Yon Yonson.'" Which goes to show that, while the fashion is changing, it has not changed sufficiently to excuse us for the omission of an important "G." Our correspondent's New York illustrations, however, are not entirely exact, as middle names used in full are not quite the same thing as initials, and have shown more persistence.

MIDDLE  
NAMES

**GOOD AND EVIL** can be found everywhere, in proportions varying less with the facts than with the eye of the observer. To Professor GOLDWIN SMITH, for example, the American horizon is dark. The big stick frightens him. "Suppose expansion takes a southern course, and extends to the line of the Panama Canal, taking in a vast alien population, there may be another disruption; there can hardly fail to be a change of institutions. If you have an empire you must have an emperor." That seems very sad, about the emperor. We do not want him at all, and are sorry that in the professor's view we are compelled to have him. We took in Alaska without one, but the Panama region may be different. As with this rather ridiculous bogie, so with other hopes and fears. The average American citizen's outlook is one of optimism, not because he sees the future clearly—any more than Mr. GOLDWIN SMITH does—but because he and the people who make his environment, being well and prosperous, are full of a merely temperamental cheerfulness. This instinctive happiness, however, is fortified by the facts as far as we can see them. The outlook for general welfare has never been better than it is to-day. There are plenty of abuses and much hardship, but we imagine no great nation has ever enjoyed a higher level in the daily needs of life. Our pessimists are really hard put to it for allegations to support their gloom. They lay hold of imperialism, trusts, or some other evil, but the people refuse to feel downtrodden. It is the essential prosperity of the people that gives the party of political opposition such an unwelcome task to-day. Wail they never so loudly, their plaints are met with incredulity.

NEW YEAR  
OUTLOOK

FADS AND  
COUNTER FADS





FOOD SUPPLIES FOR FIELD MARSHAL OYAMA'S SOLDIERS FIRED UP AT THE RAILROAD STATION AT YENTAI



A copious winter supply of rice for the Japanese troops in Manchuria



Russian dead on the field where they made repeated attacks against a Japanese position

PHOTOGRAPH BY JAMES H. HART, COLLEGE'S SPECIAL WAR PHOTOGRAPHER ACCOMPANYING THE JAPANESE FIRST ARMY



General Kuropatkin

An open-air mass at Mukden, October 6, at which General Kuropatkin invoked the divine blessing on his proposed attack against the Japanese in Liao-Yang—which attack resulted in a severe defeat for the Russians

## BETWEEN BATTLES IN MANCHURIA

PHOTOGRAPH COURTESY 1905 BY COLLEGE'S PRESS



# A REVIEW OF THE YEAR

## 1904

THE YEAR IN AMERICA  
PREPARING TO JOIN THE OCEANS  
THE NATIONS AT ST. LOUIS  
SERVICE PENSIONS BY EXECUTIVE ORDER  
RAILROAD MONOPOLY OUTLAWED  
THE PUBLIC "FINDING ITSELF"  
DRAWING THE LINES OF BATTLE

THE CONVENTIONS  
A ONE-SIDED CAMPAIGN  
THE INDEPENDENT ABROAD  
COMMERCIAL MASSACRES  
THE CENTURY'S FIRST GREAT WAR  
JAPAN SECURES COMMAND OF THE SEA  
KUROKI STRIKES ON LAND

PORT ARTHUR BESIEGED  
THE MANCHURIAN CAMPAIGN  
PORT ARTHUR AND THE FLEETS  
THE POWERS AND THE WAR  
REFORM IN RUSSIA  
THE WORLD'S PEACE  
SCIENCE IN FLUX  
INDUSTRIAL SCIENCE

### THE YEAR IN AMERICA

**T**HE YEAR 1904 has been one of unchecked material progress in the United States. We have gained two million inhabitants—equivalent to annexing a third of Canada—and our total population has increased to nearly 85,000,000. We have added about three billion dollars to our national wealth, which is now estimated at over \$111,000,000,000. The expenses of the General Government have risen to nearly two million dollars a day. The value of the year's crops has been the greatest ever known. Our foreign commerce has surpassed all American records, and our domestic commerce has exceeded the total volume of the foreign trade of all the nations of the world combined. Our shipping tonnage has reached a new high-water mark. We have begun at last to develop the remnant of our public domain on scientific lines. We have maintained peace at home and extended our influence abroad. We have made some progress, too, toward the solution of our moral, political, and social problems. We are recovering a public conscience. We are extending the benefits of higher education to a greater proportion of the population than ever enjoyed such advantages in any other country in the world. On the whole, America can look back upon the year with cheerfulness.

### PREPARING TO JOIN THE OCEANS

**L**AST WINTER'S SESSION of Congress—the shortest "long session" known in ninety years—was devoted largely to forming the lines for the coming Presidential campaign. Cuban reciprocity had been secured in December, and the first thing that demanded the attention of Congress in 1904 was the sensational creation of a new republic in Panama. On the 4th of January the President, in a special message, explained his course in recognizing the secession of the Isthmus, and refusing to permit Colombia to restore her authority there. Senator Gorman tried to unite the Democrats against the Administration's Panama policy, but here, as in the case of Cuban reciprocity, his programme failed. The Southern States wanted the canal, and on February 23 the treaty with Panama was ratified by a vote of 72 to 17. By this agreement we secured the perpetual control of a strip of land ten miles wide, from ocean to ocean, a monopoly of trans-Isthmian traffic, the right of sanitary supervision of the cities of Panama and Colon, the right to occupy certain islands in the Bay of Panama, and various other advantages. As compensation we agreed to pay to Panama the \$10,000,000 we had originally promised to Colombia, and to guarantee her independence against all comers. As soon as the ratifications of the treaty were exchanged, the President appointed the commission which was to supervise the actual construction of the canal. The men selected were Rear-Admiral John G. Walker (chairman); Major-General John W. Davis, William Barclay Parsons, Chief Engineer of the New York Subway; Benjamin M. Harrod of Louisiana, Carl E. Grunsky of California, and Frank J. Hecker of Michigan. Of these, all were engineering experts except Mr. Hecker, who resigned on account of ill health on the 17th of November. Later General Davis was made Governor of the Canal Zone, and Mr. John F. Wallace, General Manager of the Illinois Central Railroad, was selected as Chief Engineer of the canal. It soon appeared that our authorities were claiming wider powers than the Panama Republic was disposed to admit, and a degree of friction developed which made it necessary for President Roosevelt, toward the end of the year, to send Secretary Taft to the Isthmus to exercise his unrivaled tact in smoothing out the tangles. This was happily accomplished, the Secretary promising to redress the grievances complained of by the Panamanians. The order extending the Dingley tariff to the Canal

Zone, which Mr. Taft frankly admits to have been a mistake of his own, has been revoked. No trade, except in canal supplies and articles in transit, is to enter the new ports of Ancon and Cristobal, established by the United States at the ends of the canal, leaving all customs receipts for the Government of Panama. Panama is to reduce her duties on all goods except wines, spirits, and opium from 15 to 10 per cent, establish the gold standard, reduce her consular fees and port charges, and cut down her postage rates from five to two cents. The Zone authorities are to buy all their stamps from Panama at 40 per cent of their face value. There is to be absolute free trade between the Republic of Panama and the Canal Zone. The way now seems clear for real canal digging. New surveys have been carried out which encourage the idea that a sea-level cut may be substituted for a lock canal without prohibitory cost.

### THE NATIONS AT ST. LOUIS

**T**HE GREATEST WORLD'S FAIR that ever has been, and possibly the greatest that ever will be held, opened its gates in St. Louis on April 30, to commemorate the purchase of the Louisiana Territory. The show was so colossal, and the expenditure of energy and money so terrific, as to raise the question whether enterprise had not outdone itself, and whether future expositions ought not to be planned on a more modest scale. The St. Louis Fair occupied 1,240 acres of ground—nearly twice the area of the unwieldy Columbian Exhibition—and the buildings at St. Louis covered 128 acres, against 82 acres at Chicago. Fifty million dollars—more than the combined wealth of all



Theodore Roosevelt, of New York, and Charles W. Fairbanks, of Indiana, elected President and Vice-President of the United States, November 8, 1904

the universities and colleges in the entire Louisiana Purchase region—were devoted to a display that lasted seven months. One of the most wonderful architectural pictures that had ever been seen on earth was created to be immediately destroyed. But while it lasted the St. Louis Fair was a great educating influence. It surpassed any former exposition in its illustrations of the processes of production, of the methods of education, and of the applications of science to industry.

### SERVICE PENSIONS BY EXECUTIVE ORDER

**T**HE PRESSURE BY INTERESTED PARTIES in behalf of a service pension law for veterans of the Civil War grew more urgent, and the resistance to it in Congress seemed on the point of giving way, when, on March 16, President Roosevelt suddenly relieved the legislators of their embarrassment by issuing, through Pension Commissioner Ware, an order which in effect established a service pension system, although on a less liberal basis than its advocates had desired. Veterans who had reached the age of sixty-two years were to be considered half disabled and pensionable at \$6 per month. After sixty-five they were to draw \$8, after sixty-eight \$10, and after seventy the full disability rate of \$12. Although this was merely an extension of a rule established by Mr. Cleveland, President Roosevelt was denounced as a usurper of the legislative power, and it was predicted that the Treasury would be swamped by the demands under the new order. For the first time, however, the claims under a new pension opportunity fell short of the estimates, and the cost of Order No. 78 proved to be a negligible quantity.

### RAILROAD MONOPOLY OUTLAWED

**T**HE PROGRESSIVE CONCENTRATION of capital had reached its climax in the formation of the Northern Securities Company, after the "Blue Thursday" panic of 1901. This corporation had been organized under the laws of New Jersey, with a capital of \$400,000,000—\$30,000,000 of it in cash—to acquire the control of the Northern Pacific and Great Northern Railway Companies, which in turn controlled the Chicago, Burlington & Quincy. Thus nearly twenty thousand miles of railway and a fleet of ocean steamers came into the hands of a single company, which became the absolute master of transportation throughout the greater part of the Northwest. It was intimated that this was only a curtain-raiser, and that it would be followed by the creation of a Southern Securities Company and an Eastern Securities Company, if not by that of a National Securities Company, to control the railroad system of the entire United States. The public mind was agitated, and in the Northwest infuriated. The States of Minnesota and Washington tried without success to block the merger in the courts. Then President Roosevelt ordered Attorney-General Knox to bring an action against the Northern Securities Company under the Sherman Anti-Trust Act. A sweeping decision in favor of the Government was secured on April 9, 1903, in a special Circuit Court at St. Paul, Judge Thayer writing the opinion. The judgment was affirmed by the Supreme Court of the United States, on March 14, 1904, by a vote of 5 to 4, all the justices in the majority being Republicans, and all the three Democratic justices voting with the minority. This was considered a brilliant triumph for the Administration and for President Roosevelt personally, and it seriously damaged the anti-trust issue as Democratic campaign material. The decision was of the most far-reaching kind. It held that the Sherman Act was constitutional, that it applied to railroad as well as to industrial combinations, and that every "combination or conspiracy in restraint of interstate or international commerce" was illegal, whether its actions were, in fact, reasonable or unreasonable. Hence the Northern Securities Company was forbidden to vote its Northern Pacific and Great Northern stock, or to exercise any control over the Northern Pacific and Great Northern companies, and those corporations were forbidden to pay any dividends to the Northern Securities Company.

This decision furnished a new illustration of "Roosevelt luck." While it strengthened the President with the people, it dulled the edge of the opposition to him.





THE ASSASSINATION OF M. DE FLEHVE

Wreck of the carriage in which the Russian Minister of the Interior was killed by the explosion of a bomb in St. Petersburg, July 28

among the capitalists. From the time he ordered the suit against the Northern Securities Company, he had been looked upon in Wall Street as a dangerous man who might unsettle the foundations of society, but after the catastrophe it was found that the financial interests had not been seriously hurt after all, and that they could get along just about as well by obeying the law as by defying it. The railroads involved in the Northern Securities merger have continued to be managed by the same interests as before the decision.

### THE PUBLIC "FINDING ITSELF"

THE PAST YEAR has been noteworthy for its rapid development of a public consciousness—a sense of common rights and obligations, which resents abuses that formerly passed with easy tolerance, and applies itself eagerly to the study of public problems and their possible solutions. This has been manifested in many ways. It was shown in the warfare upon corporate excesses, which culminated in the Northern Securities decision, followed by the radical report of the Commissioner of Corporations and the thoroughgoing recommendations of the President's message. It was illustrated in the enthusiasm with which the voters flocked across party lines to the support of candidates for office whom they believed to represent public as opposed to class interests—such candidates as President Roosevelt, Joseph W. Folk in Missouri, W. L. Douglas in Massachusetts, Charles S. Deneen in Illinois, and Jolin A. Johnson in Minnesota. It was displayed in Chicago's extraordinary vote for the municipal ownership of street railroads, and in the jealous vigilance with which New Yorkers watched every threatened encroachment upon public rights in the matters of street franchises, lighting contracts, and park and subway advertising. It was strikingly exemplified in the general interest excited by the slashing discussion of political, social, and economic questions in such publications as "McClure's" and "Everybody's Magazine," which found that boldness was more popular than timidity, and lanced public sores without regard to the feelings of individuals or the possibility of libel suits. A very remarkable manifestation was the influence acquired by Mr. Thomas W. Lawson, a Boston speculator of dubious antecedents, whose alleged exposures of the inside secrets of corrupt finance were received as gospel by hundreds of thousands, and perhaps millions, of citizens, and became a force to be reckoned with in the stock market.

### DRAWING THE LINES OF BATTLE

WHEN THE YEAR BEGAN, the opposition to President Roosevelt in his own party had died into sullen grumblings. The hostile Republican leaders had been beaten into submission. Almost all the State conventions of the previous year had committed themselves to Mr. Roosevelt's nomination. The last chance of any serious resistance disappeared with the death of Senator Hanna, on February 15. The Republican voters believed that President Roosevelt had made his enemies by his determined defence of the public interests against financial and political dictation, and every criticism from Wall Street or the Senate helped to make his position unassailable.

On the Democratic side the field was open. It was first to be decided whether the party should be controlled by its radical or by its conservative forces, and then a choice was to be made among the various aspirants for the leadership within the victorious faction. Mr. Bryan struck a fatal blow to the radical prospects by declaring on his return from Europe that the Chicago and Kansas City platforms, free silver and all, must be reaffirmed. This position offered to the party the certain prospect of a third disastrous defeat, and made those Democrats who were in politics to win believe that their only hope lay in a change of leadership. The conservative sentiment early showed a tendency to concentrate upon Alton B. Parker, Chief Judge of the Court of Appeals of New York. Judge Parker was reached by a process of elimination. He appeared to be the logical candidate, not on account of his inherent strength, but because he was the only one mentioned who was not distinctly impossible. He had made no enemies; he was not known to have any dangerous opinions, and he had a reputation as a "vote-getter."

### THE CONVENTIONS

THE REPUBLICAN NATIONAL CONVENTION which met at Chicago, June 21, was a perfunctory gathering. It nominated President Roosevelt by acclamation, with Senator Fairbanks of Indiana as the candidate for Vice-President. The platform was devoted chiefly to a glorification of Republican achievements in the past, and to assurances that the Republican party could do whatever needed to be done in the future. The impressive opening address of Mr. Elihu Root was an amplification of the same theme, as were President Roosevelt's speech and letter of acceptance later. The only spark of fire struck out at Chicago flashed from the Wisconsin contest. After arguments from both sides, the National Committee unanimously decided in favor of the anti-La Follette, or Stalwart, delegation, which through the Senators and Representatives in Congress, and the Federal officeholders, had intimate relations with the national organization of the party. The Governor created a sensation by announcing that the committee had decided against him without reading the evidence, that there was no hope of justice from the Committee on Credentials or the Convention, and that he would go home without further efforts to seat his delegation and submit his case to the people at the polls. The result was a split in the Republican party of Wisconsin, the nomination of two State tickets, and complications that lasted until election day, when they reached a dramatic climax.

The Democratic National Convention met at St. Louis on July 6. It was a fighting body from the start. The efforts of the radicals were directed, first, toward the adoption of a platform upon which Judge Parker could not stand, and next toward the collection of a third of the delegates into a combination which, under the two-thirds rule, would prevent his nomination. The latter plan failed, but the former was almost successful. Mr. Bryan took command of the opposition in a brilliant assault upon the position of the conservative delegation from Illinois—both the rival Illinois delegations being nominally for Hearst, and each the refined product of slungshot and brass-knuckle politics. Although the merits of this case were on his side, Mr. Bryan could make no impression upon the Convention. But in the Committee on Resolutions he succeeded in keeping out of the platform a plank, based on the Mississippi platform of John Sharp Williams, reciting the increased production of gold, accepting the decrees of Providence without committing itself upon their wisdom, and therefore recognizing the gold standard as an accomplished fact. The platform, inaudibly read, was adopted on the night of the 8th, and the Convention proceeded immediately to the nominations. The voting began at five o'clock in the morning, and the first test showed 658 votes for Parker, 200 for Hearst, 42 for Cockrell, and 38 for Olney. Changes before the result was announced gave the nomination to Parker on the first ballot, and the Convention adjourned until afternoon. Meanwhile the news of the omission of the gold-standard plank from the platform had created consternation in the East. The Democratic and independent papers of New York had denounced the surrender to Bryan as presaging party disgrace and ruin. After receiving word of his nomination Judge Parker telegraphed to William F. Sheehan, at St. Louis: "I regard the gold standard as firmly and irrevocably established, and shall act accordingly if the action of the Convention to-day shall be ratified by the people."



THE RACE FOR THE VANDERBILT CUP

Finish of the 284-mile speed contest for automobiles of all nations, held on Long Island, October 8, and won by George Heath in 5h. 26m. 15sec.

As the platform is silent on this subject, my view should be made known to the Convention, and if it is proved to be unsatisfactory to the majority, I request you to decline the nomination for me at once, so that another may be nominated before adjournment."

This message stunned the Convention, and at first there were wild threats to take Parker off the ticket. But the sober leaders stemmed the passion of the delegates, and the Convention finally voted to send Judge Parker a despatch, drawn by John Sharp Williams, informing him that, as the money question was not an issue, there was nothing to prevent a man holding his views from accepting the Democratic nomination. The ticket was then completed by the nomination for Vice-President of Henry Gassaway Davis, an octogenarian capitalist of high tariff proclivities, an owner of coal mines and railroads, and generally recognized as one of the Lords Proprietors of the State of West Virginia.

### A ONE-SIDED CAMPAIGN

THE PARKER GOLD TELEGRAM was hailed at first in the East and in Europe as a miracle of heroism and statesmanship, but as time passed without any further wonders, its glamour began to wear off. Judge Parker was nebulous and hesitating. He did not convey the impression of force, energy, conviction, or thorough knowledge. Such Democratic enthusiasm as existed at the beginning of the campaign began to chill. Judge Parker seemed interested chiefly in the Philippines, about which the people were not particularly concerned, and in the Constitution, which they did not believe to be in danger. He treated the great Democratic issue of the tariff gingerly, and his associate, Mr. Davis, openly avowed himself a protectionist. Mr. Parker's views on the vital subject of trust regulation appeared vague, and he handled the inviting theme of governmental extravagance with good will, but apparently without very exact information. President Roosevelt was direct, positive, definite, and confident. He "stood pat" on the general infallibility of the Republican party and the perfection of its policies. He challenged the Democrats to show anything better, and their lack of aggressiveness in responding to the challenge convinced many voters that there was really nothing to be gained by a change. Notwithstanding the prosperity of the country, there was a vast amount of discontent, but the Democratic party made no effective appeal to it. Its more militant representatives joined the swelling Socialist movement, and most of the remainder either voted for Roosevelt, pending a



RAISULI, THE MOORISH BRIGAND

A traveler in Morocco, who made this photograph, asserts that it is a snapshot of the abductor of Ion Perdicaris, an American resident of Tangier, held for ransom in the Rix Mountains last February

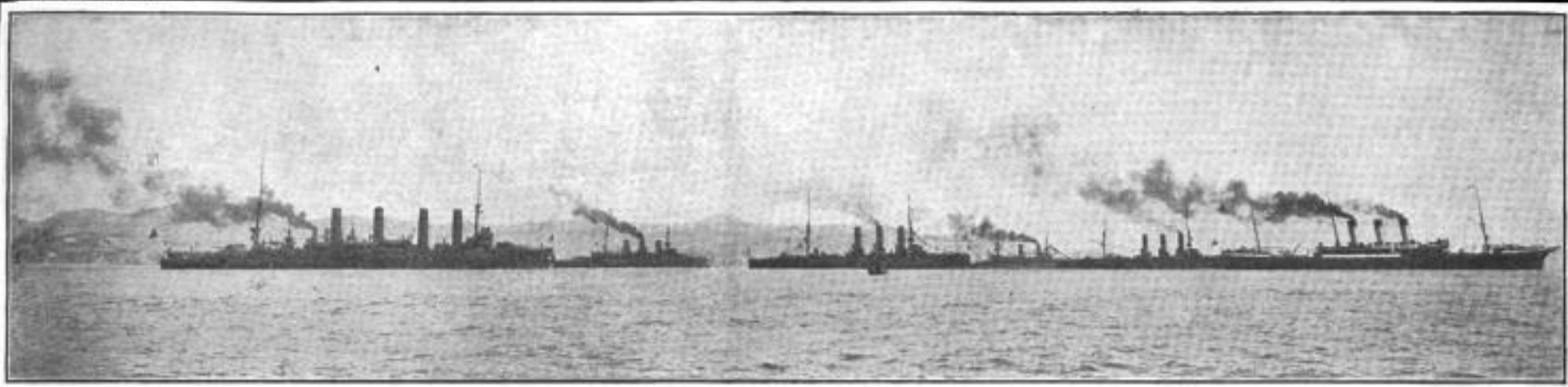


OPENING OF THE NEW YORK SUBWAY

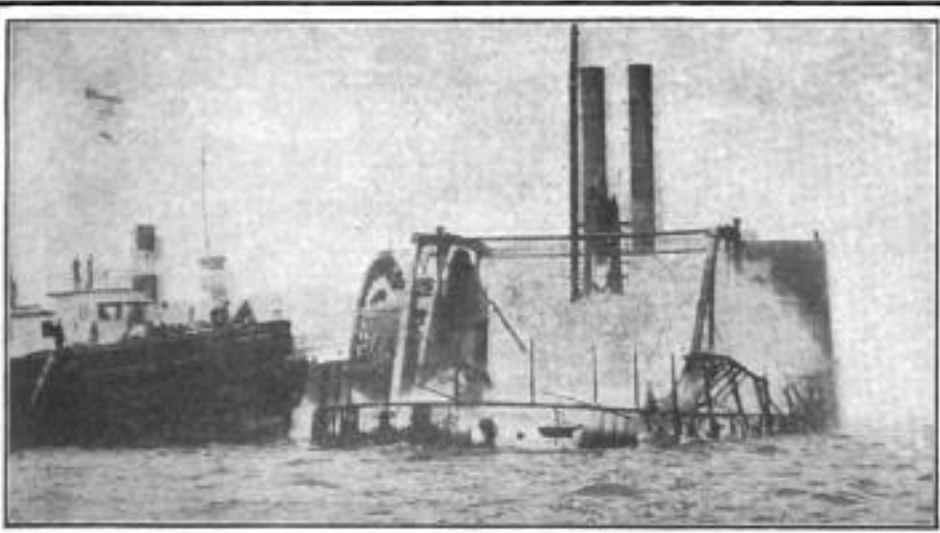
The ceremony was held at the City Hall; the main line, extending from the City Hall to 145th Street, was opened for public traffic October 27. The cost of construction was \$40,000,000 and the equipment \$18,000,000



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THE RUSSIAN FLEET IN THE HARBOR OF PORT ARTHUR JUST BEFORE THE OUTBREAK OF HOSTILITIES IN FEBRUARY, 1904



Wreck of the excursion steamboat "General Slocum," destroyed by fire in the East River, New York Harbor, at midday, June 15, 1904, with a loss of nearly one thousand lives

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The market-place in Lhasa, the sacred city of Tibet, into which no Europeans were allowed to enter until it was occupied by a British expeditionary force in August, 1904



FESTIVAL HALL AND THE GRAND LAGOON AT THE LOUISIANA PURCHASE EXPOSITION, ST. LOUIS, MO.

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THE GREAT FIRE AT BALTIMORE

The business section of the city, covering about one hundred and fifty acres, was completely destroyed by fire on February 7 and 8, 1904, with an approximate loss of \$60,000,000

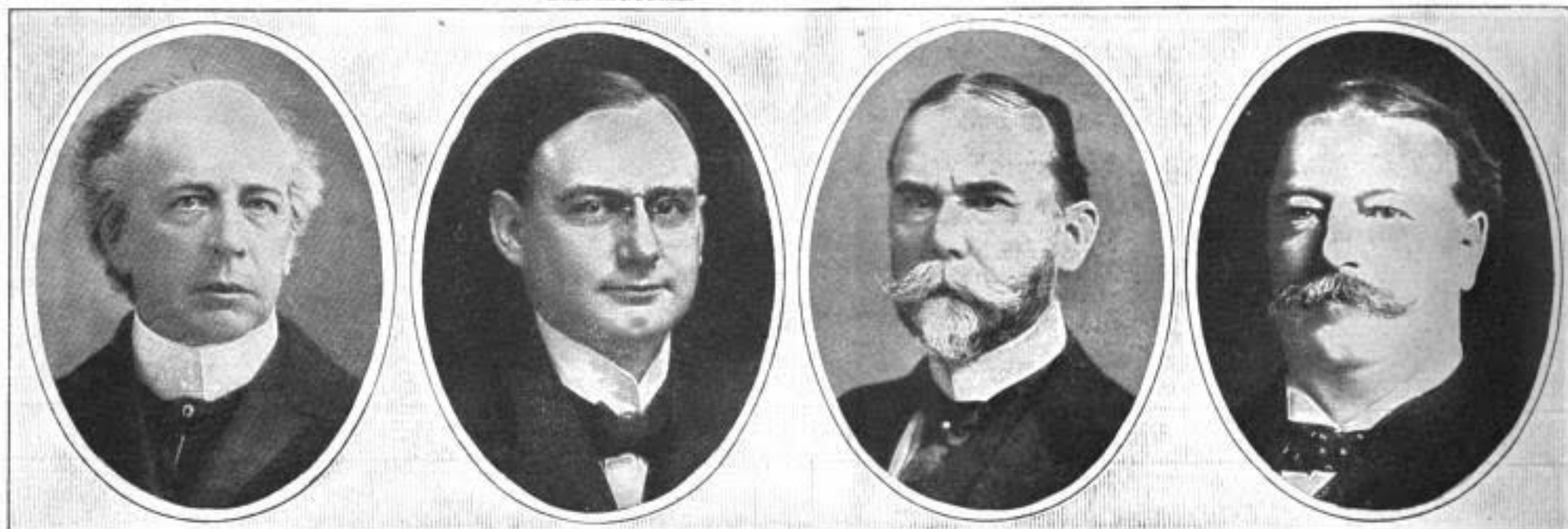


THE CAPTURE OF LIAO-YANG

After six days of incessant fighting the Japanese armies under Field Marshal Oyama defeated the Russians under General Kuropatkin and occupied the city, September 4, 1904



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SIR WILFRID LAURIER  
Prime Minister of Canada

JOSEPH W. FOLK  
Governor of Missouri

JOHN HAY  
Secretary of State

WILLIAM H. TAFT  
Secretary of War

### PUBLIC MEN WHO HAVE LED IN THE YEAR'S PROGRESS

satisfactory realignment of parties, or stayed at home. As the season wore on the Democratic prospects faded, until by election day the only question was as to the size of the Republican majority. But there was probably not a single person in the United States who imagined that the Roosevelt triumph would be as colossal as it was. The President received 336 electoral votes to 140 for Parker—between two-thirds and three-fourths of the whole—and a popular plurality of 2,512,381. His electoral majority was the largest since Grant's in 1872, and his popular majority the largest in American history. He received 29 electoral votes from the old slave States, and Judge Parker did not receive a single vote outside of them. The total popular vote of 13,551,371 was nearly 400,000 less than in 1896, notwithstanding an increase of about 12,000,000 in the population, indicating a probable increase of 2,400,000 in the number of qualified voters. Thus almost 2,800,000 citizens—most of them presumably Democrats—stayed at home. In addition 813,486 voted the Socialist, Populist, and Prohibitionist tickets. Here are nearly 3,600,000 votes—enough to have changed the 2,500,000 Roosevelt plurality into a minority of a million—which neither of the two great parties was able to secure, but which offer unknown possibilities for the future. The increase in the Republican vote was only normal—the Democratic vote was the smallest in twenty years. The Socialist vote of 433,745 was nearly four times as great as in 1900, and over ten times as great as at any previous election, and it was the only vote that corresponded with approximate exactness to the estimates made beforehand by the party managers. An ominous feature of the returns was the sectional segregation and concentration of party strength. The Republican majorities were greater in the North and the Democratic majorities greater in the South than in 1900. Parker lost all the four Northern States that Bryan carried. On the other hand, the Solid South has shrunk in size. Maryland, Kentucky, and Missouri are now debatable States, Delaware and West Virginia solidly Republican.

### THE INDEPENDENT ABROAD

THE ELECTION DISCLOSED a marked tendency for public-spirited, honest, and progressive citizens to get together without regard to party names. In Missouri, Joseph W. Folk, whose war against corrupt politicians of both parties had been watched with admiring sympathy by all the decent elements of the whole country, was elected Governor, when all the rest of the Democratic ticket was defeated, and his victory was welcomed by honest Republicans everywhere. Massachusetts and Minnesota elected Democratic Governors, although Roosevelt carried both States by pluralities of 92,000 and 146,000 respectively. In Wisconsin La Follette beat the corporation's candidate and the Federal office-holding machine by a vote of nineteen to one.

### COMMERCIAL MASSACRES

THE YEAR BEGAN under the shadow of the Iroquois Theatre disaster, whose 600 victims still lay unburied on New Year's Day. An immediate result of this ghastly object lesson in the consequences of graft and greed was a general overhauling throughout the country of the regulations for the safety of theatrical audiences. Every theatre in Chicago was closed pending alterations, and for a time the new rules were drawn so tight in some places as to make stage productions commercially impossible. But the indirect effects of the calamity were still more important. It was shown that the alliance between unscrupulous business and corrupt politics might mean not only robbery, but murder, and the shock of that revelation was one of the most important stimulants of the moral revolt against

debased commercialism, which has been one of the striking features of the year. The lesson was still more appallingly driven home on the 15th of June, when the excursion steamer *General Slocum* caught fire in the East River, and nearly a thousand, largely women and children, were drowned or burned alive. Incompetent officers, a cheap, undrilled, and cowardly crew, flimsy construction, criminal recklessness in the storage of combustibles, rotten fire hose, and worthless life preservers, passed by negligent or venal inspectors, turned what should have been a trivial incident into a hideous catastrophe. The investigation that followed this disaster showed that practically all the excursion boats in New York Harbor, and probably at all other seaports, were operated under similar conditions. Reforms have been instituted in the inspection service, and it is hoped that Congress at this session will so amend the laws as to keep floating piles of kindling wood out of the excursion business. The need of such reforms was empha-



The Solid South in 1892



The Solid South in 1904

### THE SHRINKAGE OF THE "SOLID SOUTH"

sized on December 17 by the destruction of the Sound steamer *Glen Island*, with the loss of nine lives, under conditions which proved that if the accident had occurred with an excursion crowd on board, it would have been another *Slocum* disaster.

### THE CENTURY'S FIRST GREAT WAR

THE GREATEST WAR of the present generation began in February, and is still in progress. It arose from the conflicting claims of Russia and Japan to the control of Korea and Manchuria. Nominally, the two powers occupied the same position. Each professed to respect the sovereignty of China in Manchuria, and the independence of Korea. But, in reality, Japan wished the Manchurian part of this arrangement to be genuine and the Korean part fictitious. She desired to control Korea herself. Russia wished the Manchurian part of the understanding to be fictitious, and she was inclined to stretch the Korean part, too. Japan demanded the recognition of her own preponderating interests in Korea, and offered in return to recognize Russia's special interests in railway enterprises in Manchuria. As Russia had invested \$300,000,000 in Manchuria, including the construction

of the two brand-new, solidly built cities of Dalny and Harbin—the latter known as the "Chicago of the East"—she was not inclined to limit her activity there to railway interests. She refused to make any engagement about that province, except a promise not to interfere with Japan's treaty rights, and she proposed to establish a neutral zone in Korea that would give her the practical control of the northern third of the empire. That proposition was unacceptable to Japan, which reiterated her demands on January 13. No answer to her note of that date having been received on February 6, she broke off diplomatic relations, put a three-day embargo on news despatches, and launched her fleet at Port Arthur. Russia was taken completely by surprise. She had expected to prolong the negotiations, and her answer to the Japanese note was said to have been in Tokio when Japan opened hostilities.

The resources with which the two combatants entered the struggle were briefly these: Russia had about 143,000,000 people; Japan 46,500,000. The Russian army counted 1,100,000 men on a peace footing, 4,600,000 on a war footing, and 566,000 horses. The Japanese army was supposed to have 167,000 men in the peace establishment, 632,000 on a war footing, and 31,000 horses. The Russian navy had eighteen battleships, besides nine building, and eight armored cruisers. The Japanese navy had six battleships and eight armored cruisers, including two bought at Genoa from Argentina in January, and on the way to the Far East when the war broke out. The annual revenue of Russia was \$1,000,000,000; that of Japan \$125,000,000. Thus on paper Russia overmatched Japan in the proportion of about three to one in population, seven to one in military force, two to one in naval force, and eight to one in revenue. But Russia had only about 80,000 men in Manchuria and the neighboring parts of Siberia when the war began, and she had carefully divided her fleet into a number of fragments, each inferior to the force that could be concentrated against it. Part of it was in the Baltic and part bottled up in the Black Sea. There were seven battleships, one armored cruiser, and five unarmored cruisers at Port Arthur, three superb armored cruisers and a protected cruiser at Vladivostok, thirteen hundred miles away, a fine protected cruiser and a gunboat at Chemulpo, and a battleship and an armored cruiser in the Mediterranean on the way East. Japan's ships were all within supporting distance of each other and ready to strike. Finally, France was bound by treaty to help Russia if she should be attacked by two powers, and England was under the same obligation with regard to Japan.

### JAPAN SECURES COMMAND OF THE SEA

THE MAIN JAPANESE FLEET under Vice-Admiral Togo headed for Port Arthur, while a cruiser division under Rear-Admiral Uriu turned its course toward the Korean port of Chemulpo, escorting three transports carrying 2,500 men. On February 8 Uriu's squadron encountered the Russian gunboat *Koriets*, which fired upon the Japanese torpedo boats and then took refuge in the harbor. The *Koriets* appears to have fired the first shot of the war. The Japanese went on to Chemulpo and landed their troops without opposition. Next morning they summoned the Russian ships to leave the harbor, with the alternative of destruction in port. The speed of the *Variag* might have enabled her to escape, but her commander would not abandon the little *Koriets*, and with splendid heroism, untempered by discretion, the two ships went out and engaged the Japanese fleet. An hour's engagement crippled the *Variag*, which had borne the brunt of the fighting, and the Russian ships limped back to port, where they were blown up to keep them from falling into the hands of the enemy.





GENERAL KUROPATKIN  
Commander of the Russian Armies in Manchuria

GENERAL STOESEL  
The Defender of Port Arthur

FIELD MARSHAL MARQUIS OYAMA  
In Command of the Japanese Forces in Manchuria

ADMIRAL TOGO  
Commander-in-Chief of Japan's Naval Forces

### TOWERING FIGURES IN THE FAR EASTERN CONFLICT

Meanwhile, between eleven and twelve the same night, Togo's fleet crept upon the unsuspecting Russians at Port Arthur. The Russian ships under Admiral Stark were lying in the outer roadstead. The Japanese torpedo boats dashed among them and disabled the battleships *Retvizan* and *Czarevitch* and the cruiser *Pallada*. The next day Togo's fleet opened fire upon the forts and the remaining Russian vessels, and damaged the battleships *Poltava* and *Petropavlovsk* and the cruisers *Diana*, *Askold*, and *Novik*. This left only three battleships fit for action, and shifted the balance of sea power decisively to the side of Japan, whose vessels on the spot were not only more numerous than those of Russia, but surpassed them in size and fighting power. But the tale of Russian naval misfortunes was not yet ended. Within five days after the first attack on Port Arthur, the Russians sank their own mine-laying steamer *Venisei* with their own mines, and ran the cruiser *Boyarin* on the rocks. In the next two months they lost a number of torpedo-boat destroyers and gunboats, and on April 13 they met with a crushing disaster. The Japanese had laid a string of mines across the mouth of the harbor at night. In the morning Togo sent half a dozen cruisers to entice the Russians out, while he lay in wait with the bulk of his force, ambushed by a fog. Makaroff, who had taken command of the demoralized remnant of the Port Arthur squadron a month before, and had turned it into an enterprising force, immediately accepted the challenge and put to sea with three battleships and three cruisers. He missed the explosives on the way out, and was chasing the Japanese cruisers when the fog cleared away and betrayed Togo's fleet. He retreated, but on the way back his flagship, the *Petropavlovsk*, struck one of the mines and sank at once, carrying down the Admiral, the great painter Verestchagin, and almost her entire crew of seven hundred men. The Grand Duke Cyril, third in succession to the throne, dived as the ship sank and managed to keep afloat until he was picked up. The battleship *Pobieda* was injured by another mine, but succeeded in making her way into port. This left only two effective battleships in the harbor.

#### KUROKI STRIKES ON LAND

THE FIRST NAVAL OPERATIONS of the war opened the sea routes to the Japanese troops. The Russian Port Arthur fleet was crippled and blockaded, the detachment at Chemulpo destroyed, and the Vladivostok squadron locked in by ice. Without a moment's delay the Japanese transports began to stream across the Korea Strait. As the harbors of Manchuria were still icebound, it was necessary to make the first landings on the coast of Korea and march northward. While this deprived the Japanese of the chance of catching the enemy unprepared, and winning the first year's campaign at the start, it had the advantage of putting them into immediate possession of Korea, which they regarded as the chief object of the war. One of the three divisions of the First Army, under General Kuroki, landed at Chemulpo, the port of the Korean capital, Seoul; the other two landed a little later at Chemulpo, a hundred miles further north. The three divisions, 45,000 strong, united at Ping-Yang and advanced northward, driving the few scattered Russians before them, until they reached the Yalu River, the boundary between Korea and Manchuria. Here Kuropatkin, Russia's ablest strategist, who had given up his post as Minister of War to take command in the field, had planned the first Russian stand. He had posted ten thousand men under General Zassulitch in strong

intrenchments on a range of hills dominating the Manchurian bank of the river opposite Wiju, with about five thousand more in reserve. He had not intended to have this position defended to the last extremity, but he had expected it to form an obstacle that would delay the Japanese advance and give more time for the concentration of the main Russian army at Liao-Yang, where he intended to fight a decisive battle. But on the night of the 30th of April General Zassulitch allowed the Japanese to get across the river before he knew of their intentions, and the next day he defended his position so stubbornly that he was outflanked before he had time to withdraw in order, and had to make a confused retreat, leaving twenty-eight guns—more than half of his artillery—1,363 dead and 613 prisoners. Moreover, he was chased through the strong position of Feng-Wang-Cheng, where Kuropatkin had expected him to make a serious stand. The Japanese lost only 223 killed in this fight, although they were the assailants, and the enemy had all the advantage of the ground. The victory created an enormous sensation throughout the world, for it

the seemingly impregnable intrenchments of Nanshan Hill. These formed the citadel of the outer line of the defences of Port Arthur, which extended in a terrifying complexity of barbed-wire entanglements, buried mines, and iron-roofed trenches across the entire four-mile width of the isthmus that connected the Port Arthur end of the Liaotung Peninsula with the mainland. Part of the Japanese forces waded across a shallow arm of the sea and took the Russians in flank. After a sanguinary struggle, the positions were captured and Port Arthur was cut off from the world. The Russians lost seventy-eight guns and quantities of ammunition and supplies. Immediately afterward the wonderful "flat city" of Dalny, which Russia had built of solid stone by a single act of creation, was abandoned to the Japanese.

Meanwhile Admiral Togo had been making repeated attempts to seal up the mouth of the harbor with sunken hulks, on the *Merrimac* plan. At least twenty steamers were sunk in this way by the 3d of May, with the most desperate heroism on the part of their crews, but without success. Consequently Togo still had to maintain the blockade of the port, and he could not spare ships enough to enable Kamimura, who was watching the Vladivostok squadron, to do his work effectively. The result was that the Vladivostok cruisers made repeated raids, harried the coasts of Japan, captured merchantmen, sank transports loaded with troops, and made their way safely back to port. This so exasperated the usually patient Japanese that it was openly suggested in print that it would be a graceful thing for Kamimura to commit harakiri. They had some consolation, however, in the fact that one of the four Vladivostok cruisers, the *Bogatyr*, ran on the rocks outside the harbor on April 15. But to balance that they had two terrible disasters of their own a month later, when one of the new cruisers they had bought from Argentina, the *Kasuga*, rammed and sank the cruiser *Yoshino*, and the splendid battleship *Hatsuse* was sunk on the same day by two floating mines.

#### THE MANCHURIAN CAMPAIGN

THERE WERE NOW two all-important things to be done by the Japanese. They had to defeat, and if possible, destroy, the main Russian army under Kuropatkin, and they had to maintain the command of the sea, without which all their forces on the mainland would find themselves entrapped. To hold the sea, they must put the Russian ships in the Pacific out of service before they could be reinforced from Europe, and they must leave no harbor of refuge open to such reinforcements if they came. That meant that Port Arthur, Russia's only ice-free naval base on the Pacific, must be taken at any cost. It was equally important to the Russians to hold that fortress, and two weeks after the siege began General Stakelberg was sent down with an army corps in a desperate attempt at its relief. General Oku enveloped the Russians at Telissu on June 15, and they barely escaped by a headlong flight with the loss of fourteen guns and 3,500 men killed, wounded, and missing. This ended all efforts to break the siege of Port Arthur in the campaign of 1904. The Japanese continued to pour troops into the Liaotung Peninsula. Part of them stayed in front of Port Arthur as a Third Army, under General Nogi. Oku, with the Second Army, pressed northward on the heels of the retreating Russians. The forces at Takushan, now swelled into a Fourth Army, headed for the north under General Nodzu. The objective of the First, Second, and Fourth Armies was the Russian point of concentration at Liao-



MAP OF THE FIELD OF OPERATIONS IN MANCHURIA

Showing the Japanese lines of advance on Liao-Yang and Mukden from Chemulpo, Takushan, and Kinchow. The hostile armies are now facing each other on the banks of the Sha River, between Ventai and Mukden.

proved that the Japanese were as formidable on land as at sea, and it upset the tradition of Asiatic inferiority to Europeans on the battlefield.

#### PORT ARTHUR BESIEGED

IN THE LATTER PART OF APRIL, while Kuroki's First Army was advancing toward the Yalu, a Second Army under General Oku sailed from Japan to the Elliott Islands, northeast of Port Arthur, and waited for news. When the tidings of victory came, the troops landed simultaneously at Pitsewo, about fifty miles above Port Arthur, and at Takushan, about a hundred miles further. The Russian communications with Port Arthur by rail remained open for three weeks longer. On May 26, the Japanese made a combined land and naval attack on Kinchow, and, capturing that place after a slight resistance, they pushed on and rushed



Battleship "Kniaz Suvoroff," Flag-  
ship of Admiral Rojestvensky



THE MAIN SQUADRON OF THE RUSSIAN B





See "The Russian Navy," p. 21

## FLEET ON ITS WAY TO THE FAR EAST



Yang. Newchwang was now untenable, and the Russians abandoned the town, and with it their last opening to the Manchurian coast. The supreme command of the Japanese forces was entrusted to Field Marshal Marquis Oyama, who had commanded ten years before in the war against China.

The armies of Kuroki and Nodzu were separated from the valley through which the Russian railroad ran by a range of mountains, pierced by occasional passes. The First Army had to force the formidable Motien Pass; the Fourth Army had to take the Pass of Fengshui. The work was intrepidly done in both cases. The Second Army moved north up the railroad. By the end of August the converging movement was complete, and the three armies were in touch in sight of Liao-Yang. The First Army on the right, the Fourth in the centre, and the Second on the left formed a horseshoe, with its ends resting on the Taitse River. The Russian army formed an inner horseshoe in a similar position. Inside of that again were the square walls of the strongly fortified town of Liao-Yang. Kuropatkin had 200,000 men; the three Japanese armies footed up a few more. The great battle, the longest and one of the most tremendous in history up to that time, began with general attacks that forced the contraction of the Russian line from a front of thirty to one of seven miles. After a week of frontal fighting, Kuroki found a ford ten miles up the river and threw a division across. When Kuropatkin found that he was about to be flanked, he hastily evacuated Liao-Yang and retreated up the railroad, fighting rearguard actions all the way. The Japanese were unable to head him off, and although they were victorious, the victory was not decisive. In twelve days of fighting, the Russians had lost about 20,000 men killed and wounded; the Japanese nearly 18,000.

Kuropatkin effected a masterly retreat to Mukden, and there waited a month to gather reinforcements and re-form his army. On October 2 he issued a proclamation declaring that the period of retreats was over, and that the army was now strong enough to advance and "compel the Japanese to do our will." He pushed forward to the region of the Sha River, and there attacked the Japanese in a series of desperate assaults, whose carnage exceeded anything seen in the war. This battle was even greater than that of Liao-Yang. The Russian forces were estimated at about 240,000 men and 950 guns, and the Japanese somewhat less. The Russian losses were reported at nearly 68,000 killed and wounded, and the Japanese at about 16,000. After ten days of sanguinary fighting, the Russians were forced back to the Hun River, where they intrenched themselves and could not be dislodged. The Japanese established themselves in front of them, and both armies are now apparently settled in their intrenchments for the winter.

#### PORT ARTHUR AND THE FLEETS

WHILE THESE THINGS were going on, the Russians at Port Arthur, seemingly abandoned to their fate, had been maintaining a defence whose heroic stubbornness had commanded the admiration of the world. The whole end of the peninsula, for a distance of five miles, was one maze of forts, barbed wire, buried mines, staked pits, and dry moats as deep as a house. Every fort was commanded by four or five others, so that when the Japanese captured one the rest could shell them out. Nevertheless, Nogi's men burrowed forward, foot by foot, paying for every inch of ground with blood. At last they were near enough to drop shells into the harbor. Unless the Russian fleet could escape, it seemed likely to be sunk at its moorings. With remarkable energy the Russians had patched up their battered vessels, and by August 10 they were able to muster six battleships, four cruisers, and a flotilla of destroyers for a sortie, which the pressure of the besiegers on shore seemed to render imperative. Togo's fleet attacked them at long range, and after a running fight that lasted all the afternoon the greater part of the Russian squadron retreated in a badly hammered condition to Port Arthur. The battleship *Czarevitch* was so crippled that she could not make her way back with the rest, and she ran for the German port of Kiau-Chau, where she was dismantled and laid up for the war, along with two destroyers that had accompanied her. The cruiser *Novik* took refuge in the same place, but put to sea and made her way, 2,000 miles, to Korsakoff Bay, at the southern end of the island of Saghalien, where she was finally rounded up and finished by the Japanese cruisers *Chitose* and *Tsushima*.

The remnants of the fleet at Port Arthur survived a short time longer, but on November 30, after ten weeks of effort, the Japanese captured an eminence known as 203-Metre Hill, commanding the harbor, and, mounting guns upon it, succeeded in disabling all the battleships and cruisers in port.

Meanwhile, Admiral Kamimura had at last secured his revenge upon the enterprising Vladivostok squadron. On August 14, the three great cruisers, *Rossia*, *Rurik*, and *Gromoboi*, attempted to dash through the Korea Strait, where he was on guard. Their approach was signaled by wireless telegraphy, and Kamimura caught them, sank the *Rurik*, and chased the *Rossia* and *Gromoboi* back to Vladivostok, which they reached

in a disabled condition. Thus this dreaded force disappeared from the estimates of Russian naval strength.

In October, after the war had been dragging on for eight months, the Baltic fleet, which might have changed the balance of power if it had started earlier, got under way for the East. Part of it, under the commander-in-chief, Vice-Admiral Rojestvensky, went around the Cape of Good Hope, and a division under Rear-Admiral Voelkersam through the Suez Canal. The two divisions were expected to unite at some point in the Indian Ocean and proceed to Port Arthur or Vladivostok. The destruction of the Port Arthur squadron left them nothing to join there, and relieved Togo of the necessity of keeping his main force on blockading duty. The bulk of the Japanese fleet immediately went home to refit, and in December Togo sent a force southward, either to intercept or to observe the Baltic vessels.

#### THE POWERS AND THE WAR

FROM THE BEGINNING of the war the chief anxiety of the neutral powers was to keep it localized. Secretary Hay took a long step in this direction on the very day of the outbreak of hostilities when he asked a promise from both belligerents, as well as from the other powers, to respect the neutrality and what he called the "administrative entity" of China. The pledge was given, and that averted the danger of a general scramble for Chinese territory. More complications were caused from time to time by Russia's



THE LYNCHING AT STATESBORO, GEORGIA

Two negroes, William Cato and Paul Reed, convicted of murder, were seized by a mob in the court house and burned at the stake, August 16

tendency to exaggerate her belligerent rights, especially in her pretension to treat coal, provisions, and structural iron destined for Japanese ports as contraband. But the United States, backed by Great Britain, stood firmly for the principle that such goods were not contraband, except conditionally—that is to say, when they were intended for military or naval use—and Russia finally yielded the point. A new crop of difficulties sprang up with the sailing of the Baltic fleet. On the night of October 21-22, the Russian warships passed the Hull trawling fleet on Dogger Bank in the North Sea and opened fire, killing two men, wounding twenty, and sinking one of the fishing vessels. For a time war between Russia and England, which might have involved all the great powers of the world, seemed inevitable. An agreement was finally reached, however, for an international inquiry, to be conducted by a commission of five naval officers of high rank—one British, one Russian, one French, one American, and a fifth to be selected by these four.

The Baltic fleet proceeded on its way, coaling from its own coalliers in French colonial harbors. This caused more friction, the Japanese believing that such a use of neutral ports was a violation of international law. It was suggested that the French action might be treated as an intervention in the war, entitling Japan to call upon England for the fulfilment of her obligations under the treaty of alliance.

#### REFORM IN RUSSIA

THE DISASTERS OF THE WAR stirred up the forces of discontent in Russia and weakened the energy of repression. General Bobrikoff, the tyrannical Governor-General of Finland, was shot dead by a Finnish student on June 16, and the reactionary Minister of the Interior, De Plehve, was blown up by a bomb on July 28, but these outrages were not followed by stern measures of restraint, as would have been the case in normal times. On the contrary, concessions were made to the spirit of reform. The Finnish Diet was allowed to assemble, with a conciliatory speech from the throne and the new Minister of the Interior, Prince Sviatopolk Mirsky, adopted a liberal policy. He relaxed the censorship of the press, increased the security of the subject against arbitrary arrest and punishment, mitigated the treatment of the Jews, and finally permitted the presidents of the Zemstvos, or elective provincial and district councils, to hold a private meeting at St. Petersburg on November 19. This gathering, the first national representative assembly ever held in Russia, adopted a memorial frankly criticising the bureaucratic system of government, and demanding popular institutions with a national elective legislative body. This medicine was too strong for the Czar, who rebuked the Zemstvo delegates for their presumption, but he granted some important reforms.

#### THE WORLD'S PEACE

THE MANCHURIAN OBJECT LESSON in the horrors of war has given a new impetus to the cause of universal peace. All the great neutral powers have been anxiously taking precautions against the possibility of being dragged into the struggle in Asia. Although France and England are allies respectively of Russia and of Japan, they have concluded a treaty settling all their outstanding differences and practically ensuring themselves against the danger of having to fight each other. England and Germany have arranged a treaty of arbitration, and fourteen similar treaties have been agreed upon among the various powers of the world. America has taken an active part in the general peace movement. It was on Mr. Hay's initiative that the war in the East was localized by an agreement to respect the neutrality of China. Arbitration treaties with the principal powers of the world have been concluded, and are now waiting the approval of the Senate. Finally, the President has secured the approval of a principle, of almost all the signatories of The Hague Convention for a call for a second Peace Conference, which it is hoped will lead to an effective permanent organization of the nations of the earth.

#### SCIENCE IN FLUX

THE NEW YEAR finds the scientific world in a state of revolution. The fundamental conceptions of matter, energy, and life are questioned. Since Röntgen discovered the X-rays nine years ago, and Becquerel found, the next year, that uranium sent out rays that behaved in the same fashion, the phenomena of radio-activity have been the most fascinating subjects of physical research. Sir Oliver Lodge now ventures to make the positive assertion that "matter is composed of electricity and of nothing else," and Sir William Ramsay can say that if, "as looks probable," the new hypotheses about the disintegration and reconstruction of atoms prove true, "the transmutation of elements no longer appears an idle dream," "the philosopher's stone will have been discovered, and it is beyond the bounds of possibility that it may lead to that other goal of the philosopher of the Dark Ages, the elixir vite." Investigations in this enticing field have been energetically pushed throughout 1904.

#### INDUSTRIAL SCIENCE

THE APPLICATIONS OF SCIENCE to practical uses have been no less notable than the progress in pure knowledge. Perhaps the most extraordinary addition to the wealth and well-being of the world conferred by a public agency was the development by the United States Department of Agriculture of the method of soil-inoculation with bacteria, which taps the fertilizing stores of nitrogen in the air. The "vest-pocket fertilizers" distributed by the department cost practically nothing, and enough can be carried literally in the vest pocket to restore the most expensive element of a hundred acres of exhausted soil. The department has also developed plants that will grow on arid land without irrigation. It has created hardy sweet oranges and other new fruits. It has waged continuous war on the boll weevil that is devastating the Southern cotton fields, and has made hopeful progress through the encouragement of insect enemies of the weevil, the development of resistant cotton and early maturing seeds, and the promotion of early planted improved cultivation, and diversified crops.

Mr. Luther Burbank, the agricultural wizard of California, has performed new wonders, such as the creation of a fadeless flower, a stoneless plum, and a spineless cactus, and the Carnegie Institution has granted him a ten-year grant to enable him to devote his whole time to this promising field of discovery.



# THEODORE ROOSEVELT

By NORMAN HAPGOOD

THE Roosevelt Legend is rapidly taking shape. The President is a complex but not mysterious appearance. When he concludes his present work in 1908, his outlines will be distinct for a statesman so young and so fertile in inconsistency.

No clearer folly was ever perpetrated than the attempt of a few conspicuous organs of the silk stocking and Wall Street ingredients in the last campaign to befuddle voters into the belief that Mr. Roosevelt was an autocrat menacing free institutions and pointing the way to Roman autocracy. The people knew that Mr. Roosevelt was a democrat in every way except inherited party affiliation, and that Mr. Parker was a democrat mainly in appellation. The people know a democrat when they see one. Cynics may observe that the masses, if unrestricted, would choose leaders who look like the majority and smell like the majority. That snobbery is no better than any other. The masses have a good deal more political sense than anybody else.

## The President Should be "It"

When Mr. Roosevelt was painted as a tyrant and a law-breaker, they smiled or jeered. The only weapon to which he would have been vulnerable was humor, and profound and well-directed humor is scarce. Cartoonists who made him look like the Emperor William or Mr. Hyde only made fools of their newspapers. Those who showed him swinging on a bellowing elephant down the Pike, roaring, grinning, and firing a revol-

In the Review Number, to appear the first week of every month, Mr. Hapgood, who writes the Collier editorials, will take up topics which invite more extended treatment than the paragraph form allows

man, and other trappings which spell dignity. One of the strongest traits of Roosevelt is that he has none of the postures of an institution. What egotism he has is free from pride. He does no swelling on his monument. His mood, tone, and manner are those of the great Central West. He is what we love to print in capitals as a Man. Since the noble Lincoln showed his sovereign mind and tempered character in easiest undress, no American President has caught so accurately the zest of informality. It will be long before we have another Lincoln; for such apparitions visit the world but now and then—but we have in Roosevelt a master of the democratic bearing. He gives any side of himself to anybody. "A lot of fellows," remarked a philosopher on Broadway, "impose upon the President. He is a great hand to talk. A little joking, and he will write an inspired letter containing what the impulse of conversation has struck out of him. When you get the Rough Rider in an inspired mood, he is a great man to be inspired, but on the other hand, when he thinks it over calmly and deliberately, his inspiration cools, and he is not so badly inspired as he was. All these moods we see. Psychologically, McKinley had no private life. He was a statue in a park. Roosevelt has no public life. He is constantly parading around in his pajamas, which are becoming enough in their place, but which give some persons a shock."

The people like pajamas. They are an evidence of good faith. I like pajamas, too, and like the President, as nearly everybody does, who has met him, or who has not. There are in him a warm reality and truth which extenuate his most unvarnished words or deeds.

His instincts guide him. They shape his ends. If some one bandies in his presence words which appeal to his literary sense, he seizes them, and apparently is influenced by their sound; but they really only lubricate a tendency waiting for a path. "A square deal," when it crossed his ear, gave him acutest satisfaction. So, when he was Police Commissioner, did "Enforce the law because it is the law."

Within his range of modulation he can be swung by such welcome phrase, but in his larger tendencies he goes by instinct, as a carrier pigeon or a woman goes, and these larger tendencies coincide with public spirit in America. There are no two Roosevelts, and have never been, any more than there are two women in the lady who overrules to-day what she declared with passion yesterday. Logic is a small part of intelligence, and a smaller part of the worth of human life. Mr. Roosevelt has no logic and needs none. He is headed fast and hard for certain ends, and he will reach them. He does not lie awake nights thinking about breaches of consistency or order in the relation of deeds to explanations or descriptions. He does not lie awake at night from any cause. He sleeps. And his perfect functioning is the country's gain. He works much and well, and it takes a person of many activities to represent this land. In reaffirming the decalogue; in celebrating some commonplace volume like "The Simple Life"; in attacking race suicide, snobbishness, wife-beaters, weaklings, or cowards; in preaching at a hemisphere; in talking about his Irish blood, his Southern ancestry, his catholic sympathy, or his appreciation of the town of Dog Run, Indiana; in all this cauldron of aggressive living and expression, the President satisfies the popular mood, not by intention, but by miscellaneous vigor, as in his strictly executive functions he satisfies the general conscience by being the most constant, daring, and successful purifier of public life who has risen to meet the political methods which have developed since the war.

## The Keynote of the New Politics

Roosevelt is a pioneer. The people are with him, but he has given the cue more than he has taken it. He began his career at twenty-four as a reformer. His public life has stood unswervingly for ethics. Even if he is appointing a corruptionist, or arguing in favor of war as a mode of exercise, he will give his view in moral propositions. He will exude an atmosphere of principle. The central note of American politics to-day, the note of the future, the mark of the new, is ethics. The old appeal to buncombe, to partisan emotion, to crude slogans of combat, is doomed, and along with it the old methods of organization, barter, and neglect of spiritual appeal. The issues used victoriously by La Follette and Folk are what the American people want. They want a moral reality and a moral tone; and Theodore Roosevelt is the only statesman, alive or dead, in reading whose speeches you will find the exact note struck which is the note of to-day toward reform, the note which other politicians, all over the country, are beginning to use. He struck it, not from profundity of insight, but because it was himself, and because the instinctive demon which leads him on has told him always to trust the stirrings of his soul and body. In matters of strict intellectual analysis, like the details of tariff schedules, or the intricacies of commerce, he sees dimly and proceeds with caution. In pervading moral tone, in the naked confidence with which he fol-

lows his intimate beliefs, he is strong with the forces of the masses and the time. To be moral in politics means to be for the people, whether it leads against bosses, corporations, Senators, or newspapers; and the people know themselves to be Mr. Roosevelt's chief interest and his last reliance. It is no wonder that they love him. His fight has been their fight. He has done more, with the constant aid of Providence, than any ten other men, between 1888 and 1905, to free the people's voice and give expression to ideals of to-day's American democracy. Only three Presidencies since the war have left a striking mark upon the country. McKinley, in his tact and gentleness, embodied one of Lincoln's many sides. He helped to heal old wounds and diplomatically secured some virtuous laws. Grover Cleveland's stubborn courage has already been built into an ideal remembrance, one of those idealized facts which guide and befriend the nations. History may allow Mr. Cleveland to loom largest of our recent Presidents. It depends on Roosevelt and his destiny. Fate swept McKinley and Hanna from his path, even as Generals January and February win their victories in war. She has been his friend also in gentler mood. If he continues to receive her help, and to deserve it; if for four years he speaks with the people's better voice, he will look a taller President to posterity than any since the fatal shot of Booth. He is committed to retirement in 1908. Bowing with manly taste to a disputable convention, he avoids a seeming lack of loyalty to the people. On 1912 are no such fetters. To be nominated in 1908 he might rely on politicians. To be recalled in 1912, or any time in two decades, would mean that the people had spoken, and only they. And that glory is the possible reward of brave and powerful leadership.

## The President's Qualities

The President will not remake himself for anything that I or a thousand other onlooking men may say. We can only hope that in his instinct-guided and useful race through life he will do each year more of good and less of evil. The evil is trivial, but it lowers the personality which is to remain in story. Success is a great and beneficent, but not an only, god. Great also, and beneficent, are self-respect and sturdy honesty, and the power to sacrifice one's self. Doing Things is the chief end of an Executive. But Being Things is something. It is part of the man as he is remembered. We are jealous of those on whom we place a value. These passing notes concern one who is probably the most useful public servant since the war. A true republican, a true democrat, a loud noise for righteousness, a fighter for the people's just enfranchisement, he is the strongest single safeguard—out of the million safeguards which our people are—against wildest discontent and snakelike leaders of the type of Hearst. If wrongs of money are cured under leadership of calm and justice, brands will be taken from the forces of destruction. Young Richard II, when one of his followers had stabbed Wat Tyler, rode to the head of Tyler's frightened but threatening mob, and said, "I will be your leader."

Mr. Roosevelt is as busy as Buster Brown. He thinks that doing everything is doing good. In his case, and, on the whole, it is. The present writer, al-



"He's good enough for me"

By Homer Davenport, in the New York "Evening Mail"

ver, struck a reality, but it did not matter. The people like a megaphone. They can hear it. Nothing is more exasperating than a back seat and an actor whose voice only carries ten rows. Mr. Roosevelt's personal assertiveness begets confidence. He does not imbibe his principles with ear attentive on the ground. The machinery inside himself is too audible for him to listen, as McKinley did, or to hear the smaller voices in the earth if he did listen. His own internal rumblings drown almost any other sound. What difference does it make if the President uses "I" ten times to the sentence, and, if made self-conscious, merely changes "I" to "We"? What matter if he is it? The people want him to be it. He is theirs. "It is a pity," said Lord Acton of Mr. Gladstone, "that he believes in his own immaculate conception." It didn't hurt Mr. Gladstone's popularity, even if it was true.

The great English Prime Minister had much in common with our President. There were differences. Mr. Gladstone had more intellect. Mr. Roosevelt is instinctive as a woman. Mr. Gladstone could prove the entire consistency in any contradiction. Mr. Roosevelt emits the contradictions, but lets them lie, knowing they will be no more important than last year's paper. A friend of mine, gentle as a lamb, has in his office a placard reading, "Look every man in the eye;—and tell him to go to hell." Independence and friendliness are fused in Mr. Roosevelt. He is a warmer character than Mr. Gladstone, though a less distinguished mind. He represents democracy in America better than any man since Lincoln, and much more thoroughly than Gladstone represented democracy in Great Britain.

McKinley's popularity, like his leadership, was more negative than Roosevelt's. His was the frock-suit school, which is passing now, with gesture like a states-



"Here we are again!"

By C. G. Bush, in the New York "World"

though rather less than half Republican, would have voted for Mr. Roosevelt against any Democrat extant. He seeks the right and backs nimbly away from wrong. His watchword is the feasible, and he fights to win. He is surefooted, despite his prancing, and heedful, with all his clangor. He is right side up when he strikes earth. He is a little more than forty-six. Will he wear old age as accordantly as youth and middle life? We hold no secrets of the Sisters Three; but we fervently hope our hero's credit may increase in volume, like a ball of rolling snow.



# A BOY AND A GIRL

By ALFRED SUTRO

ILLUSTRATED BY MARTIN JUSTICE

SCENE.—The park of Lord Eynesford's mansion. Lady Constance is seated, staring dreamily before her; Willie Travers comes to her. It is a beautiful day in June.

Lady Constance (looking up). Ah, Mr. Travers!  
Willie. I've come to say good-by, Lady Constance.  
Lady Constance. Already? I'm sorry you have to go.  
Willie. So am I. But, you see, there's my work to be done—  
Lady Constance. Ah, yes—work! I suppose that one has to work.

Willie. Some of us! We are apt to forget that, here. To-morrow I buckle on my harness again.

Lady Constance. We shall miss you.

Willie. Thank you—but of course you won't.

Lady Constance. At least I shall miss your lessons.

Willie. Well, I don't even know about that. I'm a very serious person—and though I'm only a youngster, I've a real passion for art—and to you it's merely a pastime, isn't it?

Lady Constance. I certainly do not regard myself as a heaven-born genius—

Willie. Heaven has done quite enough for you without that! But don't imagine I haven't enjoyed those lessons. I've loved scolding you!

Lady Constance. I have never been so vigorously abused in all my life!

Willie. I've told you—I'm serious! And, as your teacher, could I allow you to paint portraits of men and women before you were able to draw—a jug?

Lady Constance. I have no ambition to draw a jug.

Willie. There you are, you see; but, out of deference to you, I made it a ginger-jar. I have pleasure in assuring you that your fifteenth ginger-jar showed marked improvement over its predecessors.

Lady Constance. I warn you that I shall now forsake ginger and return to humanity.

Willie. Paint the people here—your friends, I mean—you won't do very much harm. Let me recommend you to undertake Lord Tillenden's portrait.

Lady Constance. Why Lord Tillenden?

Willie. Well, don't you see, the essence of portrait-painting is to seize your sitter's soul, and show its workings on your canvas. But if your sitter hasn't a soul—

Lady Constance. Oh! You think poor Lord Tillenden is lacking in that organ?

Willie. I do. He is, as he is fond of reminding us,

the nineteenth Baron; but his eighteen ancestors can really not be congratulated on their joint product.

Lady Constance. He is very good-looking.

Willie. If I were a conjurer, juggling with eyes, and a pair of ears, and a nose, I would always ask Lord Tillenden to lend me his face.

Lady Constance. Why?

Willie. Because, if I happened to lose any of the features in the process, I could borrow another from the first person round the corner, and it would be sure to fit.

Lady Constance (smiling). You imply that the poor gentleman has no individuality?

Willie. What does that matter? He is a peer, and his clothes fit beautifully. He has no sense of humor, but his teeth are very white. He never reads a book, but I am told he is an admirable shot. He has no conversation, but he plays golf so well! He lacks ideas, he never reads a book, he never thinks—but his well-bred sneer is worth going miles to see!

Lady Constance. You surprise me! Does he sneer?

Willie. Lady Constance, I don't know how many generations it takes to turn out a gentleman; but Lord Tillenden's ancestors have at least produced a perfect sneer. So polished, so urbane, so courtly! There is nothing one can object to, or even find fault with—I merely grow red, and feel my heart thump. Oh, yes, it's a great achievement!

Lady Constance. Why are you so bitter to-day, Mr. Travers?

Willie. Am I bitter? I'm vexed with myself. I should never have come here.

Lady Constance. That is scarcely polite.

Willie. No—is it? But I mean—well, it was the strange coincidence of my meeting your brother, when I was painting up there, on the Downs—and his inviting me to stay—I knew that I shouldn't have come—

Lady Constance. You are as cryptic as a minor poet! Why shouldn't you have come?

Willie. Because I'm out of my element. You've all been tremendously good, of course—but what business have I in this gallery? I'm an artist—I'm not a gentleman—

Lady Constance. Oh!

Willie. Well, I'm not—not as the people here understand it. My father's a merchant—the best man in the world, except that he wants me to go into the business, and I won't. And I'm poor. In town I don't dress for dinner—fancy! And I live on the two hundred a year the old man allows me. As much as Lord Tillenden gives his chauffeur!

Lady Constance. Lord Tillenden is to you as King Charles's head to poor Mr. Dick!

Willie (suddenly). He's to marry you, isn't he?

Lady Constance. I believe so. He, or Mr. Mallard.

Willie (staring). Mallard!

Lady Constance. Yes. Has he a soul, do you think?

Willie. If I had to decide between the two, I should give my casting vote to Lord Tillenden. If a woman must marry a man without brains, let her at least take one who has manners.

Lady Constance. Notwithstanding the sneer?

Willie. That, I suppose, is merely the hall-mark of his class. If London sprang into revolt, and took to guillotining the aristocracy, I can imagine him going very gallantly up the scaffold. And that's a quality. Whereas Mr. Mallard would hide himself in one of his father's vats.

Lady Constance. Very well—I'll bear your recommendation in mind.

Willie. And will you really let your family choose a husband for you—as they would a maid?

Lady Constance. Oh, I select my own maids! I'm very particular.

Willie. Whereas a husband—

Lady Constance. One must marry, you know—and really, what does it matter? Lord Tillenden or Mr. Mallard—Lord A, Mr. B, or the Marquis of C? It's not very important, is it? Our family's not very rich—and it's the duty of the girls to marry well.

Willie (grimly). Yes—I suppose so.—Well, good-by, Lady Constance.

Lady Constance. Must you go so soon? I assure you I shall miss you. . . . But you can stay another half-hour?

Willie. No. I should say things.

Lady Constance. Why not? Conversation is the art of saying things.

Willie. I should be rude.

Lady Constance. In that case I should meet your rudeness with my well-bred sneer.

Willie. I tell you there is something boiling within me—I feel as Vesuvius must feel when it's going to erupt. I'd better leave you. The lava might—hurt.

Lady Constance. I've never seen an eruption—and I've always wanted to. You look young—for a volcano!

Willie. Who knows whether Vesuvius, in his youth, wasn't a charming, benevolent, idealistic mountain, who wished well to all the world—only, when he found people around him so cruel and callous, he began to grumble and throw up fire and stones?

Lady Constance (laughing). Oh, really, that's funny! Then perhaps you think that the shark, let us say, would have been as amiable as the goldfish if men on board ship had never taken to whiskey?



"I'm an artist—I'm not a gentleman—"

Willie. You're right to laugh at me—I know I'm very ridiculous.

Lady Constance. Not at all. You're earnest, you see—we never are.

Willie. No. And I think it's a pity.

Lady Constance. There are so many earnest people, Mr. Travers! And we are both very young! How old are you?

Willie. I'm twenty-four.

Lady Constance. And I nineteen. You are five years my senior—and yet I am centuries older. You bubble over with enthusiasm and ideals—I am as placid as a river that knows its one mission is to flow tranquilly on to the sea. Your great desire is to do something that shall make you famous—my one ambition is not to be bored—too much. You are in arms against the errors and follies of the world—I am content to take things as they are, be of them, go with them—

Willie. And marry Lord Tillenden!

Lady Constance. And marry Lord Tillenden. Why not?

Willie (fiercely). Why not! Why not!

Lady Constance. Give me a good and valid reason, and I will not.

Willie. Will he not bore you?

Lady Constance. A little, of course. But then, when we're married, we shall see each other so seldom!

Willie (holding out his hand). Good-by, Lady Constance.

Lady Constance (ignoring his hand). Mr. Travers, imagine me to be the mob that is howling for your head. You must give it me, please, with a good grace. Sit down, and tell me why I should not marry the nineteenth Baron.

Willie. Because you don't love him.

Lady Constance. My two sisters, my cousins, have all married men whom they didn't love—and they are quite happy.

Willie. Happy! Can you, a girl of nineteen, imagine that there can be happiness where there is no love?

Lady Constance. Why not? I have never pretended that I had any love for Lord Tillenden.

Willie. Then why marry him?

Lady Constance. Because, as I've already explained, I must marry somebody.

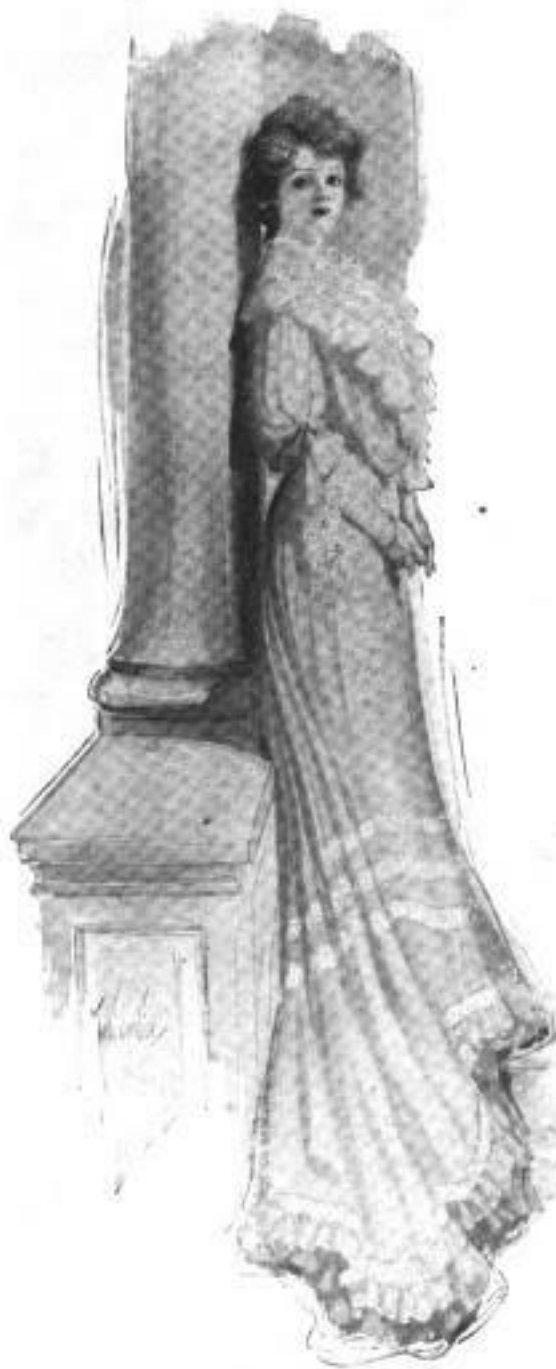
Willie (impetuously). Do you realize that you are beautiful, that your eyes are like stars, that your voice soothes the soul like water falling on rocks? That your mind is noble, and that there are men who would give their life to feel your breath on their face?

Lady Constance. No—I can't say that has occurred to me. I know I'm good-looking, of course—

Willie. Good-looking! Oh, how I wish you could paint!

Lady Constance (smiling). My fifteenth ginger-jar—

Willie. The painter can see things. He stands before Nature, and Nature whispers—she tells him her secrets. Trees and flowers, the dawn and the sunset, the wind and the birds—these are his friends, his



"I know I'm good-looking, of course—"



visers; and before them he is as a child, and learns the great lesson—

*Lady Constance.* Which is?

*Willie.* Love! Oh, yes, you are right, you are older than I! I am only a boy—you are a woman. Placid, you say, as the river that flows to the sea! Ah, but the river, the beautiful, silent river, is charged with a mission—it bears men and ships on its bosom, refreshes the fields, brings life and growth to the green things around it. You will not be like the flowing river, Lady Constance! You will be—shall I tell you?—like the lake in this park of yours—the lake men have made, not God—a mere pool, water that flows no-whither—

*Lady Constance.* And as shallow. Dear artist, I am shallow!

*Willie.* You are not! You know you are not! You called me bitter—the truth is, you are far more bitter than I! You have long known all I have told you—but you have trained yourself to laugh, and to think you are wise. Only that is not wisdom. The humblest country lass who waits in the dusk for her lover is wiser by far than you!

*Lady Constance.* Mr. Travers!

*Willie.* Yes, yes, be angry! I wanted you to be angry!

*Lady Constance.* There are—limits.

*Willie.* None, between you and me. Because now you are not the Marquis's daughter, or I the merchant's son—we are man and woman, or rather, a boy and a girl, on our knees before one of life's essential problems; we are confronting the greatest joy there is on this earth—and I tell you, you whom I love—

*Lady Constance.* Mr. Travers!

*Willie.* Whom I love—yes! I have said it, and say it again! Ah, the beautiful word! Yes, I love you: I loved you the very first time I saw you. I loved you because you were beautiful, and I so grateful for your beauty! It was to me as the dew to the grass, as dawn to the birds. And I loved you for your mind, your noble and generous mind; for the poetry in you, the sweet, tender thoughts—I loved you because you were you! . . . Ah, now I had better go, had I not?

*Lady Constance* (her eyes averted). I am afraid so.

*Willie.* I told you the trees, the wind, the sky, all taught me a lesson. Do you ever look at the stars? Do you think of the millions of years they have lived—of the millions of years before them, and after? See the blue overhead—where does it begin, and where end? Those mountains—how many cons have gone to build them? And when you think of all this, what part do your motor-cars play, your carriages, footmen, boxes at the opera, diamonds, Paris frocks?

*Lady Constance* (demurely). Unfortunately one can not dress in a star or ride on a moonbeam.

*Willie.* No—but one should not pawn one's soul for these gewgaws! We are up on the hilltop now, you and I—far above all the trifles that people below rate so highly. You are no longer the Marquis's daughter, but merely the woman I love. . . . Lady Constance, why should you not marry me?

*Lady Constance.* I never was good at guessing conundrums.

*Willie.* I have been so afraid of you till to-day!—Constance, I love you!

*Lady Constance.* That is really most good of you.

*Willie.* I have a tiny cottage in Surrey, that is large enough for us two. There is a garden in the midst of the fields, and beyond it the hills, always the hills, that rise and fall. Will you marry me, Constance?

*Lady Constance.* I'm afraid I'm engaged—for this lance.

*Willie.* To Lord Tillenden—or Mr. Mallard! You are not engaged—you are free! And life isn't a dance—it is a serious thing—

*Lady Constance.* To you—but not to me. The stars, as you say, are wise—but they are so old! Had I lived for a million years I should probably marry you—but you see I am only nineteen.

*Willie.* Do you not love me?

*Lady Constance.* I like you, of course, very much. But love—what is love? Oh, you are ready to tell me—and derive pretty similes from the bees that make honey, the flowers, and so forth—

*Willie.* Do you not love me, Constance?

*Lady Constance.* Have I not told you?

*Willie.* Constance, Constance, does your name mock you? Have you not shown me you loved me, a thousand times?

*Lady Constance.* That is a grave accusation! When have I done this?

*Willie.* By your eyes.

*Lady Constance.* How wrong of them! But a woman's eyes should never be trusted—they are mirrors that merely reflect what they see before them. I was aware, of course, that you liked me—

*Willie.* You can say it so coldly!

*Lady Constance.* Why not? It was pleasant! I pictured myself the King's daughter, whose hand was to go to the knight who overcame all the others—in talk.

*Willie* (blankly). Talk!

*Lady Constance.* You do talk exceedingly well.

*Willie.* And you think I don't mean what I say?

*Lady Constance.* I am sure that you do, when you say it. But—let us climb down, for a moment, from that hilltop of yours and descend to the valley. Mr. Travers, you ask me to marry you, and live on the two hundred a year that your father allows you?

*Willie.* There are times when I sell a picture. And one requires so little! What is it one needs, after all?

*Lady Constance.* Well—to begin with—clothes.

*Willie.* The body needs covering, of course—but have the light of love in your eyes, and you shall outshine all women!

*Lady Constance.* The clothes question is settled. Then there is food.

*Willie.* Food is cheap.

*Lady Constance.* It has to be cooked.

*Willie.* Shall we, do you think, as we sit in the evening together, the day's work done, require a dinner of nine courses?

*Lady Constance.* Still we shall want to dine.

*Willie.* I have an old woman who does for me. She is—elementary, it is true. But then—

*Lady Constance.* What should I do all the day, while you were painting?

*Willie.* You shall paint too—we shall spend every hour together.

*Lady Constance.* The first month perhaps—but in ten years!

*Willie.* We shall be ten years older—and love each other ten times more!

*Lady Constance.* My hands would be red with washing the dishes, my face freckled, my complexion gone and my temper soured.

*Willie.* You will have come nearer to Nature, and be more beautiful than you are now.

*Lady Constance.* I am fond of music—I should miss the opera.

*Willie.* The nightingale sings at night—we shall listen together.

*Lady Constance.* Does it ever rain in Surrey?

*Willie.* When it rains we shall sit by the window, and read poetry to each other.

*Lady Constance.* Idyllic! Have you room, in your cottage, for my maid?

*Willie* (blankly). Maid?

*Lady Constance.* A maid is as necessary to me as a paintbrush—to you.

*Willie.* Why should you need a maid?

*Lady Constance.* She looks after my clothes and brushes my hair.

*Willie.* When you live with the man you love—

*Lady Constance.* My hair would still require brushing. And besides, I am fond of society. How many spare rooms have you in Surrey?

*Willie.* You are laughing at me!

*Lady Constance.* Well, just a little! See, you ask

me to give up everything I have been used to—the little luxuries that have become habits—music, friends, comfort—and bury myself in a desolate corner, away from the world—

*Willie.* With me!

*Lady Constance.* Certainly—with you. But why should I make such a sacrifice?

*Willie.* You would, if you loved me!

*Lady Constance.* You impale yourself now on the horns of dilemma. For it is quite evident that you do not love me—

*Willie.* Oh! Not love you—I!

*Lady Constance.* If sacrifice be, as you say, the proof of love.

*Willie.* Ah, I see what you mean! Yes, you are right, you are right! I have been selfish—I've thought only of myself! Constance, marry me—and I'll give up my art—I will! I'll go into my father's office—then I shall have money. I shall be rich!

*Lady Constance.* Give up art?

*Willie* (firmly). Yes.

*Lady Constance.* Think what it would mean! You would be in an office every day and all day, in the spring and the summer—

*Willie.* Do you not come first? I will do it—for you!

*Lady Constance.* Leave Nature and go to the city—pore over a ledger, devote all your time, all your thoughts, to buying goods cheap and selling them dear—

*Willie.* You will be there at night, when I come home!

*Lady Constance.* Think of your bitter regrets! How you would say to yourself, as you looked at me, "It was for this woman I made the great sacrifice—for this woman, this girl!"

*Willie.* I love you—and love is all. Yes, I will give up my art, the art that I love so dearly, because—I love you more! Art—what is art, after all, compared with love! Constance, are you still mocking? This moment is sacred—it decides both our lives. Your sisters, you tell me, are happy—can you believe it? Contrast the painted leaf with the leaf God made, the sculptor's bird with the full-throated, soaring lark! Constance, Constance, we are both very young, very foolish perhaps—but it is the folly God loves. When all men are wise, the world will come to an end, and the snow-capped mountains will nod and return to sleep! Oh, Constance, our stay is so short on this earth, this beautiful earth, with its springs and its flowers, its fountains and meadows! I shall work for you, Constance—

*Lady Constance* (gently). But I should not love you, Willie, if the artist turned trader—

*Willie.* Constance!

*Lady Constance.* No—I should not. It is the painter I love—

*Willie* (wildly). Then you do love me!

*Lady Constance.* Have I not said so? Come, let us go to my father—

*Willie* (catching at her hand). Constance!

*Lady Constance.* I, too, shall be glad to hear the nightingales sing. . . . They will call us a pair of fools—but my father is very wise—and he is not sorry—

*Willie.* What! He knows?

*Lady Constance.* Of course. I have told him. Three daughters, he said, had married for money—well, I am the youngest—

*Willie.* But I had not spoken!

*Lady Constance.* My eyes, you said, had borne witness—do you think yours were silent? Come—we will go to him. If he will not give up his art for you, said my father—but you have stood the test. . . . And you really could think that of me! . . . Ah, Willie, I too am tired of this life I have led. . . . I do not want to marry Lord Tillenden. . . . I want to be happy, too. . . . Willie, I love you, love you! Come!

(After a moment's happy silence, they go out together, hand in hand.)

# THE PRESIDENT AND CONGRESS

By FREDERICK PALMER

Mr. Palmer accompanied the Japanese First Army from the beginning of the land operations at the crossing of the Yalu in April, 1904, until the battle of Liao-Yang in September, his account of this great fight appearing in Collier's for November 5, 1904. As it seemed then that there would be no further movements of importance until spring, Mr. Palmer returned to this country and is now preparing a series of articles on National topics of which this is the first.

THAT vast plurality is cutting both ways. Its stultifying effect on either party and on the proper functions of a republican form of government can be arrested only by the President himself. This he seems to realize. He is at the moment, by the fortune or the misfortune of his popularity, the best Democrat as well as the best Republican in the United States.

The attitude of the Democrats at the opening of Congress was depressing to the average citizen. Their defeat was so overwhelming that they saw only its ludicrous aspect. This was illustrative of one side of our American nature—of our quality of "coming up with a smile" whatever happens. It recalls the story of a man who was blown into a river by a cyclone. When he swam out and sat up on the muddy bank and saw his house and barn distributed over the landscape, he remarked: "This is so gosh darned sudden and awful that it's plumb ridiculous. I guess the paper in the parlor is spoiled and the bird-cage is bent some. I'm glad I could swim, anyway."

The Democrats who were re-elected to the Lower House are happy to find themselves still members. Those who were not re-elected need make no excuses, except to say that the elements are beyond human control. After eight years in the doldrums, the Democrats

thought that they had at last caught a breeze in the late campaign. They had centralized their points of attack: The trusts, the tariff, and the Philippines. Anti-expansion was proved a dead issue. The people are against the trusts and for a revision of the tariff, but they elected a Republican President by a plurality of 2,500,000 to carry out their wishes. If Parker had done better than Bryan, or even as well, there would have been some encouragement. As it is, the cyclone has shattered Democratic ideas. The party stands before the country for nothing in particular; it is without definite policy or the power of constructive criticism.

Our forefathers never contemplated any such attitude on the part of the Democratic party or any other. Our rule is party rule. If party rule contemplates anything it is rotation in office. In one sense, a republic is based on cynicism, and an autocracy upon idealism. A republic recognizes the frailty of human nature, and that, given time, power will lead any set of mortals to inefficiency. The "outs" are the attorneys for the people. It is their business to attack; of the "ins" to defend; of the people to judge.

For the sixth consecutive time a Republican Congress has been elected. That means twelve years of Republican rule—a condition without precedent since the Civil War left one-third of the population unrepre-

sented. If we look at a list of the members of the House and Senate, we find that the line between the North and the South has not been so sharply drawn for forty years. Party rule contemplates a national party, not a sectional party. To-day the Democratic party belongs to the South more than ever. The only issue which will give it vivid and determined action is a Southern issue.

In the South, Democracy exists as a habit. In the North, in 1904, it prevailed only in State elections. We have become so accustomed to this anomaly that we do not realize how much it will mean to the historians in the future. Ability is not lacking among the Southern members. Let Senator Thomas C. Platt's bill for cutting down Southern representation come up for discussion, and the Southern leaders will show their old form of parliamentary attack. Thus far and no further has Democratic policy been indicated. On the questions on which the last campaign was fought in the North, the South is more than ever indifferent. This being true, how can the resistance to Republican legislation take a form which will impress the country?

In the House at the present time there are three notable Democrats, Williams, Cockran, and De Armond. Williams is a master in the use of the parliamentary rapier; Cockran is a voice, and distrusted as such; De



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Armond is a cool logician who does not talk to the galleries. Two are from the South; the third from New York. They are geographically significant, in that the Democrats draw their strength principally from the South and from the great cities. The Democracy of New York City is practically a local political organization. No one ever thinks of it as national.

In the Senate there is Gorman. Great things were expected of him on his return after six years' absence. He has not controlled the Democratic Senators; he does not stand for any policy. He is one of those Senators whom you think of as Senators, not as Republicans or Democrats. Bailey, Bacon, Morgan, and Tillman are real Democrats. They are from the South. With the possible exception of Tillman, if they lived in the North they might be Republicans—on national issues. If most Republican Senators lived in the South they would be Democrats—on a sectional issue. We are so familiar with this anomaly that we scarcely realize its direful importance in the workings of our system of government.

In his speech at Spartanburg late in November, Williams practically said to the Republicans: "The power is in your hands; we leave it to you. We serve warning of our attitude only on a single subject: The South does not want its representation disturbed." Senator Platt's bill said: "We are in the majority; we have the power. You see what we might do if you are troublesome." When the South is prosperous and fairly satisfied with the present industrial policy, there is little temptation to be troublesome. Thus is the absurdity of our division of national parties reduced to the limit, which literally puts Theodore Roosevelt, by virtue of his 2,500,000 plurality, in the constitutional position of a Democrat if he would serve his country well.

Clash-room confessions since the opening of Congress show that the Republicans were almost as much surprised as the Democrats over the extent of their victory. It was time for them to lose the Lower House; and they rather expected to lose it. Republicans of the deepest party dye like to think that the indorsement was due to complete public satisfaction with Republican legislation. In the House, which is nearer to the people than the Senate, the folly of such a conclusion is more readily recognized. The Republican leaders of the House are men of commanding common-sense. The House feels the pulse of direct popular mandate. Every two years each Representative must face the "thumbs up" or the "thumbs down" of his constituents. He can not afford to get so "far from home" as a Senator. The original idea, which meant the Senate as a check on popular passion, never contemplated the Steel Trust or the Standard Oil Trust. It is the Senate which will stand between the public and any reforms that it desires.

## Two Kinds of Senators

Senators may be divided into three classes: Those who, late in life, have secured seats by moneyed influences; those who have made their fortunes indirectly through their official positions; and those with an inborn love of public life who have risen step by step to high position. The first might be called the Senators *de jure*. They are getting almost as common in the Senate as in the British House of Commons. The second class are the highwaymen. The highwayman gets his credentials from the Legislature, and takes his cue from the trusts. He never forgets that he has to be elected only once in six years, and then not by a direct vote of the people. As a Senator, he has reached the height of his ambition. If he realizes his limits as a parliamentary leader, his inclination for money-making is the greater. It is the highwayman who insists most loudly that the victory was won by the policy of the Republican party. He would gorge on the spoils. He would neither revise the tariff nor curb the trusts. If there were not a deficit in the Treasury he would be for all the appropriations and all the deals that favor his friends.

The third class includes many masterly minds of mature experience, possessed by real patriotism. These men are not all poor. Poverty is not a necessary adjunct to good public service. The third class has always to take the highwayman into consideration. The highwaymen have votes; they are an institution which frequently has to be recognized by concessions, as fire is recognized by insurance, and burglars and public disorder by a police organization. Their greatest pride is that they are masters of professional political opinion.

And Professional Political Opinion is equally cocksure in the worship of the god that it enthrones to-day as it was of the god it dethroned yesterday. Always the Capitol is at one end of Pennsylvania Avenue and the White House at the other, and Professional Political Opinion professes to be in the secrets of both places, and to know "what the people will stand for." There has been no greater somersault in our politics than the change of P. P. O.'s view of Theodore Roosevelt. P. P. O. had "the mischievous one" shelved when he was nominated for the Vice-Presidency. Platt had stood for him for Governor of New York, because Platt wanted to beat Black, who was trying to establish a machine of his own. Then Platt had passed him on to Hanna. In the same way, it was said, the future President had been made Assistant-Secretary of the Navy, in order to take him out of the Police Commissionership of New York City. On McKinley's death,



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If you can think of a clever advertising rhyme for Hy-Jen Tooth Paste

This is the chance for money-making for people who can hit on a simple, easily-remembered little jingle—it is the last of our successful series of Prize Rhyme Contests, one more set of verses being needed to complete our big advertising campaign. The best rhyme containing not more than eight lines submitted before February 15, 1905, will win \$50 cash; the second, \$25; the third, \$10; the next three, \$5 each; the next fifty, \$2 each, making 56 prizes in all. Fifty dollars is a big sum to give for a rhyme, but we want to make it an object for everyone to compete, as we never can tell where a valuable advertising idea is coming from. Nearly all who have won big prizes from us in the past have had little or no experience in verse-making—they just happened to hit on a catchy jingle.

Hy-Jen is a most cleansing, refreshing dentifrice, carefully and scientifically prepared and is prescribed by dentists generally. It is smooth and soft and white and you'll be surprised to find how easy it is to think of little rhymes about its good qualities after you've used it. This little burlesque by H. L. Palmer, 1526 Wabash Avenue, Chicago, won fourth prize in a previous contest:

"Mary had a little pie,  
The juice was black as coal,  
And every time she took a bite  
She left an awful hole.  
And when she saw her tooth so black,  
With all her might and main,  
She brushed with Hy-Jen Tooth Paste  
And they all were white again."

Each verse must be accompanied by the front of the green box Hy-Jen Tooth Paste comes in, to show that you have used it. No rhyme will be even considered without the box-front. You may submit many different verses as you like provided you send a separate box-front for each one. Ask your druggist for Hy-Jen Tooth Paste today—if he shouldn't have it send on his name and he and we will send you a package postpaid.

Address Advertising Department  
HY-JEN CHEMICAL CO., 30 Dearborn Ave., CHICAGO

## THE WORLD'S HEADQUARTERS FOR ELECTRIC NOVELTIES and SUPPLIES

If It's Electric We Have It. We Under Sell All.

100 Electric Hand Lamps  
Fan Motor with Battery - \$8.00  
Battery Table Lamp - 2.00  
Battery Hanging Lamp - 10.00  
Telephone, complete, 3.50, 5.95  
Electric Door Bells - 1.00  
Electric Carriage Lamps - 2.00  
Bike Turn-down Lamps - .60  
\$5.00 Medical Batteries - 3.95  
\$12.00 Belt with Supplies - 2.50  
Telegraph Outfits - 2.25  
Battery Motors - 1.00 to 15.00  
Bicycle Electric Lights - 3.50  
Electric Railway - 3.25  
Pocket Flash Lights - 1.25  
Noctile Lights - 1.00

Send for free book. Agents wanted.  
OHIO ELECTRIC WORKS, Cleveland, Ohio

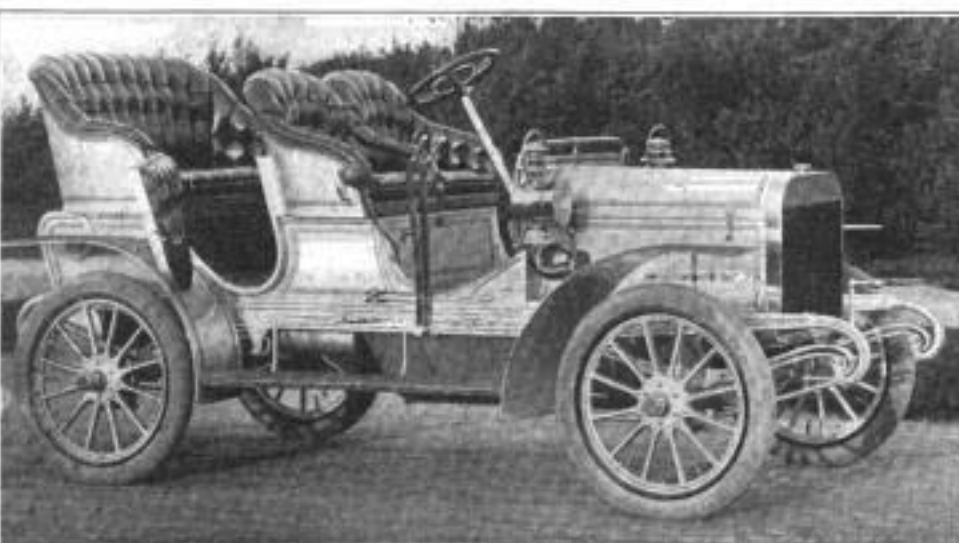
# CONTROLLING A MOTOR CAR

BY LOYD A. THOMAS

"THE Driver lost Control of his Car!" That's part of the Newspaper report of nearly every Automobile accident. The most important thing about an Automobile is its method of Speed-control. Mere Horse-power is secondary to this! Many cheap Motors develop high power, while they last—but they wear out in a hurry, and are unreliably controlled. Many Automobiles are controlled by expanding Speed-Governors. These have numerous wearing parts. They have revolving fly-out Arms, Springs, Gears, Belts, or Shafts, with special Levers to operate them. They work well enough, while new. But, — Wear, Rough Roads, Overheating, or poor Lubrication, may put them out of business, at critical periods. Then there's another item for the Press. The Speed-controlling system of an Automobile can't be too simple. It can't have too few parts to get out of order. It can't be too direct, nor too Reliable. Even a Dare-devil Driver can do more daring things, when he knows he can absolutely depend on the Speed-control working at the precise moment, and to the precise degree, he needs it. This is where the "Winton of 1905" scores over all other Motor Cars.

The speed of the Winton Motor Car is controlled by Air-pressure. No Gears to wear out, no Springs to weaken, no Levers to stick, at critical moments. This is why Winton "Air Control" gives such absolute security. When the Motor starts running it at once compresses enough Air to cut off its own supply of Gas, in a half-minute. A Motor must stop running when its Gas is shut off. The Winton Cylinders can only receive Gas when you purposely spill some of the Air-pressure that throttles it. This Air-pressure is released (or spilled) by merely pressing your right foot on a Pedal, beside Steering shaft. The more you press that Pedal the faster the Car travels. The less you press it the slower Car travels. Take your foot off the Pedal and the Car stops altogether. Isn't that simple, safe, and easy to remember, in emergencies? No Valves to turn, no Gauges to watch, no Levers to move. With this one Pedal alone, and using the high-speed clutch, you can run Four miles an hour, or Forty miles an hour, or any speed between these two. No arbitrary half-speed, quarter-speed, nor full-speed Levers to consider, in regular running. Your foot on the Pedal sets the Pace as perfectly as if you were walking or running. Think of the easy control this gives you,—the freedom from risk or anxiety, and time saved in learning the Car. A Youth could run a Winton the first time he rode in it, with an hour's coaching. But,—no Car except the Winton can use this patented Air-pressure Control.

Then, there's the WINTON Steering Gear of 1905. Observe that it is not a Worm Gear like the others. The thread of a "Worm" Gear wears down in the center long before it does on the sides. Then you have "lost motion" in the Steering Gear. That "lost motion" makes steering mighty uncertain sometimes. It may lead to serious accident, in running through crowded streets, or close quarters. If you tighten up the wear on a "Worm" steering gear it is then liable to wedge in the nut, on short curves. That may land you in a Ditch. But there's no "lost motion," nor "wedging" possible with the WINTON Steering Gear of 1905. Because,—instead of a half-round Worm gear it has a whole-round thread on the Steering shaft. This works in a whole-round Nut. The thread MUST therefore wear evenly all around when shaft is turned to left or right. Your life may some day depend on the accurate Control this patented Winton feature gives.



The WINTON of 1905  
Vertical, Four-Cylinder Motor

Pistons, Crank Shaft, and Connecting Rod, may be quickly removed, without disturbing cylinders or any other Motor parts. The four upright Cylinders are fed Gas by one Carburetor. No changing of Mixture necessary. The Carburetor is permanently set so as to produce one standard grade of Gasoline and Air Mixture, at all times, and all seasons. No experimenting with "Mixture" needed, and lots of trouble is thus avoided,—lots of adjusting saved. The Winton Speed-control supplies more, or less, of this standard grade Gas (Mixture) to the Cylinders, at will, but never tampers with its quality. All Four Cylinders are "fired" by one single electric Magneto. This is positive Gear-driven, instead of chain or friction-driven. It thus gives absolutely regular, and continuous ignition, no matter how rough the roads, nor how great the vibration. No Dry Batteries, Multiple Vibrators, nor Storage Batteries—"Accumulators,"—needed. Think of the worry, detail, "tinkering" and expense this cuts out—the Simplicity it affords.

Under the floor-board (between front seat and Dashboard) is the Winton Transmission Gear. Lift up that single board, and you see the Aluminum Gear case. Turn a handle and the cover of the case comes off. Then you have, right under your eye, the three non-breakable clutches,—two forward and one reverse. These can be removed bodily, in a few minutes' time, without getting under sides, or body, of carriage. The Dust-pan beneath the 1905 WINTON is permanently fixed there. Because, there is no longer any need to look below the floor of the Car, or below the base of Motor, as all parts are reached readily from above. No other Vertical Motor Car is half so Accessible as this.

Now, Note the new Twin-Springs of the 1905 WINTON. Two Single Springs, one above the other—for light loads, and good roads. These give a motion easy almost as that of a Pullman Car. The lower Spring re-inforces the upper, for heavy loads. It prevents pounding of Car body and Motor, when running over rough roads, crossing Railway tracks, or "thank-yemums." The Twin-springs are shackled together at each end. They thus work together, but do not touch, except when carrying a heavy load, or bouncing hard at high speed. These Twin-springs double the comfort of riding in an Automobile. They add 30% to the life of the Motor, in protecting it from jar, pounding, and vibration. They take nearly half the work off the Tires. They make the whole Car lively, smooth-running, elastic in action, and permit greater speed over rough roads. These Twin-springs can be had on no other Motor-Car but the 1905 WINTON.

Another feature is the Automatic Oilier. This feeds Oil, to every friction-spot, in exact proportion to the speed Motor is running at. Impossible to siphon, or flood the Motor. The Cylinders of the 1905 WINTON are cooled by rapid circulation of non-freezing Fluid, through a fan Radiator. Behind the Radiator is a gear-driven Fan, and in the fly wheel is cast another. These two Fans pull the air through the pipes and fins of the Radiator so fast that the fluid is thus cooled much more rapidly than is otherwise possible. The 1905 WINTON therefore has the advantage of both "Water-cooled" and "Air-cooled" systems, successfully combined. Winton Style is proverbial. But, the 1905 WINTON is the most graceful design yet produced. People call it "the Winton Greyhound." Because, it has such long, racy, lines. Picture below shows the \$1800 Model. This has almost the same Power as last year's \$2500 Winton. But, it weighs about 1000 pounds less, so that it has more speed, per Horse-power. The \$2500 "WINTON of 1905" has a 24 Horse-power Motor. Length, 130 inches; Wheel-base, 102 inches. The \$3500 "WINTON of 1905" has a 40 Horse-power Motor. Length, 154 inches; Wheel-base, 106 inches. The \$4500 "WINTON of 1905" is a 40 Horse-power Limousine. Write today for new Book, to the Winton Motor Carriage Co., Dept. L, Cleveland, O.

## If Baby could talk



HE WOULD SAY:  
"Take Away That Baby Powder."

Do not make my skin air-tight and water-tight, when nature intended that the most of my body impurities should be given off through it."

## Spim Soap

will heal and soothe as no powder ever did, and cleanses and opens the pores at the same time. What is true about babies, is true of you.

Everybody will use SPIM Soap and SPIM Ointment when everybody knows about them.

In the home they will free it from hours of suffering and give a cleanliness and comfort seldom experienced.

### Our Elaborate Album of "400 Beautiful Babies"

is mailed free for one wrapper of Spim Soap or Spim Ointment. Spim Soap costs 25 cents. Spim Ointment, 50 cents. Insist on "Spim"—don't take substitutes. If you are unable to obtain Spim Soap or Spim Ointment from your druggist, send us his name and we will sell you direct (postage prepaid in the United States or Canada), and for your trouble in sending your money direct to us we will mail free our elaborate album at once. Your money back if you ask it. Our "Clear-up" book is mailed to any one on request.

### \$500 in Cash Prizes

for Beautiful Babies. Send for entrance blank.

SPIM CO. (Chas. B. Knox, Pres.)  
16 Knox Av., Johnstown, N. Y.



NOTE.—With my national reputation as the manufacturer of Knox's Gelsolene could I afford (even if I would) to be associated with an article without merit? I personally guarantee Spim Soap to the women of America.—CHAS. B. KNOX.



Niagara in Winter is grandly beautiful. The

### Michigan Central

through trains passing Niagara by day stop 5 minutes at Falls View overlooking the cataract. Train No. 4, leaving Chicago 3 p. m. stops at Niagara Falls nearly two hours, giving passengers opportunity to visit the principal points of interest.

Send three red stamps for Niagara book.  
O. W. RUGGLES, G. P. & T. A., Chicago.

Your face has a right to health and comfort. Insist on Williams' Shaving Soap.

Williams' Shaving Sticks and Tablets sold everywhere. The J. B. Williams Co., Glastonbury, Conn.





YAE KICHI YABE, late of the Tei-Shin Ryu School of Japan

I have just written an intensely interesting book which explains and makes clear the principles of Jiu-Jitsu in a manner which will never be approached by any American writer.

YAE KICHI YABE, 335 C Realty Bldg., ROCHESTER, NEW YORK

DIAMONDS ON CREDIT. WHY NOT? LOFTIS BROS. & CO. Dept. A. 38, 92 to 94 State Street, CHICAGO, ILL.

Rapid Mechanical Calculation. The New Model Comptometer solves any business scientific calculation instantly and noiselessly.

OLD COINS WANTED. I pay from \$1 to \$1000 for thousands of rare American and foreign coins, stamps and paper money.

ACCIDENT PROOF. Foster's Ideal Cribs. No worry for mother if baby is left in an Ideal Accident-Proof Crib.

Big Clearing Sale TYPEWRITERS. Fifty cents on the dollar. Over one thousand machines.

LIVINGSTON'S TRUE BLUE SEEDS. Send us a silver dime. We then mail you 1 packet each.

Have You Had My Free Lesson in Jiu-Jitsu? IF YOU do not already know that Jiu-Jitsu is the most wonderful system of physical training and self-defense in the world to-day I invite you to write for my FREE LESSON and demonstrate this to your own satisfaction.

BOYS' Names Wanted. The Star Monthly wants names and addresses of bright boys between 12 and 20 years of age.

Rapid Mechanical Calculation. The New Model Comptometer solves any business scientific calculation instantly and noiselessly.

You needn't die to profit by insurance. You can benefit by it while you're living.

Foster's Ideal Cribs. No worry for mother if baby is left in an Ideal Accident-Proof Crib.

I WRITE MUSIC for Song-Words-Poems, and revise and harmonize manuscripts.

LIVINGSTON'S TRUE BLUE SEEDS. Send us a silver dime. We then mail you 1 packet each.

P. P. O. had already dug Roosevelt's political grave. Only a year ago you could still hear men saying: "He's going to split the party. He may get the nomination, but watch when the votes are counted. If he is beaten, the party can start again in the old way."

TYPEWRITERS. Slightly Used \$10.00 to \$65.00. Better Than New. At less than half price.

CLASS PINS. We Manufacture and Sell Direct to You Class Pins and Badges for Colleges, Schools, and Societies.

DO IT YOURSELF. We have made plenty of money in the poultry business and have grown from year to year.

60,000 SURE HATCH INCUBATORS. Working continuously night and day. No "no-hatch" risk.

"BEST OF ALL". That's what says my about the great PRAIRIE STATE INCUBATORS and BROODERS.

40 DAYS FREE TRIAL. This Great Western 100-Egg Incubator is sold on 40 days free trial for \$10.

SHOEMAKER'S BOOK ON POULTRY. and almanac for 1905, contains 324 pages, with many fine colored plates of fowls true to life.

100% HATCH GUARANTEED. 30 DAYS' TRIAL To prove it. \$4.50 \$5.00 \$5.50 \$6.00 \$6.50 \$7.00 \$7.50 \$8.00 \$8.50 \$9.00 \$9.50 \$10.00 \$10.50 \$11.00 \$11.50 \$12.00 \$12.50 \$13.00 \$13.50 \$14.00 \$14.50 \$15.00 \$15.50 \$16.00 \$16.50 \$17.00 \$17.50 \$18.00 \$18.50 \$19.00 \$19.50 \$20.00 \$20.50 \$21.00 \$21.50 \$22.00 \$22.50 \$23.00 \$23.50 \$24.00 \$24.50 \$25.00 \$25.50 \$26.00 \$26.50 \$27.00 \$27.50 \$28.00 \$28.50 \$29.00 \$29.50 \$30.00 \$30.50 \$31.00 \$31.50 \$32.00 \$32.50 \$33.00 \$33.50 \$34.00 \$34.50 \$35.00 \$35.50 \$36.00 \$36.50 \$37.00 \$37.50 \$38.00 \$38.50 \$39.00 \$39.50 \$40.00 \$40.50 \$41.00 \$41.50 \$42.00 \$42.50 \$43.00 \$43.50 \$44.00 \$44.50 \$45.00 \$45.50 \$46.00 \$46.50 \$47.00 \$47.50 \$48.00 \$48.50 \$49.00 \$49.50 \$50.00 \$50.50 \$51.00 \$51.50 \$52.00 \$52.50 \$53.00 \$53.50 \$54.00 \$54.50 \$55.00 \$55.50 \$56.00 \$56.50 \$57.00 \$57.50 \$58.00 \$58.50 \$59.00 \$59.50 \$60.00 \$60.50 \$61.00 \$61.50 \$62.00 \$62.50 \$63.00 \$63.50 \$64.00 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the crowd," said one of the highwaymen. "but he also eats all the hay."

The splendid thing about the 2,500,000 plurality is the possible utility of its prestige—of its magic, if you will—in the betterment of the Republic. To thinking members of Congress it has not been an invitation to wantonness; rather, it has had a steadying effect. The fear that the President had offended powerful interests, the supposed power of Wall Street in influencing an election, went down beneath the cyclone of the new method and the new manner. The late election, in which little money was expended, proved that when the people have quietly made up their minds a vast campaign fund is far less formidable than Professional Political Opinion had supposed. In New York State, where the local powers that be have enormous respect for Wall Street, the State Committee had a great deal more money than the National Committee to spend, with the result that the State ticket ran nearly one hundred thousand behind the National.

Professional Political Opinion has found a new truism: that, hereafter, any party must be above suspicion so far as the trusts are concerned. If the public has no sympathy with radical and socialistic methods, which will cause a tumult in our industrial system, it, nevertheless, believes in sane and progressive regulation, and will have no halt in the work already begun. The people showed by their votes that they believed that the President was "making good" in this respect. On the tariff and the trusts he may be said to have stolen the Democratic thunder. This leaves him the duty of keeping the Republicans awake to the promises of their national platform. At the same time, he can bring about no legislation except through his own party.

Before the wonder of that 2,500,000 plurality, if you asked the man in the street about it, he would have said that control of railroad rates by the Interstate Commerce Commission would be a good thing. But in the working of the machinery of our Government—the weakening of the pledges of election time under the shadows of the Capitol and the trusts—he would have recognized such a consummation as impracticable. Now, thanks to the 2,500,000 plurality and the President, this seems likely to go upon the statute books. An important advance promises to be accomplished quietly by working through the party. The revision of the tariff is a more difficult undertaking for many political reasons, as I shall undertake to show in a later article. What the country wants is revision; not that the President announce a programme which can not be carried out. He is showing himself a man of action, of results.

## HUSTLIN'

By Edgar Ellerton

NOUGHTY-FIVE—sakes alive!  
New Year's comes a'ready?  
This old top spins round so fast;  
Ain't no keepin' steady!

Noughty-four gone fer shore?  
Land! it's mighty suddin';  
That pore year was scarcely born,  
'Fore he must be scuddin'.

In the draggin' hours o' school-time,  
Every day seemed 'most a year;  
Now I jest get used to cyphers,  
When another figger's here!

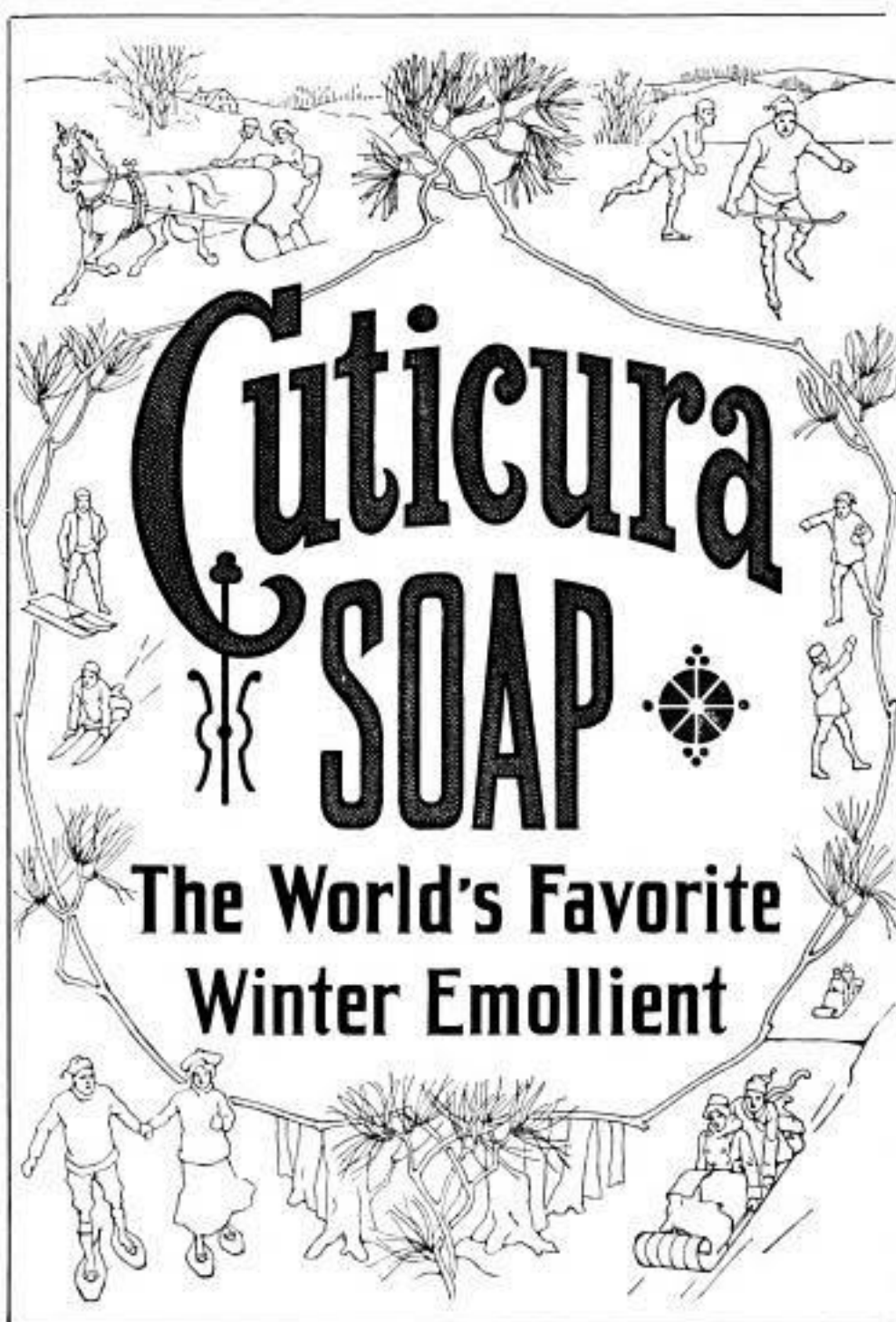
Drulin', playin', lovin', workin'—  
Time's the same fer you es me,  
Livin's jest one awful hurry—  
Hustlin' to eternity!

## THE RUSSIAN NAVY

By HENRY REUTERDAHL

WHILE the sleepy watch is peering into the night and the drowsy officers are nervously pacing the bridges, the Baltic fleet is creeping through the darkness and toward possible destruction. Right down in the heart of the men, forward and aft, there is a premonition of the fate that awaits them, but not of its details. They sail to give battle in an effort to save the prestige of the Great White Czar. Their progress is apparently a trail of bitter memories, broken noses, deserts, and empty bottles floating in the swash of the propellers of the armada. Meanwhile, the crews of the peaceful cargo boats douse their lights, turn in, and pray to God that the watch may not be called by the bursting of a hostile shell.

The apparent rottenness in the Russian navy has come as a great shock to the public which, in the polish of the officers and in the building of monster ships, saw visions of a mighty sea power. Naval intelligence officers the world over were not surprised at its disasters, which came to them as a logical conclusion from the damning evidence pigeon-holed in their cabinets, and which showed the Russian navy to be a cumbersome, top-heavy machine without much discipline. And from time immemorial—even before Paul Jones went to straighten out the tangled threads of Catherine's navy—the conditions have been the same, intrigue and graft. The chink of



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# Listening Machines for the Deaf

Sound Magnifiers Invented  
by a Kentuckian

Invisible, When Worn, but Act  
Like Eye-Glasses

Ever see a pair of Listening Machines?  
They are so soft in the ears one can't tell they are wearing them.  
And, no one else can tell either, because they are out of sight when worn. Wilson's Ear Drums are to wear hearing what spectacles are to weak sight.

Because they are sound-magnifiers, just as glasses are sight-magnifiers.  
They rest the Ear Nerves by taking the strain off them—the strain of trying to hear dim sounds. They can be put into the ears, or taken out, in a minute, just as comfortably as spectacles can be put on and off. And, they can be worn for weeks at a time, because they are ventilated, and so soft in the ear holes they are not felt even when the head rests on the pillow. They also protect any raw inner parts of the ear from wind, or cold, dust, or sudden and piercing sounds.

The principle of these little telephones is to make it as practical for a Deaf person to hear weak sounds as spectacles make it easy to read fine print. And, the longer one wears them the better his hearing grows, because they rest up, and strengthen, the ear nerves. To rest a weak ear from straining is like resting a strained wrist from working.

Wilson's Ear Drums rest the Ear Nerves by making the sounds louder, so it is easy to understand without trying and straining. They make Deaf people cheerful and comfortable, because such people can talk with their friends without the friends having to shout back at them. They can hear without straining. It is the straining that puts such a queer, anxious look on the face of a deaf person.

Wilson's Ear Drums make all the sound strike hard on the center of the human ear drum, instead of spreading it weakly all over the surface. It thus makes the center of the human ear drum vibrate ten times as much as if the same sound struck the whole drum head. It is this vibration of the ear drum that carries sound to the hearing Nerves. When we make the drum vibrate ten times as much we make the sound ten times as loud and ten times as easy to understand.

This is why in many cases people who had not in years heard a clock strike can now hear that same clock tick anywhere in the room, while wearing Wilson's Ear Drums.

Deafness, from any cause, ear-ache, buzzing noises in the head, raw and running ears, broken ear-drums, and other ear troubles, are relieved and cured (even after Ear Doctors have given up the cases), by the use of these comfortable little ear-resters and sound-magnifiers.

A sensible look, about Deafness, tells how they are made, and has printed in it letters from hundreds of people who are using them.

Clergymen, Lawyers, Physicians, Telegraph Operators, Trainers, Workers in Boiler Shops and Foundries—four hundred people of all ranks who were deaf, tell their experience in this free book. They tell how their hearing was brought back to them almost instantly, by the proper use of Wilson's Ear Drums.

Some of these very people may live near you, and be well known to you. What they have to say is mighty strong proof.

This book has been the means of restoring 326,000 Deaf people. It will be mailed free to you if you merely write a post card for it today. Don't put off getting back your hearing. Write now, while you think of it. Get the free book of proof.

Write for it today to the Wilson Ear Drum Co., 2031 Todd Building, Louisville, Ky.

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**Corns** It's risky to cut corns. Blood-poison may follow. Makes them grow larger also. A-CORN SALVE removes corns and root without risk, without pain. 15c at your drug-gist's or by mail.

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## Middle Western All-Star Team for 1904

By WALTER CAMP

Left End . . . . . BUSH, Wisconsin  
Left Tackle . . . CURTIS, Michigan  
Left Guard . . . THORPE, Minnesota  
Centre . . . . . KEMP, Wisconsin  
Right Guard . . . FAIRWEATHER, Illinois  
Right Tackle . . . BERTKE, Wisconsin  
Right End . . . . ROTHGEB, Illinois  
Quarter . . . . . ECKERSALL, Chicago  
Left Half . . . . . HESTON, Michigan  
Right Half . . . . VANDERBOOM, Wisconsin  
Full Back . . . . . BEZDEK, Chicago

THE selection of an all-star Western team this year is simple in certain particulars, notably in the positions of quarter and one half, for no one who has seen Eckersall and Heston play would for a moment think of making a selection of any other two for these positions than these remarkable players. After these two are placed there is more choice, but even then lines have been drawn pretty clearly, so that the position of honor might well be considered earned. In two or three cases the men are so close that it is merely a matter of opinion to clinch the selection, but thanks to the kindness of coaches, players, and critics, the selection below seems to be the one of merit.

Left End.—J. Irving Bush of Wisconsin is 5 feet 11 inches in height and weighs just under 170 pounds. He is twenty years old and has had three years of experience. His work is particularly strong on defence, but he is of great assistance on offence.

Left Tackle.—Joseph F. Curtis of Michigan, just an inch short of 6 feet in height, weighs 218 pounds. This man is an ideal tackle, and although this is only his second year of experience, he has demonstrated that he is the choice for the place.

Left Guard.—Walton W. Thorpe of Minnesota weighs just under 200 pounds, stands a little over 6 feet 2 inches, with four years of experience. He, like Curtis, is probably the choice of every reasonable football expert for the position.

Centre.—At centre the problem becomes more difficult, and the position seems to lie between John Hazelwood of Illinois and Richard Kemp of Wisconsin. Kemp has proved rather the more active, his passing has been first-class, and it is because of his greater activity that he has the call. He weighs just under 200 pounds, stands 5 feet 10 inches in height, and has had three years' experience.

Right Guard.—Here again there is a question as to whether Carter of Michigan or Fairweather of Illinois has earned the place. In view of the fact that Carter had better men with him, while Fairweather had to work out his own salvation, the place is more generally accorded to Fairweather. This man is a little over 6 feet 2 inches in height, just short of 200 pounds in weight, twenty-six years old, and with four years of football experience.

Right Tackle.—Parry of Chicago would probably have secured this place had it not been for the fact that injuries have kept him from participating in two at least of his big games. For that reason the position goes to Wilson H. Bertke of Wisconsin. This young man weighs 190 pounds and is 6 feet 2 inches in height. He has had three years' experience, is strong on attack, good on breaking up interference, and is very hard to box.

Right End.—C. J. Rothgeb of Illinois has earned this position. He is a big man for an end, stands a little over 6 feet, and weighs 190 pounds, but with his four years' experience he is able to handle himself well, is quite powerful enough to meet any kind of interference, and is himself a first-class man at carrying the ball to a point that he was called upon to do many times in relief of the other backs in the team.

Quarter-back.—Walter H. Eckersall of Chicago has no equal in the position. Weighing just under 150 pounds, but very compactly built, as he stands but 5 feet 6 inches in height, a wonderful kicker both of punts and drops, a good general, handling the ball well, a sure tackler, a fast runner, he has all the requirements for the position.

Left Half-back.—Martin H. Heston of Michigan, standing 5 feet 8 inches in height and weighing 180 pounds, four years' experience, never injured, running under 10-5 seconds, has yet to meet his equal East or West.

Right Half-back.—E. J. Vanderboom of Wisconsin, of equal weight with Heston, a couple of inches taller and three years' experience, makes as good a mate for Heston as could be found. He is strong on defence and a powerful line breaker.

If a man were needed to replace either of these two, Hammond of Michigan would do it well, although not equal to the pair named.

At full-back the question is a difficult one, Bezdek of Chicago and Longman of Michigan being both good men, but the preponderance of favor seems to be with Bezdek, who stands 5 feet 7 inches in height, weighs 176 pounds, and is a fighter for distance. Given equal opportunities in his way of assistance or thrown entirely upon his own efforts, Bezdek will take the more ground.

Mr. Camp announced the All-America Football Eleven for 1904 in last week's Collier's.

**Burnett's Vanilla Extract** is the best. The grocers know it. Insist on having Burnett's. It is for your food. Pure and wholesome.—Adc.

**Raw Cream** is inferior to Borden's Peerless Brand Evaporated Cream in richness and delicacy of flavor. Peerless Cream is superior as a cream for cereals, coffee, tea, chocolate and general household cooking. It is the result of fifty years experience with the milk problem.—Adc.

# My Book Is Free IT WILL TELL YOU



- 1st—How Money Grows.
- 2nd—How you might have converted \$100 into \$358.83.
- 3rd—How to choose between real estate and stocks.
- 4th—How to tell a good investment.
- 5th—How to choose your partners.
- 6th—How savings banks make their money.
- 7th—How to protect yourself in case you should not care to hold an investment indefinitely.
- 8th—How to guard against uncertain "prospects."
- 9th—How to invest small sums.
- 10th—How most people underestimate their saving capacity.

My book is not an advertisement of any particular investment. It is a talk on investments in general and is based on my personal experiences and observations. It is a veritable guide book to safe and profitable investments and no person—man or woman—that is now investing small amounts or that can invest, should miss reading it.

My advice on investments certainly is valuable. I have handled the stock of several corporations which have paid their stockholders large dividends. I have on file nearly fifteen hundred letters from satisfied investors.

As a result of my success I am given the opportunity to handle a great many investment propositions. Last year more than six hundred were offered me. I accepted eight. I positively will handle nothing but the best, and unless I am satisfied with every single detail of a proposition, I take the safe course and refuse to handle it on any terms. So I handle only a few investments and make sure that these few are of the highest class.

Just at this moment I can offer you an exceptionally good investment—one of the best I ever handled. If you are a person who can save 31 cents a day, or \$10 a month, you will want to know all about it.

You can become through me, a partner in an old established and highly profitable business by paying in only \$10 a month for a few months.

The business is as staple as wheat. It has been established for years. Last year the business amounted to \$1,700,000. It is growing every day. For the past two years, it has paid 17 per cent in dividends. I expect it to be at least that this year.

You can secure an interest in this business that will entitle you to a voice in its management, to know at all times how its affairs are being conducted and to realize your full percentage of profits which the business earns.

Surely you do not want to invest your money in propositions that promise to pay dividends sometime, when you can invest in a business that is safe and sure and which is profitable NOW.

I would like to send you free, complete information concerning this business, its management, sales, finances, etc.

I do not want you to invest a dollar until you have the complete story of the business and my reason for offering this stock for sale.

Along with this information I will give you an abundance of additional proof. I will send you letters I have received from several hundred people who have been stockholders in this Company for several years.

If you are in the least interested, you should write to me today. Even if you cannot take advantage of this particular offer you will want to invest your money some day and so will want to read "How Money Grows."

Suppose you sit right down and write me a letter now. You will never regret it.

W. M. OSTRANDER

Investment Dept.

162 North American Bldg.

PHILADELPHIA



## \$5 PRICE EXPLAINED

FOR \$5.00 TO \$25.00, SEWING MACHINES SIMILAR to the MACHINE ILLUSTRATED hereon, have been widely advertised. How sewing machines can be offered at these prices and why we can sell the HIGHEST GRADE Sewing Machines made in the world at much lower prices than any other house is all fully explained in our new big free Special Sewing Machine Catalogue. Cut this advertisement out and send it to us and you will receive, by return mail, free, postpaid, our new big free Sewing Machine Catalogue, showing the most complete assortment of the highest grade Sewing Machines made in the world, all shown in large handsome full-page and colored illustrations, full descriptions and all priced at prices much lower than any other house can possibly make. With the Big Free Catalogue you will receive THE MOST ASTONISHINGLY LIBERAL Sewing Machine offer ever heard of, a great marvelous proposition. How others can offer sewing machines at \$4.00 to \$5.00 and why we can sell at much lower prices than all others will be fully explained. We will explain why we can ship your machine the day we receive your order, how we make the freight charges so very low (next to nothing). YOU WILL GET OUR FREE TRIAL OFFER, SAFE AND PROMPT DELIVERY GUARANTEED, 30-year Binding Quality Guarantee, you will get our very latest Sewing Machine OFFER, and you will receive our new big free Sewing Machine Catalogue FREE, with all our new offers, with everything explained, ALL FREE FOR THE ASKING. We will tell you something about sewing machines you ought to know. WRITE TODAY, and be sure to mention this paper. DO IT NOW.

Address, SEARS, ROEBUCK & CO., CHICAGO, ILL.

No fun like collecting! Start today! Big list and 100 DIFFERENT STAMPS SENT 4 Cts. FOR. India, Japan, many others. Approval sheets also sent. 50 Cents. NEW ENGLAND STAMP CO., 93 Broadfield Street, Boston

**UNIFORMS** For bands, schools, firemen, military, and all others. Send for catalog. Most kind pattern. WESTERN UNIFORM CO., 222 Clark St., Chicago, Ill.



# FOX The TYPEWRITER



*"The good of the old, the best of the new"*

*"This wonderful machine marks an epoch in typewriter building"*

THE FOX TABULATOR

## A Typewriter That Does Everything

**Correspondence, Tabulating, Two Color Work, Manifolding, Stencil Cutting, Card Writing, The Most Complete and the Highest Grade Typewriter Ever Offered the Public**

**Correspondence:** The Fox Typewriter is universally acknowledged as the typewriter par-excellence for letter writing, its short key dip, light touch (25 to 50 per cent lighter than others), easy carriage action, compact universal keyboard and the wonderful way in which the alignment is always maintained explains why in every competitive test where quality is the deciding point the Fox wins out.

**Speed Writing:** Every Fox Typewriter is capable of the highest speed, and the escapement of the machine can be changed at the will of the operator from "regular" to "high speed." No more fast operators with a slow machine if the Fox is used.

**General Utility:** In thousands of offices there is not sufficient billing or invoice work to require a typewriter strictly for that purpose. (We have a special machine for invoice work entirely.) The machine shown above does everything. The Fox tabulator which is attached to it, in no way detracts from the speed of the machine for letter writing, but it enables the operator to do all kinds of invoice and billing work with equal speed to letter writing, instantly and without looking, placing units under units, tens under tens, hundreds under hundreds and so on up to one hundred millions.

**Credits:** Credits or any special notations can be inserted in a different color instantly, simply by touching a button which shifts the second color on the ribbon into printing position, the ribbon having two colors as shown in the border of this advertisement.

**Carbon Copies:** The great manifolding power of the Fox Typewriter makes it possible to make as many carbon copies as are required.

**Card Writing:** A card holding attachment is provided making it possible to write postal cards of any size in card index systems and to the extreme edge or bottom of the card.

**Mimeograph Stencils:** A small device is provided for throwing the ribbon mechanism out of gear so that the stencils can be cut without removing the ribbon or even disturbing it.

**The Advent of this Machine with its Wonderful Capacity Marks the Departure of Pen Written Bills of Every Kind in any Office where Legibility, Speed and Accuracy are a Consideration.**

We desire to acquaint you with this wonderful machine. We want you to try it in your office and see the wonderful saving it will effect over the methods you have in use at the present time.

This trial can be made entirely at our expense. An expression on your part that you are willing to investigate will bring a machine to any responsible firm.

*Our new 1905 catalogue describes the Fox Typewriter in detail. Send for it.*

**FOX TYPEWRITER CO.**

Factory and Executive Office

**470-570 North Front Street, Grand Rapids, Mich.**

Branch Offices and Agencies in Principal Cities





# 1905 Announcement The Autocar A New Type

We believe that the Autocar in all its types represents the highest excellence in automobile design, workmanship and material. Every Autocar is built on honor. We feel, therefore, that our new type will meet with a cordial reception.

This car, Type XI., larger and more powerful than the other types, has a four-cylinder vertical engine of 16-20 horsepower. The body is built on the newest and most approved French lines. The front seat is divided and both front and rear seats are large and comfortable.

While this car is built upon the tried Autocar principles which have been so splendidly proven, it shows a number of very important improvements making for increased simplicity, ease of operation, safety and comfort.

In fact, though Autocars have always been noted for absence of bewildering intricacy of mechanism, yet no one can but be impressed with the extreme simplicity of this new car. It is a triumph in scientific construction and arrangement.

This car has more than met our highest expectations in the road test. In fact its performance has been a surprise to experienced automobile men. The power of the car carries it, fully equipped and loaded with five passengers up tested 12 per cent grades for instance, at 30 to 35 miles per hour on the direct drive, while on the level the car attains a speed of 40 to 45 miles. The car is a superior climber on any hill.

Altogether our eight years' experience has enabled us to produce in this type, a four cylinder car we are assured cannot be surpassed by any similar car at any price.

The Price of Type XI. is \$2000. Ready for delivery January 16.

Type VIII.—Four-Passenger Car (at \$1400.) and Type X.—Runabout (at \$900.) have made Autocar Reputation. Each stands at the head of its class for value and efficiency.

Autocars, Types VIII., X. and XI. will be on exhibition at the New York Automobile Show, Madison Square Garden.

Catalogue descriptive of the 1904-5 types will be sent free upon request. This catalogue contains also addresses of our dealers throughout the country who will be glad to give demonstrations to prospective automobile purchasers and explain in detail the merits of our cars.

THE AUTOCAR COMPANY  
ARDMORE, PA.

Member Association of Licensed Automobile Manufacturers.



(Established 1878.)  
"Cures While You Sleep"

Whooping-Cough, Croup, Bronchitis,  
Coughs, Diphtheria, Catarrh

Confidence can be placed in a remedy, which for a quarter of a century has earned unqualified praise. Ask your physician about it.



Cresolene is a boon to asthmatics. All Druggists.

Send postal for descriptive booklet. Cresolene Antiseptic Throat Tablets for the irritated throat, at your druggist or from us, in stamps.

The Vapo-Cresolene Co.  
150 Fulton St., N.Y.  
288 St. James St.  
Montreal, Canada

\$3 a Day

Send us your address and we will show you how to earn \$3 a day absolutely sure; we furnish the work and teach you free, you work in the locality where you live. Send us your address and we will explain the business fully; remember we guarantee that you can earn \$3 for every day's work. Write at once.

ROYAL MANUFACTURING CO., Box 552, Detroit, Mich.

Send for this  
Print your own cards, circulars, etc. Press \$5. Send newspaper press \$18. Money saved. Print for others, big profits. Typewriting easy, printed rules sent. Write to makers for catalog, prices, type, paper, etc.

THE PRESS CO., MERIDEN, CONN.

Lawn Fence  
Made of Steel. Lasts a Lifetime. We have no Agents. Sold to users at Wholesale Prices. 7 cts. a foot up. Cheaper than wood. Catalogue free. KUTHELMAN BROTHERS, Box 347 Muncie, Indiana.

## COLLIER'S WEEKLY

P. F. COLLIER & SON, PUBLISHERS

New York, 416-424 West 13th Street : London, 10 Norfolk Street, Strand, W. C., and The International News Co., 5 Breams Buildings, Chancery Lane, E. C.

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CHANGE OF ADDRESS.—Subscribers when ordering a change of address should give the old as well as the new address, and the ledger number on their wrapper. From two to three weeks must necessarily elapse before the change can be made, and before the first copy of COLLIER'S will reach any new subscriber. All subscriptions commence with the date of the first copy received.

Over \$430,000,000  
Back of its Policy Contracts  
Over 200 Million Dollars more than the combined Capital and Deposits of the Imperial Bank of Germany

Oldest in America  
Largest in the World

Imperial Bank of Germany  
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## The Mutual Life

WILL PROVIDE YOU AND YOUR WIFE WITH AN INCOME FOR LIFE

A GUARANTEED income of \$1,000 a year as long as you live, and if your wife survives you the income will be transferred to her as long as she lives. Should you both die before 20 annual payments of \$1,000 have been made to you or your wife, your children or estate will receive \$1,000 a year until \$20,000 have been paid.

Fill out coupon and learn exact cost per thousand of this absolute protection for you and your wife.

The Mutual Life Insurance Company of New York

RICHARD A. McCURDY, President

Jan 14 Collier's Weekly

THE MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE CO. OF NEW YORK, NEW YORK CITY

Gentlemen—I shall be glad to receive, without in any way committing myself, information regarding cost of your policy mentioned in your January advertisement.

My occupation is \_\_\_\_\_ and age \_\_\_\_\_

Name \_\_\_\_\_ Address \_\_\_\_\_

TEAR OFF AND MAIL COUPON

## FREE

### OUR LARGE CATALOGUE

NEW EDITION of one million copies now ready. Embodies new combinations, new ideas, new prices, new suggestions. Contains a list of over 2,500 magazines, periodicals and newspapers, quotes lowest obtainable prices, tells how our system saves you subscription money, and gives much valuable information that all magazine readers should have. You can

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### FREE SAMPLES AND MEASUREMENT BLANK

We make an up-to-date suit strictly to your measure in latest English Back Style for only \$10, and give the following complete outfit FREE and you don't pay for it until you receive the suit, and Free Outfit, and find it just as represented. Send us your P. O. address and we will send you FREE SAMPLES of cloth, tape measure and measurement blanks, for size of neck, shoulders, chest, etc., FREE. A box of Clothing Meas. is Measure from any of the samples sent you, for which tailor would ask from \$20 to \$30.00.

- A Dressing Block, any shape Hat, 2.50
- A pair Stylish Lace or Congress Shoes, 2.50
- A neat Frock Coat, 1.50
- A neat four-button Bow or Frock Tie, .50
- A pair of good web Suspenders, .50
- A Day Handkerchief, .50
- A pair extra quality Lisle Thread Socks, .50

Many Dealers ask for this Outfit \$30.00. Send No Money, but write at once for Free Samples and also our Special Premium offer. Address CHICAGO MFG. & MDS. CO., Dept. 30 87-89-91 Washington St., CHICAGO. (Tel.: Metropolitan Trust and Savings Bank, Capital \$750,000, or any Express Company in Chicago.)

ONE OF OUR MANY TESTIMONIALS

Chicago Mfg. & Mds. Co., Lakeland, Pa., Jan. 28, 1904.

Dear Sir:—I received the suit, hat, shoes and tie, just as you represented them; they fit splendidly. Thanking you kindly for your prompt and honest dealing,

I remain, yours truly,  
CLINTON G. HOPKINS, Box 18, Lakeland, Pa.

[Chicago Mfg. & Mds. Co. guarantee the above to be genuine.]

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## PATENTS

No attorney's fee until patent is allowed. Write for Inventor's Guide.

FRANKLIN H. HUGH 414 Bldg., Washington, D.



# American Gentleman Shoe

"With the Character of the Man"

\$3.50  
\$4.00

To the readers of Collier's, Hamilton, Brown Shoe Company present a shoe in every way worthy of its name— "American Gentleman."

Being the world's largest shoe makers, they are enabled to put into these shoes the choicest leathers from their enormous purchases, and the most skilled workmanship of their corps of 5,000 workmen.

## Style 26

The style illustrated is a handsome Box Calf Business Shoe, made over our swell "Corliss" last, with a welted, heavy single sole, and is particularly recommended for its smooth, easy fit and remarkable wearing qualities. It is but one among a great variety of kinds made for every occasion. For sale by 15,000 dealers in the United States.

## Send for "Shoelight" for Men

An interesting, handsomely illustrated booklet of shoe styles for men, which pictures and describes the correct shoe for every occasion. *Sent free to anyone.*

In order to procure the "American Gentleman" Shoe you should do one of two things:

1st.—Ask your dealer and if he does not keep them ask him to get them for you and show him this advertisement—or

ST. LOUIS



2d.—Send for the style booklet and send us the name and address of your dealer and we will see that you are supplied.

U. S. A.

# LEA & PERRINS' SAUCE

THE ORIGINAL WORCESTERSHIRE



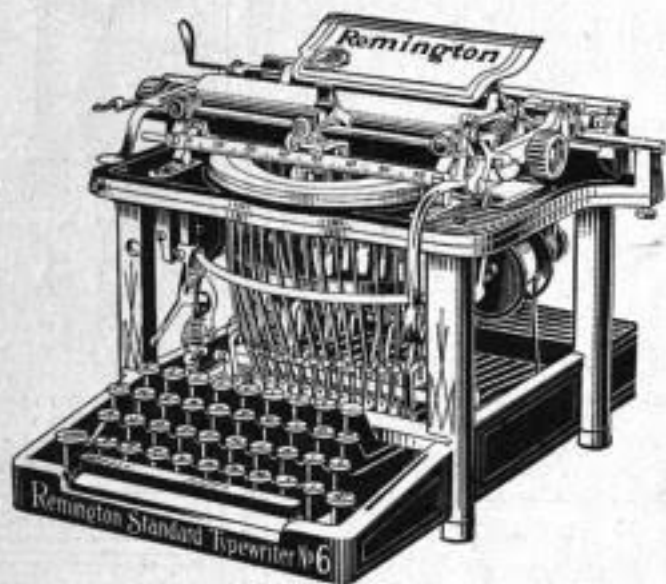
## THE PEERLESS SEASONING

Rare piquancy is given to Chafing Dish cooking by using LEA & PERRINS' SAUCE as a seasoning. Welsh Rarebit, Lobster a la Newburg, Mushroom Saute, Stewed Terrapin, etc., to be perfect must have at least a dash of it. It adds enjoyment to every dinner.

JOHN DUNCAN'S SONS, Agents, NEW YORK

# Remington

Fame  
Rests  
Upon



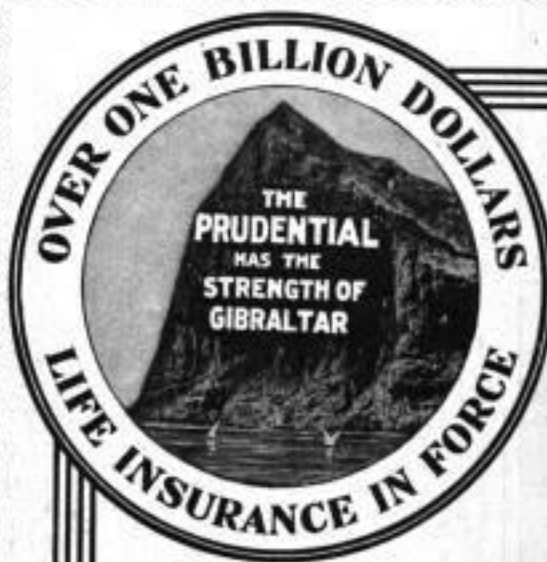
# Quality

Outsells All Others

Outwears All Others

Outlives All Others

Remington Typewriter Company  
NEW YORK and Everywhere



## January

The month of beginnings. The month of two views—Forward and Backward.

Experience teaches foresight  
Foresight selects Life Insurance

in

# THE PRUDENTIAL

for

The Protection of Family and Business interests and a practical method of saving—Begin Now—Write for particulars of a policy adapted to your needs.

The Prudential Insurance Company  
of America

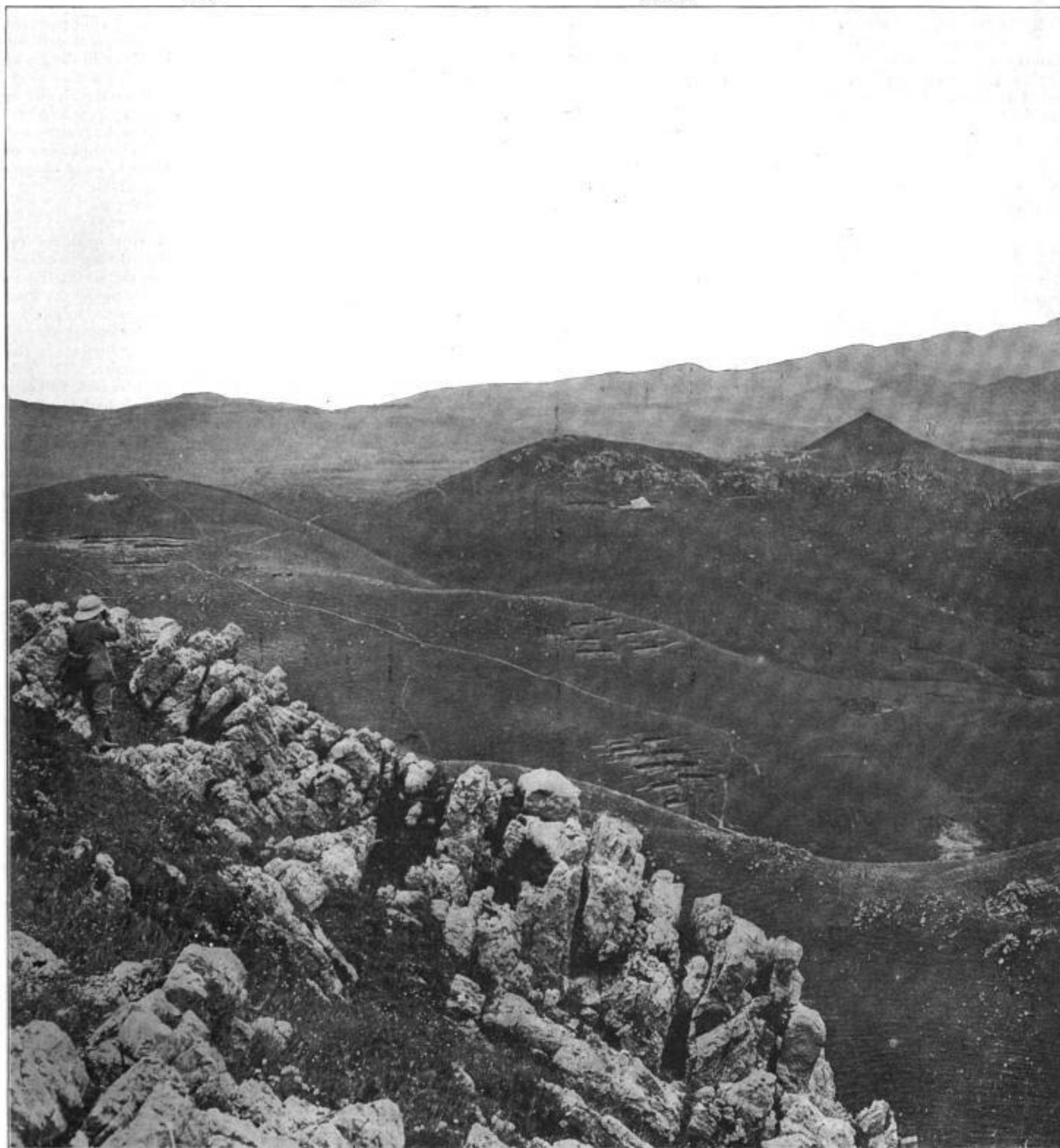
JOHN F. DRYDEN, Pres. Dept. Y Home Office, NEWARK, N. J.

Awarded Grand Prize at St. Louis Exposition, 1904



# COLLIER'S

JANUARY FICTION NUMBER



## LOOKING TOWARD PORT ARTHUR AND 203-METRE HILL

STEREOPHOTOGRAPH COPYRIGHT 1904 BY UNDERWOOD & UNDERWOOD, NEW YORK

This photograph was taken from the Japanese position on Hoozan, or Phoenix Mountain, six hundred feet above the sea level. The view is directly toward Port Arthur, the flat level hill in the middle distance being Ehrlungshan, sometimes called "The Red Earth Redoubt," the capture of which on December 29 was one of the immediate causes of General Stoessel's surrender. The level line of the forts crowning Golden Hill may be seen to the left, in the far distance, and almost directly above the head of the correspondent in the foreground. The correspondent is looking directly at 203-Metre Hill, which is the sharp point or peak on the horizon with an abrupt jog or step in its outline almost directly over the single white tent in the middle distance. This tent is a Japanese Red Cross station. Along the sides of the hills in the foreground may be seen earthworks and trenches made by the Japanese in their approaching operations.

(See "Storming Port Arthur's Forts," page 12, and the Double-page Map, pages 14 and 15)





**T**HE SINKING OF SPANISH SHIPS by American guns in efficient manner doubtless began the wave of interest which the world now gives to us, but we must admit that we deserve attention, from many points of view. It may be an illusion of perspective, but the variety of activity and pursuit in this country seems to us unequalled. The more one thinks about the day's work and the day's news, the more each bit of our territory comes to mean. In thinking of Massachusetts one's attention may happen to be on the human dramas centred in a Fall River strike; it may be on the provincial but lofty patriotism of Boston and Cambridge; it may be on deserted farms in the Berkshire Hills. Around the Great Lakes moves an epic of commerce. What is suggested to the ordinarily informed mind by the fact that among the industries of Milwaukee beer is not the first in importance, but the seventh?

INTEREST  
IN AMERICA

Minneapolis ceases to be merely a name when it is thought of as the source of our daily bread, and New Orleans when it becomes the capital of sugar. What are the climatic and other conditions that have made Minnesota largely Scandinavian and Wisconsin largely German? Do New Yorkers with their own great harbor know that a still finer one exists across the continent in Puget Sound, and that the awakening of Asia may make Seattle a city of greater population and a port of larger measures than New York is or will be? Of Duluth, of the railroad future of Pensacola in the South, of the isolated life of the Ozark Mountains, of the upcoming of the Southern "Cracker," of the social graces germinating or in bud on the site of the rough mining camps of Deadwood and Pueblo, and of some million other trifles, we refrain from speaking only for lack of space and adjectives. But tell us not that America has no romance. Let the Eagle sing. We are pleased with the place we live in, and expect to die before our interest in it has fairly struck its gait.

**T**HE RELATION OF FAITH TO COURAGE is rather amusingly declared in one of RENAN's plays: "Look at the Turks. They are urged on to battle by means of forged bills on eternal life. Forged bills of that sort ought to be forbidden, for they put civilized nations who do not believe in them in a position of inferiority. The roughest are the victors, and as victors, they grow rougher still. In other words, enlightenment breaks down a nation's power of resistance. All is vanity! Philosophy, which destroys prejudices, destroys the very foundations of life." "Philosophy," of course, in RENAN's vocabulary, implies disbelief in future rewards. We have already expressed our opinion that this argument is overdrawn; that the effect of Japanese creeds on Japanese courage has been exaggerated, and that many of the bravest men who have ever lived have faced death calmly with a full belief that it was the end of all things. Many persons, on the other hand, who not only are confident of an immediate and glorious immortality, but are as strongly convinced that life on this planet is a hollow show and a deplorable misfortune,

BELIEF AND  
BRAVERY

suffer panic if they imagine they have swallowed a germ that may send them to felicity. They are frightened in a sailboat, or on an ocean steamer, if danger threatens, instead of rejoicing in the prospect of ending all their woes. In other words, opinions about the future have little to do with the state of the nerves, and the nerves have most to do with courage. The bulldog has much in common with the fighting man, and is about as much guided by reason and high calculation. The story of Port Arthur makes Sebastopol a bad second, in the history of modern fortifications. Not only did the Japanese show a courage which makes the record of the allies seem tame, but the Russians far surpassed their previous exhibition. The results of all this contempt for death may possibly wait for another campaign or two, but it has required only one season to illustrate again the splendid brutal courage which desperate situations continually reveal in men of all strong races. Even in the Chinese, there is doubtless a reserve of daring which needs only to be called out by an organized sentiment, and it is probable that in a hundred years the Chinese, influenced by familiarity with other races, may be fighting with as much doggedness as the Russians, or with the same fury as the Japanese.

**I**MAGINATION AND MENDACITY are intricately related, although the connection is not so close as it is between imagination and truth. Imagination reaches every class, from the most educated to the proletariat, and this is a fact which, to its credit be it said, yellow journalism has appreciated. When Admiral Togo made his speech at the funeral of some men who were killed while fighting under him, his

address was sunk by most newspapers into obscurity as a detail of the "important" step which they thought he had taken in leaving Port Arthur for Tokio. Important it was, but human interest was most alive in Togo's words to the spirits of his dead officers. "Your personalities," he said, "are fresh in my memory. Your corporal existence has ceased, but your passing from this world has been in the gallant discharge of your duty by virtue of which an enemy's fleet in this world has been completely disabled and our combined fleet holds undisputed command of the seas. I trust this will bring peace and rest to your spirits." One yellow and most obnoxious journal rescued the Japanese admiral's little speech from the long despatches and displayed it conspicuously on the first page. There is more imagination in yellow journalism than in the dead, respectable

REALITY  
AND LIES

average, and our hope and belief are that some day we shall have a press that shall be human and strong without being lurid or false. Such a press will borrow qualities from both conservative and yellow journalism, and avoid the faults of each. An illustration of what we mean may be found in certain little summaries in black type of big events, like the war, bringing the whole story to a focus for the illumination of one day's news. In pictures, also, such a sense for the vivid may be found. Sometimes they are inaccurate and pretend to be what they are not, sometimes they are photographs, or drawings frankly resting on surmise. The point of present relevance is that they seek to make scenes real, and often do make us see something—as a field covered with barbed-wire defences—which in the ordinary despatches remains abstract and dim.

**W**HEN PORT ARTHUR FELL, mixed with the universal admiration for both defence and attack was a general hope that it might herald the approach of peace. That Russia can fight indefinitely on land, and probably will be allowed to do so if she wishes, the world concedes. But if Japan retains control of the seas, by the Baltic fleet's destruction or failure to continue its trip when it hears of the surrender, and therefore goes to work to make Port Arthur as strong as it can be made, besides releasing NOGI's army to confront KUROPATKIN in Manchuria, everybody will feel wearied by the thought of all Russia must accomplish to get into an essentially better position than she holds at present. Plans to drive OYAMA, with his heavy reinforcements, out of Manchuria, taking one strongly fortified defence after another, and then to capture Port Arthur, prepared by the Japanese with all the knowledge which they possess, would seem as unsubstantial as a dream, and this hopelessness ought to mean the acceptance by Russia of some generous offer from Japan.

PEACE AND  
PORT ARTHUR

**"THIS WAR,"** says General IAN HAMILTON of the British army, "has burned into my mind as nothing else could have done that the condition of our army constitutes a terrible danger to the existence of our Empire. I have learned here that nothing but the very best will do." The quality of the private soldier is not enough, if the system is not the best, in discipline, in hygiene, in weapons, in formation, in transportation, in provision. Our little war with Spain taught us something about our army imperfections, and many of them have already been removed. The British were astounded, in fighting the Boers, to learn how full of dangerous flaws their army was. Their effort at reorganization was attended with more difficulties and less success than ours, and the present war has renewed their fright. Although we wish to be as effective as we can be, the spirit in which we view danger is very different from that of Englishmen. We control a continent, and while we might be defeated we could not be destroyed or even deeply impaired. England, on the other hand, a little island within a few miles of great armies millions strong, looks constantly at the possibility of destruction. Safety gives a casualness to our mood about military and most other matters that serious Englishmen can not have about their country. The reality of the danger which they face has its effect in the way all political questions are regarded by the English. We differ about whether one policy or another would be somewhat more advantageous. The English differ on whether a given policy might save or wreck their Empire.

EFFECTS OF  
DANGER

**M**R. DEPEW'S RE-ELECTION to the Senate is a cause for satisfaction, mainly because it means the defeat of Messrs. ODELL and BLACK, with their lieutenants, including the Hon. LOU PAYN. The attitude assumed by Mr. HIGGINS during the controversy seems to support his declaration that he is not to be Mr. ODELL's man.





The brisk manner in which this controversy was conducted and finished is in amusing contrast with the idea of popular government. The people had no part in it, and their representatives, who were supposed to choose the Senator, had very little. The views of a million farmers, mechanics, painters, writers, or other citizens of the Republic, weighed much less than the views of Mr. HARRIMAN. Once in a while, when a private individual, without political or business interests to serve, shows the proper influence of an able citizen,

INFLUENCE  
OF THE FEW

the professional politicians amusingly cry "Boss" at him, as has lately happened to Mr. BONAPARTE in Maryland.

Of course, what Mr. BONAPARTE does in politics is what all good men ought to do, and in just so far as more of them follow his example will the power of the league of politicians and special money interests be diminished. The Mayor of Chicago is reported as intending to give some time to a series of articles on practical politics. If they are honest and well written they should make things lively. Perhaps Mr. LAWSON'S vogue will stir up rivals. Welcome to them all. To keep the facts blazing in the people's eyes marks the road to progress.

THE WAR ON THEFT from all the people for the benefit of the few thieves is continued by the President, and undoubtedly will be, as long as he is in office. When the postal frauds were being probed, intimations were dropped quietly that they were as nothing compared to what would follow when the mines being dug under the Land Office corruptionists were ready for explosion. Those hints are now being justified. Mr. HITCHCOCK has apparently worked thoroughly in his quiet way. He is not the kind of man to mistake elaborate misappropriation for "hot air." We are not entirely sure it would be a misfortune should a United States Senator be shown to be involved.

CONTINUING  
STORY

Three Senators have been indicted within a year, one has been convicted, and there are other signs that our highest and most powerful chamber is to have more exacting standards forced upon it. Mr. ROOSEVELT is as non-partisan as Mr. FOLK in his view of crime, and his removal of a district-attorney for insufficient zeal and integrity shows how much thoroughness and reality he intends to put into his work of purification. Mr. HITCHCOCK does the President no more than justice when he speaks of his "unalterable determination to bring to justice all offenders of the law, be they high or low." Mr. ROOSEVELT is the most powerful leader in the new crusade against venality in politics, and the Land Office work is one striking chapter in a continued and brilliant story.

THE LATER ROMAN REPUBLIC is a fertile source of analogies to the greatest republic of the modern world. Many of these are forced, especially those which are used to prophesy the end of republican government in our country. But some are true, and among these may be put first the leading rôle played in Rome and in our contemporary world by money. "The men of those days," says BOISSIER, "were as much concerned about money as the men of to-day, and it is perhaps in this that these two periods, which men have so often taken pleasure in comparing, have most resemblance." Some of the measures which the Romans took to check the influence of money are most foreign to our ideas—the Cincia law, for instance, which forbade the lawyer orators of the time to accept fees or presents from those for whom they pleaded. This law was intended, according to LIVY, by the Tribune who introduced it, to protect the people against the influence of money on the course of justice. Was it not Mr. GILBERT who observed:

"Many a burglar I've restored  
To his friends and his relations?"

The Roman lawyer who wished to accomplish such a record was compelled by law to do it gratis, although in practice there were no doubt rewards, and in the view of some historians the law was really intended to keep poor men out of the legal profession. BRUTUS is charged with gaining wealth by usury, CATO with avarice, CASSIUS with pillage, and most of the great later Romans with some sort of immorality in the pursuit of gold. A curious detail, in which Roman life resembled ours, but was so much more exaggerated that it could be cited only as a burlesque, was in the part which women took in speculation and generally in the chase for riches. A difference in our favor is that wealth in those days was usually spent in profligacy, whereas with us it is mainly used in accumulation.

SINCE MRS. CHADWICK'S DOWNFALL the comment has been made frequently that if she had engaged in business her talents would have made her rich. Such a belief fails to appreciate the limited nature of many intellectual gifts. Sometimes it almost seems as if there were a special fraud centre, which is highly developed in some specimens, as the cells or routes in the brain which control musical appreciation, let us say, might be in another. The ability to deceive seems in some of these creatures as distinctly specialized as the ability of a carrier pigeon or a cat to take the route for home, though, of course, in part of the criminals the talents which they use might have been convertible and adapted to more legitimate success. Similar observations may be made about the relation of money-getting of a legal kind to other forms of the intelligence. How generally, for instance, would it be true that a man who had shown the power to amass great wealth would turn out to be able in some other walk of life? Business men need executive ability. Therefore it has been assumed that successful merchants would make good mayors, but the theory has not been any too brilliantly supported by experience. Mr. ROGERS or Mr. MORGAN might not organize a government in the Philippines as well as Judge TAFT. General GRANT had organizing and executive ability, but it did not show in his business career or in the Presidency. The powers of Mr. ROOSEVELT and Mr. ROCKEFELLER are both executive, but they might not prove interchangeable. Mr. HANNA is the only case we think of in our recent history in which a notable American business man took up an entirely different line with very high success. The law has been the profession from which ability has seemed most transferable. Mr. TAFT and Mr. ROOT have the same occupation not only as Mr. CLEVELAND and President HARRISON, but as LINCOLN, STANTON, and most of the ablest statesmen of their time and of the preceding generation, which was headed by WEBSTER, CALHOUN, and CLAY.

BRAINS AND  
MONEY-GETTING

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT'S RECOMMENDATION of whipping as a punishment for wife-beaters has caused a flurry here and there, in some places starting renewed talk of increased bodily chastisement in the schools. The whipping-post idea, however, has been dismissed, on the whole, with either disapproval of the measure or tolerant amusement at the President, as it deserved. To recommend a return to harsher penalties for wife-beating is to apply logic similar to that which occasionally recommends burning for another crime. The deterrent is not greater and the effect on general civilization is not salubrious. Painful bodily punishments have need to be practiced by civilized nations, if at all, in regions lying far from the close knowledge of the general public, or, if at home, in violent defiance of the law. Whipping is now decidedly out of vogue in most schools. It is deemed best to leave it to the parents, who use it less and less. Men are not as sure as formerly that

CORPORAL  
PUNISHMENT

"There is nothynge that more dyspleaseth God  
Than from theyr children to spare the rod."

There are not so many people as there were in BUTLER'S time who have been beaten so often that "they know what wood a cudgel's of by the blow." Nor is the path of civilization in this respect likely to be changed. The trend is toward increasing mildness. What we want is certainty and promptness, not severity.

"THE STRENUOUS LIFE" is being translated into Italian. A great career ought to lie before it in the peninsula. The literary system there is one which brings foreign masterpieces within reach of the people. Strolling along the Arno, one comes every moment across the quaint booths from which are sold not only the newspapers, but a long and varied line of five-cent volumes, the names of which are more familiar to the outsider than the names of the authors to whom they are attributed. "Hamlet," as "Amletto," is attributed to some sonorous Italian whose name is much more euphonious than that of SHAKESPEARE. "Ivanhoe" flourishes, but carries the allegation of an Italian origin. The stories are shortened, and when need be intensified. Queen GERTRUDE, for instance, is sure to be gifted with a moving and passionate beauty which the cold northern dramatist forgot to dower her with. "The Strenuous Life" will doubtless appear first in a more or less accurate and expensive edition, but it ought not to be long before it appears in the more characteristic and popular form.

THE PRESIDENT  
IN ITALY



# AT THE SIEGE OF PORT ARTHUR

Photographs by Richard Barry. Copyright 1905 by Collier's Weekly. See "Storming Port Arthur's Forts," page 12



PHOTOGRAPH BY ELLIS HENRIAS BARTLETT

ONE OF THE GREAT EXPLOSIONS WHICH OCCURRED IN PORT ARTHUR ON NOVEMBER 3, 1904, THE MIKADO'S BIRTHDAY



LIEUTENANT-GENERAL OSHIMA

The Commander of the Central Division had his headquarters in a hut three-quarters of a mile from Port Arthur. Here, in advance of his own artillery, with the shells from the bombardments passing over his head and within easy rifle range of the Russians, he lived the life of his troops.



LIEUTENANT-GENERAL TSUCHIYA

The commander of the Japanese left in front of his shelter-tent in the rear of the Big Orphan Mountain. This position is about 2,000 yards from the Kikwan fort, occupied by the Russians. Gen. Tsuchiya was wounded by a shell fragment during the assault of Dec. 4. His son is in command of the cruiser "Kasuga" of Togo's fleet.



THE MILITARY PRESS CENSORS

Major Yamaguchi, on the left, speaks seven languages and is Professor of History at the Nobles' School, Tokio. Major Yamaoka, on the right, is the officer who bore the Mikado's message to General Stoessel in August offering safety to non-combatants and demanding surrender.

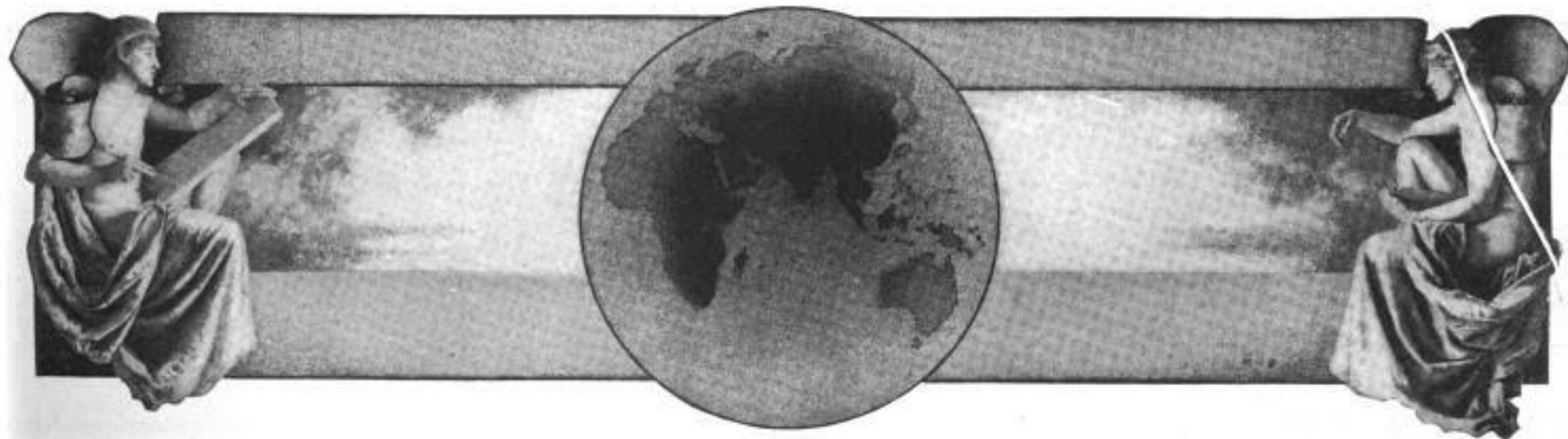


THE OVERCOATS OF THE DEAD

After a battle or an assault the clothing of dead soldiers is gathered and returned to the Quartermaster's Department to be reissued to Japan's fighting men.



# WHAT THE WORLD IS DOING



## THE CRISIS OF THE WAR

### PORT ARTHUR AGAIN JAPANESE

**T**HE FIRST DAY of the New Year witnessed the end of the wonderful siege that had furnished a tragic background for eleven of the twelve months of 1904. The first blow struck by the Japanese in this war was aimed at Port Arthur, and there has never been a day since when the reduction of that fortress has not been the object nearest their hearts. There has never been a siege in history in which the combatants have employed and endured such terrific forces of destruction. The fall of Port Arthur has proved that there can be no such thing as an impregnable fortress. How long

could Gibraltar itself hold out against a similar attack? The beleaguering of Port Arthur began with Togo's attack on the Russian fleet on the night of February 8. For three months after that the attacks were naval, and the communications of the town by land were undisturbed. On May 5 Oku's army landed at Pitsewo, and on May 26 and 27 the battles of Kinchow and Nanshan Hill put the Japanese in control of the railroad and cut off the fortress from all outside help. For the next six months the history of the siege was the history of one prolonged death agony, in which human endurance was pushed to its absolute limit. Almost every week the Japanese captured some position by a reckless expenditure of life, and from that base prepared for the assault on the next. From the outer line of defenses at Nanshan Hill, thirty miles from the town, they worked their way slowly and relentlessly to the inner circle. The last stage of the defence began on November 30 with the capture of 203-Metre Hill. The Japanese had already been dropping shells into the harbor, and in this way they had forced the disastrous sortie of the fleet as far back as August 10, but now they were able to direct their fire and to search out every spot in which a Russian ship might take refuge. All the larger vessels of the Russian fleet were soon disabled. In a desperate attempt to recapture 203-Metre Hill General Stoessel sacrificed most of the remaining fighting strength of his army. It soon became evident that with this effort the mainspring of resistance had been broken. The great Keekwan Mountain fort was captured on December 18, and on the 30th the Japanese stormed the key of the inner defenses, Ehrlung fort, killing most of its weakened garrison of five hundred men. That day and the next they captured half a dozen neighboring positions, driving a wedge into the last line of Russian fortifications, and it became evident that another rush would give them the town. By this time the conditions in Port Arthur had become indescribably horrible. There were hardly any able-bodied men left. The hospitals were riddled; many of the wounded refused to stay in them and froze in the streets; others hobbled to the trenches to die fighting; food and ammunition were almost exhausted, and the men had hardly strength enough to use their bayonets. At last, on January 1, General Stoessel, who had said at the beginning of the siege that Port Arthur would be his tomb, reluctantly yielded to the appeals of his subordinates, and sent a message to General Nogi offering to capitulate to prevent useless bloodshed. First, however, he ordered the battleships and cruisers in the harbor to be blown up and sent the torpedo-boat destroyers and a transport loaded with eight hundred wounded to make a dash for Chefoo, which was successfully accomplished. General Nogi recognized the splendid valor of a defence unex-

### THE TOTTERING AUTOCRACY

**T**HE SITUATION of the Russian Government has been not less precarious than that of the Russian arms. The hopes roused by the liberal policy of Prince Sviatopolk-Mirsky, followed by the meeting of the Zemstvo presidents, have been disappointed. The reactionary party gained control of the mind of the Czar and induced him to administer a pointed rebuke to the Liberals who were agitating for a constitution. He granted a number of reforms in matters of detail, but he refused to tolerate any discussion of the principle of autocracy. This expression of the imperial will was not received with submissiveness by the Liberals. The agitation proceeded with unexampled boldness. On December 27 the Czar warned the Zemstvos "not to go beyond the limits provided for them," or to "concern themselves in questions in the consideration of which they have no legal authority." The next day the Moscow Zemstvo retorted by adjourning sine die, for the reason, as stated in a resolution, that it was so "deeply moved by the Government's note" that it was "unable to continue its business with the necessary calm." On the same evening a great banquet was held at Moscow to celebrate the anniversary of the revolution of 1825, attended by nearly eight hundred prominent writers, professors, lawyers, editors, and workmen, and a resolution was almost unanimously adopted denouncing the war as "devoid of sense" and demanding a representative government with a secret ballot. The meeting was stopped by the police at three o'clock in the morning. The Zemstvo of Taurida sent a message to that of

Tchernigoff, heartily congratulating it upon acts which had been characterized by the Czar as "insolent and tactless." The Zemstvo of Pskoff ranged itself with those of Tchernigoff, Moscow, and Taurida, and the St. Petersburg municipality passed a resolution in favor of a congress of representatives of all the Russian municipal councils. It was asserted on January 2 that Prince Sviatopolk-Mirsky had resigned his office of Minister of the Interior and would be succeeded by a reactionary. But the fall of Port Arthur has shaken the position of the Government, which is awaiting the effect of the news on the public mind with unconcealed anxiety.

### THE PROBLEM OF THE BALTIC FLEET

**N**OW THAT PORT ARTHUR has fallen, the advices from St. Petersburg make it seem probable that the Baltic fleet will be recalled. Both divisions have reached Madagascar, and the next stage will naturally be a junction between the squadrons of Rojestvensky and of Voelkersam. It took eight months to get Rojestvensky's fleet ready for the sea. That is sufficient comment on the natural limitations and incapacity of Russia as a maritime power. He had to prepare colliers; and, lacking them or steamers for conversion into colliers, Russia made purchases from other maritime nations. The task of the Baltic squadron was without precedent. It had to make a voyage half around the world without a Russian harbor in its course. Coaling at sea is practicable when the water is smooth; quite impossible when the water is rough. But neither section of the Baltic fleet has been put to this trouble. Rojestvensky has coaled entirely in neutral harbors from his own transports. The futility of international law in war time, when one belligerent is a great power, has been fully illustrated. Rojestvensky has presumed on the weakness of little nations and the friendship of France and Germany. On its way by the Cape of Good Hope the first section of the Russian fleet stopped at Vigo, in Spain, at Tangier, in the German Cameroons and German Swartkopmund on the west coast of



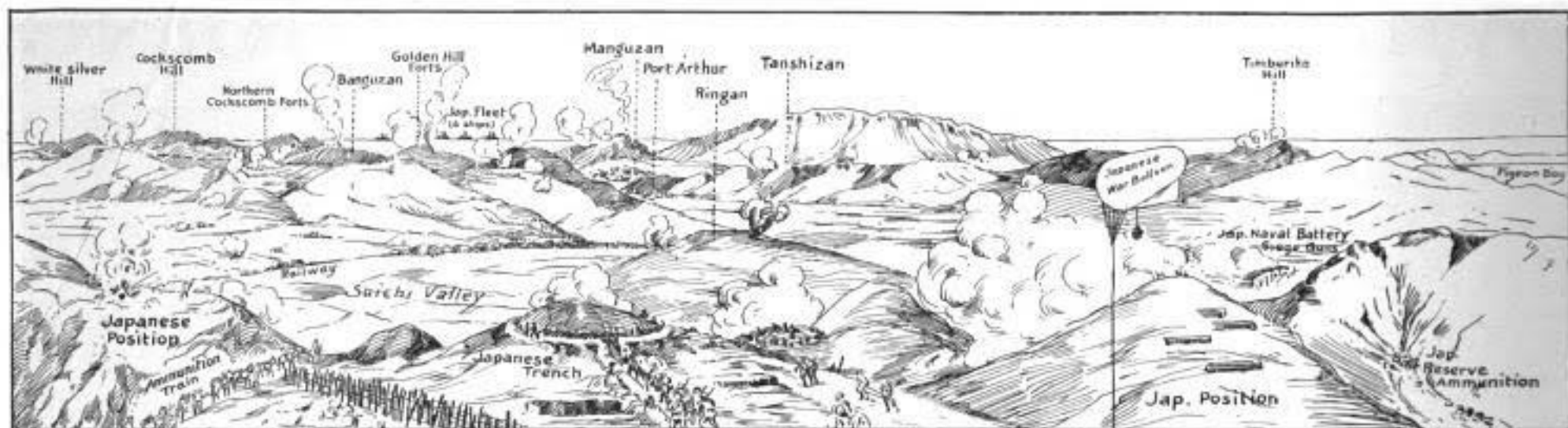
Lieut.-General Stoessel  
Who surren. d Port Arthur to the Japs, after a heroic defence lasting 221 days



GENERAL NOGI AND OFFICERS OF HIS STAFF AT PORT ARTHUR.

On the right of General Nogi, the commander of the victorious Japanese army that has been besieging Port Arthur, stands Major-General Ichi, his chief of staff, who conducted the negotiations with General Stoessel's representatives for the surrender of the fortress.





PANORAMA OF THE SIEGE OF PORT ARTHUR, SHOWING THE CONFIGURATION OF THE GROUND AND THE JAPANESE POSITIONS

Africa. Delagoa Bay (Portuguese), on the west coast, completes the chain of sailing distances. The squadron under Rear-Admiral Voelkersam has made itself perfectly at home at Jibuti, a French port in the Red Sea.

Thus it has been possible for both sections of the fleet to enter the Indian Ocean with their bunkers full. Soon thereafter they must effect a junction lest the Japanese should attack them in detail. Their logical rendezvous would have seemed to be the Chagos Islands, a small group of coral formation practically uninhabited. They are 2,100 miles southwest of Aden and 2,300 miles northwest from Delagoa Bay. But Voelkersam probably received word of the desperate condition of Port Arthur, and so he has gone to Madagascar, whence the whole fleet can go either forward or back together. If Rojestvensky should be ordered to take the improbable course of pushing on, his ships could not very well travel all the distance to Japan without coaling. On the possible route they may take lie two harbors where they might coal. If the whole Russian fleet runs into Batavia in Java, what is a little nation like Holland to do? At Saigon, a French port in Anam, Rojestvensky will be heartily welcome. Granted that he proceeds by way of Chagos, what is the situation? Where will the promised battle take place?

If he goes by way of Batavia he will find himself, if he approaches the coast of Borneo, in uncharted waters. If he goes by the Malay Straits and the Japanese are allowed the same privileges at Singapore, a British port, they might face the enemy in the Malay Straits. Either the Straits of Sunda (1) or the Straits of Malacca (2) are the most eastern points where a conflict might occur. Probability, however, points entirely against a general engagement before Rojestvensky reaches the Formosan Channel (3).

The defeat of Rojestvensky here would remove any danger to the transport service of the army in the Yellow and Japan Seas. Rojestvensky's objective must be Vladivostok. He can not enter Port Arthur now. To reach Vladivostok he must pass through the Korean Straits (4) or the Tsugaru Straits (5). The Japanese possess the island of Tsushima in the Korean Straits and have fortified the island of Quelpart to the south of Korea. The tactical advantage is all with

Togo. His object, unquestionably, will be to force Rojestvensky to a battle and not allow him under any circumstances to enter Vladivostok. Reason would indicate that he would keep his heavy fighting ships within or near the Japan Sea.

The strength of the two fleets on paper is about evenly balanced, with the advantage slightly in favor of the Russians. When his fleet is united, Rojestvensky will have seven battleships and eight cruisers. Of these cruisers, only four are of much fighting consequence and only two are armored. The Japanese have five battleships and five armored cruisers. They have the advantage of possessing a homogeneous squad-

ron of great battleships and a homogeneous squadron of cruisers. The bottoms of the Russian ships will be foul; their crews will never have been under fire. Redocking and refitting will make the Japanese ships as good as new. Rest will make the Japanese officers and men as good as new, plus experience.

Yet Rojestvensky's fleet should be most efficient. It has been trained for eight months under actual war conditions. If it should give a poor account of itself Russian naval prestige would be damned forever. The world would be justified in concluding that racial characteristics unfitted the Russian for the work of the modern sailor.

## POLITICS AND PROGRESS AT HOME

### TOO MUCH COTTON

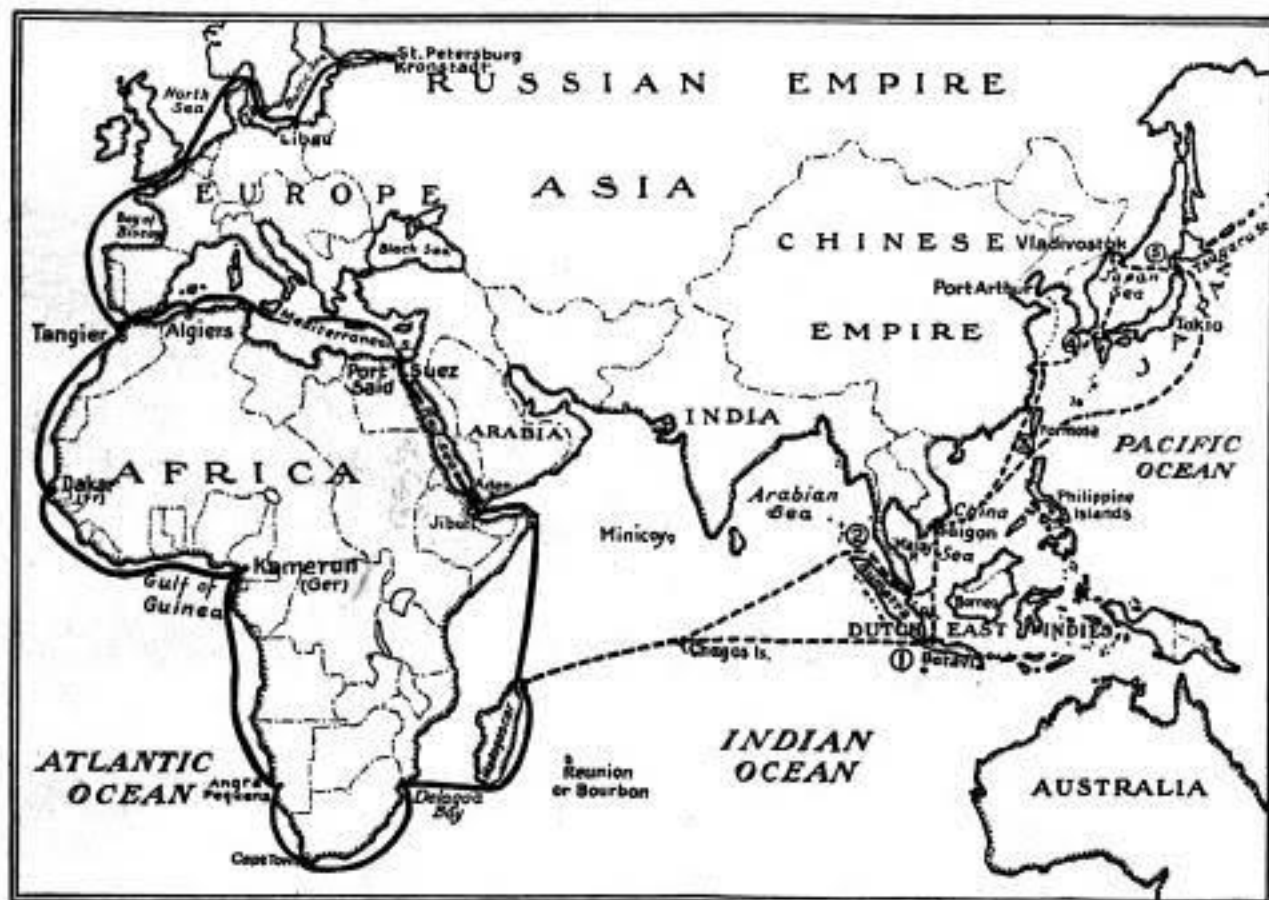
THE SHORTAGE in last year's cotton crop, accompanied by abnormally high prices, has produced its natural result of a record-breaking crop this year, followed by an industrial crisis in the South. Notwithstanding the efforts of the boll weevil to restrict production, the census reports of cotton ginned indicate a total output of not less than 13,000,000 and possibly 13,500,000 bales. That is almost enough to supply the entire needs of the world, and it exceeds by about two million bales the supply of the former high-record crop of 1899, in which year cotton sold below 6½ cents a pound in New York. The publication of the last ginning report drove the price of spot cotton down to 7 cents, and the January option to 6½ cents. A 13,000,000 bale crop at 6½ cents a pound would bring \$422,500,000. A 10,000,000 bale crop at 15 cents would bring \$750,000,000. A farmer raising half a bale to the acre on 160 acres of land would get \$2,600 at 6½ cents a pound. If he sacrificed a quarter of his crop and sold the rest at 15 cents, he would get \$4,500. Such considerations might be expected to lead the planters to listen hospitably to suggestions that they put a part of their supply into the hands of trustees to be held for higher prices, but some of them have gone

beyond that to the point of accepting the crazy and criminal proposition to turn a large crop into a small one by burning the surplus. A certain amount of cotton was thus summarily "lynched" at Fort Gaines, Georgia, on December 27, and similar incidents were said to have occurred at other points, but the early reports were preposterously exaggerated. There was a deep feeling throughout the South, however, that something ought to be done to prevent the fall of prices below the cost of production, and schemes for limiting the acreage of the next crop are now under active discussion. There is an idea, too, that the truth about large crops ought not to be permitted to leak out, and attempts, properly rebuked by the Director of the Census, have been made to secure a concerted refusal on the part of ginneries to furnish the reports required by law.

In the meantime, while our growers are trying to keep down their production, their foreign competitors are energetically working to take their place in the world's market. The British Empire Cotton Growing Association has received a royal charter. The work is going on favorably in Egypt, in the Sudan, and in the British dominions on both sides of Africa. In Australia cotton of the finest quality has been grown on trees which merely require a little pruning every year. Experiments are under way in Fiji. France is raising cotton in the Upper Niger region, in Algeria, and in Cambodia. Germany is going into this work with her usual thoroughness, and she is now subsidizing cotton culture in many parts of German West and East Africa. The Dutch are raising cotton in Java and other parts of their East Indian possessions. Interest in cotton raising has been aroused in Italy, in Spain, and even in Palestine. The foreign spinners have some hopes of Paraguay and of Guatemala. The world still buys eleven-twelfths of its fibre from us, but if our growers count too much on their monopoly, they may find themselves permanently in the condition of having "cotton to burn."

### MOVING ON THE TRUSTS

THE PEOPLE who were wondering during the late campaign what the National Bureau of Corporations was doing if not helping Mr. Cortelyou to blackmail the trusts have had their curiosity satisfied. The report of Commissioner Garfield shows that the foundation has been laid for a body of exact knowledge of corporate affairs such as has never before been accessible. Arrangements have been made to digest the whole body of corporation law, State, Territorial, and national, so that every legal experiment in the regulation of combinations of capital ever tried anywhere may be seen at a glance. Similar compilations are under way for State records of corporations, examinations, methods of taxation, and economic practices and effects. A volume has been prepared containing all the national and State anti-trust laws, with annotations, discussions, and court interpretations of the Sherman Act. Finally, Mr. Garfield has devised a plan, which is well understood to have been inspired by President Roosevelt himself, for the effective Federal regulation of trusts. He proposes a franchise system, under which any corporation desiring to engage in interstate



ROUTES OF THE TWO SQUADRONS OF RUSSIA'S BALTIC FLEET ON THEIR WAY TO THE FAR EAST

The heavy black lines represent the courses followed by Rear-Admiral Voelkersam with the second squadron through the Suez Canal, and by Vice-Admiral Rojestvensky with the first squadron around the Cape of Good Hope to Madagascar, where both have been reported January 2 and 3. Naval experts calculate that unless the squadrons are recalled or halted on account of the fall of Port Arthur they will go on past the Chagos Islands in the Indian Ocean



commerce would have to get a license from the National Government. Practically every important corporation does an interstate business, and this scheme would put the trusts under the absolute control of the national authorities—or put the authorities under the control of the trusts, as the case might be. What renders the plan peculiarly alarming to the corporations is that it is capable of indefinite development. President Roosevelt and Commissioner Garfield propose to exercise their powers moderately, but their successors might impose any sort of conditions upon a company under threat of taking away its license. Although Mr. James J. Hill expresses the opinion that a Federal license system would be a good thing, most of the great corporate potentates are fiercely opposed to the Garfield plan. This opposition is reflected among the Republican Senators, and if President Roosevelt makes the license scheme an Administration measure he will confront such a situation among his party leaders as met Mr. Cleveland in 1893. Meanwhile the more far-sighted corporation managers are trying to placate public sentiment, especially in the matter of rebates. They are attempting to develop a plan for a commerce court to deal with such matters, as an alternative to the President's policy of giving increased power to the Interstate Commerce Commission.

#### THE END OF NORTHERN SECURITIES

**A** NEW AND PERHAPS the final chapter in the story of the rise and fall of the Northern Securities Company was written on January 3, when the United States Circuit Court of Appeals at Philadelphia reversed the decision of the Circuit Court in New Jersey restraining that company from distributing pro rata the Northern Pacific stock in its possession. This is a victory for the Hill-Morgan interests and a defeat for the Harriman-Rockefeller interests, which wanted to receive back the same stock they had put into the combination. Before the merger was formed the Harriman forces had obtained control of Northern Pacific after a battle that left Wall Street strewn with financial dead and wounded. They put their Northern Pacific stock into the Northern Securities holding company, and now, instead of getting it back, they are to receive their share of the general assets of the company, which will give them some Northern Pacific and some Great Northern stock, but will leave them without the control of either road. However, as the Great Northern shares have advanced \$60 per share, from 180 to 240, against an advance of \$45 for Northern Pacific, from 115 to 160, the Harriman people do not seem to be suffering any very serious hardships, nor does the dissolution of the trust appear to have been as disastrous to property values as the pessimists of Wall Street predicted it would be.

#### STATESMEN UNDER A CLOUD

**O**N DECEMBER 31 United States Senator John H. Mitchell of Oregon, and Representative Binger Hermann, former Commissioner-General of the Land Office, were indicted by the Federal Grand Jury at Portland for conspiracy to defraud the Government in the disposal of public lands. Both indignantly denied the charges. It has been notorious for many years that gigantic land frauds have been systematically perpetrated on the Pacific Coast. When Mr. Hermann was made Commissioner of the Land Office by President McKinley the appointment was considered unfortunate, but the indictment of a public man of such prominence, together with a United States Senator, has created a sensation. Three Senators, Dietrich

of Nebraska, Burton of Kansas, and Mitchell of Oregon, have been indicted for pecuniary offences within the past two years. In the present case Mr. Hitchcock, the Secretary of the Interior, has announced that the charges will be relentlessly probed. Thus far the Pacific Coast land rings have been powerful enough not only to have their own way in the current administration of the laws, but to block legislation designed to protect the public domain.

#### THE PASSING OF A BOSS

**O**N JANUARY 2 Benjamin Odell, who had combined the functions of Governor of New York and master of the Republican organization in the State, turned over the Governorship to Frank Wayland Higgins, and the change illuminated the precarious nature of the power of a boss. Until recently Mr. Odell's word had been law in his party. He had overthrown



JAMES R. GARFIELD  
United States Commissioner of Corporations

his political creator, Mr. Platt, and he dictated nominations and policies at his pleasure. He had caused the nomination of his successor, Mr. Higgins. When he intimated, therefore, that he did not care to have Senator Chauncey M. Depew re-elected and that he would prefer to substitute ex-Governor Frank S. Black, it was generally supposed that the change in the Senatorship was as good as accomplished. But it turned out that Mr. Higgins intended to distribute the State offices himself instead of leaving them to Mr. Odell, as he proved by selecting Mr. Franchot, of his home town of Olean, for Superintendent of Public Works, with charge of the \$101,000,000 canal improvement. Mr. Odell appeared to have no hold on the national patronage, and with neither offices to distribute nor power over legislation his authority slipped away. Ninety Republican members of the Legislature signed an agreement to vote for Depew; the Republican newspapers urged his re-election, and finally Mr. Odell surrendered and Mr. Black withdrew his own candidacy.

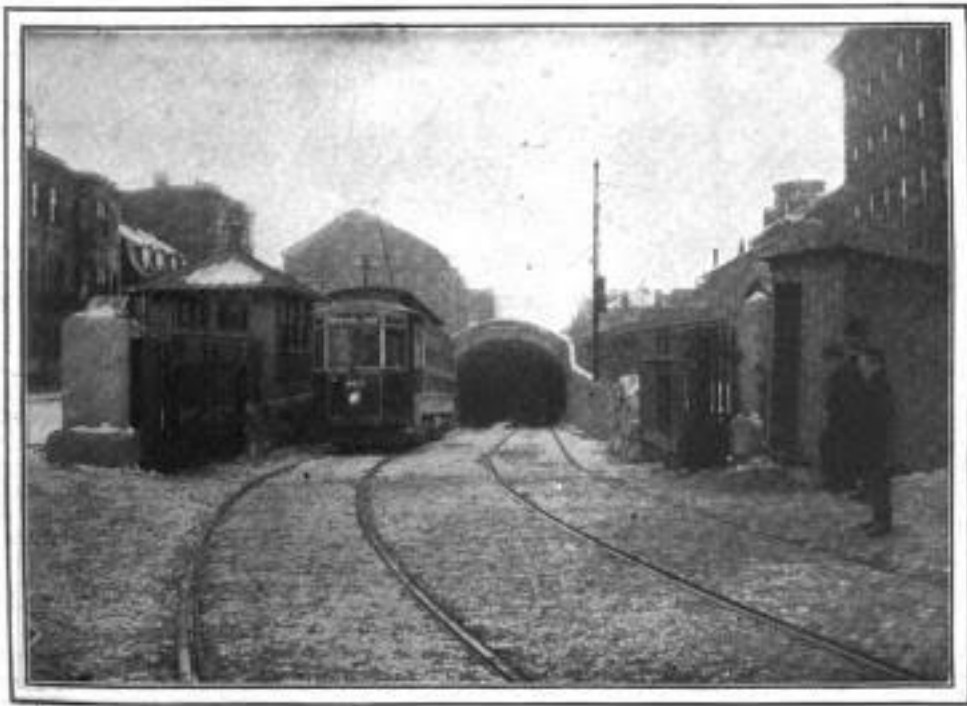
#### A TRANSIT REVOLUTION

**I**N LEAVING his position as Chief Engineer of the New York Rapid Transit Commission, Mr. William Barclay Parsons bequeathed a plan for a vast expansion of the present subway system of New York. On December 29 he proposed about twenty-eight miles of new

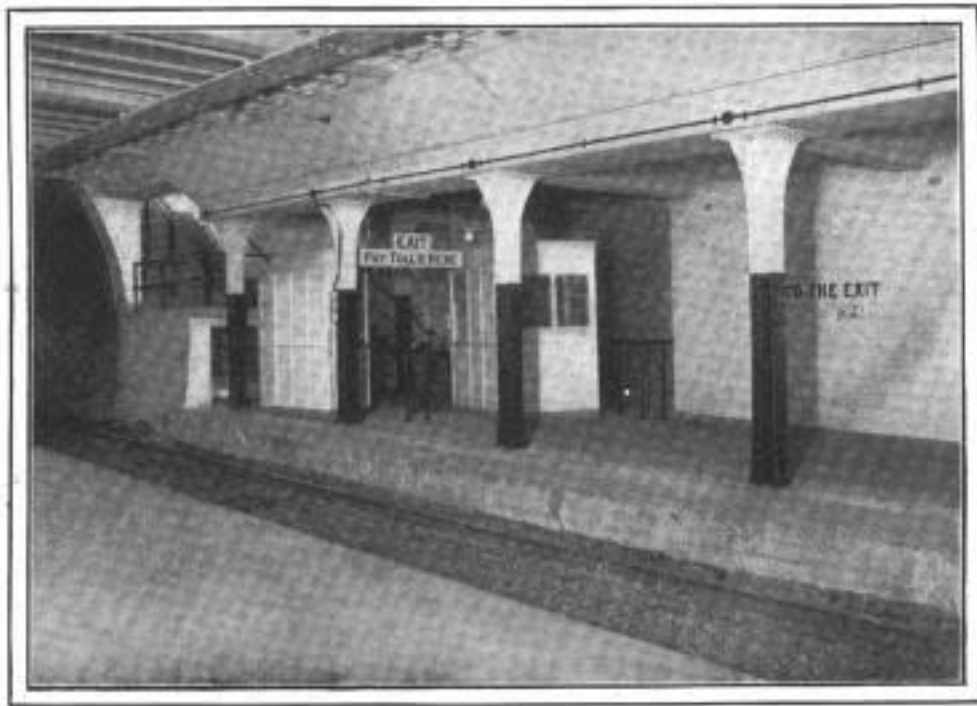
lines in Manhattan and the Bronx, costing about \$50,000,000, and an enlarged system in Brooklyn. His plans as they stand have been severely criticised, but they illustrate the vast scale on which our cities are moving toward the solution of their transit problems. On the same day on which the Parsons report was made public, Boston opened its new tunnel under the harbor, by which the trip from the business section to East Boston, which formerly took from twenty to twenty-five minutes, is made in four minutes and a half. The original New York Subway, opened October 27, is the model underground road of the world. It is the precursor of a system that will take all long-distance traffic off the streets, and that offers to the public an opportunity to repair its past mistakes in giving away surface franchises. Work has been pushed on the two immense terminals of the New York Central and Pennsylvania Railroads in New York—the greatest in the world and the first designed for electric trains. When these are finished, together with the tunnels which abolish the East and North Rivers as obstacles to transit, the suburban area tributary to New York will begin an absolutely new epoch in municipal development. In Chicago rapid progress has been made toward the construction of a network of freight tunnels that will relieve the highways of the trucking nuisance and secure the rapid delivery of heavy goods at the basements of business houses. Unfortunately, this enterprise began with a trick upon the city in the matter of franchises, but the extraordinary vote of 120,744 to 50,893, by which Chicago on the 5th of April demanded the immediate municipal ownership of street railroads, makes it evident that a way will be found to bring the new freight system under public control.

#### AN ANCIENT BOOK TO BE UNSEALED

**A**T THE REQUEST of Dr. Charles Waldstein of Cambridge University, President Roosevelt has consented to head the American section of an international organization for exploring the ruins of Herculaneum. The European sections are presided over by a choice collection of kings and other potentates, and under such distinguished patronage the prospect seems favorable for actually doing something. There is good reason to believe that at Herculaneum the beneficent catastrophe of August 24, A. D. 79, has preserved for us such a section of ancient life as the most ingenious restorations of archaeologists could never have approached. At Pompeii, we have the looted shell of a middle-class provincial town. At Herculaneum there remains for our study a virgin centre of Græco-Italian culture, held intact through eighteen centuries by one of nature's miracles. There the showers of hot pumice and ashes that calcined the perishable treasures of Pompeii were turned by floods of rain into a soft mud, which inclosed houses, statues, painting, woodwork, and manuscripts without destroying them. In the course of centuries this mud hardened into tufa, and on top of all flowed streams of lava from later eruptions, sealing the hidden treasure still more perfectly. The lost masterpieces of Greek and Latin literature may be waiting for us in perfect manuscripts under that protecting shell. In a single villa outside the walls, 1,806 papyri have been found. Unfortunately they have restored to us nothing but the works of the commonplace philosopher Philodemus, but there is no reason why this poverty of choice should prevail in the collections still to be found. Nearly a hundred bronze and marble statues and busts, all good and most of them famous, have been recovered from the same villa. Thus far Herculaneum has merely been scratched, although the excavations began there nearly forty years before those at Pompeii.



EAST BOSTON ENTRANCE OF TUNNEL, RUNNING DIRECTLY UNDER WATER



STATION EXIT WHERE THE CITY COLLECTS ONE CENT TOLL FROM EVERY PASSENGER

#### BOSTON'S NEW SUBWAY WHICH RUNS UNDER THE HARBOR FROM EAST BOSTON TO THE BUSINESS SECTION

This tunnel was opened December 29. It is owned by the city of Boston and leased for twenty-five years to the Boston Elevated Railway. It is double-tracked, a mile and four-tenths long, and cost \$3,000,000. It is the first tunnel built entirely of concrete, and the first that has carried an American street-car system under an open harbor. It takes passengers from East Boston to the business centre in four and one-half minutes.



# Storming Port Arthur's Forts

## The Assault on 203-Metre Hill and the Taking of Namicoyama

By RICHARD BARRY

Special Correspondent with the Third Japanese Army, besieging Port Arthur

Illustrated with Photographs by the Author

Mr. Barry spent four months with the Japanese forces under General Nogai at Port Arthur. Although he, and other correspondents, were permitted to witness all the operations and to make as many photographs, maps, and sketches as they chose, they were not allowed to send out anything for publication until a few weeks ago—the Japanese having then reached a stage in their progress where the publication of past events could not affect the military situation. Mr. Barry had every possible opportunity to witness the great assaults made by the Japanese forces, as well as their sapping, mining, and other engineering work. This article, and two which are to follow, describe every phase of the greatest siege of modern times. The present paper deals with the first assault on the celebrated 203-Metre Hill; the next article will describe the grand assaults which took place in August, and the third will give a clear statement of the relative positions of the armies at the time of surrender.

### GLOSSARY OF ORIENTAL TERMS

C—Chinese. J—Japanese

SHAN, OR ZAN, C. Mountain; YAMA, J. Mountain; KUKUWAN, C. Cock's Comb; KUKKAN, J. Cock's Comb; KUKLUNG, C. Two Dragons; BANDU-ZAN, J. Eternal Dragon Mountain; SHUISHIYING, C. Marshers' Camp; TAKASAKIYAMA, J. the Mountain taken by the Takasaki Regiment; ANZUSHAN, C. Table Mountain; ETZESHAN, C. Chair Mountain; LIAOTISHAN, C. The Mountain of the Lion's Mane; TAIKUZAN, C. The Mountain of the Big Orphan; SHOKUZAN, C. The Mountain of the Little Orphan; HOOGAN, J. The Phoenix Mountain



A CHANGE OF FRONT

This 8½ centimetre shrapnel cannon was captured from the Russians at Taikuzan, August 9, with 1,500 rounds of ammunition. It was then turned on Port Arthur and joined in the bombardment of the city's defences



GENERAL TSUCHIYA WATCHING AN ASSAULT

The commander of the Eleventh Division is observing the attack on Kikwan fort, October 29. This bomb-proof was only 800 yards from the Russian position and half a mile in advance of the Japanese artillery

"203-METRE HILL" was to the siege of Port Arthur what Blaine's unfortunate "three R's" were to his Presidential campaign. Risen to the dignity of key to the situation, it had, in an ordnance sense, little to do with the case. It was but one of seven advanced posts for final assault. A pimple of progress to the engineer, it was not permanently fortified, did not belong to the primary scheme of defence, and was dominated by three of the finest forts there—Etzeshan, Anzushan, and Liaotishan: mountains of the Chair, the Table, and the Lion's Mane. For three reasons heavy guns could not be mounted there. First, the cost in energy and life would be too vast, because rifles whose barrels alone weigh from two to eight tons each would have to be hauled by hand up 680 feet of rock, a task heroic even in peace. In war, wedged among three magnificently entrenched hostile positions, this would be impossible. Second, even if these heavy guns—only of any value against forts or fleets—had been gotten there, they would have been pounded to pieces within an hour of arrival by the more numerous and better emplaced artillery of the Chair, the Table, and the Lion's Mane. Finally, heavy guns are never emplaced on mountain peaks in an offensive campaign.

"203" had one value—a great one. It was the best point of observation the Japanese had yet had. Line of vision, not line of fire, was what they needed. From "203" they could look into all portions of the harbor that could float a warship, but, what was more essential, they could look around the promontory of Golden Hill into the cove, where the hunted remnant of the Russian fleet had been biding, at loose anchor, since the disastrous attempt to escape on August 10. They had no need for better artillery posts than the positions which they had held for four months and from which they had been able to place shells in any spot on the Russian side.

### The Great Value of "203"

"Any spot," that is, if they knew where the spot was. To locate the spot had been the difficulty. "203" gave the line of vision, but it was so wedged in among commanding batteries that its value depended upon an instrument new to warfare—the hyposcope. This is merely a telescope cut in half—the front half elevated above the other, like the head of an ostrich above the body, and the two connected by a further length of scope. In the joints thus formed mirrors are placed. Thus a view of the interior of Port Arthur was brought over the topmost trench of "203" to the eyes and brain of the Japanese lookout, protected there by the rocks. Through the hyposcope a lookout could observe the effect of every shot from his own batteries, located not on "203" or anywhere near "203," but distant, most of them, two or three miles. While he operated the hyposcope with his left hand, with his right he held to his ear the receiver of a telephone connected directly with each of these firing batteries. These batteries were emplaced, not on mountain peaks, not on the front of the mountain range from which their operations were being directed, but entirely behind this range, which was par-

allel to the coast range, forming the permanent line of Russian defence. From these points, scattered in the rear of the Japanese position, distant from the Russians, the nearest half a mile, the furthest three miles, the work of the bombardment went on. The firing was what the military man calls "high angle" or "plunging"; that is, the shell traveled in the line of a parabola over two mountain ranges, which separated the Japanese batteries from the Russian ships. The gunners never had a sight of what they were firing at, the officers in command of the batteries never had a sight of what they were firing at. Only the lookout on "203" knew where the shells went, and he got his knowledge through a mirror. This knowledge was used by the artillery officer, who found the range by means of a quad-



LOOKING INTO PORT ARTHUR THROUGH THE HYPOSCOPE

The hyposcope is a new invention which brings the line of vision past two angles by means of mirrors. This officer, Adjutant Kiri, of the first division, is watching the operations against 203-Metre Hill from a trench on Takasakiyama. Only the tops of the instrument project above the earthwork, yet he can plainly see all that is going on beyond and is entirely protected against rifle fire

rant. The hyposcope, the telephone, the quadrant—these were the scientific ganglia that wiped the mountains from the map of the Liaotung Peninsula, and brought the operations, in the mind's eye, to the level of a billiard table. "203" was the cushion needed for successful caroming. It would be useless to lug heavy guns up there; the hyposcope was carried up, but not artillery.

Despatches have said that the capture of "203" gave the besiegers command of the town. Such despatches

concerning other captured positions came repeatedly during the past four months. Their effect was to keep the world continuously expecting the fall of Port Arthur. Let it once be comprehended that none of the positions captured up to December 15 was permanent, that none was a part of the grand scheme of defence perfected by the Russians through the past seven years; that there still remained seventeen primary and twenty-five secondary positions on the land side in addition to the finest forts which are on the sea side, and it will be apparent that this expectation was not, until General Stoessel decided that further resistance was useless, justified by the actual conditions.

Commanding the town meant little. The Japanese navy put shells into the town on the 8th of February, and had been able to put them in ever since. The army put them in on the 11th of August, and had been qualified for destruction ever since. They wanted to save the town. They looked upon it as their property. Why smash up what they would have to rebuild? The fleet had been their chief objective. Though inert for four months, it was a menace until sunk; that out of the way, they need not worry. Of course, their shells had searched about for arsenals and storehouses; if the town got in the way of that search—well, so much the worse for the town, but the Japanese effort had been to save their own. It was not Port Arthur, but Stoessel and his forts, that Nogai was after, just as it was not Richmond, but Lee and his army, that Grant was after.

### There is No "Key" to Port Arthur

As for the strategic position, no one can say that any one fort at Port Arthur is the key. Nature assisted expert engineers in devising these forts. All are so arranged that each is commanded by two or three, and, in some cases, by a dozen others; thus when one is taken it drew Russian fire from its fellows until it became untenable. Such was the situation at "203-Metre Hill." The Japanese had driven the Russians out, but they were unable to mount guns of large calibre there, or do aught but locate a further station from which to direct final assaults. Ten years ago, when the Japanese took Port Arthur from the Chinese in a day, one fort, Etzeshan, taken, the others fell. That was the key. To-day no single fort is so important. "203" is dominated by the Table fort, the Table fort by the Chair fort, the Chair fort by Golden Hill, and Golden Hill by the Lion's Mane. And after all this was taken there would still remain the east forts. Yet, the capture of "203" was decisive. On September 19, the Japanese lost two thousand men in trying to take it. The attempt failed. The division with the job in hand sat down, waited, and worked. Two months and a half of sapping, and one day of assault, on December 4, turned the trick. Though it did not mean the fall of Port Arthur, it meant the beginning of the end. This for the reason that every contraction in the Russian line meant a gain in Japanese strength. The smaller the circumference the less the capacity for resistance. And, after all, the physical fact of the fall was simply a question of mathe-



matics. The loss of life appalls, the spectacle attracts, the glory enthralls, but the intellect, backed by whatever impulse it is that gives man resolution for the supreme sacrifice, commands. A chessboard and two master minds—such was Port Arthur, Nogi, and Stoessel. The checking move was made as long ago as May 26, when the battle of Nanshan was fought. The fate of Port Arthur was sealed then just as it was sealed again when "203" was taken.

Let us look at that September assault on "203," of which the one in December was but a repetition, and glimpse what it meant to storm Port Arthur. Could all the bloody story of the siege be told, "203" would be forgotten, a detail lost in vista, swamped in gigantic operations, veiled in the mist of vast sacrifices. Yet the mind, puny as it is, must grasp an incident and cling tight, as a poet to the fringe of metaphor, for comprehension even distant.

Passing from the rear of the army to the front, you might realize something of the tricky skill used to move those pawns over that vast chessboard. To the eye of an eagle all would have been invisible. The sum of his sight would have been a tongue of land making faces at the sea, ridged with deep blotches from whose recesses thin pricks of smoke slipped to the crack and roar of great guns.

Yet lively work was seen. Close to the right rear was the first battery, a six-gun emplacement of field four-point sevens. At one o'clock in the afternoon the telephone rang, the lieutenant in command called, and instantly the redoubt swarmed with figures that sprang like ants from the earth. Busy as ants, they answered the order from brigade headquarters for the signal shot to open the grand bombardment. They had come from their bombproofs, into which they would dodge again as soon as the shot was fired. There was much pride in the chief gunner as he took a cartridge from its bombproof shell chest, ran to his gun, threw open the cordite chamber, pulled out the breech block, rammed in the shell, snapped the block, and stepped back to signal the lanyard man; more pride than is usual in the Japanese gunner, a timid, simple being, dexterously handling his delicate instrument with as little vanity as he would handle a potato hoe.

Hurrying on the road to escape the shock, and looking back, the battery was invisible. The bewilderment of the eagle, if told that danger lurked there, would be overwhelming. A shell spat out revealing the battery behind a mass of earth forming a natural redoubt. This was in a narrow valley with only a small range of foothills between it and the sea, a place later called "The Valley of the Shadow of Death." Behind every mountain shoulder, and up every gorge, firing high angle over the eminence in front, was a battery nestled in its redoubt, with bombproofs for the men and bombproofs for the ammunition. It was hardly a valley, but a ravine, barren of grass, a torrential place through which, in spring, huge rains tore. Soon other rain—red rain, powdery and leaden—was to pour there.

Directly in front, out of the west, loomed "203," flanked by its gigantic brothers, granite-tossed, the Chair and the Table and the Lion's Mane. Bone of the world's vertebrae, Russia had capped them with science and determination. Their cordoned batteries, cunning and intricate, spoke not a word in reply to the Japanese taunts hurled in upon them, savage and vain. Why reply? They knew their strength. Before "203" lay a height down on the map, like the disputed key itself, under figures to denote in metres its reach skyward; "176" they call it, lacking more intimate speech, but the soldiers quickly dubbed the hill "Namicoyama," for they saw its resemblance to a flying fish abundant in these waters, called by us the trepang, by Japanese the namico. The mongers of Kamikura, after disem-



#### RUSHING ACROSS THE FIRE-SWEPT ZONE

This picture was taken September 19, just before the Japanese bombardment of 203-Metre Hill ceased, and at the moment the infantry advance began. The Japanese advanced in small squads, by rushes, seeking shelter wherever possible, but they had to cross wide expanses that were fairly swept by Russian rifle and machine gun fire. The heaviest losses of the day occurred in rushes across open ground.

boweling, inflate this fish for hanging lamps. There it lay—the namico—its slopes spread finwise, its two peaks, furze-capped, rising above the mists of the valley as incandescents struggle through the fog of night. Ringed with barbed wire was each peak and close about the top were lines of loopholed rock. As the following step of a stair, "203" rose beyond, fortified



#### A FIELD GUN OF AN ADVANCED BATTERY

This is typical of the sand-bag redoubts built by the Japanese. These batteries of 4.7 rifles were completely concealed from Russian view and fired shrapnel shells, over the hills that screened them, to any point that was being attacked, thus paving the way for the infantry advance.

alike. From the nearer peak the tardy glint of the sun caught the brass muzzles of two cannon. From the further, down the slope, ran a trench continued to the sea.

The battle was on. Before the Russian outlook knew it the Japanese advance was at the base of Namicoyama. Each man was stripped to his khaki uniform, his cartridge belt and his rifle. Four hundred rounds of ammunition were in the four leather boxes at his

belt, and in his hip pocket was a ration, dubbed with a soldier laugh, "iron": three hard biscuits with a piece of salt fish the size of his palm.

Up they went cautiously, a squad of twenty at a time, slinking along the ravines, their rifle butts dragging the ground; one file of twenty, then another and another, until the slopes were dotted with figures colored like the earth—silent, nimble, tiny.

Now the artillery was at it heavily. Beginning with the battery we had seen go into action, the pieces spoke up, one by one, until near a hundred guns were spitting fire from the nooks behind; astonishing to an eagle, but the Russians seemed not to mind. The shots increased, the din augmented. A shell appeals to the imagination, snarls like a wild beast, flings fierce shrieks into unwilling ears, rends tooth and claw at fear. The place might have been a nest of demons with the old devil hen hatching them out. The Japanese kept those two ridges so hot with shrapnel that not a man dared show himself. For twenty yards below the parapet the slope bubbled as does a pot boiling above the kettle's

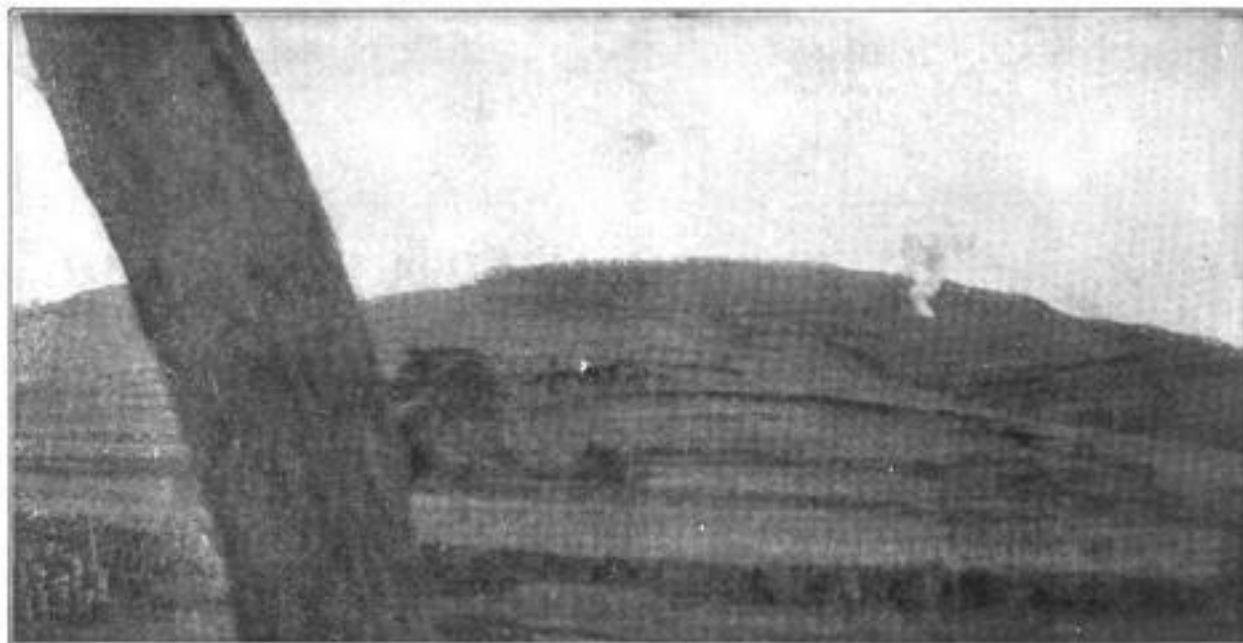
brim. Not a sound from the nearer Russians. From Anzushan, from Etzeshan, from "203," and even from far-off Liaotishan the replies spoke distant and absurd, but Namicoyama, slated for assault, was silent, silent as though no brass cannon were mounted in the sight of all men, as though no twenty companies of sharpshooters were lying low with Maxims and repeating rifles waiting to receive the final charge. Were there cowardly Japanese it was a secret shared by no man with his neighbor. Sound to the core or not, they went on with the precision of a clock. As the infantry advanced, occasionally a huddled figure, inert, was grouped here and there with others who moaned piteously. At times a squad, sinking, would lose itself in a hollow, only to climb presently up the opposite slope, there to sink on one knee, rifles at fixed bayonets, while the lieutenant in command reconnoitred to right or left, searching for the line of best deploy. Then on, skurrying another few rods, to another halt, until they came to the precipitous rocks up which it seemed a goat would have skinned his shins in climbing. Here, hugging the mountain proper, having lost but few, considering the advance made, they waited for night.

Meanwhile, aloft, hell reigned. Shells constantly bursting apparently shattered guns and killed gunners, but when the dust cleared all was instantly life again, the gnomish figures busy—busy as ants with eggs. For a minute thus, then all would drop back into the earth simultaneously with the reply, and at the very moment that another Russian shell was in upon them.

Was it the same beyond in Namicoyama and in "203"? Doubtless the Russians were as safe, though with them the shells must have been multiplied by twenties, because the space of a few rods, lying exposed to every range, received the constant fire of every Japanese gun. The Russians had a wider target, a range of hills from which, occasionally, they could see smoke curling upward. It was far more difficult to hit than the Japanese target, for nothing was plain, all was guesswork. The Russians could not see a thing they were aiming at. A range of hills, seared with autumn, bare of husbandmen, innocent of apparent defence, alive with hissing venom, confronted them. They lashed it desperately as they could, frantically as a boy beset with nightmare. The little men had a plain target, parapets outlined against the sky, trenches clear and distinct. Yet the Japanese were often covered with dust from bursts on the slope beyond, and through the Valley of the Shadow the diabolic screeches mounted with the dying of day. Night came with the wild clamor on in full fury, the little brown squads still at the base of Namicoyama, the reserves creeping around toward "203." (Continued on p. 24.)

#### KUROPATKIN REDOUBT

A near view of the most hotly contested position in the Shuishiyang Valley. It is a conical hill, improved for defence by the Russian engineers and christened by General Kuropatkin when he visited Port Arthur in August, 1903. It was the first of the semi-permanent outworks taken by the Japanese in September, 1904. About it lay the only water-filled moat at Port Arthur. This redoubt also protected



the city waterworks, which then fell into the hands of the Japanese, who were thus enabled to cut off the water supply, reducing the defenders to the use of wells. In the moat about this redoubt occurred grisly hand-to-hand fighting with bayonets and stones. A Japanese battery was emplaced behind the hill, and may be seen firing over it into Port Arthur. Another battery may be seen in the lower corner to the left.





## GENERAL VIEW OF PORT

Drawn by Charles Graham from Maps and Descriptions Furnished by Richard Barry, Special Correspondent with General Nogi's Army. Copy

- |   |   |   |
|---|---|---|
| 1. Yungphuban, sea fort.  | 17. 203-Metre Hill, captured by the Japanese November 30, 1904.   | 27. New Russian tow                             |
| 2. Yungphuban, land fort.   | 18. Rinjan; 19. Do-do-sho; 20. Ryn-jubo; intrenched villages, taken by the Japanese in July.                      | 28. Stoessel battery.                           |
| 3. Russian Military Road, connecting the sea forts.   | 21. Shukiatun, transport base for the right wing of the Japanese army.  | 29. Anzushan south.                             |
| 4. Lighthouse and searchlight station.  | 22. Lunette, outwork of Etzeshan, taken December 30.  | 30. Anzushan north.                             |
| 5. Takasakiyama (hill captured by the Takasaki regiment), taken August 12, 1904.                              | 23. Sungshushan, taken December 31.   | 31. Etzeshan, the Cl taken in a day 1904.       |
| 6, 7, 8. Liaotshan (mountain of the Lion's Mane) land batteries.  | 24. Sanyanztan, an improvised redoubt intended for the last stand.  | 32. Kuropatkin batte Shuishiying V              |
| 9, 10. Liaotshan, sea batteries.  | 25. Sea forts of the Tiger's Tail, proven to be impregnable.  | 33. Hoozan, the Pho page 5. Dire-shiying, where |
| 11. West Keekwanshan (Cock's Comb Mountain).  | 26. Shodzuzan, the Pine Tree fort, first taken October 29, but made untenable by either side up to the surrender. | 34. Continuation of trenchment.                 |
| 12, 13. Lunettes, outworks of Liaotshan.  |   |   |
| 14, 15. Kondratichenko lunettes, outworks of 203-Metre Hill.  |   |   |
| 16. Namicoyama (the mountain resembling the fish called namico), captured by the Japanese September 21, 1904. |   |   |





PORT ARTHUR AND ITS DEFENCES

The Dotted Line Indicates the Position held by the Japanese Army January 2, when General Stoessel Surrendered the Fortress

35. Quail Hill, target of Japanese bombardment.

36. Old Chinese town.

37. Golden Hill, west battery, location of wireless telegraph station.

38. Golden Hill, east battery.

39. Riranshi battery, west (sea).

40. Riranshi battery, east (sea).

41. Drydocks.

42. Rihlung, or Ehrlungshan, Mountain of the Two Dragons, reduced December 30; the immediate cause of Stoessel's surrender.

43. Panlung, west, the Eternal Dragon, taken during the first grand assault, August 19 to 26, and the tip of the wedge driven desperately through the Russian right centre.
44. Panlung, east.

45. East Keekwan (the Cock's Comb), south battery, taken by Gen. Samejima December 18, after assaults through four months.

46. East Keekwan, main battery, and 47. East Keekwan, north battery, impregnable through six grand assaults.

48. Riranshi, land battery, never seriously attacked by infantry, often silenced by shell fire.

49. Shokuzan, captured August 11, 1904.

50. Taikuzan, captured August 9, 1904.

51. Battleship "Sevastopol," the last of the Russian fleet to be destroyed.



# Sessions and the Steam-Coal

The Story of How Two Yankees Ran the Blockade at Port Arthur

BY

GEORGE A. ENGLAND

ILLUSTRATED BY

GEORGE GIBBS

THE first I see of Sessions, he was settin' in the bar of the Hotel Europa at Chee-Foo, smokin' one of them obnoxious native seegars. I was standin' at the counter tryin' to make the fool Dutch bar-keep mix a Manhattan, an' failin' utterly. Sessions he sized up the situation, unfolded his six-foot-three off'n his chair an' come over to me.

"I reckon you're a Yankee!" says he, puttin' out a bony flipper. "So'm I! Shake! No self-respectin' Yankee had oughta go agin one of these here Dutch-Chink bars. It ain't fair to the bar," says he, "an' it's death in a slow, unpleasant form to the consumer. Better come along with me, an' I'll give ye su'thin' wuth runnin' yer muzzle inta!"

With that he hooks me by the arm, very positive, an' leads me off to the stuffy little hole-in-the-wall he calls his "sweet." I'd ben lonesome ever sence the *Guv'nor Hall* had busted open on a floatin' mine an' stranded me alone in that God-forsaken port, so I welcomed the nasals from New England.

When we was settled over his pine table an' a reel long-necker of the good stuff, he offered me his card and one of them seegars aforementioned, *genus mephitica*. I stuck the seegar in my vest as polite as I c'd manage, but examined the card with care. It said: "Summer Sessions, Promoter, Chee-Foo."

The "Chee-Foo" was wrote in with lead-pencil, also the card was some dirty, so I reckoned it had seen service already in other parts. I hadn't no card of my own, 'long of everythin' goin' down on the *Guv'nor Hall*, but I writ my name on a bit of paper for him. Then we had another.

"Alvin Lovejoy, from New Hampshire," says he, wipin' his long mustache on his sleeve an' fixin' his blue eye on me, "I'm glad to know ye! I like yer looks! I ben watchin' you off'n on fer two three days. I think you're jes' the man I'm lookin' fer, an' if so, it'll be a darn good thing for both of us. The reason why I think you're the right man is this—you're a Yankee to begin with, an' you're up-an'-comin' an' *nervy* into the bargain. If you wa'n't, you'd never-a stood up ta that Chink bar so often as I know you *have*! Now, look-a-here, I've got su'thin' ta tell ye, an' it's a *big thing*, too! They's money in it—barr'ls! I've simply got ta have help, t' put it through; they ain't no two ways 'bout it! It'll take two men at the very least cal'lation, an' it'll require nerve—nerve an' grit—but they's all kinds-a money inta it; you'll see! You know how t' handle a boat? Raised on one? Bully fer you! That's the exact ticket! They can't be less'n a clean three thousand in this, fer only three days' work, share an' share alike. Are ye with me?"

"What's the lay?" says I.

"I'm a-goin' ta do the Russkies!" says he in a whisper, bendin' over the table, "an' I'm a-goin' ta do 'em bad! Port Arthur ain't fell yet, 'spite of all that hammerin' an' poundin' over yender," wavin' his lean paw to'ards the north winder, "but I reckons you an' me, Americans born an' bred, kin take a mighty smart tucker out-a her, an' what's better, come back here ta this very room in less'n a week, rotten with money—no paper either, but gold, gold, I'm a-tellin' ye, every mite of it, the reel yaller boys, big an' solid an' heavier'n bell! Twenty pound of solid gold on each of us, in money-belts! An' when it comes ta gold, I don't care a continental cuss whether they's one eagle on mine or two. Are ye in it?"

'Bout midnight I reckoned I *was*, an' the long-necker bein' squeeze drier'n a codfish, we laid down on his outrageous bed an' slep' on the bargain. Nex' day they's busy doin's fer us two, now I'm a-goin' ta tell ye! First we pooled our capital an' raised 'bout two hundred and fifty tals, say a hundurd an' a half, American money, an' then Sessions he chased out an' chartered one of them junkboats with a sail like a flyin'-fish an' a hull like a coffin—most God-forsaken vessil y'ever see, but big's all outdoor. He engaged 'er fer a week, fer a trip south, so he told the Chink that owned 'er. Meantime, I routed out a half-caste contractor named Lao Tse Chang, an' bought up all the cracked stun he had on hand, oh, say twenty-five thirty ton, an' made the cuss deliver it. Took a whole string of them bumpety two-wheel Chinese carts 'bout all day ta git the stuff dumped proper onto the beach in a little cove three mile from town. We wa'n't takin' no resks from no inspectors by loadin' cargo at the Bund, no sirree! 'Bout a hundurd Chinks from a fishin' village called Ping Pong, or some sech name, swarmed out an' rubbered us slanty-eyed an' wonderin'.

Well, 'long about the time the stuff's all there it's evenin', an' I'm blessed if here don't come Sessions in his junkerino, like some luggsurious Orientil potentate. Him an' his temporary crew of two coolies rounds the headland magnificent, with him a-settin' in the stern puffin' a *mephitica* regardless. He has the crew run 'er in as snug ta the shore as he dares, say two three fathom, an' then commands 'em ta put down the sam-



"Gold, I'm a-tellin' ye, every mite of it!"

pan an' row him ashore. He act'ly radiated wealth an' authority.

When he got ashore he greeted me very ceremonious, so's t' impress the heathen, an' I tumbled an' followed suit. When we'd got through with the kow-tows he cast his eye majestic over the pile of cracked stun an' remarked sort-a casual:

"That's a darn good foundation we got here fer a fortune!"

"Er fer destruction!" says I, "cordin' as to how the deal comes off. Here's hopin'!" an' with that we draws our pocket-pieces an' likkers ta the success of "The Sessions & Lovejoy Stee-m-Coal Company, Limited, Purveyors in Extra-ordinary to His Imperial Bombsky the Czar of all the Roosh'as," while all the slant-eyes wonders an' waters at the mouth.

"Now, then," says he, when this ceremony is concluded, "we'll jest draft some of them Chinks over thar into our service, an' *coal 'er up*! Rustle out them baskits," says he ta one of the coolies that savvys a little American, "an' tell them idolatrous countrymen o' yours that we'll give 'em ten *cash* an hour ta load this here junk up. That'll make 'em all dead rich fer life!" says he. "We'll put in a few ton of these here bowlders fer a starter. Git busy, you!"

You'd ought-a seen them Chinks pitchin' the beach-bowlders inta that junk—tons of 'em!—an' afterward fillin' her nigh up ta the gunnel with that fine cracked stun! Some of 'em brought torches from their pig-pen village an' stuck 'em down into the beach, 'tween the rocks, an' of all the sights I ever see that one beat 'em all—them half-naked yaller devils shovelin' our steam-coal by torchlight inta them funny flat baskits, an' luggin' 'em out into the drink, then others takin' an' passin' 'em ta them that's on board—flare an' smoke an' stench an' smoke—greatest sight ever I see, yes, sir! 'Twas past two in the mornin' when the whole load was on board, an' the junk was sunk couple-a feet lower in the water. No Plimsoll-marks on them junks, you bet! If they *ked-a ben*, I'm thinkin' the last few ton of cargo would-a stayed on the beach! I reckon we had on no less'n forty-five ton, an' nothin' visible on board 'cept the mast an' that bamboo wicker-work thing at the stern that does 'em fer a cabin. We pays off the Chinks lib'ral, an' gives 'em an extry han'ful *cash* all 'round ta make 'em keep their saffron faces shet. 'Bout three o'clock we weighs anchor, h'ists that accordion sail an' beats out-a the cove. Last we see of the heathen they's massed on the shingle, gapin' by torchlight. I reckon the whole bunch of 'em retired from active life right then an' thar, an' never done another day's work in all their lazy lives, on the strength of that heaven-sent visitation of the millionaire Melican-men.

That night we made Ning-Hai, quite a piece sou'-east, an' tied up at the P. & O. dock. When it come mornin' we sashayed up into the town an' let it be known gen'ral, 'tween drinks, that we's sou'-bound with a cargo of cement-stun, an' wants ta take on some steam-coal. That wouldn't-a done at all in Chee-Foo, of course; but down thar nobody's suspicionin' 'bout the blockade, so we hadn't no trouble t' all in loadin' ten ton, first-chop, at \$12 American. We had it piled aft. It jest 'bout finished our finances, too, but we had ta have it! With what odds 'n ends of money we had left we got a reel good six-shooter, bran-new, a coal-shovel, two money-belts of woven stuff, an' some grub, et cet, 'specially the et cet. We loafed round all day, gittin' more an' more enthused as the fusel-oil begun ta bite, an' when it come sundown agin we slipped out-a port as happy's two hightide clams. That's what we was, I reckon—jest clams, plain, ornery clams, nothin' more!

So then we sailed away from Ning-Hai like a pair o' blame-fool Argonauts, lookin' fer a golden *fleece*, jes' same's *they* done. We headed south till we was out-a sight of land; then we hauled 'er up into the nor'-nor'-

west. All-fired hard time we had of it, the contrary wind an' a choppy sea that threatened ta come overboard every tenth wave. Sessions an' me was a purty small crew ta handle sech a sizable craft, but he'd steered while I managed the sail, an' vicky-verky; an' then we'd lash the tiller an' both of us take holt an' tack. 'Twas a hard, sweatin', resk' job, now I'm a-goin' ta tell ye! I hadn't had no decent sleep ta speak of fer two nights nuther, an' was most "all in," as they say. We beat about all night an' hadn't got beyent Tsi-Chau, as we cal'lated by dead-reckonin', when 'the sun come up like thunder outa China 'cross the bay."

'Bout that time we're gittin' purty snug ta the Japs' patrol-fleet, so we puts in ta shore agin, ties up in an inlet fer the day, an' lets the ca'm Orientil hours slide overhead. As we takes turns spreadin' out the coal in a me thick layer all over the stun, more'n spade-deep, till we has the very livin' image of fifty ton steam-coal, first-chop, at a dizzy price delivered at Port Arthur. The cracked stun, similar fineness ta the coal—crunches under foot very realistic. What with all this an' some reely good seegars we've got (at last!) an' my pipe an' a long-necker or two, it ain't so bad! Pow'ful purty sunset—the whole west's blood-an'-gold color.

When it come good an' dark agin—no moon—we warped 'er out fer the final run. Not sech hard work this time; light breeze, long, oily swell, an' no danger of swamin'. We headed 'er up purty nigh due north, which we figgered was boun' ta bring us in purty snug ta the Port. Gosh! I c'n see that pole-star yit, winkin' at us over the flyin'-fish sail, an' hear the old bamboo mast creakin' an' jumpin' with every lift o' the junk. The slide an' rattle of that fifty ton o' coal is in my ears this very minute! An' the moanin' of the great gray, dim old Yaller Sea!

Wunst, a long, swift shadder, trailin' smoke, slid by us not two cables' len'ths away, an' we thanked our joss we carried no lights. A close shave, yessiree, but the Japskys never techted us, an' on we kep', slappin' into the little cross-seas, an' never seen no more trouble 't all. That thar Yaller Sea's a pow'ful big place, an' they wa'n't none too many Jap patrols!

So we smoked an' sweat an' drank an' fed the night away, an' talked some, too, 'specially Sessions, who was a mighty keen on what he was a-goin' ta do with all them Russky rubles. After a most eternal long night the sun come up agin, an' lo an' behold! they's land ahead off'n the port bow, p'raps four mile. It wa Golden Hill, too—I knowed it well—a good omen! The risin' sun tipped it a bright yaller, an' our imagination turned it all inta 18-K. It looked all-fired good ta us now I'm a-goin' ta tell ye! Not a sign of Japs, nuther, 'cept a smudge of smoke on the sou'-east horizon. So we run along in snug, with me at the bow peelin' my eye fer mines. We dodged one, too, by less'n the bigness of a bubble, bobbin' almost under water at the end of its weed-foul chain.

But that ain't nuther here ner thar. On we wallers. Sessions at the helm, under the big guns of the forts on Tiger's Tail, an' makes the roadstead 'fore seven. Patrol comes off ta us an' speaks us p'lite as pie—takes us in charge an' ties us up at a dock in the "Rooshian town," as it's called. 'Bout then a slick-lookin' officer's waitin' fer us. That was in the 'arly days of the siege, an' the officers, at least, wa'n't down ta mule-meat an' bran-bread. We passes the time o' day, an' then he says, very p'lite an' very careful-like, in the best book-English, but with that cur'ous Rooshian whang: "Allow me to congratulate you on running the blockade so successfully. Did you experience any difficulties, any encounters with the—the enemy?"

"None 't all, Cap'n, none 't all!" says I, "but this here deal gin us some middlin' tall humpin' 'fore we hit the reel trail fer the Port, now I'm a-goin' ta tell ye!"

Mr. Russky smiles kind-a court'ous, listenin' hard with both ears an' tryin' ta tumble ta my meanin', but 'tain't no use. I see right away he can't talk reel United States. Nevertheless, he ain't a mite set back, but starts in agin with: "I am happy to perceive that you have brought us in a cargo of a most necessary commodity, quite essential, I may say, to our welfare. I desire to thank you both in the name of his Imperial Majesty the Czar"—with a salute—"and I trust you will inform me relative to the quantity you have here the quality and the price?"

"This is jest like robbin' a baby!" thinks I ta myself, but I says nothin'.

"Fifty ton, full weight," says Sessions, very de lib'rate, "first-chop steam, an' it's wuth one-fifty rubles a ton, er 'tain't wuth a kopeck."

"One-fifty a ton," thinks I—"Why, that's clost onto seventy-five dollars! Jimminy Cripes! Sessions *is* out fer blood!" Ye see, we hadn't cal'lated t'ask more'n one-twenty-five, but I reckon the officer looked dead easy ta him, an' he thought he might as well pile it on some.



"Good enough, my friend," says the Russovitch very easy-like, "but we are offering only seventy-five."

"Well, I said one-fifty!" says Sessions, "an' you kin take it or leave it—don't make no difference to me! I reckon I kin tote the stuff back whar it come from, an' no damage done, if yousky ain't got the price! When's the next tide run out, tide, tide, ye know, run out? We want ta be hikin' back!" an' he p'int at the harbor mouth.

"Allow me to meet you half-way, my impetuous friend," says the Cap'n, smilin' sort-a chilly-like, an' wavin' his hand careless over at the fort an' guns. "Pray let us not indulge in further discussion! This coal will *not* return—we really happen to need it—neither will you receive one hundred and fifty rubles a ton. Pray be advised. Allow me to close the—the deal, I believe you call it, at one hundred. Done? Very well! Very well, indeed! You guarantee this weight? But then, we shall also weigh. It would be best for you, I think," once more that little wave of the hand, "to declare correctly, however. I think the quality will prove perfectly satisfactory." (No wonder! They wa'n't no better in Chiny, as fur's that thar layer went!)

With that he climbs down into the junk, picks up a couple han'fuls of the stuff an' looks at it good an' clost. Then he kicks around an' stirs it up with his top-boot. He makes quite a hole in't, too. My mouth's drier'n a last year's robin's nest! An, say! p'raps my heart ain't jumpin' some! But he never touches hardpan, an' so he says it's all O. K. an' he'll write us our vouchers for the pay jest soon's he's satisfied as to the weight. Says he'll have the stuff all unloaded sometime 'bout five that afternoon, so's we kin slip out in our junk right after sundown. Very obligin' he was, that Rooshian Cap'n!

All this ain't in our plan at all, however. We ben cal'latin' ta git our pay C. O. D. "Consid'able of a setback for the Sessions an' Lovejoy Steam-Coal Company!" thinks I ta myself. "Pears like we, the president an' sec'tary of said corporation, are strictly up agin it! But Sessions, he's equal t' anything! I really don't b'lieve that thar old Sheeny Sherlock, the feller what wanted ta cut a pound of meat off'n a chap wunst, c'd-a got ahead of Sessions! Says he, mighty persuasive an' smother'n butter:

"Now see here, Cap, I tell you what, they's fifty ton here, yes, an' fifty-five, too—any one c'd see that with half an eye—but [he whispers] I tell you what, I'll call it forty-five, at one hundred, same's you said, an' if they's any money saved ta Rooshia, say a matter of five hundurd rubles or so, why—*you know!* Are you on?" an' he p'int at the officer's pocket.

Well, I betcha they ain't a single officer in the hull Rooshian army, ner navy nuther, that ain't amenable ta suggestion, as the books says, along them lines; so the upshot is that the Cap'n writes us out an order on the spot for the full amount for fifty ton on the Specie Bank. Sessions he agrees ta come back an' deliver over five hundurd rubles at half-past five that aft'noon, when we're t' embark. Take m'oath, I don't see what he's drivin' at; but I says nothin', an' lets him go his gait. We can't none of us die more'n wunst, says I ta myself, an' it looks some ta me as if that wunst is closin' in purty snug for us! However, jest then the Cap'n he blows his little silver whistle, an' an orderly in boots an' fatigue-jacket appears, salutin'. The two Russkies sneeze up a little of their God-forsaken lingo, an' the orderly smiles at us quite friendly.

"My American friends," says the officer, "I would gladly accompany you personally to the Specie Bank, did my duty permit." (I'm thinkin' p'raps them five hundurd rubles dictated that remark!) "Unfortunately, that will be impossible, so I give you in charge of this excellent fellow. He will guide you. Believe me, he is quite reliable!"

With that he writes us out a word of passport, an' turns us over ta the orderly-boy. His last words was: "Your junk will be here, ready, at six o'clock, my friends. Again I thank you! *Oh revwar!*"

Then he waves his hand at us, still smilin', an' we at him, an' that's the last we ever see of him.

Sessions an' me, we's glad enough ta git away from all this p'liteness, now I'm a-goin' ta tell ye! A man with his head in a b'ar's jaws ain't achin' ta carry on no lengthy conversation with the critter. We jest gripped our passport, which was wrote in Greeky-lookin' spasms, an' kep' clost behind the orderly-feller all the way, though Sessions he knowed the road all right, havin' ben thar two three times 'fore the war. I reckon a silver tael he crossed the pa'm of that Rooshian minion with facilitated our progress some. Anyhow, he took us the shortest way. The darn town looked like it had ben busted open sudden by su'thin' forcible; ruins all 'round in the most onlikely places, an' the streets a mess—looked like they was a-gittin' ready ta put down asphalt—darndest town I ever see! If any of them shells had-a ben act'ly comin' in that day, an' bustin', I betcha no forty-five hundurd rubles wouldn't-a hired me ta stay 'round thar, no, ner no forty-five thousand, nuther! Some Russky guns 'way off ta the north was shatterin' the echoes ta smither-eens. The streets was all a mix of soldiers, officers, nusses, commissary wagons, Lord knows what! But we never took no notice—not with them empty money-belts clamorin' ta be fed!

Well, we got thar after quite a spell. We had all kinds-a red tape gittin' our claim cashed, 'specially as we insisted on gold. Seems they's quite a premium on 't, too, so we didn't git full count. It didn't come ta much above forty-three hundurd rubles—say, 'bout twenty-one hundurd dollars—when all's said an' done, an' we git it stowed. Must-a ben purty nigh noon by that time, an' we're beginnin' ta git anxious.

Jes' soon's we hits the street Sessions he says: "Now, Lovejoy," says he, "it's up t' us, certain sure, ta git right out of this here bomb-bustin', whiskery, bleedin'

Muscovite Hades, an' we got-ta do it! Otherwise, Bing! Bang!! Good-by, Americans! No '*Oh Revwar!*' about that! Ta stand up agin a wall an' let a hull squad of moujiks sight on me would surely make me so nervous I'd be all of a fidget! I'm too all-fired bashful an' retirin' t' enjoy any sech doin's! Remember, they begins t' unload that thar junk of ours in jest about three hours, or mebbe four! It's certainly up to us ta fade away immediate!"

I seconds that motion unanimous, an' we hikes down to'ard the waterfront agin. Two three guards holds us up *eng root*, but the passport an' our last few tael fixes 'em O. K., an' finally we strikes the docks, not at the same place our palatial craft was a-layin', but 'bout a mile further up, in the Chinese town. Thar we meets up, at last, with a half-starved Chink sampan-man, paddlin' about in a mess of boats an' shippin'. We hails him easy, an' after 'bout ten minutes' heartbreakin' talkee-talkie, manages ta corrupt the mustard-colored son of the East right under the face an' eyes of a squad of them darn dock-guards that kep' rubberin' us in a most obnoxious manner. It took three four dozen gold rubles ta quiet the nerves of all them pryin' Rooshians; but after we'd got 'em fixed, I'll give 'em credit that they never let on ta notice us agin. Ivan Ivanovitch has his weaknesses, an' he has his good p'int, an' one of the latter is that he ain't troubled by no civic conscientiousness. Gosh! That thar word nigh choked me, but I had ta have it! They ain't no other that'll fill the bill!

Well, anyway, we corrupts the guard an' the sampan-man, as I was a-sayin', an' old mustard-face agrees ta resk transportin' us a short distance for ten rubles. That was a most indecent price, as Chink hire runs in them parts; but possibly 'twas wuth it, considerin' the real innardness of our junkerino. However, both Sessions an' me begins ta perceive that our darned rubles has got wings hitched on 'em all the way round.

"Here, Confucius!" says Sessions ta the Chink, "here's yer filthy Rooshian lucre! Now it's time for you ta git good an' busy! See that junk out thar in midstream, junkee, she's pullee up anchor, you savvy? Well, thar's whar we want t' go! You no hurry, no

least cal'lation, ta keep 'er top-side the water. Nevertheless, we takes our time—plenty of it! They ain't no sign o' hurry on us! "Make haste slowly!" 's a darn good proverb, 'specially when the whole horizon's bris'lin' with cannons like a jumbo pincushion. Sessions he reclines 'midships, like he was a foreign *attache*, I sets up in the bow, likewise, an' the Chink stan's at the stern an' sculls, same's them fool heathen does. Well, after sev'ral eternities we gits out in mid-channel ta the junk that's makin' ready ta sail. We passes snug ta three warships, on the way, an' all-fired battered they was, too, the great gray seadogs! Nub-body takes no notice of a simple sampan, an' we arrives at the junk O. K., an' circles 'round her, so's ta git out-a sight o' the town.

"I s'y, there, wot you fellows up to, eh?" cries a big husky voice, an' a round bandanner-colored face peers over the rail. "You better move on, str'ight away, you know," says he, "or it's more than like you'll get a puncture!" an' with that he pokes a pistol at us.

"Why, how d'ye do, John Bull?" says Sessions, lookin' up with his big smile. "You open to a good proposition? 'Cause if ye *are*—why, we kin back up every word with the reel coin. You don't know us, ner we don't know you, but you've got room aboard this here junk that's act'ly cryin' fer occupation, an' we've got a few shillin's an' pence we might be induced ta loosen our grip on! Room for us ta Chee-Foo, versus the yaller boys! How'll ye swap?" an' with that he scoops a han'ful of rubles out-a his belt an' holds 'em up.

"Wot kind of a gyme you playin', anyway?" says the red face, openin' an interested eye. "If you fellows are on the square I eyn't got no objection to carryin' a couple of Americans for 'ire, much as I dislike the breed; but if you've bean up to any blockade-runnin' folderols, there eyn't money enough in Port Arthur, no, nor in all Manchuria either, to 'ire me. I tell you, I value my own skin a bloomin' sight more than wot I do a han'ful o' coin. That's the sort of a man I am!" says the crimson countenance.

I've heerd good lyin' in my day—bear-stories, whale-whoppers, an' minin' yarns—but I ain't never heerd the beat of what Sessions handed out then, impromptoo, to that thar Briddish junk-owner. When he got through I was darn nigh ta snivellin', myself, at the cruel series of misfortunes that had pursued us poor American refugee missionaries from up-country, harrassed by Japs, an' persecuted by Rooshians fer religion's sake, an' now flyin' fer very life from the wrath ta come upon that foredoomed Muscovitish Sodom an' Gomorrah. Him an' old lobster-face chinned 'bout five minutes, an' Sessions parried some purty warm cross-questionin'.

"Well, I fawncy you're all right enough, as far as any American *can* be," says old J. B. at last, "so I'll risk transportin' you to Chee-Foo for one hundred rubles gold, an' not a farthin' less!"

That precipitates a fresh outpour of eloquence from Sessions, who fairly outjaws old beefy, an' the upshot of it all is that he comes down ta seventy-five rubles, in advance, an' we climbs on board. When I gits that thar deck-plankin' underfoot I heaves one of the darndest sighs I ever hove, now I'm a-goin' ta tell ye!

Purty soon we cl'ars away, the junk's papers bein' O. K., an' beats out slow into the roadstead. Tell ye what I don't breathe easy till them big guns draws 'way astern. The junk's a small one, only J. Bull an' two three Chinks an' us aboard. Bull he's at the tiller, the Chinks for'ard, an' me an' Sessions 'midships, not smokin' at all, er talkin' much, but lookin' very sanctimonious an' persecuted. Old Lobsterino prob'ly guessed our modest demeanor's the result of piety an' hardships; but the fact is, two poverty-stricken Yankees beatin' out-a that gun-bristlin' port with purty nigh two thousand dollars in Rooshian gold tucked away under their coats, an' leavin' a great big junk-load o' concentrated drumhead court-martial behind 'em, ain't apt ta spread 'round any more'n is absolutely necessary. So, after we've paid J. B. an' passed a few remarks 'bout the weather an' the war an' sich, we relapses into reticence amidships, as aforementioned. Cap'n Crimson, seein' 'tain't no use ta try an' pump us, jest lets us relapse. Outward, I'm ca'm; but my innards feels all-overish. 'Side which, I'm nigh famished, not havin' had no grub sence sunup, an' it's now goin' on 5 P. M. Take it all together, I'm fidgety 's a hoss in fly-time, though Sessions he keeps cooler'n a cucumber.

The light off-shore breeze stiffens at last, as the sun draps low over the Gulf of Pechili, an' we begins ta slap into the waves quite smart. Already the forts is beginnin' ta loom less threatenin', an' the guns is fadin' out a mile er so off'n the port quarter, an' already we's beginnin' ta chirk up some, when—"By Cripes, Lovejoy! Look-a that, will ye!" sings out Sessions, an' p'int with his lean forefinger at Golden Hill. Thar, top-a the fortifications, I see a little knot-a men, ten er a dozen, mebbe, separatin', getherin' together, an' it seems ta me wavin' teeny little arms like bugs' feelers, only lookin' 'bout a million times smaller. The sun glinted on su'thin' bright that must-a ben a sword. I didn't have no time ta notice nuthin' else, when *Puff!* . . . out squirts a little white cloud from beside the group, an' *Zee-e-ee!* . . . su'thin' sings sudden, 'way high in the air, an' down screams a shell an' *kerchugs* into the sea like a water-spout, some fifty fathom off'n the port bow. In a minute *Boom-m-m-m-m!* comes the report, rollin' an' echoin' over the bay. The Chink sailors lets out a yell you c'd-a heerd half a mile, an' falls on their punkin-colored faces. Old J. B. looks thunderstruck.

"That's a rotten bad shot!" says I, "if it's us they's after, an' I reckon it *is!* If they can't shoot no better'n that!" says I, "I wouldn't be 'fraid ta go agin 'em with popguns! Look-a that, now, will ye?" *Puff!* . . . *Zee-e-ee!* . . . *PLOP-WHOOSH!* . . . *Boom-m-m-m-m!!!* 'Nuther shell spouts like a red hot ball, wha'gle less'n two boat-len'ths ahead. (Continued on page 26.)



"How d'ye do, John Bull?" says Sessions, lookin' up

hurry 't all! Go velly easy, velly quiet, er I'll perforate you! Oh, shucks, Lovejoy! What's the use wastin' good talk on this perverted idolater? He can't understand reel langwidge, anyway! Hey, you Chink, junkee out thar! You rowee velly slow! Savvy?"

The Chink only smiled sort-a sickly. He can't ketch none of it, that's plain ta be seen, but he understands good money an' a gesture. Gosh d'mighty! How money does talk! It's surely the most eloquent thing on this mortal footstool!

"Allee lightee!" says he, "Inglishman getee in!" Think o' that! The blame hop-hitter don't know the diff between good Yankees an' a couple-a bloomin' beef-eatin' Briddishers! But then what *kin* you expect from a Chink that's low enough t' associate with Rooshians?

Anyway, we embarks in his mouldy sampan, stinkin' of stale fish an' such-like gurry, an' he stan's in the stern. The sampan leaked so that you'd-a had ta bale the whole harbor through 'er every day at the very



# "If Youth But Knew!"

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## IV. The Melody in the Violets



She thought her heart must break

Drawn by Fred Fisher

THE Burgravine Betty had a curious glitter in those eyes of hers, that generally astonished the stranger by their soft flower-blue in her olive face. Upon cheeks usually colorless she wore a dark flush, yet, withal, she was full of smiles; was it not the wedding morning of the little Baroness Sidonia, her husband's niece?

The old Burg of Wellenshausen, on the top of the crag, had been in a mighty bustle these three days; for singular circumstances, and the bridegroom's unwavering determination—he was in a position to dictate terms and did dictate them—had hurried the date of the ceremony in unprecedented fashion. His desire to see the last of his uncanny host, and to be free from the prying and challenging eyes of his hostess, was second only to the yearning for the dear solitude *à deux* with his young bride.

Had the neighbors of the Burgrave of Wellenshausen been available (and the heads of the few great houses of the environs were at the court of Jerome, making merry, regardless of universal war and of brewing sedition) they could hardly have been invited on such scant notice. And yet it was the greatest heiress of the country that was to be married this day; and the man she was to wed—a young Austrian, Graf von Waldorf-Kilmansegg, kinsman of the Burgravine—was no whit her inferior in blood, looks, or purse. For so hasty a union, it was a marvelously fitting one, and the ceremony in the little stone chapel nestling under the frowning walls of the Burg was, if ungraced by guests, charming in its simplicity and earnestness. The bridegroom looked manly and enamored; the bride was sweet in childish dignity, with a certain dainty composure. The Burgrave looked the "noble father" to the last detail, and shed tears in his mustache—whereat the Burgravine's eyes glittered with a more steely flash than ever.

At breakfast, later, all went with the same smoothness, and, if there was an indecorous absence of response displayed by the young couple, as well as by the gracious mistress of the Castle, when enthusiastic toasts were proposed (and deeply drunk) by the Burgrave, none could complain of the quality of the glances exchanged by the bride and the bridegroom over their perfunctory libations. As for the Burgravine Betty, she wellnigh matched her lord in tossing the Sillery down her delicate throat.

Yet was she in a strange hurry to get the little new Countess Kilmansegg away from the feast into the privacy of her own turret apartment, ostensibly to robe her for the journey. The bridegroom followed his bride with a long, deep glance; which catching, the Burgravine Betty tossed her head.

Once alone with the girl, she whisked the bridal veil from the yellow head with such feverish and ungentle hands that Sidonia turned round to look upon her in amazement—only to meet a positive glare from the blue eyes.

"Why, Aunt Betty?"

"Why, Sidonia!—forgive, I should say Most High Lady Countess!"

"Have I done anything?" stammered the child, forgetful of her new dignity. "Have I vexed you?" Her young heart was overflowing with tenderness; she fain would part tenderly from all she had known of home.

"Vexed?—I?" quoth the lady.

Here they were interrupted by a frightened-looking tirewoman, whom the Burgravine drove away with actual fierceness.

"I will myself attend to the Countess. Get you gone!—Nay, my love," proceeded she, once more addressing her niece, and in a biting tone of sweetness, "wherefore should I be vexed?—I may be ashamed for my sex. I am still, I must confess, under the shock of the recent scandal, which has rendered necessary this humiliating marriage, but—"

"In God's name," interrupted the bride, "what is this?" She removed the myrtle wreath with steady fingers from her fair tresses, and then approached with a countenance singularly altered and aged. "You must tell me what you mean, Aunt Betty," she said.

"Were you as innocent as you pretend," retorted the Burgravine, now fairly panting, "it were no kindness to you, child, to let you depart in ignorance of the truth. But you can scarce be blind to the fact that the poor young man below has but wedded you to save your name—your honor."

Sidonia went white to the lips. "I don't understand. . . ." she faltered. But there was a great horror gathering in her eyes.

"Do you need to be told then," cried the other, clapping her plump hands together in exasperation, "that if a young girl spends a night in a cave alone with a young man, her reputation is not worth a silver groat?"

The blood raced back to the bride's cheeks.

"Do you taunt me for having saved your life, Aunt Betty? What, say I, saved *your* reputation? . . . Nay, I'll not believe you; my husband is not made of such false stuff. He has told me he loves me, he has my faith."

The Burgravine broke into shrill laughter; then, with a sudden change of mood, she folded her niece to her heart, hysterically.

"Nay, my poor lamb, I have been hard with you! Go, go in your touching confidence, I will say no further word. It would be cruel to enlighten you a day sooner than necessary."

The new Countess showed more passion upon this display of affection than she had been moved to by the former gibing. She caught the Burgravine's wrists with little hands of steel.

"Now, speak your meaning . . . you shall speak, Aunt Betty!"

"Never!" declared the Burgravine; and in the same breath shrieked and vowed she must give way before such intolerable violence. Then, rubbing one dimpled wrist after another, she whimpered that her heart was broken. "Ungrateful child," she sobbed, "have I not sacrificed myself to you?—A-ah! he has vowed that he loves you—" (It is well to lash one's self into passion when it is hard to strike in cold blood.) "Four days ago on that very turret platform," she dramatically pointed to the gloomy silhouette of the East Tower through the deep lancet window, "only four days ago, he held me to his heart—this devoted husband of yours—and consecrated his life to me!"

"I do not believe you," said Sidonia again. But her soft young face seemed suddenly turned to marble.

"Fool!" cried the Burgravine; she drew a crumpled billet from her bosom and spread it out before the bride's eyes. "See here, he writes to me, asks me to meet him among the ruins. Read the words, 'All will be ready.' . . . What do they mean, think you? Why, that his coach was waiting below to whirl us to our own land, to safety, to happiness!"

"Then why did you not go—why did you send me?" asked Sidonia, stonily.

"Because I was a fool," cried the Burgravine, and set her teeth upon such savage accents of truth that at last Sidonia believed. She took the crumpled bit of paper from her aunt's shaking hands. Her own shook not at all.

"It is well," she said, "go you and send him to me. I know, now, what I have to do." And she thrust the note into the bosom of her bridal frock.

To be thoroughly successful in revenge is always slightly alarming. So thought the Burgravine Betty, as she closed the door upon this unknown, this strange Sidonia. But, having gone too far to retreat, spite resolved to reap the final gratification.

THE bridegroom entered with reverent yet eager joy; then, upon sight of his bride, checked his advance, all amazement. Sidonia sat in a high-backed chair as on a judgment seat, with face coldly set, yet with eyes blazing unconscious reproach.

"I sent for you, Monsieur de Kilmansegg," she said with great distinctness of enunciation, "to tell you that I decline to go away with you."

Whither had fled the crystal music of her voice? He had an irritable pride and passionate blood, and withal a brain that was not apt at swift intuition.

"I do not understand," he said, even as she, but a few minutes ago, had said; and

his tone was that of anger. Perhaps she had expected another attitude—had pictured him, poor child! crying in despair at her feet. Her wounded dignity was reinforced by a revulsion of unknown feelings which suddenly turned almost to hatred. She would not stoop to explain, still less to complain: "It is sufficient that you should understand that now we part: I do not go with you. Go you, and forget me."

"Good God!" he ejaculated helplessly. He stood staring at her. Then a horrible suspicion sprang upon him. Was it possible this young creature had but played a part with him? Had she feigned sweet maiden love and wedded him, virginally tender, but to save the threatened honor of her name . . . ? Nay, more monstrous thought still, was the whole business a hideous conspiracy . . . ? He was shaken with a sudden fury; a crimson tide rushed to his face. In two strides he was beside her, menacingly bending over her.

"You are my wife," he cried. "You are mine—mine . . . you belong to me, you must do as I order—as I please!"

His look filled her with new unknown terrors. Child-woman, she shrank instinctively from something to her nameless, yet infinitely offending. Claspings her hands upon her breast to still the throbbing of her heart, she heard, beneath her fingers, the whisper of Aunt Betty's treacherous billet.

Stung into fresh disdain, she reared her head and measured him with her glance. Baroness Sidonia was not the daughter of a fierce and antique race for nothing.

"You can take my money if you will, all my money—and I am very rich, they tell me—so that you only go. Go!"

As if her little sunburnt hand had struck him a deadly blow, Steven Lee, Count von Waldorf-Kilmansegg, stepped back a couple of paces, and the hot young blood, ebbing from his face, left it gray.

He paused for a while; then made her a bow, turned on his heel, and went to the door. On the threshold he looked back at her for a second; it was a farewell look, and bore in it a pride as high and bleeding as her own, a reproach as keen. She saw that his lip trembled. Then the door was closed, very gently, between them, and she heard his steps die away down the winding stone stairs. She glanced at her new wedding ring and thought her heart must break; but yet she sat and made no effort to recall him.

IT WAS a day of scurrying breezes and dappled skies. Long pools reflected blue and white in the ruts of his Majesty King Jerome of Westphalia's neglected roads. Wide and deep ruts they were—tracks of the



The rider splashed through the mud at reckless speed

Drawn by Fred Fisher



"Grand Army" that had been—and even a village child could have told that great guns and wagons had passed that way before the sweeping by of the last spring storm.

But the rider on his big-boned iron-gray horse splashed through the mud at reckless speed, and, if he had had a thought for the testimony of the road, would not have understood it.

A stranger to the land—English by education, by inheritance head of a great Austrian house—he had gone on his travels to train his youthful mind in the study of the tangled politics of nations, as became one entitled by birth to take place some day among the legislators of his country. And, behold, fate had laid a trap for his unwary heart and he had fallen.

A man may wrench himself free of love's snare, as the wild thing of the woods from the teeth of the spring; but at what vital hurt, how maimed, how bruised, how deeply marked! What was it to Steven Lee, Count von Waldorf Kilmansegg, that the west wind, dashing against his face, was balmy with the breath of the black pine woods on the rising slopes to his right; that the rank meadows that fell away to the left were color alive, gold-green in the sunlight; that shadows swept across them like spirit messages? His ears were deaf to the organ chant of the pines, to the shrill joy of the lark, echoing back from the blue vault. Unmoved, he trotted through the poverty-stricken villages, by the deserted homesteads, once flourishing, beside the wasted cornfields. One whom life was treating as evilly as himself could not be expected to bestow even the alms of pitying thought to the peasant soldiers, stiff in the snows of Russia, or plodding vanquished in Spanish rocky deserts, nor to the starving families to whom the breadwinner would never return. He did not even know whither he was hurrying, so long as he crossed the nearest frontier of a country to him accursed. To this all the passion of his mind was bent.

WITH head bent toward the wind and fiddle slung on his shoulder, a wandering musician was breasting the hill where the high Imperial Road, skirting the Thuringian forest, bends toward that fertile valley watered by the Fulda. Even the hard sinews of the gray steed faltered before the steepness of the ascent. The mounted traveler had to curb his impatience to suit his steed, and found himself level with the humble wayfarer at a pace that forced progression side by side. Yet, on the instant he had recognized him and fain would have passed at highest speed. Certes, it seemed hard that, in this wide empty country, upon the solitary road, he should stumble upon the one man whom he would of all others avoid—the man who had had of late so much influence (he now thought for disaster) upon his life.

These were days when it seemed Fortune turned her wheel in freakish humor, precipitating the mighty, exalting the base-born. What private tragedy had met this vagrant musician in the midst of universal cataclysm? Those who knew him as a wanderer upon high roads, dependent for his bread on the favor that his fiddle found, could only speculate. But his manner was that of one to whom command comes naturally, his temper that of the scholar and the philosopher; he had a singular power over those whose places he chose to frequent. To rich and poor he was alike welcome, but no one knew his secret.

Steven, whom fate seemed freakishly to throw across this strange creature's path, had more than once suffered himself to be led by him, and now, in humiliation and soreness of heart, accused him secretly of evil counsel.

Fiddle-Hans—for so the wanderer was known in the countryside—started as he beheld the young face looking down at him from over the horseman's cloak.

"You?" he exclaimed.

"I!" said Steven.

The man on foot halted, and he on horseback unconsciously reined in. The two remained staring at each other, and in the eyes of both was hot reproach.

"And whither set you off alone, bridegroom, on your gray horse?" asked the musician at length, in that tone of irony under which he hid most of his emotions.

"Anywhere," answered the bridegroom with a pale smile, "so long as I put space between myself and my bride."

Fiddle-Hans drew his brows together into a dark frown. His nostrils dilated—the corners of his mouth twitched.

"Peste!" said he under his voice. Then: "Is it not a little premature? The ceremony took place this morning, I believe. I think I heard the joybells from the distance. Had it been a few months later, but now—"

His tone was cynical; but his eye was stern and anxious, and his weatherbeaten face looked suddenly old and drawn.

"Months?" echoed the rider with a bitter laugh. "It took her but the measure of minutes to decide on my worth."

"Her—?" commented Fiddle-Hans with inquiring emphasis.

"Did you think," answered Steven—and though he strove to be cool, the passion of his wrath wrote itself on every line of his usually impassive face and vibrated in his voice like the first mutterings of thunder—"did you think I went through the marriage ceremony for the pure amusement of making a nine days' scandal and deserting my hour-old wife? That would have been a brilliant joke indeed! No, my friend—the situation is of her making. She took her woman's privilege and changed her mind."

"She was a child yesterday," said Fiddle-Hans.

There was pain in Steven's smile as he returned: "She was no child this morning."

"But, good God!" cried the other impatiently, "even so, did she play the woman, was it not the more reason for you to play the man? You left her, you left her—is it possible? For a few sharp words, some vulgar misunderstanding! Why, she was yours, man, and you

should have carried her with you, were it on the crupper of that high-boned gray."

"Aye," replied Steven. "Even so, as you say. It also dawned upon me, deficient as I am in wits, that the time had come for me to play the man. I actually announced my intention of carrying her away with me by main force—not on the gray, but in the coach prepared for our bridal journey. . . . She reminded me that I took her fortune with her."

"Ah, bah!" said the Fiddler, and winced as if he had been struck.

"It seems she is an heiress," said the bridegroom's voice over his head. "She offered me half her fortune . . . her whole fortune, if I would go without her. Hey? What answer would you have a man make to that? I got the first saddle-horse to be had for money and rode away, leaving her my carriage and horses and my servant . . . for a Countess Waldorf Kilmansegg must have her equipage. That episode is closed!" The rider checked his reins and set the rested horse to his labor up the hill once more.

Fiddle-Hans had been looking down at the stones at his feet; he now roused himself, and, bending his head like a man under the blast of a storm, fell into pace beside the gray. His shoulders were rounded as beneath a burden, yet it was evident that Fate had played



"Take it now, lest a breath from heaven scatter its bloom"

him too many scurvy tricks for him to be astonished. After a while he laid his hand upon the dappled neck and looked up at the rider.

"These women," he said, "these children, they insult a man because they do not understand. Mischief has been made here . . . mischief is always alert when marriage bells are ringing. Go back to her!"

"I?" cried Steven.

"Go back to her," said the tramping Fiddler again, as he trudged the stony way beside the young lord riding. "Be generous—"

Steven laughed out loud, and the Fiddler knew that the wound had gone deeper even than he suspected.

"I am for Vienna," said the bridegroom briefly, "but I shall make fit settlements upon her, never fear, and such provisions as may safeguard her honor and my own."

"Nay, comrade—" interrupted the other, looking up keenly, "such a union as yours, why—'twould be the easiest contract to annul that ever two young fools repented of."

Steven's hands contracted over the leather.

"Do you think so?" said he, and grew darkly crimson. "O, of course," he said and laughed—"that would be much the best—aha! Annul . . .! Well, she has only to wish it." The musician, observing him, showed now a lighter countenance and presently smiled to himself. Then he shifted his instrument from his back to his breast and began to twang the strings, as if in deep reflection.

"We shall part at the top of the hill," said the rider.

"Shall we?" said the wayfarer. "I think not. Listen, my lord." The rousing spring wind brought indeed a strange distant rumor on its wings, and the Fiddler imposed silence on his restless fingers, and stood still himself, leaning his ear.

Once more Steven arrested the gray's climb. There is nothing so infectious as the curiosity of the ear. The flapping breeze fell as they halted, and then the sounds which it had brought to them over the crest of the knoll seemed to be repeated with much greater distinctness from the vale in their rear.

"What is it?" asked the horseman.

It was a sound like the beat of giant storm rain upon forest leaves—only that it was measured at repeated intervals by rhythmic jingle and clink. Even as he spoke, Steven heard a crisp drumming of hoofs separate itself from the stream of confused sound; then, upon the ring of two words, in a commanding voice, the thunder-wave of advance broke itself into silence, in the midst of which silence suddenly pattered a succession of cracking shots close on one another, as beads dropping from a string.

"Stand back!" cried the Fiddler. And, suiting the action to the word, he seized the gray by the bit and forced it backward into the ditch that girt the road on the side of the fields.

"But, what is it?" asked Steven once more, as the clamor within the woods rose again in confusion, a hideous medley of human voices wrangling like angry beasts, of plunging and neighing of horses, crackling of boughs, and thud of iron hoofs. The Fiddler dilated his nostrils—he stood leaning back against the flank of the gray, his right hand still firmly on the bit. A fine blue vapor of a pungent smell was oozing between the dark firs.

"Have you never smelled it before, you innocent?" said he, looking up at the rider, and his sunburnt face was kindled by stern fires. "Yet there's scarce a square rod of Europe these twelve years that has not known the smoke of this holocaust. It is Battle, man!"

The words were still on his lips when the placid front of the forest before them was suddenly shaken and pierced in a hundred places. Red-coated hussars with flying blue dolmans—bareheaded most, but some with huge shako and plume at a disheveled angle—broke covert along the whole line; crashing through the underwood, leaping, it seemed, one upon the other, each man inclining in his saddle and wildly spurring toward the downward slope at a tearing gallop.

Steven's gray shivered under him. It had been, no doubt, in its youth, a charger; certainly it was now seized with martial ardor. Flinging up its head fiercely to shake off the Fiddler's grip, it displayed such a strong intention to join in the race—which, no doubt, it conceived to be a glorious charge—that a less practiced rider would have found it hard to keep the saddle.

As it was, Steven could gather but a confused impression of the flying troop as it thundered past—a whirl—bucketing, straining, pumping, clanking, splashing; of men's faces crimson, distorted, open-mouthed, of bridles slavered with blood and foam, of craning horses' necks and nostrils afire. . . .

Fiddle-Hans gave a loud laugh.

"The most gallant, the Hussars of the Guard of his Majesty, Jerome the First, and last . . . in full rout. And, O shadows of Moscow! here come the pursuers!"

The forest was now alive with hoarse guttural cries as if the wooded depths had suddenly released some giant brood of ravens. And then, helter-skelter—even as the last belated hussar, blood streaming from a black gash in his forehead, clattered heavily rearmost of his comrade, reins loose, clinging to the saddle—they came! Huns! Squat riders on squat horses—cattle and man shaggy and unkempt one as the other—with long tags of matted hair bobbing round wild bearded faces, pointed fur caps drawn down to the eyes, sheepskin-clad knees drawn up almost to the chin; brandishing rough spears; stirrups with rope; miscellaneous booty—a goose, a sucking pig, a frying-pan maybe, a cottage clock—swinging at the saddle-bow; they came, shouting their crow call, exulting, squealing, grunting; they came, filled the road with clamor and clatter and stench . . . and were gone, before Steven could draw—it seemed to him—the full breath of his amazement.

Like the second gust of the hurricane, they had gathered and broken by them and were past, the clamor of their tempest way rising loud, then growing suddenly faint in the distance, as the valley received them.

"Now," said Fiddle-Hans, looking up, "here is an experience for your English-bred youth. Fate has annihilated the centuries, you have beheld the passage of the Barbarians. Pouch—what a wild-beast trail they have left behind them! To think that Napoleon should have gone to seek these wolves and jackals in their steppes, and spread the Cossack over the face of Europe!"

He sprang out of the ditch, and the gray, much injured in feeling, snorting and sullenly upheaving its haunches, was induced to follow. A roll of far-off musketry crept up to them from the plain. "Do you hear?" said Fiddle-Hans. "And do you know what that means?"

"They are fighting on the other side of the hill," said Steven, spurring toward the crest.

"'Tis the Empire cracking," said the musician, running alongside, his hand at the stirrup-leather. "These are the little cracks by which the little House of Westphalia is doomed to fall, as the cottage falls on the hillside from the earthquake that has wrecked the city. It is the back wave from Moscow which assails us here to-day."

They had halted on the crest, and their gaze plunged into the open valley which lay outstretched in the sunshine. A canopy of blue smoke hung over the fields that spread between their knoll and the little town, some half-mile distant. The mist was pierced with slow-moving lines of bayonets which flashed back the sunshine; traversed with color—on the one side the greens and reds and grays of marching companies, and on the other solid masses of dark blue.

Fiddle-Hans ran a knowing eye over the scene. "Ah! The Prussians held the town," said he, "contrast their



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sober uniforms with Jerome's scarlets and greens, his plumes and gold lace. . . . Ah! there go our runaways! They have found their support. See them draw up behind yonder crimson platoon—our little brother Jerome's Grenadiers of the Guard, for he must ape big brother Napoleon and his Old Guard! Look, look, our friends, the Cossacks, roll together like a swarm of hornets at the foot of the hill; they find themselves cut off from their Prussian allies—and if the hussars but rally in time we shall see the rôles of the drama reversed in a minute!

He fell abruptly silent, something had flown between his head and Steven's as the latter bent toward him from his saddle to listen and to look, something that droned a strange song as it passed and puffed a cold breath on their cheeks.

"What was that?" asked Steven, looking round.

"That was a stray Death," said the musician placidly. "What say you—shall we seek cover?"

"Let us see the thing out!" cried Steven; the fire of a fighting race was in his eye.

"There will be more lead flying," said Fiddle-Hans, glancing up with an odd expression. "Death flies on a capricious wing when this sort of game is played."

"Why, then," answered the bridegroom with his smile of bitterness, "that might be the simplest solution of all to my difficulty; at least, I should not be deeply mourned."

"If that be your mind toward bullets," said the Fiddler, with a shadow of sarcasm, "for once your youth and my age are in harmony. But what if you were to tie your gray behind some forest trees—there is no need of offering him up also to our altar of despair—and he might be of use when the day is over."

Steven admitted the suggestion without a word, and presently both men sat upon a high bank, their legs dangling into space, with a fine view of the action beneath them.

"This is inspiring," said the Fiddler. He unsling his instrument. "Did you hear that volley? Those are troops trained under Bonaparte, I'll wager my fiddle-bow! Hear how the Prussian insurgents respond. (Peasants, students; deserters from Jerome—the Patriots, in short!) See those puffs of white smoke, in and out of the line under the village wall? Not a gun together—loose shooting, but good hatred, I'll back it in the long run! Drums! shouts!—'Tis the bayonet charge; what did I tell you? Here come our Huns back again, what's left of them. I am inspired! Hark you this is the song of the fight! First come the Grenadiers, cool and scornful, musket on breast, arms folded. They march like one man: 'I have served under the Eagle; I have been of the Guard of the Great Emperor. To Moscow I have been—and back: to-day it is sunshine: it is child's play, but I would rather be back in the ice with my Emperor. To me he is the Little Corporal. I am one of the old lot. It is I and mine who put the crown on his head. To Jena we went singing:

"We'll go and bring a kingdom home  
To give little brother Jerome."

He said little brother should have a little kingdom of his own—what is this rabble that would undo his work? It was warm work at Jena, comrade—oh, and it was cold at Moscow! . . . "Aim at the Old Guard, kerls," says the Prussian to his volunteer gunners. 'Hurl down the Guard and the field is ours.' . . . Hurl down the Guard, ah!"

"I have to come out to fight for the fatherland," says the peasant lad, "my mother put a green sprig in my shako. I shall put a notch on my musket-stock for every Frenchman I have killed, and shall show it to my children when Gretel and I marry." O, but the Old Guard shoots steady! Green sprig is down on the meadow! his comrades jump over him, one steps on his hand, but he feels nothing. Poor little Patriot; he has not even struck one blow for the fatherland, but his red blood is sinking into the soil! How bright will bloom the flower of liberty in the land thus watered!

"The Grenadier—home from Russia—is smiling. He is flat on the ground, and his eyes look to the sky. It is cold, cold, he is in the snow, what cures he?—he is with his Emperor."

The Fiddler wielded his bow with a kind of frenzy, and above the rattle and the clamor of the distant combat, the scramble and clatter of the Cossacks up the hills, their defiant calls and grunts, his battle-music rose—proud, passionate, tragic.

The remnant of the Cossack horde had reached the summit again in wild disorder, seeking the forest shelter at the first available point. A flight of bullets came singing through the air among them; the little company of grenadiers, marking the routed enemy against the skyline, had flung a last contemptuous volley after them. The savages squealed and ducked, clinging to their shaggy steeds in fantastic attitudes; a few were struck; one fell, his nearest comrade caught up the reins of his mount, and with exultant yell led it away with him. Fear was on no man's face, but grins of defiance undaunted.

Fiddle-Hans sprang to his feet on the bank. He waved his bow, then drove it across the strings to a new song, shrill and mocking, a song of scorn for the fugitive: "Spread your dark wings and fly, oosene birds! Yet exult as you go; the scent of Death is in the air. In a little while you may gorge, but to-day the stricken Eagle can still beat back the carrion crows. Fly, flap your wings—caw—caw!"

Steven stared amazed at his companion and listened spellbound. The musician was like a man possessed. His grizzled locks seemed to stand out from his face, his left hand danced along the strings, his right arm worked with fury. If ever catgut and wood mocked and insulted, that possessed instrument of Fiddle-Hans' did so that day of the

A-R-E  
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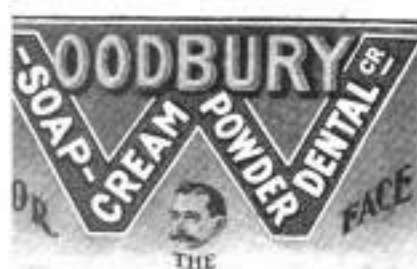
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combat of Heiligenstadt, in the teeth of the defeated Kalmuck. Caw—caw! it shrieked, catching the very guttural of the last belated Cossack, who struggled in rear of his comrades on a wounded horse. The man turned back in his sheepskin saddle, fury in his blood-shot eyes, raised his rough weapon over his head, measuring his distance.

"Take care!" cried Steven, leaping from the bank. Louder and surlier played Fiddle-Hans.

The savage hurled the lance, and Steven, flinging himself forward, with arms extended, caught the blow. He rolled back upon the player, and both came to the ground together. The music fell mute.

Shouting victory, the Cossack drove his bleeding steed into the brushwood.

"If Madame Sidonia were here," said the Fiddler, with emphasis on the married title, "what a hero you would be to her!"

He had bound Steven's shoulder—the wound was an ugly gash enough—ministered to him with the wine of the country from a flask of his own, and water from the brook. The contest for the village, between King Jerome's troops and the raiders, was still undecided, and fitful sounds of battle were growing in the valley.

The happy May winds blustered in the tree-tops; they had swept the sky from west to east, more blue than there is color in language to describe. There was a wonderful pulse of striving, growing things about them. Every grass-blade shook in lusty individual life. The leafage was full of the bright-eyed feathered broods of first spring wooings. The whole forest hummed in delicate rumor with the secret joys of nature's fecundity. In the plain, openly and with tumult, the masters of earth were strewing its fair face with Death.

"If Madame Sidonia were here," had said the Fiddler, and cast a sly look at the young man's face over the last knot of his bandage. Steven frowned and was silent.

"They will go on tearing each other to pieces down there till night. What say you? Shall not gray steed retrace his steps and carry master bridegroom back where he should be?"

"No!" cried the other, the blood leaping to his livid face—"A thousand times no! I am not yet the base thing she deems me."

The musician subdued a sigh.

"What a noble thing is true pride," quoth he, picked up his fiddle and began to examine it carefully. "Heavens," he cried, "if you had broken it! Does a man fling himself upon another in such inconsiderate fashion when there's a Stradivarius between them?"

"Had it not been for my want of consideration," said Steven, with some pique, "I think the precious instrument would hardly have known the touch of your fingers again."

"My friend," said the Fiddler gravely, "the steel has not been tempered, the lead has not been cast, that will reach this heart. Ah, Lord!"

It was an exclamation of uttermost weariness. He picked at his strings and tightened them with absent fingers, then he flashed a sudden smile at his companion.

"You are amazed, are you not, at my ingratitude? What! Here have I, Count Waldorf Kilman egg, preserved the existence of this wretched tramp at the risk of my noble valuable one—here have I shed my blue blood to save his muddy fluid, and the creature has not even a thank you!" . . . Comrade," went on the musician, and his brilliant eye dilated, his countenance assumed a lofty, dignified mien, "I would not shame myself and you by such a word as 'Thanks!' The creature that would not give himself to save his fellow creature when he can is not worth the name of man."

Steven, abashed that he had indeed thought himself heroic, blushed again, and, looking down, began idly plucking with his unhurt right hand the wood violets that grew in patches on the bank. The Fiddler followed his movements, then his eye suddenly grew fixed, his jaw dropped. Slowly the healthy color ebbed from his cheek and left it ashen. Steven, looking at him, was astonished and alarmed.

"For heaven's sake," he cried, "are you ill?"

The Fiddler stretched out his hand and culled the posy from the other's grasp. The touch of his fingers was as cold as death.

"Violets!" said he, in a sort of whisper. "There is blood on them." He shuddered from head to foot.

"Perhaps all the mystery is but that he is a poor mad gentleman," thought Steven, and looked where his gray was cropping the young grass and wondered if he could mount unaided.

Then Fiddle-Hans laid the flowers on his knee and, still staring at them with the same eye of mingled horror and grief, gathered his instrument to his embrace and drew from it a strain the like of which Steven had never heard. Low and simple it was with even a delicate lilt, as to the shadow dance of bygone joys, yet so heartrending that after a moment or two, the listener, with tears rising to his eyes and a catch at his throat, cried on his companion to stop.

The musician laid down his fiddle and turned his drawn countenance upon the youth.

"That is the melody in the violets, the melody that is never silent in my soul, night or day. You can not hear it; why, then, you must listen to the story: I was once as young as you are—and had also a very noble pride—I had nearly as much reason," said Fiddle-Hans, his pale lips writhing in a smile of bitterest self-scorn, "but as men differ, their same passions vary in motive. It was of little moment to me that I came of an ancient house—ah! it pleases you to know so much? You have always guessed it, else had you not frequented me. Let it pass, friend,

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He fell silent a second, and Steven dared not speak, so corrosive was the bitterness of his every word, so poignant the emotion written on every furrow of his countenance. "Oh, it was a golden time!" he resumed. "We philosophized up to the steps of Versailles. Louis made beautiful locks, Marie Antoinette tended snowy sheep, the roses bloomed at Trianon, and not the wisest of us ever saw the precipice yawn. As for me—even the greatest minds are subject to the every-day passions of humanity—" his lips parted upon an ironic smile, "I fell in love, neither more nor less than the most elementary youngster of the land. She—" he hesitated; then, stammering his voice, proceeded in tones which betrayed the effort of speech—"she was of an old-fashioned Breton stock, and her ideas and mine were as the poles asunder. But upon one common ground, and a fair pasture it was to me, we met and were equal: we loved."

He paused, his breath came quick. "My God!" he said, and it seemed as if he knew not that he spoke, "how I loved her!"


He picked up a violet from the heap on his knees, and passed his fingers over it caressingly; his whole countenance softened. When he began again, it was in gentler accents than Steven had ever heard him use: "When two people love each other, young man, and one believes the other to be mistaken in some cardinal point of judgment, the dearest thought each cherishes is to bring the Beloved to the truth. I had no doubt but that I could open her mind; she, but that she would redeem my perverted soul. I have told you what a fine pride I had. So noble it was that I was proud of my pride. And being an apostle of Liberty, the idea that a woman should resist her husband, that the weaker vessel should not give way to the stronger, never dawned on my emancipated mind! If we had loved each other less; if we had not cared so intensely that the one should be worthy of the other's ideal. . . . Well, well—we quarreled! The fault was mine; could I not have been content to worship her in her sweet faith? She had a high spirit. I wounded her in a thousand ways. Women have susceptibilities that we, thick-bided, thick-witted, dream not of. Even when we touch them to caress, we bruise them. And then, when their pain is intolerable and they turn and strike at us, our wound is that of the most innocent, the most injured! Oh, when my measure was full against her, she insulted me, if you like—much as your little bride this morning insulted your Highmindedness. She said words that my exquisite pride could not endure. My nobility of soul was such that it left me no choice but to desert the woman whom I had vowed to protect; to make parade of my manhood by leaving her to live her own life alone; to cast the frail and lovely thing I had held in my arms away from my love and guardianship. No doubt, no doubt, I made some very generous dispositions as regards my fortune (even as you now propose toward Madame Sidonia), and she had her people to go to, even as your wife has—those whom she had given up to come to me. But when the day came that I had to look into my heart and read the truth, what did I see? Look into your heart now and learn the baseness of your own motives. Why do you leave your bride? Why did I leave mine? For what reason, but that she might weep and mourn for me; that she might learn how precious was the jewel she had not appreciated! To be revenged, revenged on the Beloved. . . .!"

He flung himself back against the bole of the fir that rose behind him and closed his eyes.

Steven could have said a great deal against the parallel of the cases and about his own superior motives. But a tragic tension held him. And the countenance of Fiddle-Hans was as that of a man who in his soul contemplates the anguish of death. Presently he began again, his eyes still shut upon the outer world: "I left her—left France, left Europe. I went to America, the new home of freedom, the only country on the face of the earth where the goddess was worshipped as she should be. I learned many things there—" his mobile features were twisted into a fleeting smile—"much that was instructive and illuminating. I saw for the first time human beings sold at so much a pound; saw the children the black mothers had brought forth with the common throes of

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womanhood herded in the market-place like calves, that the superior white man might add to his banking account the price of his stock. Well, I had vowed not to return till recalled. I was summoned by a voice terribly different from hers. It took three months before the noise of the storm reached me on that far-off shore, and I knew that it must take me at least a month more ere I could reach her. And she was in danger. I think it was then I began to go mad—for it is understood that I am mad, is it not?"

"The story is nearly finished," he went on in a new, toneless voice. "When I landed in France, all the powers of the hell my superior intellect denied were let loose in the land—Danton, Marat, and Robespierre represented the trilogy of Liberty, Reason, and Humanity! The prisons were full, the guillotine everywhere restless . . . this was our Golden Age! A fortnight I looked for her. At my old home at Nancy at last I found a trace. She had refused, it seemed, to join in the flight of her people across the Rhine, but when trouble became threatening, had taken up her post on my estate. That was like her. She had been arrested—so dangerous an enemy of the people! She was in the infamous prison at Nancy. All, all had abandoned her, save one poor girl—a peasant from our farm, whose people were of the local patriots. . . . She was allowed access to the cells. I met this girl at the prison gates, where my frenzied search had brought me at length. She knew me—though I was a tramp already. At sight of my face, she clasped her hands and broke into wild sobs. I was too late! That morning . . . Why do you look at me like that? Do you wonder that I am still alive? That is where the God I denied has His vengeance on me, you see. I can not die. O, I could kill myself, of course! But, mark how deep has the Encyclopaedist fallen. . . . I dare not, dare not, lest I lose my chance of meeting her again . . . Ah! there is great pity in your eyes. . . . Her little delicate head—she held it like a queen's. Under the powder her hair was gold. (I have not even one lock of her hair.) I used to clasp her slender throat between both my hands. . . . The peasant girl had kept by her to the end. She had stood at the foot of the scaffold that a last friendly glance might speed her lovely soul. 'She smiled to me,' said the poor creature, sobbing. 'My eyes were dry. . . . Then she drew from her bosom a bunch of violets—and said, 'Madame les avait à son corsage.' . . ."

Fiddle-Hans gathered up the flowers scattered on his knees and crushed them against his face. "She always loved violets," he murmured. "These have no scent," he went on dreamily, "but hers, hers—oh, they were sweet!"

"There was blood on the violets," said he, dropping his hands. "Her blood and mine—for the man that was I died, too, then, murdered in his youth, even as she." His face had grown livid again. His eyes were bright and restless in their orbits. "The something that lived on, the miserable carcasses, the old man—call it myself, if you will—this self that is before you now—it took the violets and began to walk away. . . . And it has walked ever since!" He gave a laugh, and the sound of it was mad. "No place could be home to me again—no land could be country, France least of all. But the skies and the trees are kind; they understand my sorrow, they take it into themselves, and sometimes they give me back peace. And then there's the music. . . . I was always a musician. One, a village priest, found out by accident that the mad tramp he had sheltered played better on his old Strad than he did himself. The fiddle was to him as his child, but he gave it to me, for he had compassion on me. And so was born Fiddle-Hans. And Fiddle-Hans and his fiddle will walk until one day he can walk no more—and then he will lie down on the kind brown earth and turn his face to the skies . . . perhaps!"

He thrust the flowers into his breast. Then he leaned forward, his elbow on his knees, sheltering his eyes in his hands, and there was silence. The valley below had sunk into stillness.

The light was growing golden mellow; the shadows were lengthening. Thrush and blackbird began fitfully to pipe the first notes of their vesper song. Steven remembered his wound.

The Fiddler turned and spoke. It was with composure.

"Well," said he, "which way shall it be, back or forward?"

"I do not know," said Steven in a low voice, and dropped his eyelids as if ashamed. A fugitive smile crossed the Fiddler's own melancholy visage. He stretched out his hand and helped the other to rise, with a vigorous grasp.

As they stood side by side, he suddenly cast his arm round the young man's shoulders. "The child," said he, "Sidonia . . . I would like her to be happy. When her soul looks out of her clear eyes, when she moves her head with its golden burden . . . she has a trick of speech, a laugh . . . O, it is like a refrain of old music to me, a sighing strain from a lost life! Her little slender throat—I could hold it in both my hands. . . . Go back to her. . . . If I knew her happy, my restless spirit would no longer haunt the ways that hold her. Ah! you think it will be hard? I tell you it will not. You do not know a woman's heart. Forget that your pride is hurt. Remember that you are young. O, if you but knew! Life has one unsurpassable flower for youth—take it now, lest a breath from heaven scatter its bloom. Its scent is for you! The love of your youth, go, gather it."

"I will go back," said Steven, and his lips trembled. Silently Fiddle-Hans loosened the gray horse, helped the wounded man to mount, and led the way down the hill.



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## Storming Port Arthur's Forts

(Continued from page 13)

Could they climb it—that six hundred feet of almost perpendicular rock, where, in daytime, with sticks and hobnailed boots, the best of mountain climbers would have found an adventure? And they must go up dragging rifles, shrapnel dropping among them, shells bursting overhead, bullets mowing them down, not to rest at the top, but, once there, to plunge against troops well rested, superbly intrenched.

The reserves threw up shelter tents and staked down the flaps with heavy rocks, but the wind, howling across from the inlet, flung them to the laugh of the rising equinox. Some sought rest on bean straw, under blankets, the September moon streaming in, but there was no rest.

A flash in the eyes and the mountain is thrown into a silhouette of fire, then plunged into blackness. From the extreme Russian left the searchlights are wheeling into position, one by one, until the whole seven are out, playing day over the battlefield, throwing suspicious investigation into the little squads of brown. Science has intensified war. Formerly men could get their fill of fighting by day, but now they needs must flare the candle at both ends. Like Joshua, these generals are deciding their empire's fates under light of their own ordering.

The second searchlight comes out of the right. In between, the others dance, now a minuet, now a tarantella. Then a red line streaks the air, parabola-like, and its end breaks into molten balls, illumining the Valley of the Shadow of Death as by a candelabra of stars. Its path is crossed by another. Still a third leaps into life till the night is frightful with fireworks. Processions peaceful and gay have danced through the cities to such salvos fostered by Pain. You have seen them on Coney Island, you have watched for them on Manhattan Beach, you have romped through merry summer nights canopied by their dazzle; you have seen them split into golden bursts and rain diamonds of child joy; but do not wish to see them bred by the Russians, grisly and deadly, laying bare every joint of action and throwing into ghastly relief every hope of surprise.

A growl among the mountains rolls into power, and a naval shell from our left has burst in "203." The forts respond, the mountains reply. The small-arms open up, the machine guns rattle, the pompons clatter in. Pitch, fuzz, dingle and pop are drowned. Crash, roar, hurtle and boom are out. The devil is loose.

A clatter on the stones below comes nearer, steadily, rhythmically. Listen! The tread of soldiers marching! Soon an indistinct line wavers into sight. A low whistle and it turns square across the Valley of the Shadow toward that terrible din. Another whistle and it twists up from single to double file. Each man has his full kit on his back, an extra pair of hobnailed boots, the pick, the shovel, the rifle. The steel is hooded with brass caps, a challenge to the dew. Officers' swords, sheathed in dull cloth, defy the glitter of sunlight and of searchlight. It is the reserve regiment advancing to reinforce at dawn. Company by company it passes, and at the end marches the gray-haired colonel, stumbling in the dark, peering off at the searchlights, blinking at their bravado. The troops enfle into the further ravine and deploy by battalions. The din lessens not. So another grist is fed into the mill of war.

The reserves' echo dies to the incoming of crunches on the stones as of a wagon lumbering—a heavy wagon. Then out of the mists a caisson rolls behind six horses, the mounts walking, calmly, slowly. Another caisson and another, then the guns—one, two, three, four, five, six in all—while overhead whistles the shot and beyond gleams the searchlight. The rear battery is going forward, past the front battery, almost to the base of Namicoyama, where, at a sixty-degree angle, it can reinforce the infantry as the sun comes up.

Sleep is fitful when blaze is flirting with blackness and sentries with death. Long before light the trench guards on the front ridge are waiting for the big guns to salute the morn. The fire has slackened. There is fair quiet. When one has heard the wild gabble of a thousand guns he is blasé before the chatter of a dozen. Down the Valley of the Shadow a shell sometimes wings a nasty way and the searchlights hold vigil, but the infantry sleeps.

Then a little light fades the immense shadows, and soon over the rim of the world peers a new day. Peace, beauty, tingling health—this for another moment—when off to the right a shell wheezes. The snap is touched. The army wakes. Again it is on—the fearful din, the unendurable bombardment. So it has been for two months; so it will be until the end. Again and again.

But what is that under the crest of Namicoyama where it rises furze covered, its incandescent struggle fighting fog? A patch of brown, then a patch of blue, then a flag—yes, a flag—a white flag, with a red sun in the centre, the most legible flag in the Volapük of hunting, the Rising Sun of Japan!

In the night they have done it because they have slipped the thongs of civilization and risen triumphant to the hold of rice paddies and sacred mountain. What they did was simple; they changed shoes; rather, they threw away shoes. If one asks how the Japanese took "203" the answer is in terms of feet.

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the ways of white men recognized nothing but leather and thread as proper footgear for Mikado worshippers. But that was before "203." Here, at last, the soldiers knew more than the officials of state. They knew enough to toss aside a weapon made for pavement fighting when they went against precipice and moss. Reduced to essentials, fighting for life, they forgot the ambitious new ways. Instead of boots they tied on their feet waraji, the Japanese straw sandal. Having none of proper make, they improvised from the rough rice sacking brought by the commissary. Since then the government has been compelled to officially supply waraji.

Barefooted, but for the tight cling of the straw, hid from the searchlights by the shadows of Namicoyama and "203," in the night they had climbed the heights and are now waiting the introduction of Mr. Bombshell before they reel audaciously across the parapet.

The brown is khaki-covered men, the blue those with overcoats. Far down at the lower left is a gray-haired figure standing apart—the colonel. He makes no effort to shield himself. The artillery of two armies have concentrated their fire above his head. That is their business, no concern of his, so he lazily observes the unfurling of day beyond the Tiger's Tail as he would dwell upon the em-purpling of a convolvulus. At Nanshan he led the victorious charge. Three bullets went through his coat and two through his hat. He wears Shinto emblems and believes he was not born to be killed in battle. He has been in forty-seven engagements without a wound. His name is Tereda, and he commands the first regiment of the first division, in rank but a lieutenant-colonel, his colonel salin May 26.

Shrapnel begins bursting above. The Russians are far from sleep, further from death. It being high time for business, the white flag with the red sun in the centre waves once to the left, once to the right, and twice to the front. It is the artillery signal. Again the ridge falls under the terrific fire of the day before. But this time the infantry is 150 yards nearer, and this 150 yards is in a direction similar to that pursued by a telephone lineman when he follows his calling. The men crouch low, their own shells bursting less than fifty yards above them.

The introduction is long. The Russians are saucy hosts. They parley and talk back with their big guns, and that bluster of the day before is repeated. All day long Tereda and his men emulate the furze, for when they take the fort they want night handy to help them intrench, to give them a bit of cover despite the searchlights and star bombs. Besides, one climb of that sort is enough for twenty-four hours. They must have the cumulation of another twenty-four for the final charge. Yet it is costly recuperation. Blood spurts frequently. Wounded wilt under the sun, the dead lie untouched.

At half-past four in the afternoon Tereda orders the final charge. Three cheers go up—Banzai! Banzai! Banzai! With bayonets fixed, the squads deploying as before, the khaki-covered spots begin to move. In advance the men crawl hand over hand, helped by blessed waraji. Twenty feet from the parapet they pause and fling something that leaps through the air like balls from catcher to second base. These hand grenades of gun-cotton explode on and in the parapet, introduction more intimate. The brilliant bursts play off the fast settling evening as the khaki-covered ones go in, Tereda pausing, peering with his glass. The entire battalion tumbles over the parapet. Then the reserves begin climbing from the base.

Silence. All is over. What has happened? Five, ten minutes pass, then the firing recommences, but now the object is changed. All the Japanese shrapnel is playing over the road leading to the Chair fort and all the Russian fire is directed against Namicoyama. The Russians are retreating, throwing their rifles as they run. Over Namicoyama floats the white flag with the red sun in the centre. Against "203" hundreds have fallen, vain-gloriously.

Two hours later a fat old man with a heavy beard and baggy trousers is brought in—a prisoner. An officer, originally in the commissary, he had been called into the line, business being dull in his department. He commanded six companies on Namicoyama. Wounded in the arm and sullen, he has no greeting for us.

"The pigs," he cries: "I stood at the end of the trench with my pistol ready to shoot every bolter, but it was no use. The beasts! Ah, my poor Russia!"

He had a son in a Siberian regiment shot four days previously before his eyes. For a year he had had no word from his wife and two younger children in the Trans-Baikal, but he was well fed. Bearded, tanned, deep-eyed, he loomed with dignity and might above his captors. There was no consoling him.

"The beasts," he cried, "papa disowns them. Why didn't I use the pistol?"

There was plenty of flour and small-arm ammunition over there, he said. The troops were in good morale, but needed bucking up by the officers. What could be done for him?

"Nothing," he replied. "My boy is dead, my wife, my children, where are they? And Russia, ah, Russia, where is she?" To him Port Arthur had fallen.

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**Sessions and the Steam-Coal**

(Continued from page 17)

"I dunno," says Sessions, settin' down on the junk's rail an' spittin' into the water contemplative, "it looks like they've begun to git the range, an' mebbe we've got to swim fer it, after all! Darn long swim ta Chee-Foo, ain't it? But . . . by Cripes, Alvin, what in tarnation d'you think that is?"

Over the jagged shoulder of Hwang Chin promontory they's a long low smudge o' smoke jest beginnin' ta show. As I turns ta look at it they comes a jarrin' footfall on the deck, an' thar stan's old Apoplexy, b'ilin'.

"Gawd blast your dirty Yankee hides!" he blubbers, half-chokin' with rage an' fear. "Wot in 'ell does all this mean? Wot you mean comin' aboard my junk with your dam' pack o' lies, runnin' me into all this mess an' riskin' me an' mine to save your filthy American carcasses? By Gawd, if ever I once get you fellows ashore I'll jolly well—"

"You shet up!" snaps Sessions from the rail. "Go 'way! You make me peevish! Show! You done us fer fair when you had the chance, an' it's our turn now, you hear me? Git 'long back ta that tiller, now, an' swing 'er round t' starboard! I'll have you understand I'm a-goin' ta run this here junk myself, from this very minute! Git a hustle on, now, er I'll jest natchully—" But he never got no further, fer—

Puff! . . . Zee-zee!! . . . SMASH BANG!!! . . . A six-inch shell shivers up plum in the bow, like hell bruk loose, an' smashes in all the forepart of the junk like you'd mash an' aig on a rock. The air's jest a-rainin' flyin' splinters, steel bolts, cargo, an' God knows what, the same fallin' on me promise'us as I lays half-stunned on deck. In roars the sea, an' the old junk she heels up by the stern, liftin' J. B. high in air.

I pulls myself up agin ta my feet, on the slantin' deck, an' lo an' behold! they ain't no Sessions! "Hi! . . . Sessions! . . . Sessions! . . . SUMMER SESSIONS! . . ." I yells like a crazy fool, an' stares around an' yells agin. An' will you b'leeve me, they ain't a livin' soul on that thar junk but me an' old J. B.! They's a string of bubbles a-comin' up, though, 'longside, an' I knowed only too well whar Sessions was—he'd got back ta land a dum sight quicker'n he'd cal'lated to, only 'twan't dry land! That thar shell had blowed him clean off'n the rail, an' he an' his money-belt, a good solid twenty pound of gold, had went down t'gether ta Davy Jones like they was a dipsey lead. Our old wreck drifts on an' on, away from the bubbles.

She's fillin' fast, an' I knows she can't last five minutes at the outside, so I looks lively an' sees what's best ta be done. They's a middlin' big teak deck-beam that the shell had all but bruk loose, an' it don't take me a minute ta finish the job, pryin' with a splintered board. I drags the beam down into the water in the waist of the junk (er what answered fer sech on that heathen craft!), unbuckles my belt, slips it over the end of the beam, an' shoves off. Bull he refuses ta quit, an' stan's thar high in the air, tip-tilted, blasphemin' himself crazy an' rehearsin' not only my own parentage, but also that of ev'ry Yankee ever born, six generations back, 'cordin ta his way of thinkin'. As I dog-paddles off, thar he still stan's at that ridic'us tiller, sinkin' lower an' lower ev'ry minute, with his cargo spreadin' out all 'round him on the surface as the vessel wallers down. I makes off as fast's I kin, so's not ta be pulled under by the swirl, but even so when junk an' old J. B. goes down they's enough suction ta wash me 'round three four times purty lively. But I hangs onto my teak an' keeps my mouth shet, an' finally we floats clear, me an' my Rooshian rubles!

So then, it's comin' on dark, quite sudden, the way it does in them parts, which is salvation ta me, as it turns out, fer that smudge behind Hwang Chin that Sessions was a-pintin' out ta me jest when the shell ketches us wa'n't nuthin' more ner less than one of them Jap patrol-boats that always closes in snuggler to ards night, a-watchin' fer jest sech folks as us. It looked darn suspicious ta 'em ta see a junk smashed by the land-batt'ries more'n a mile from shore, an' no wonder; so when it's a little darker down the old patrol slides in the gloom ta where the junk went down. I waved an' yelled like the very Old Harry when they got snug up ta me, an' finally made 'em take notice, though I'm bound ta confess fer a while I thought they never would tumble! Well, anyway, the yaller chaps launched a dingy, at last, an' picked me up, me an' my rubles.

The rest's too painful t' expatiate on. They was good enough ta me, 'long of me bein' an American, nakid an' in distress; but them rubles! . . . Don't mention 'em! Gold, Rooshian gold with two-headed eagles on't! Rankest kind of contraband! Oh, the devil an' Tom Walker! . . .

They landed me a week later at Nagasaki, crossed in one of them kimono-things—a dress 'tween a dressin'-gown an' a nightgown. 'Twas all they had ta spare—they hadn't no Christian pants on board, 'cept uniforms, an' them was illegal fer me ta wear. Anyway, I got ashore at last, pants er no pants, with ten yen in my pocket, which the commander gin me out-a charity. Them ten yen an' the kimono was all I got fer my ten hundred in gold coin. Now, ain't this a hell of a world, I want ta know!

Come ta think, the Russkies done better than what we did—they got them ten ton o' coal anyway, an' it reely was first chop, too! But as fer me an' Sessions (whom I mourned sincere an' still do!) all we got out-a that fool Argonaut business, 'side the loss of our entire capital, an' his life an' my clo'es, was experience, yessir, jest plain ornery experience; an' shucks! you kin pick that up anywhere! You don't have ta go way ta Chee-Foo ner ta Port Arthur nuther ta find that, now I'm a-goin' ta tell ye! . . .

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**WM. LEWIS & SON, Dept. 18, 229 Wabash Ave., CHICAGO**

Specialists in strings for professional trade.

**Used Daily, Prevents Disease**

Children with irritation of scalp or skin should be washed with hot water and Glenn's Sulphur Soap. Sold by druggists. For a fine toilet soap and a specific for skin diseases use

**Glenn's Sulphur Soap**

Hill's Hair and Whisker Dye, black or brown, 50 Cents

**LEARN TO WRITE**

Advertisements writers earn big salaries—\$25 to \$100 per week. Learn this profitable business easily and quickly BY MAIL. The school that graduates experts is approved by all leading business men and publishers of the country. Beautiful Prospectus free.

**PAGE-DAVIS COMPANY**  
Dept. 19, 95 Wabash Avenue, CHICAGO

**ORNAMENTAL FENCE**

25 designs, all steel. Handsome, durable. Cheaper than a wire fence. Special inducements to church societies. Catalogue by

**KOKOMO FENCE MACHINE CO.**  
463 North St. Kokomo, Indiana

**GREIDER'S FINE CATALOGUE**

of Standard bred poultry for 1905, printed in color. One chromo, suitable for framing, illustrations and notices 60 varieties. Given reasonable prices for such an egg, tells all about poultry, their diseases, how, etc. The book only 10 cents. R. H. GREIDER, Rheims, Pa.

**BROWN'S BRONCHIAL ROCKETS**

A world-renowned remedy for the relief and cure of Hoarseness and Sore Throat. Exceedingly effective; not injurious.

Avoid Imitations

*Wm. B. Brown*

**DRAW FOR MONEY**

ILLUSTRATORS AND CARTOONISTS EARN \$25 TO \$100 A WEEK. Send for free booklet, "Commercial Illustrating," tells how we teach illustrating by mail. 4,500 graduates. The National Press Association, 24 The Rialto, Indianapolis, Ind.

**STARK FRUIT BOOK**

shows in NATURAL COLORS and accurately describes 215 varieties of fruit. Send for our terms of distribution. We want more salesmen. Stark Bros. Learning, Mo.



# Schlitz BEER IS GOOD FOR YOU Schlitz

When a patient is weak, the doctor says "Drink Beer."

After a wasting disease, and when the nerves need food, beer is the usual prescription.

So in insomnia; so in nervousness.

The doctor knows that malt and hops are nerve foods and tonics. And he knows that most people drink too little fluid to rid the system of waste.

He knows that pure beer is good for you.

That is why he says "Schlitz." He knows that Schlitz beer is brewed in absolute cleanliness. It is even cooled in filtered air. And every bottle is Pasteurized after it is sealed.

Half the cost of our brewing is spent to insure absolute purity. Ask for the brewery bottling.

## The Beer That Made Milwaukee Famous



# FRANKLIN

All days  
are  
alike  
to the  
Franklin



The Car  
for  
every  
day  
in the  
Year



Franklin Light Tonneau



Franklin 20 H. P. Touring Car

## The Test

of a motor-car is: what it does, and what it costs to do what it does.

Every pound carried by a motor-car means expense every time you move the car—cost of wear and tear, of fuel, and of tires. A car that is powerful only because of great weight and horse-power is not only costly at the start, but costs a great deal to operate and maintain.

### The Franklin 12 horse-power Light Tonneau

will not only go out and do more than many larger cars of greater horse-power rating, but its first cost is less. It uses less gasoline; has less tire-cost and cost for repairs than any other car that begins to compare with it in ability.

This is due solely to engineering skill and experience. We did not begin with single cylinder, then make double, then something else, and then four. The *Franklin* has always been four-cylinder air-cooled. We began with the

### Four-cylinder Air-cooled Motor

which is the right principle, and our progress has been all in the direction of refining this engine in character and construction—our advance has been straight ahead.

Ability on asphalt is one thing, and ability on the average roads is another. Some heavy cars can go bravely up a smooth hill and make good time on a smooth level, but their high power and speed are not available on rough roads, on account of the springs. The light *Franklin*, with its full elliptical spring suspension, has its full ability on almost any road.

How much ability can you put to practical use? What does that ability cost—in the long run? These are questions that the practical motorist has got to ask and answer.

Send for **Franklin booklet**, which tells plain facts about **The Runabout**, **The Light Tonneau**, and **the 20 and 30 horse-power Touring-cars**.

**H. H. FRANKLIN MFG. CO., Syracuse, N. Y.**

Member Association Licensed Automobile Manufacturers.



# Two Months in the Shops

¶ Mr. Birdsall and Mr. Partridge, active heads of the Standard Automobile Company, have spent the past two months in France, gaining an intimate knowledge of their shop.

¶ This will obviate the difficulty hitherto experienced by selling agents—a meagre understanding of the home plant—and often a lack of co-operation between the two.

¶ Two months of close association with the manufacturers of the Decauville Car has resulted in a close interpretation between manufacturer and seller which cannot but result in a more adaptable machine for American needs.

¶ First and foremost among the improvements is the regulation of the speed by means of the Decauville inlet valve.

¶ It has long been admitted that the speed was best regulated by varying the lift of the inlet valve.

This has been tried heretofore but the extra parts thus introduced were subjected to so much wear and tear that they caused more trouble and expense

than they were worth. One after the other was abandoned though given numerous trials. It was left to the Societe Decauville to perfect the variable inlet valve.

¶ This they have done, and without altering the regular valve mechanism in the least. The new parts introduced do not wear out—at no time are they under strain. The spark and throttle levers are mounted on the steering wheel, but the engine is automatically throttled when the clutch-lever is depressed. The governor is thus dispensed with and the engine cannot be raced when changing the

gear or when coasting. All of which results in economy of fuel, silence, less heating of water and ease in gear changing.

¶ All the gears are larger than in most other makes. Ball-bearings of the single track type are used throughout, except on the crank-shaft. Double-ignition is now supplied, a high tension magneto being connected to one set of plugs, and the usual accumulators and coils to a second set.

¶ The carburetter has been improved so that it is absolutely perfect and the auxiliary air inlet depends solely on the speed of the engine.

The bevel gears have been increased in size and the pinion is supported between two bearings.

The live axle construction has been

proved perfect and is retained

without change. This is true also of the "Steel Pan" which gives absolute rigidity to the frame and protects the machinery from the mud, water and dust of the American roads.

¶ This "Steel Pan" supports the engine base and gear case base which is cast in one piece giving perfect alignment to shafting.

## 1905 Models

12-16 H.P. direct drive	24-28 H.P. direct drive
16-20 H.P. direct drive	30-35 H.P. chain drive
	45-60 H.P. chain drive

¶ All models furnished with tonneau, landaulet, limousine, brougham or any type body to order.

¶ Our new booklet, replete with handsome illustrations, and fully describing "That Decauville Car," will be sent free to any address on request.

*Decauville*  
**IMPORTED**

## STANDARD AUTOMOBILE COMPANY *of* NEW YORK

SALESROOM  
136 WEST 38TH STREET

GARAGE  
1684 BROADWAY



# THE PROTECTION OF ONE MILLION FAMILIES.

# New York Life Insurance Co.

—1845—

JOHN A. McCALL, President.

—1905—

This Company is Sixty Years old. The Sixtieth Report, covering the year 1904 and describing the assets in detail, is now ready. It will be mailed to any address on request.

1904 was the most prosperous year in the Company's history.

New paid business during 1904 exceeded 342 million dollars of insurance. This is 15 millions more than the new paid business of any previous year, by this Company; and 100 millions more than the new paid business of any previous year by any other regular life insurance company.

The expense ratio for 1904 is lower than for 1903.

This Company is purely mutual; it has no Capital Stock. The policy-holders are the Company and own the assets. Their title to the assets is recorded in 925,000 policies. The policies average about \$2,100 each.

This Company has returned to its policy-holders since organization in 1845 over 450 million dollars.

Cash payments to policy-holders during the single year 1904 amounted to over 40 million dollars. In addition the Company loaned to policy-holders during the year on the sole security of their policies 17 million dollars.

The accumulations under 925,000 policies amount to 390 million dollars, cost value, an average of \$420 per policy. These accumulations are required by law and for the fulfilment of the Company's obligations under these policies.

The Bonds owned aggregate at par 288 million dollars; they cost 287 million dollars; their market value is 294 million dollars. Not a single Bond is in default of interest.

This Company does not invest in stocks or industrial securities of any kind.

This Company files its Detailed Annual Report with the Department of Commerce and Labor of the United States; with the Insurance Department of the State of New York; with each one of the State Insurance Departments in the United States, and with the Governments of all the civilized countries of the world.

This Report, in all its details, including investments and general management, is therefore scrutinized by the severest Court of Critics in the world. No other list of securities held for any purpose presents so many official certificates of approval.

## BALANCE SHEET, JANUARY 1, 1905.

### ASSETS.

Government, State, City, County and other Bonds, cost value,	\$287,062,384
(MARKET VALUE, \$294,309,761).	
(Company does not include in Assets the excess \$7,247,377 of market value of Bonds owned over cost).	
Bonds and Mortgages (413 first liens).	23,595,105
Deposits in 489 Banks throughout the world (at interest \$15,241,793).	17,694,110
Loans to Policy-holders on Policies as security (reserve value thereof, \$50,000,000).	35,867,475
Real Estate, 23 pieces (including eleven office buildings, valued at \$10,940,000).	13,257,500
Quarterly and Semi-Annual Premiums not yet due, reserve charged in Liabilities.	4,086,171
Premium Notes on Policies in Force (Legal Reserve to secure same, \$5,500,000).	3,331,618
Premiums in transit, reserve charged in Liabilities.	2,746,326
Interest and Rents accrued.	2,469,571
Loans on Bonds (market value, \$783,565).	550,000
(Company does not invest in stocks).	
<b>Total Assets,</b>	<b>\$390,660,260</b>

### LIABILITIES.

Policy Reserve (per certificate of New York Insurance Dept.), Dec. 31, 1904.	\$336,222,459
All other Liabilities on Policies, Annuities, Endowments, &c., awaiting presentation for payment.	6,909,661
Reserve on Policies which the Company voluntarily sets aside in excess of the State's requirements.	\$6,830,023
Reserve to provide Dividends payable to Policy-holders during 1905, and thereafter, as the periods mature:	
To holders of 20-Year Period Policies.	24,982,787
To holders of 15-Year Period Policies.	5,736,259
To holders of 10-Year Period Policies.	344,801
To holders of 5-Year Period Policies.	303,837
To holders of Annual Dividend Policies.	868,953
Reserve to provide for all other contingencies.	8,461,680
Total (not including \$7,247,377 excess of market value of Bonds owned over cost).	47,528,140
<b>Total Liabilities,</b>	<b>\$390,660,260</b>

### INCOME, 1904.

New Premiums.	\$16,133,824
Renewal Premiums.	64,422,754
<b>TOTAL PREMIUMS,</b>	<b>\$80,556,578</b>
Interest Receipts from:	
Bonds owned.	\$10,634,987
Mortgage loans.	1,069,232
Loans to Policy-holders, secured by Policies.	1,943,063
Bank Deposits and Collateral Loans.	702,056
<b>TOTAL INTEREST RECEIPTS,</b>	<b>14,349,338</b>
Rents from Company's Properties.	946,723
Profits realized on Securities sold during the year.	499,688
Deposits on account of Registered Bond Policies, etc.,	538,945
<b>Total Cash Income,</b>	<b>\$96,891,272</b>

### DISBURSEMENTS, 1904.

Paid for Death-Claims (\$19,734,245), Endowments (\$5,051,629), and Annuities (\$1,723,160).	\$26,509,034
Paid for Dividends (\$5,989,491), Surrender Values (\$7,790,058) and other payments (\$95,479), to Policy-holders.	13,874,828
Commissions and all other payments to agents, \$7,276,850 (on New Business of year \$342,212,569); Medical Examiners' Fees \$788,761, and Inspection of Risks \$178,155.	8,243,766
Home and Branch Office Expenses, Taxes, Legal Fees, Advertising, Equipment Account, Telegraph, Postage, Commissions on \$1,586,396,739 of Old Business and Miscellaneous Expenditures.	11,204,101
<b>*TOTAL DISBURSEMENTS,</b>	<b>\$59,831,729</b>
Balance for Reserves—Excess of Income over Disbursements for year.	37,059,543
<b>*The Expense ratio for 1904 is lower than for 1903.</b>	
<b>Total Disbursements and Balance for Reserves, \$96,891,272</b>	

New Business Paid for in 1904 (<sup>185,367</sup>Policies) = \$342,212,569

GAIN IN 1904 (<sup>4,249</sup>Policies) \$15,554,323

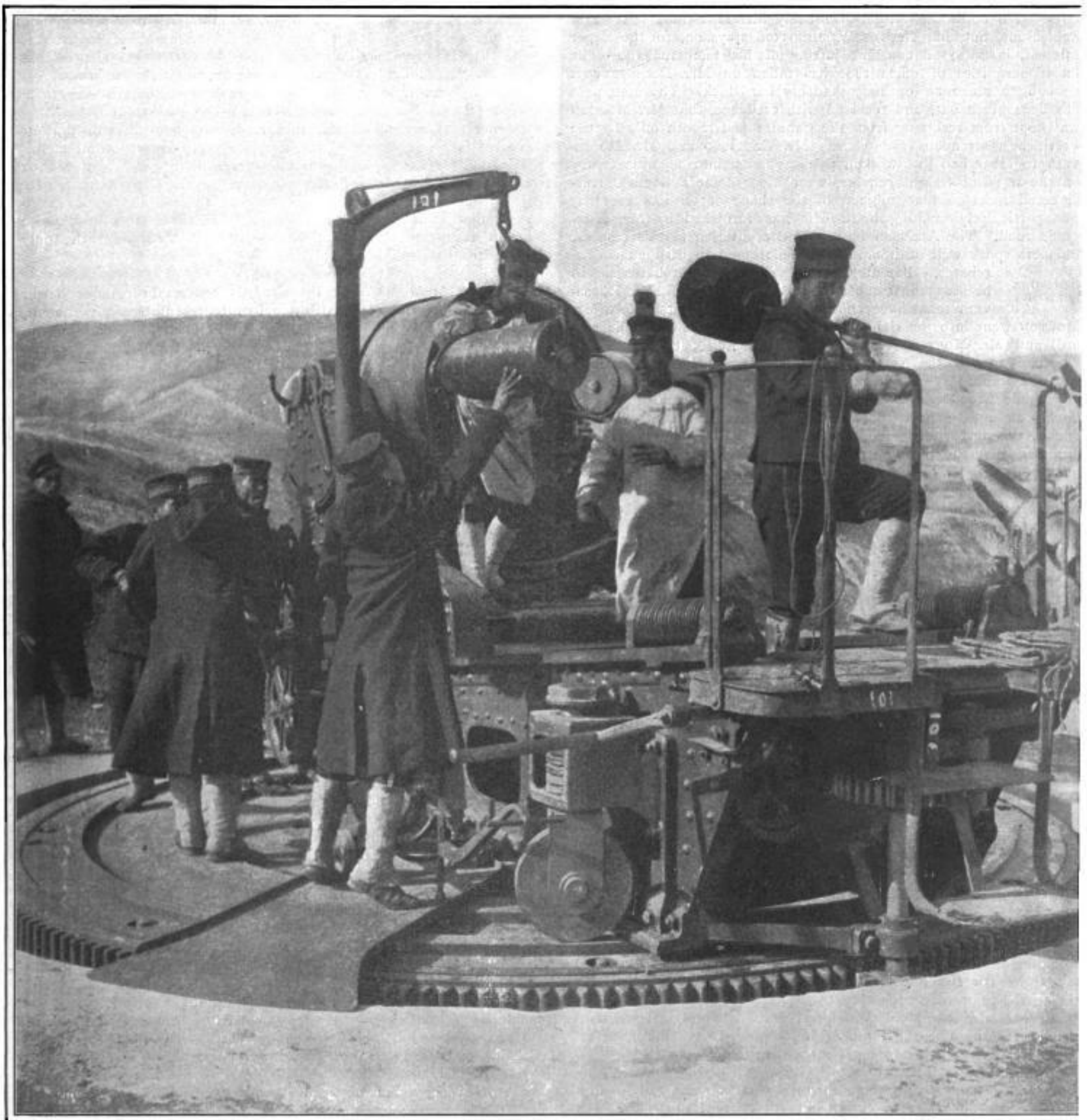
Total Paid-for Insurance in force(<sup>924,712</sup>Policies) \$1,928,609,308

GAIN IN 1904 (<sup>112,001</sup>Policies) \$183,396,409



# COLLIER'S

SATURDAY, JANUARY 21, 1905



## LOADING ONE OF THE "OSAKA BABIES" BEFORE PORT ARTHUR

PHOTOGRAPH BY RICHARD BARRY. COPYRIGHT 1905 BY COLLIER'S WEEKLY

These great 11-inch mortars were fondly called the "Osaka Babies" by the Japanese soldiers, because they were built at the Osaka arsenal in Japan. There were eighteen of them distributed about Port Arthur. Each gun was emplaced on a concrete foundation eight feet deep, which required three weeks to build. The shells used weigh 500 pounds; each discharge costs Japan \$400. During a bombardment, which may last from four to six hours, the mortars fire shells on an average of every eight minutes. This would make a six-hour bombardment cost nearly \$325,000 for the eighteen mortars alone! The cannon shown in the picture is in a battery two and a half miles from Port Arthur, and fires over two mountain ranges into the city. The men with the white aprons are the chief gunner and his assistant. A shell is about to be placed in the breech to be despatched toward Port Arthur. A photograph of the discharge of this gun is printed on page 12.





**U**NQUIET LIVES THE MAN who rules this land. Happy is he if, like the present Chief Magistrate, quiet is not what he desires, for it is not what he shall receive. Poets, like Mr. WARE, may be driven from public life by a tenth the strain. Probably Mr. HAY finds the stress unpleasant, but, like GEORGE WASHINGTON, stays on, for the larger interest, in spite of constant jarring of his temperament. The latest perquisite of office that has fallen on Mr. ROOSEVELT is enough to make an ordinary man cry hard luck. The statement has been given out, and received with credence, that Mr. MORTON was kept from resigning from the Cabinet last month only by the President's strenuous insistence. Mr. GARFIELD and Mr. ROOSEVELT together had just worked public opinion into a gentle frenzy on the topic of freight rebates, when along came a bomb of resurrected news on that subject, in the shape of an instance that was particularly exciting because it was furnished by Mr. MORTON's road. The Atchison has a good reputation in this respect. Shippers speak well of it, and it is understood to wish an end of rebates. But all that is irrelevant. If rebates are to

ON BEING A  
PRESIDENT

be stopped, it can only be by punishment. Mr. ROOSEVELT must have known these Atchison facts before Mr. MORTON went into the Cabinet. They were matter of public record, and Mr. MORTON was an intimate friend of the President. The Secretary of the Navy, therefore, having entered the Cabinet with all frankness and stayed against his will, is hardly open to any blame from Mr. ROOSEVELT. Yet it is the President's duty, doubly sure, to make an example of Mr. MORTON's road. This is one of the agreeable incidents of being Chief Magistrate, and we are glad that the person to confront it is one of so much ardor and love of exercise. Meantime, whatever the outcome of the Atchison trouble may be, there has been no more reasonable statement of the situation than one recently made by Mr. MORTON. "For years," he says, "I have argued with railroad men that they should stop trying to manipulate politics and legislation, that they should aid and not oppose reasonable government supervision. Many of the best railroad managers agree with me. The railroads with their rate wars and rebates do more damage to themselves than they could possibly incur through government regulation." On that proposition the most intelligent railroad men, the most disinterested statesmen, and the public are in accord.

**M**R. ROOSEVELT HAS DECLARED more than once that he is responsible for his appointments, and that Senators and Congressmen can only give advice. We presume, therefore, that he accepts responsibility for the appointment of A. L. SANBORN as Federal Judge of the Western District for Wisconsin. Yet had the selection been submitted to the bar of the State, outside of attorneys in the employ of railroad corporations, locally and generally, we surmise that not ten per cent would have given it support, and that if it had been submitted to the people of the State, not two per cent would have approved. SANBORN was for a few years a partner of Senator SPOONER. Both during the partnership and after its dissolution, he was employed as a corporation lobbyist

COURTESY  
TO SENATORS

about the Wisconsin Legislature, as a helper on railroad legislation generally, and as principal in small matters for telephone and other corporations. He was promoter and manager of the railroad campaign made in Wisconsin last spring for the selection of L. K. LUSE, a former partner of his, to the Supreme bench. In that campaign, the expenditure of money exceeded manyfold that ever before indulged in to control a judicial position in the State of Wisconsin. It failed. Appointments of this character to the Federal bench made at the instigation of United States Senators in the interests of the great railway corporations help to intrench them against government regulation, because appeals from State and Interstate Railway Commissions go finally to the Federal courts. Verily, the system has a strong hold upon government. Contests now being waged are but skirmishes preliminary to the greater struggle rapidly approaching.

**T**HE GOVERNMENT IS AFTER BEEF. Our views on anything approaching monopoly of a necessity of life have been sufficiently elucidated. We are struck at present with a coincidence of opinion on the mere question of public knowledge. President L. F. SWIFT of SWIFT & Co. made this declaration at the annual stockholders' meeting: "It is needless for me to say to those present, who are more or less familiar with the facts, that the reports

in circulation about the 'Beef Trust' are without foundation. There is absolutely no conspiracy or combination to control either the purchase of live stock or the sale of meats, or packing-house products; on the other hand, the packing industry is subject to the severest kind of competition, both in buying and selling, and the per cent of profit on sales in the packing-house industry is less than in any other line of business." Mr. SWIFT alleges that persons "more or less familiar with the facts" know there is no trust. Now listen to the Attorney-General:

B E E F

"That there is a conspiracy to control the market of the nation for fresh meats, that it does control it, and that its control is merciless and oppressive, are facts known of all men." The difference of opinion between Mr. SWIFT and Mr. MOODY about the knowledge of all men here seems fairly salient. We hope the Department of Justice may be able to add some exactness to what is "known of all men." If these facts are known of all men surely sufficient knowledge and ability are the only requisites to obtaining legal proof.

**A**BSOLUTISM MAY SUIT the needs of certain peoples better than any form of constitutional or representative government, but to the American mind, at least, there must be something ludicrous in it. MONTESQUIEU defends venal legislation, on the ground that it is as likely to be reasonable as any other, and that this added power of wealth is an added incentive to industry. Without regard to how much or little truth MONTESQUIEU's argument contains, we must inevitably laugh at it—or, perhaps, be shocked. And so it is with the form of government which submits everything to one poor human will selected by the chance of heredity. An event that gave this absurdity a grewsome unpleasantness was the letter which the brave STORSEL wrote to his imperial majesty at home: "Great sovereign, pardon us. We have done everything humanly possible. Judge us, but be merciful." In Russia itself there is a rapidly growing public in whose opinion a system is absurd that makes necessary a demand of pardon by STORSEL, to say nothing of a court-martial. On the morning after one newspaper was suspended for criticism, another dared use as open and grim irony as this:

THE INSOLENCE  
OF AUTOCRACY

"By all means, let us have a court-martial and make it, if possible, severe. The cruel judge will perhaps deal leniently with those who have given their blood and lives for their country." All this is not to minimize the absurdities of free government. As MONTESQUIEU attacked the popular judgment, so our own WILLIAM ALLEN WHITE cries out that a people which now accepts railroad domination would probably make a worse mess if it tried self-government than it does by turning the government over to the railroads. He says: "The people howl for ROOSEVELT, and whoop it up for reform, until the railroads begin issuing passes and contributing to the campaign fund, and then the same dear patriotic people get on special trains, eat free railroad grub, corrode their insides with free railroad liquor, and hurrah for the 'old man,' who sees that the railroads run the government. United States Senators make Federal courts, and Federal courts make the laws ultimately which control the railroads, and all the hat-throwing for ROOSEVELT, when the railroads control the Senate, is boys' play and fool play at that."

**W**HEN MR. BALDWIN DIED, his loss was regretted by an unusual variety of people with unusual sincerity. Not many railroad presidents could shuffle off this mortal coil with any assurance of causing equal sorrow. Railroad magnates are not looked upon as being by necessity useful citizens. The Long Island road, of which Mr. BALDWIN was president, and the Pennsylvania system, with which he and his road became associated, have been suspected of acquiring a franchise by arguments to which a certain Board of Aldermen were deemed more responsive than they were to more ethereal considerations, but Mr. BALDWIN enjoyed the repute not only of freedom from the darker side of business, but of putting his altruistic interests first when there seemed to be a conflict. That is one of the things that made him a notable instance of our higher citizenship. When he was asked whether his business interests would permit him to become chairman of the Committee of Fifteen, for the investigation of vice, he replied that if they interfered they must be sacrificed. His work for Southern education was energetic and valuable. A prevalent type of railroad man at forty-one, or any other age, is occupied only with making money

BUSINESS AND  
CITIZENSHIP





The BALDWIN type is, we fancy, rather more characteristic of men of Boston origin than of typical New Yorkers. The traditions of good citizenship are more alive among the leading families of the Hub than among the plutocrats of Manhattan. Mr. BALDWIN's father has spent the larger part of his life in altruistic work. When a man of the exceptional ability possessed by Mr. BALDWIN is guided by a strong feeling for public interests, with a breadth that leads him into useful activity in such fields as municipal evils, child labor, negro education, labor difficulties, and civil service reform, he becomes a citizen whose example may well be emphasized, and when he dies no one is tempted to say of him anything but good. *De mortuis nil nisi bonum* too often means that what is spoken of the dead consists entirely of lies.

BALTIMORE IS UNDECIDED about one aspect of her rebuilding. She has widened the streets in the burned district, but she stands rather aghast at the cost of widening the principal thoroughfare, which is called Baltimore Street. She has set apart land for small parks, which is one of the most important improvements any municipality can make. It is the step to which New York was forced by the lifelong persistency of JACOB RUS. Wide and beautiful streets have a value second only to these park breathing spaces. The commission for judging proposals to improve the appearance of New York has recommended throwing upper Fifth Avenue into Central Park and widening the lower part of the avenue. Mayor McCLELLAN now seems disposed so to regulate traffic that this long and wide street will be a gala avenue every day, giving diversion and amusement not only, or mainly, to those who drive, but to the many thousands more whose daily walk to and from their work might as well be made as light and cheery as is possible. There is business enough in our cities. Open-air pleasures, common to every person on the street, rich or poor, may be increased at very little cost. To widen a street, increasing light and air, is sometimes an expensive task, but correspondingly important. We hope Baltimore will feel equal to her emergency, and we hope the New York authorities will not be frightened by a few demagogic newspapers which happen to be hostile to the Mayor and eager to distort any good act he may have in mind. It is a feeble point of view, once more pervasive in America than it is at present, that tries to make all expense of money for beauty, room, and light seem an aristocratic measure. Congress is still largely pervaded with it, and Uncle JOE CANNON is its embodiment. Mr. HEARST has served notice on Mr. McCLELLAN that his papers will visit a terrible punishment on him if he dares to interfere with a few trucks, in order to add brightness and vivacity to a great highway. Mr. HEARST's measures are determined by the details of his political intrigues. Here is a hearty wish of courage to the Mayor.

GREED NEVER SLEEPS. Those powers which are supposed to guard the public interests are not so wakeful, especially where the more ideal and permanent interests are concerned. A bill for the grabbing of more Niagara privileges for nothing, which was defeated at the last session, is to be introduced in the New York Legislature again. Meantime those companies which have privileges are using them with more efficiency. The news despatches announce with awe and admiration that the largest working turbines and dynamos in the world have been installed on the Canadian side, with great success, which has been celebrated with speeches by distinguished guests. We should have liked to hear those speeches. No doubt the fact that each of a total of eleven units is of ten thousand horsepower, or a total of one hundred and ten thousand, was made a subject of rejoicing, and the probability that the force of Niagara might some time be used to light cities as far away as Cleveland was deemed a glorious outlook. Ten per cent of Niagara's power can be diverted by the present equipment. When twenty per cent is reached, which should not at the present rate be long, there will be no water on the American side. In place of one of our great natural beauties will be a stretch of dry rock. The State of New York has spent over \$2,000,000 in acquiring the Falls from private owners and in improving and keeping in order their surroundings, but the power of corporation lobbies to secure what ought to belong to the whole people almost passeth understanding. An arrangement between New York, the United States, and Canada, to protect the Falls, ought not to be beyond the abilities of our statesmen.

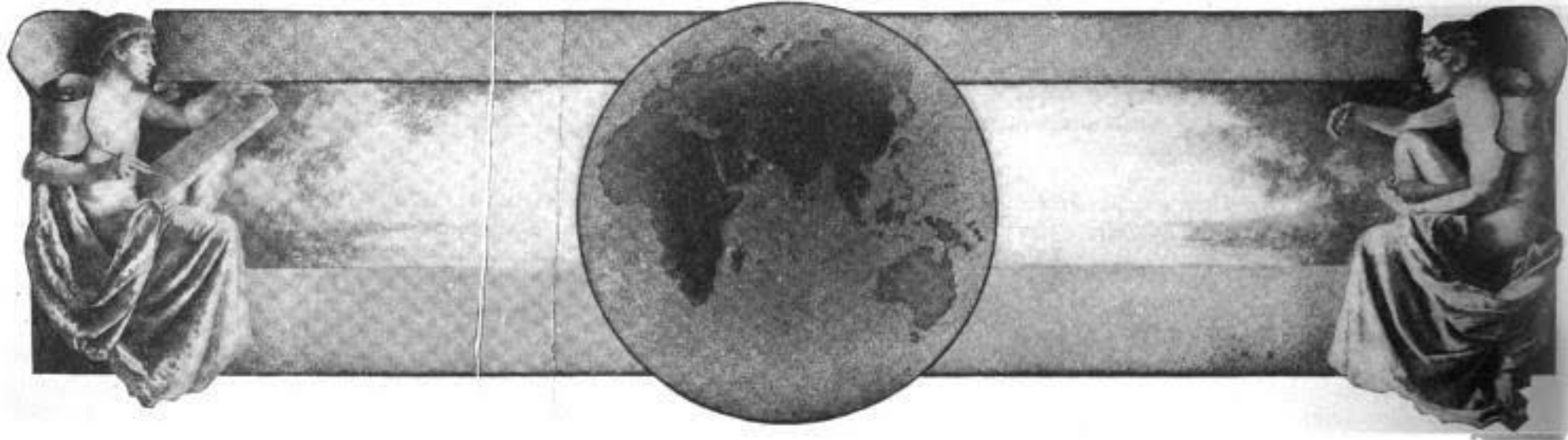
WHEN SELFISHNESS IS IN ACCORD with the general interests there is some hope of improvement. "The great significance of this Congress," said President ROOSEVELT to the American Forest Congress at Washington, "comes from the fact that henceforth the movement for the conservative use of the forest is to come mainly from within, not from without; from the men who are actively interested in the use of the forest in one way or another, even more than from those whose interest is philanthropic and general. The difference means to a large extent the difference between mere agitation and actual execution, between the hope of accomplishment and the thing done." The President pointed out that the great industries of agriculture, transportation, mining, grazing, as well as lumbering, are immediately dependent upon wood, water, or grass from the forest. The manufacturing industries, whether or not wood enters directly into their finished product, are scarcely, if at all, less dependent upon the forest. We use not less wood, but more. There may be relatively more steel, brick, or cement, but the actual amount of wood needed is on a constant increase. More wood is used for ships since steel construction began, because so many more ships are built. As the railroad, the shipbuilder, the farmer, and the miner see the bitter possibilities of a timber famine, we may expect adequate steps for planting enough trees to replace those which are destroyed. Mr. ROOSEVELT has vigorously agitated the advisability of national forest service, concentrated in the Department of Agriculture. In the report on a bill for the purchase of a national forest reserve in the White Mountains, now before the Senate, it is observed that under private ownership no adequate conservation of the timber supply can be had. Impelled by the desire for immediate returns, and fearing that any moment their holdings may be seriously depleted by fire, the owners of forest lands have but little interest in the future. Operators of the larger paper, pulp, and lumber mills in New Hampshire, however, have in some instances tried, through the application of correct forestry principles, to begin the work of ensuring an endless supply of raw material. These individual efforts proceed very slowly, and before the entire threatened area could be brought under private protection, irreparable damage will have been done to the forest cover, which is of vast economic importance to all New England. New York and Pennsylvania have bought large areas as State reservations. In no State in America, however, has the intelligent treatment of forests approached what it should be, or what it is in Germany, France, and Italy.

PENNYPACKER ROAMS AT WILL. He will remain at large. A bill has been suggested, by the provisions of which six citizens might secure the removal of an obnoxious statesman. It would be as easy, doubtless, to prove three sins against a politician as to prove the three lies which the Governor of Pennsylvania would make sufficient for the suppression of a newspaper. The fact that Mr. PENNYPACKER's new bit of proposed legislation is taken purely as a joke by the press is due partly to the ridiculous history of his law against cartoons. A disinterested effort to lessen the evils of lying newspapers, without endangering freedom of expression, would have a respectful hearing. PENNYPACKER is not disinterested, for it is criticism of himself that forms his motive. He has a gift for silliness, which he illustrates by his argument from an antique law about common scolds which happens to remain on Pennsylvania's statute books. The deepest difficulty, however, which he meets, is that politics is so much worse than journalism, and politicians need exposure so much more than newspapers need correction. In some respects the Governor has been wronged. His argument from the fact that an editor was shot in the South and his murderer acquitted was that violent remedies will be found if legal ones are not provided. The newspapers twisted it into an argument in favor of shooting editors. We may give the Governor his due, and yet say little for him. He seems to be a good deal of a fool, and an incorrigible fool is out of place in high office. He might be a very faithful peanut vender or head of a family. We understand his moral character contains a more than average percentage of integrity. The Russians might find him useful. We find him ridiculous. If he had power to enforce his wishes the American people would abhor him. As he is impotent, they regard him as a passing absurdity provided to lend the farce element to a tragic world.

PENNYPACKER  
IN ERUPTION



# WHAT THE WORLD IS DOING



## MEAT PACKERS' "CONSPIRACY"

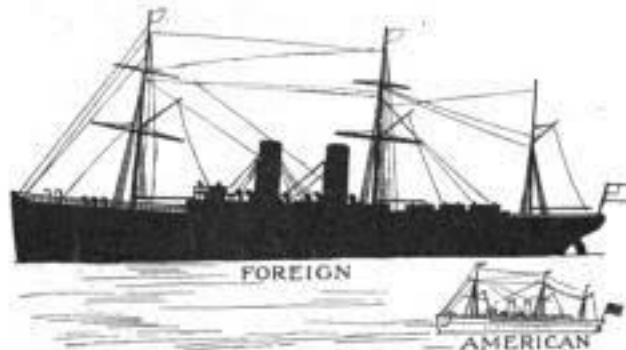
**F**OLLOWING HIS SUIT against the Paper Trust, begun on December 27 in the United States District Court at St. Paul, Attorney-General Moody attacked the Beef Trust in a remarkable brief filed in the Supreme Court of the United States on January 4. The packers had appealed from the decision of Circuit Judge Grosscup, in Illinois, granting an injunction forbidding Swift & Co. and their associates from acting together in fixing prices or apportioning sales or purchases. In his argument against the appeal, Mr. Moody said: "That there is a conspiracy to control the market of the nation for fresh meats, that it does control it, and that its control is merciless and oppressive, are facts known of all men." This case differs from that of the Northern Securities Company in that the Government must establish both its facts and its law. The fact of the Northern Securities merger was admitted, and the only question was whether it was illegal. But the beef packers deny that they have a combination, legal or illegal, oppressive or otherwise. They profess to be in active competition among themselves. That they have such a combination, and that it is a "merciless and oppressive" conspiracy, are, if not "facts known of all men," at least beliefs firmly held by most men. To turn this belief into exact knowledge has required months of detective work on the part of the agents of the Department of Justice, and Mr. Moody is confident that the work has been completely successful. The original injunction was granted on a complaint alleging that the packers had combined to suppress competition in buying cattle and selling the products, and that they had been illegally in receipt of rebates from the railroads. To this the packers had demurred on the ground that their business was not interstate commerce, that the Government's bill was not specific, and that it did not show conspiracy. Judge Grosscup overruled the demurrer, and the beef men are now asking the Supreme Court to reverse his action.

## MORE BATTLESHIPS WANTED

**P**RESIDENT ROOSEVELT has authorized the publication by the Navy Department of an official memorandum, drawing from the Port Arthur campaign the lesson of the supremacy of battleships in naval warfare. This inspired statement condemns the attempt "to neutralize something powerful and costly by means of an inferior and cheap agent." It asserts that torpedo boats have accomplished no important results in the present war after the first blow, which was "a surprise far excelling the usual elements of a surprise attack," the fourteen Russian vessels being "anchored close together in the outer funnel-shaped roadstead without suspicion of impending hostilities, not a patrol boat being out and the crews peacefully sleeping in their usual berths." Under these extraordinarily favorable conditions, amounting merely to "easy target practice," twelve Japanese destroyers discharged at least twenty-four torpedoes, and probably more, of which three took effect. In the final stage of the siege the *Sevastopol* lay in the outer roadstead, a stationary target for two weeks, and probably not less than one hundred and fifty torpedoes were aimed at her, but it was not until she had withstood continuous day and night attacks by Japanese torpedo boats and destroyers for ten days that she was hit by three torpedoes and beached. The obvious moral is that America wants plenty of battleships, even if they do cost \$8,000,000 apiece, with a deficit of \$22,000,000 in the Treasury. But hungry Congressmen have begun to protest against allowing all the money they need for their districts to be swallowed up by the navy, and they have begun a formidable agitation to have the battleships demanded by the Administration reduced from three to one.

## THE SUBSIDY REVIVAL

**T**HE PLAN of restoring the American flag to the high seas by subsidies and benevolent discriminations has been advanced to the front of the Congressional programme by the report of the Merchant Marine Commission. This body has been making the round of our seaports, taking endless testimony about the causes of the decline in American shipping, and its Republican majority has embodied its conclusions in a bill introduced on January 4 by Senator Gallinger. The measure proposes to pay annual subsidies of \$5 per ton to the owners of all vessels built hereafter in the United States and engaged for the whole year in foreign trade or the deep-sea fisheries, with proportionately reduced amounts for vessels idle part of the time. New mail contracts are to be authorized for lines of slow steamers to South Africa, Brazil, Argentina, Uruguay, Cuba, Central America, Mexico, Panama,



### OUR SHARE OF THE OCEAN CARRYING TRADE

American ships now carry about one-twelfth of our foreign trade and foreign ships about eleven-twelfths. We used to have almost all

Hawaii, Japan, China, and the Philippines. The subsidized ships are all to be available for the Government's use in time of war, and those drawing the general tonnage subvention are to carry mails free on demand. At least one-sixth of the crews of all the ships are to be American citizens, and certain proportions, beginning with one-eighth in 1907 and increasing to one-fourth in 1916, are to be enrolled in a new naval reserve created by the bill. Enlistments in this reserve are to be encouraged by the payment of annual retainers, ranging from \$15 for boys and \$25 for seamen to \$100 for masters of first-class ships. Tonnage taxes are to be increased, but a rebate of 80 per cent of the tax paid is to be allowed to American ships carrying and training in seamanship or engineering a certain number of American boys. The commission recommends the abolition of the Pacific transport service, which promotes the comfort of American soldiers at the expense of the profits of American steamship companies. The first year's expenditures under the bill are estimated at \$3,060,605. If our shipping should grow as fast as the British, this might be expected to increase at the rate of about \$5,000,000 a year, although the commission counts on the more modest increase of \$635,000 the second year. A remarkable feature of the majority report, signed by extreme protectionists, is its denunciation of the United States Steel Corporation for taxing the struggling American shipbuilding industry nearly 50 per cent more for materials than it charges competing builders abroad. That amounts to a handicap of \$50,000 on a ship of 5,000 tons. To check that extortion, the commission recommends that American ships built of free foreign materials be permitted to engage in the coasting trade for six months in the year, instead of two, as now, and that they be allowed to run in the Philippine trade all the year round. Meanwhile our tonnage in the foreign trade is less now than it was sixty years ago, and hardly more than a third of the amount we had fifty years ago. Eighty years ago American ships carried nearly eleven-twelfths of our foreign commerce. Now they carry about one-twelfth.

## TROUBLE ABOUT PANAMA

**T**HE FATALITY that clung to the Panama enterprise while it was under French control has not disappeared with its transfer to American hands. Every step of the work has been marked by friction, delay, and recrimination. Its progress has had to go on among the conflicting views and jealousies of at least five distinct authorities—the Republic of Panama, the Canal Commission, the Chief Engineer of the canal, the Governor of the Canal Zone, and the Administration at Washington. There have also been incidental contributions to the complexities of the situation from the American Minister at Panama, the commanders of the marines on the isthmus, and various Congressional investigators. Hardly had the trouble with the Republic of Panama been settled by Secretary Taft when the friction between Chief Engineer Wallace and the Canal Commission became irrepressible. As "councils of war never fight," so boards of experts have the reputation of never doing anything. The Canal Commission is composed entirely of engineering experts. Each of them has his own views, and, according to the friends of Mr. Wallace, the only thing they can all agree upon is that no attention shall be paid to the views of the Chief Engineer. The friends of the Commissioners say that it is necessary to take plenty of time for investigating and making plans, but even they admit that a commission of seven members is unwieldy. The position is complicated by Chief Engineer Wallace's advocacy of a sea-level canal, which is an idea that is strong in the House, but is considered premature by the Commissioners and their friends in the Senate. On January 4 Representative Mann of Illinois introduced a bill abolishing the Commission and putting the whole work into the hands of the President. It is not expected that such an extreme measure will pass, but the President is known to be dissatisfied with the existing situation, and the prospects for the reduction of the Commission to five or three members appear favorable. The resignation of Colonel Hecker of Michigan has already caused one vacancy which has not been filled. The plan that seems to meet with most favor now is to make the Commission a purely technical body, composed of three engineers, and to put its administrative duties into the hands of a Civil Governor.

## THE LAW AND THE RAILROADS

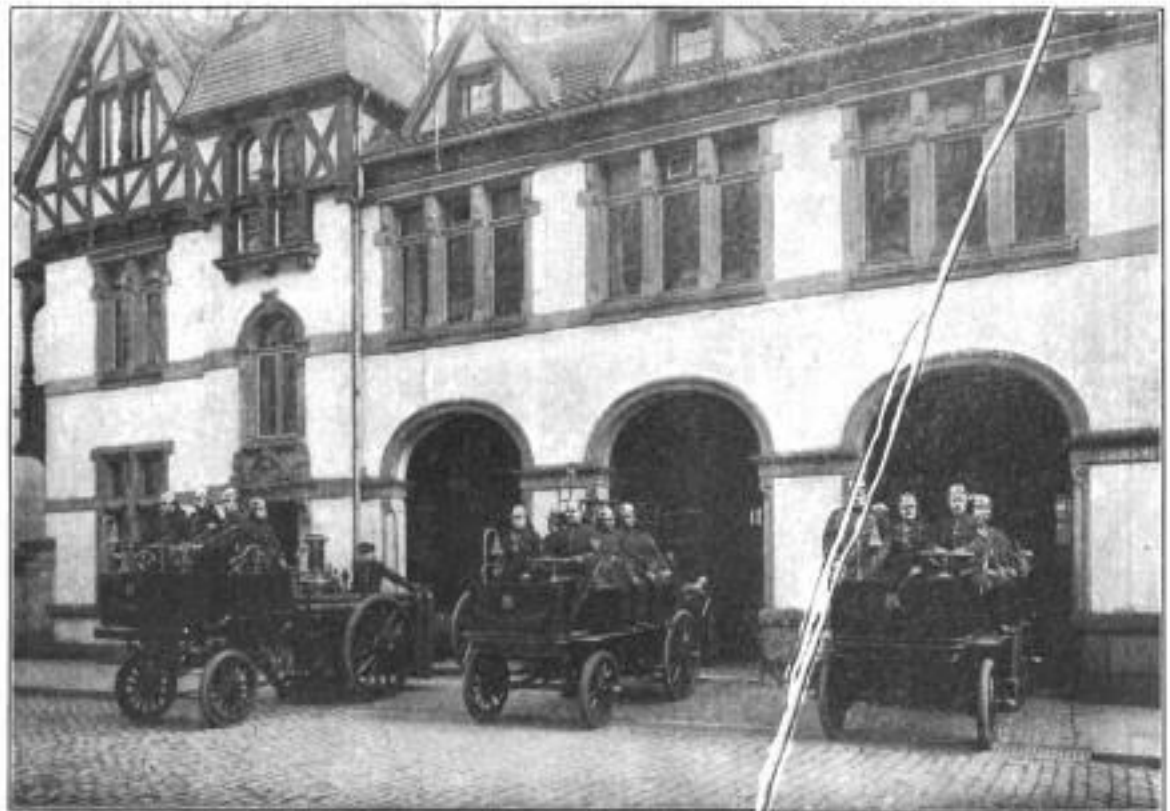
**T**HE QUESTION of railroad discriminations, which is so intimately connected with that of trusts as to be really a phase of the same thing, has been made acute by the sensational testimony given on December 29 before the Interstate Commerce Commission by Mr. W. B. Biddle, freight traffic manager of the Santa Fe Railroad. This evidence showed that the Santa Fe had been giving rebates to the Colorado Fuel and Iron Company to an extent that would render the road liable to fines exceeding a million dollars. What rendered the revelation particularly embarrassing to the Administration was the fact that at the time the alleged transgressions were committed, Mr. Paul Morton, the present Secretary of the Navy, was second vice-president of the Santa Fe, in charge of traffic arrangements, and Mr. Biddle's immediate superior. This incident led to the resurrection of some testimony of Mr. Morton himself given about four years ago, in which he admitted entering into an illegal contract. On January 4 Representative Baker, of Brooklyn, introduced two resolutions calling upon the Attorney-General to state whether he had taken any steps to prosecute Mr. Morton, citing the recommendation of the President that violators of the smoke ordinance in the District of Columbia be discouraged by repeated arrests, and expressing the opinion of the House that nothing would so surely restore public confidence in the administration of law as





THE HEATEN AIRSHIP

The George E. Heaton airship, "California Messenger," gave a successful exhibition of its dirigibility in at least calm air currents on the occasion of its recent trial at Alameda, California. When inflated the airship is 76 feet long by 24 feet in diameter. It carries a double-cylinder gasoline engine, weighing 68 pounds, capable of developing 15 h. p.



HANOVER'S PROGRESSIVE FIRE DEPARTMENT

The automobile type of engine has been applied to fire-fighting apparatus in Hanover, Germany, with great success. All "steamers" are of the automobile type. One set of engines drives the wheels and another the pumps. The supply of water and coal in the tender attached are good for a run of fifteen miles. In one wagon is carried a full "diver's suit," with air and telephone connection, in which a fireman may enter a smoke-filled house, while water pumped through a third pipe falls from the crown of his helmet in a protective shower bath.

the arrest and prosecution of both the Secretary of the Navy and the traffic manager of the Atchafalaya, Topeka, and Santa Fe Railroad Company." The House Judiciary Committee succeeded in evading consideration of these points on the ground that Congress had no constitutional power to require legal opinions from the Attorney-General. Meanwhile bills for the better regulation of railroad business have made their appearance in both Houses. On January 4 Senator Newlands introduced a joint resolution creating a commission to frame an act for the national incorporation of railroads, with national taxation and national control of their operation and rates. Senator Heyburn, of Idaho, introduced a bill creating a national Board of Corporations in the Department of Commerce and Labor, with power to issue licenses to do interstate business, and Representative Stevens of Minnesota introduced another subjecting the unregulated private car lines, which form one of the chief instruments of trust extortion, to the provisions of the Interstate Commerce law.

## ROOSEVELT AND THE SOUTH

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT's determination to force a negro into the office of Collector of the Port of Charleston, maintained with tireless persistence for nearly three years, was finally crowned with success on January 6, when the Senate confirmed the nomination of W. D. Crum by a party vote of 33 to 17. On this issue of "the door of hope" the President has fought a drawn battle, winning at Charleston and losing at Indianola. Aside from his insistence upon the appointment of Crum, Mr. Roosevelt has been showing a marked desire to conciliate Southern sentiment. To the invitations to visit the South showered upon him since the election he has returned cordial replies, and when Albert Sidney Johnston Camp of United Confederate Veterans asked him to include Paris, Texas, in his itinerary he recounted the facts that two of his mother's brothers had fought in the Confederate service, and that he had made "that gallant ex-Confederate Luke Wright" Governor of the Philippines, "Jeb" Stuart, Jr., a United States Marshal, and the only living son of Stonewall Jackson a cadet at West Point.

## NO ANARCHY IN COLORADO

THE ANARCHY that prevailed in parts of Colorado during most of the past year threatened to extend this year to the whole State government. Alva Adams, the Democratic candidate for Governor, was elected on the face of the returns by a plurality of 11,118. The entire canvassing machinery of the State was in Republican hands, and an intention developed to use it ruthlessly to throw out enough Democratic votes to count Peabody in. Gross frauds were exposed in Denver, apparently perpetrated in the Democratic interests, although the Democrats asserted that the ballot-boxes had been stuffed by Republicans to furnish an excuse for disfranchising Democratic precincts. Had the plan been carried through there would have been two Governors and perhaps civil war. But at the last moment the scheme collapsed through the

opposition of the Republican friends of former Senator Wolcott and National Committeeman Stevenson. Mr. Adams was declared elected, and Mr. Peabody was left to file a contest if he chose.

## IN SEARCH OF A POLICY

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT, like Mr. Cleveland in his second term, has already found several cases in which he is confronted by "a condition and not a theory," and some of the conditions have come into violent collision with each other. One of them is a deficit in the Treasury. Another is the President's desire for a rapidly growing navy, to cost \$114,000,000 next year. A third is the desire of Congressmen for expensive improvements that will gain them votes in their districts. A fourth is the popular demand for tariff revision, seconded by the need for more revenues, the duties being now in many cases far above the revenue-producing point. A fifth is the determination of the chief protected interests not to permit any revision that would lessen their profits. A sixth is the anxiety of the President and the public for legislation regulating trusts and railroad rates. A seventh is the repugnance of the financial elements so potent in the Republican organization to any effective legislation of that character. In an effort to reconcile some of these irreconcilabilities, the President called a conference of the leaders of both houses at the White House on January 7. Four Senators and five Representatives at-

tended, but it was impossible to secure a general agreement on any of the points in dispute. A strong sentiment developed in favor of cutting down the President's naval programme. On the question of tariff revision opinions were almost evenly divided. The one definite result of the discussion was an understanding that the Republican members of the Ways and Means Committee of the House, with the help of other Republican leaders, should study the tariff question during the spring and summer and try to agree upon a measure to be presented to Congress at an extra session in the autumn.

## PROTECTING THE FORESTS

THE MEETING of a National Forestry Congress at Washington with a most distinguished membership is a reminder that the care of our woodlands is no longer the fad of visionaries. Scientific forestry has advanced from the missionary to the commercial stage. "The lumber industry as a whole," says the Secretary of Agriculture, "is now awakening to the fact that lumbering with reference to future as well as present profits may be good business and ought to be taken into account on business grounds. . . . Forestry is now in actual practice on large, privately owned tracts in seven different States." Nine new national forest reserves have been established in the past year, and the Government now holds fifty-nine such tracts, covering an area greater than the whole of Great Britain. Five hundred delegates and a thousand spectators attended the Forestry Congress, which lasted from January 3 to January 7. Secretary Mitchell, of the National Irrigation Association, laid down three essentials of a scientific policy, ensuring the maximum water supply for irrigation: 1. To prevent the wholesale destruction of timbered watersheds. 2. To substitute therefor a rational system of forest cutting. 3. To reforest or afforest lands already denuded. The first two provisions, based on husbanding the resources of nature, would, he asserted, produce as great results for every thousand dollars expended as could be produced by the third plan for a million. In an impressive address President Roosevelt declared this gathering to be "without a parallel in the history of forestry. For the first time," he added, "the great business and forest interests of the nation have joined together."

## NEW YORK AS A MODEL CITY

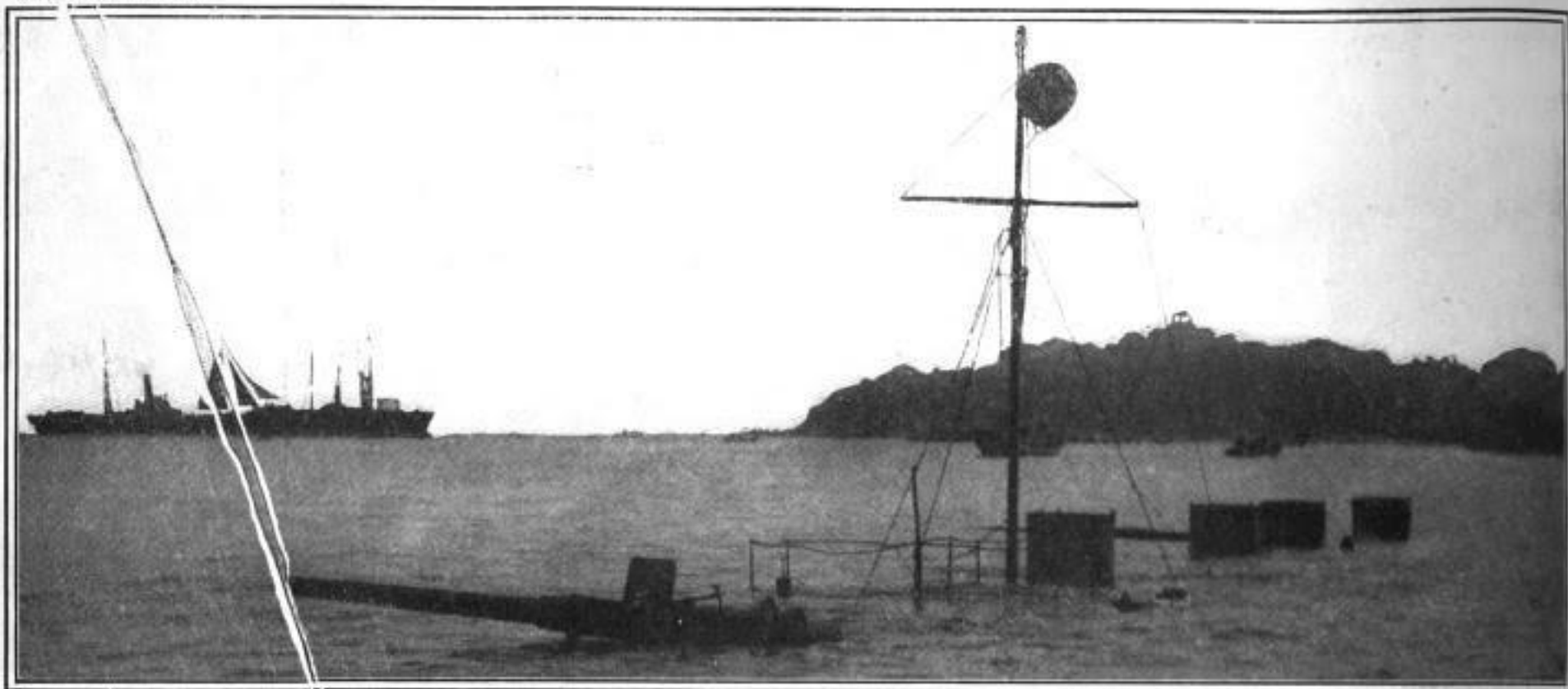
NOT ONLY IS NEW YORK the biggest American city—she also aspires to be a model from which the others can learn what a city ought to be. A long step in this direction was taken on January 2, when the Commission on City Plan filed its preliminary report laying down some of the lines on which the future development of the metropolis ought to proceed. It suggested schemes for new parks and parkways, decorative and convenient approaches for bridges and ferries, the widening and extension of avenues and drives, and above all the systematic improvement of the water front, of which New York has about 450 miles. It also proposed to group the public buildings about City Hall



ALVA ADAMS, GOVERNOR OF COLORADO

Mr. Adams, the Democratic candidate for Governor of Colorado, who received an apparent plurality of 11,118, while Roosevelt carried the State by 14,582, has been seated by a Republican Legislature after the failure of an attempt to throw out votes enough to keep the late Governor, Mr. Peabody, in office.





#### WRECK OF THE RUSSIAN TORPEDO-BOAT DESTROYER "RASTOROPNY" IN CHEFOO HARBOR

The torpedo-boat destroyer "Rastoropny" arrived at Chefoo from Port Arthur, November 16. Captain Ching of the Chinese cruiser "Hai Yeng" notified Commander Pelem of the "Rastoropny" that twenty-four hours was the limit of time he could remain armed at Chefoo, after which the "Rastoropny" would be compelled to disarm. The Russian commander later in the day officially notified the Japanese Consul that the disarmament had been completed. Shortly afterward there were three dull explosions and the vessel sank and settled on the bottom. It was reported at the time that the "Rastoropny" carried sealed orders providing that unless there came a highly favorable opportunity to escape, the vessel should be blown up. The officers and men were paroled. On December 19 the British steamship "Nigeria" was captured off the Korean coast, on her way to Vladivostok, by the Japanese cruiser "Tsubuma," and among the passengers who were taken off her were two who posed as German supercargoes. They confessed later to the Japanese that they were respectively the captain and a lieutenant of the sunken destroyer "Rastoropny" escaped from Chefoo and attempting to reach Vladivostok to join the Russian naval forces there. They were made prisoners of war.

Park, creating there a splendid civic centre. It does not insist upon doing everything, or even anything, at once—it holds that the essential thing is to have a plan, so that whatever is done hereafter may be done right. For the lack of such a plan the magnificent opportunities offered to Chicago, Boston, and Baltimore by the fires that gave them blank spaces to build upon have been thrown away. Washington has a plan, and if New York can secure one and follow it there will be hope for all the other chaotic, unlovely cities of the utilitarian continent.

#### CENSORSHIP IN PENNSYLVANIA

THE ENGAGING Governor Pennypacker, of Pennsylvania, whose feelings have been outraged by the disrespectful treatment accorded to larcenous statesmen by certain newspapers and periodicals, has proposed a new press-muzzling law in his latest annual message. Two years ago he secured the passage of a law making it dangerous for a newspaper to expose dishonesty in office, and the meekness with which most of the journals of Pennsylvania turned their other cheeks on that occasion has encouraged him to go to greater lengths in the same direction. His latest plan is to make the publication of "circulars of defamation and scandal" a public nuisance, and to provide for the suppression of journals that come under that description. "It is not only an unseemly spectacle," he declares, "but it is a crime which the State ought to punish when day after day the Mayor of one of her cities is depicted in communion with a monster compounded from the illustrations of Cope's Paleontology and Doré's Dante." The Governor calls attention to the fact that "recently, in one of the States, an offended citizen shot and killed an editor, was tried for murder and acquitted." He does not recommend this method, preferring a law under which, when a statesman steals a franchise, an editor who describes his act in uncomplimentary terms may be taken into court and his paper suppressed.

#### PROGRESS OF THE WAR

THE TRANSFER of Port Arthur from Russian to Japanese hands was completed on January 8 with mutual expressions of esteem. The officers of the garrison were allowed to return to Russia under pledge not to take further part in the present war; the men were to be held as prisoners in Japan. Many of the officers refused to give their parole, although the Czar authorized them to do so, preferring to go to prison. The Russians surrendered 878 officers and 23,491 men, indicating that their original force must have been much larger than was generally supposed. Before it was depleted by deaths, captures, and escapes it could hardly have been less than 50,000 men. In his message to the Czar General Stoessel said: "Only one-quarter of the garrison is alive." If that were to be taken literally it would imply a former strength of nearly 100,000, but that, of course, is incredible. But the

lowest estimate of the force in Port Arthur requires a very high estimate of the strength of General Nogi's army, which overcame its desperate resistance in almost impregnable fortifications. The bulk of that army has now been released for operations against Kuropatkin, and should give Oyama a decided superiority in the grand theatre of war before Mukden. Activity in that quarter began just before the surrender of Port Arthur with unsuccessful Japanese attacks on various parts of the Russian lines and persistent bombardments. These proceedings have been continued almost every day since. Meanwhile the Japanese are preparing to restore the fortifications of Port Arthur and make them more formidable than ever. The fall of the fortress, as was expected, has paralyzed the advance of the Baltic fleet. The Russians have been counting upon their reserves of ships in Europe as an assurance of the ultimate command of the sea in case the forces of Togo and Rojstvensky should destroy each other. The lack of reserves has been recognized on all sides as Japan's chief weakness. But now that the Japanese have come

into possession of the Russian hulks in the harbor of Port Arthur, there is a possibility that this disadvantage may be overcome. An examination of the ship blown up before the surrender shows, according to reports of the inspecting officers, that they can be raised and repaired. Should this be accomplished within a reasonable time Japan would have four battleships to add to Togo's five, and her superiority at sea to be established. The Russians are finding great difficulty in completing their mobilization, especially in Poland, where almost every recruiting party is resisted by force of arms.

#### SCIENCE AND RACE PROBLEMS

THE NEGRO PROBLEM, which has had so much political, religious, and sentimental discussion, was treated from a scientific standpoint at the recent meeting of the American Association for the Advancement of Science at Philadelphia. Dr. R. B. Bean, of Johns Hopkins University, reported that an examination of the brains of 100 negroes showed in every case that the front of the brain, the seat of the will and of the ethical feelings, was inferior to the corresponding part of the brain of a white man. On the other hand, the back of the brain, the seat of the artistic sense and of the emotions, was as well developed in the black man as in the white. It would appear, therefore, that the negro would be likely to do better in art or poetry than in law or politics, and that it would be especially well for him to be shielded from moral temptations. Professor E. L. Blackshear, of Texas, held that the negro was "still too near his African savage state to be capable of a high development" and urged that he should have an education that would develop "character, a sense of personal responsibility, a respect for and a sense of the inviolability of personality."

#### WIRELESS TELEGRAPHY

ON THE LAST DAY of the old year the Naval Observatory accomplished the unprecedented feat of sending time signals around the world, and hopes soon to be able, by the help of wireless telegraphy, to keep ships supplied with the time every day in any part of the ocean. If this is accomplished it will be the greatest advance in the art of navigation since the invention of the chronometer, a hundred and forty years ago. The subject of wireless telegraphy has been taken up systematically by an Inter-Departmental Board, which has recommended that the Government shall have a complete system of wireless telegraph stations along the coast for the national defence, that private marine stations shall be operated only under license, to prevent interference with the public system, and that all private stations in the interior shall be under the supervision of the Department of Commerce and Labor. A chain of stations has already been established along the Atlantic and Gulf coasts.



GOVERNOR PENNYPACKER OF PENNSYLVANIA  
As seen by the Philadelphia "North American"

Governor Pennypacker has asked the Legislature to pass a law permitting the suppression of obnoxious newspapers, without jury trials, as public nuisances. The Philadelphia "North American" has retaliated by offering a bill declaring any official who brings the Commonwealth into "scandal, contempt, ridicule, scorn, and laughter" to be a public nuisance and providing for his seclusion in a padded cell.



## THE PEOPLE'S GOVERNORS

THE INAUGURATION of the new reform Governors elected in so many States was symptomatic of the profound change in progress in American politics. In most cases it was impossible to tell from the inaugural addresses whether the men who delivered them were Republicans or Democrats. Governor Douglas of Massachusetts, it is true, urged reciprocity with Canada, but that is not a Democratic monopoly. Governor Folk of Missouri and Governor Deneen of Illinois, one a Democrat and the other a Republican, dealt in exactly the same way with issues of the same sort, all based on the idea of common honesty in government. All these men, in fact, belong to the same party—the new party of public spirit as opposed to private graft. As applied to them the old party names have become meaningless survivals. Governor Folk adroitly saved the State pride of his people, sorely wounded by recent exposures of official dishonesty, by telling them that instead of standing in disgrace they were really holding a place of honor. "There has been no more corruption here," he said, "than in some other States, but it has been exposed and punished here. This is Missouri's glory, not Missouri's shame." The whole burden of Mr. Folk's address was the need of securing honest government by keeping the control of affairs in the hands of the people. That was also the tenor of the exhortations of the other reform Governors, whatever their party label. Mr. Folk, the Democrat, urged the passage of a State primary law, a familiar device in the Democratic South, but particularly identified in the North with the name of the Republican La Follette. He urged the expulsion of corrupt members of the Legislature as "moral lepers." "There should be no politics in this portion," he added. "The corrupt

man has no politics; he uses party names only to serve his own ends." The most striking thing about the inaugural month, as well as about the election that preceded it, is the evidence it gives that the people are learning the lesson of non-partisanship mastered so long ago by bosses, lobbyists and corrupting corporations. Party names have never meant anything to the elements that have plundered the public. Now they are coming to mean nothing to the public itself. Folk, Douglas, Deneen, La Follette, and Johnson have begun a new chapter in the history of American politics.

## VARIOUS EVENTS

BRAZIL HAS RAISED her legation at Washington to the rank of an embassy, and under the present law it will be the duty of the President to reciprocate by appointing an Ambassador to Rio de Janeiro. The authorities at Washington feel some reluctance to exchange Ambassadors with Brazil, but there are important considerations in favor of the plan. The fact that our representative at the City of Mexico is the only one there holding that rank ensures us the permanent right to the first place in the diplomatic corps at that capital, and is in effect a recognition by the world of our primacy in the foreign relations of the neighboring republic. A similar permanent primacy in the diplomatic corps at the capital of the chief republic of South America would be a useful accompaniment of the modern enlarged Monroe doctrine. The great powers of Europe maintain embassies in Spain and Turkey, while Turkey and Persia exchange Ambassadors with each other. This is a recognition of the importance of special interests, such as we have in South America.

Recent events have pretty clearly defined the possible

area of action of the Big Stick, which is also the area of Latin-American unfriendliness to the United States. Briefly, the possibilities of trouble seem to be limited to the neighborhood of the Caribbean. Friction has developed with Venezuela over the payments due to European creditors under The Hague decision; the ill-feeling in Colombia over Panama has not entirely subsided, although it is diminishing, and there is more or less disturbance in Haiti and Santo Domingo all the time. But our relations with the greater republics are most satisfactory. President Diaz of Mexico in his recent message spoke of "the elevated spirit of justice and rectitude governing the entente between the two countries." President Pardo of Peru grew enthusiastic over the Roosevelt development of the Monroe doctrine. Brazil is marking the cordiality of her feelings by sending us an Ambassador, and we are on the best terms with Argentina and Chili. The only strain upon the Monroe doctrine is in the volcanic region in which our fleets hold their winter maneuvers.

The Union Pacific Railroad has adopted gasoline motors for use instead of locomotives on its branch lines in Kansas and Nebraska. All the smaller branches are soon to be changed from steam to gasoline power. Automobile cars have been extensively used in France even on trunk lines, but this is their first important test in America. Each of the Union Pacific's new cars will be a whole train in itself. It will be passenger car, baggage car, freight car, and locomotive, all in one. It will be able to run at sixty miles an hour, and it will need only a motorman and conductor instead of a whole train crew. It is expected that little towns at which the arrival of a railroad train is an event will be able by the new arrangement to enjoy the benefits of frequent service. The automobile car will give all the advantages of a trolley system without the expense of reconstructing the road for electricity.



THE CONQUERORS OF PORT ARTHUR: GENERAL NOGI AND HIS STAFF

FROM STEREOGRAPH COPYRIGHT 1905 BY UNDERWOOD & UNDERWOOD, NEW YORK

General Nogi sits in the centre of the picture, the gray-bearded man with the round decoration on his breast. On his right, gloves in hand, is General Ijichi, the Chief of Staff, who conducted the negotiations with General Stoenel for the surrender of Port Arthur. On General Ijichi's right sits the Surgeon-General of the Third Army. The man beyond, with the full beard and the many decorations, is Major Arriga, Japan's greatest expert on international law, upon whom devolved the settling of all the intricate questions in the drawing up of the terms of surrender. Next to Major Arriga sits Major Oba, and beyond him, on the end of the line, Captain Konematsu. Directly behind General Nogi, wearing a light cap, sits Major Yamaoka, the officer who bore the Mikado's demand for surrender to General Stoenel in August last. Next but one to the right of Major Yamaoka, stands Major Yamaguchi, chief interpreter of the army, and one of the press censors. Sitting on the left of General Nogi is the Chief of Artillery, and next to him, facing out, is the Commissary-General. The others in the group are the commissary, transport, administration and gendarme officers, surgeons and interpreters. This photograph was made in front of General Nogi's headquarters, the small house shown in the upper line of pictures on pages 16 and 17



# THE REAPPEARANCE of RAFFLES the AMATEUR CRACKSMAN

By E. W. HORNUNG

Author of "The Amateur Cracksman," "Dead Men Tell No Tales," "The Rogue's March," etc.

This is the second of a new series of nine stories by the author of "Raffles, the Amateur Cracksman," telling of the further adventures of this elegant and versatile rogue. While each story is complete in itself, all will have the same hero and many of the same characters. The third tale, "The Rest Cure," will be published in the March Household Number, February 25. "The Criminologists' Club" in the April Household Number, and the others will appear in successive Household Numbers.

## II.—THE CHEST OF SILVER

Illustrated by  
CYRUS CUNEO

LIKE all the tribe of which I held him head, Raffles professed the liveliest disdain for unwieldy plunder of any description; it might be old Sheffield, or it might be solid silver or gold, but if the thing was not to be concealed about the person, he would none whatever of it. Unlike the rest of us, however, in this as in all else, Raffles would not infrequently allow the acquisitive spirit of the mere collector to silence the dictates of professional prudence. The old oak chests, and even the mahogany wine-cooler, for which he had doubtless paid like an honest citizen, were thus immovable with pieces of crested plate, which he had neither the temerity to use nor the hardihood to melt or sell. He could but gloat over them behind locked doors, as I used to tell him, and at last one afternoon I caught him at it. It was in the year after that of my novitiate, a halcyon period at the Albany, when Raffles left no nut uncracked, and I played second-murderer every time. I had called in response to a telegram in which he stated that he was going out of town, and must say good-bye to me before he went. And I could only think that he was inspired by the same impulse toward the bronzed salvers and the tarnished teapots with which I found him surrounded, until my eyes lit upon the enormous silver-chest into which he was fitting them one by one.

"Allow me, Bunny! I shall take the liberty of locking both doors behind you, and putting the key in my pocket," said Raffles when he had let me in. "Not that I mean to take you prisoner, my dear fellow, but there are those of us who can turn keys from the outside, though it was never an accomplishment of mine."

"Not Crawshaw again?" I cried, standing still in my hat.

Raffles regarded me with that tantalizing smile of his which might mean nothing, yet which often meant so much, and in a flash I was convinced that our most jealous enemy and dangerous rival, the doyen of an older school, had paid him yet another visit.

"That remains to be seen," was the measured reply, "and I for one have not set naked eye on the fellow since I saw him off through that window and left myself for dead on this very spot. In fact, I imagined him comfortably back in jail."

"Not old Crawshaw?" said I. "He's far too good a man to be taken twice. I should call him the very prince of professional cracksmen!"

"Should you?" said Raffles coldly, with as cold an eye looking into mine. "Then you had better prepare to repel princes when I'm gone!"

"But gone where?" I asked, finding a corner for my hat and coat, and helping myself to the comforts of the venerable dresser which was one of our friend's greatest treasures. "Where is it you are off to, and why are you taking this herd of white elephants with you?"

Raffles bestowed the cachet of his smile on my description of his motley plate. He joined me in one of his favorite cigarettes, only shaking a superior head at his own decanter.

"One question at a time, Bunny," said he. "In the first place, I am going to have these rooms freshened up with a potful of paint, the electric light, and the telephone you've been at me about so long."

"Good!" I cried. "Then we shall be able to talk to each other day and night!"

"And get overheard and run in for our pains? I shall wait till you *are* run in, I think," said Raffles cruelly. "But the rest's a necessity; not that I love new paint or am pining for electric light, but for reasons which I will just breathe in your private ear, Bunny. You must try not to take them too seriously; but the fact

is, there is just the least bit of a twitter against me in this rookery of an Albany. It was started by that tame old bird, Policeman Mackenzie, I suspect; it isn't very bad as yet, but it needn't be that to reach my ears. Well, it was open to me either to clear out altogether, and so confirm whatever happened to be in the air, or to go off for a time, under some arrangement which would give the authorities ample excuse for overhauling every inch of my rooms. Which would you have done, Bunny?"

"Cleared out, while I could!" said I, devoutly.

"So I should have thought," rejoined Raffles. "Yet you must see the merit of my plan. I shall leave every mortal thing unlocked."

"Except that," said I, kicking the huge oak case, with the iron bands and clamps, and the baize lining fast disappearing under heavy packages bearing the shapes of urns and candelabra.

"That," replied Raffles, "is neither to go with me nor to remain here."

"Then what do you propose to do with it?"

"You have your banking account and your banker," he went on. "This was perfectly true, though it was Raffles alone who had kept the one open, and enabled me to propitiate the other in moments of emergency."

"Well?" I asked.

"Well, pay in this bundle of notes this afternoon, and say you have had a great week at Liverpool and Lincoln; then ask them if they can do with your silver while you run over to Paris for a merry Easter. I should tell them it's rather heavy—a lot of old family stuff that you've a good mind to leave with them till you marry and settle down."

I winced at this, but consented to the rest after a moment's consideration. After all, and for more reasons than I need enumerate, it was a plausible tale enough. And Raffles had no banker; it was quite impossible for him to explain the large sums of hard cash, which did sometimes fall into his hands, across any single counter, and it might well be that he had nursed my small account in view of the very quandary which had now arisen. On all grounds it was impossible for me to refuse him, and I am still glad to remember that my assent was given, on the whole, ungrudgingly.

"But when will the chest be ready for me?" I merely asked, stuffing the notes into my cigarette-case. "And how are we to get it out of this, in banking hours, without attracting any amount of attention at this end?"

Raffles gave me an approving nod.

"I'm glad to see you spot the crux so quickly, Bunny. I have thought of your taking it round to your place first, under cloud of night, but we are bound

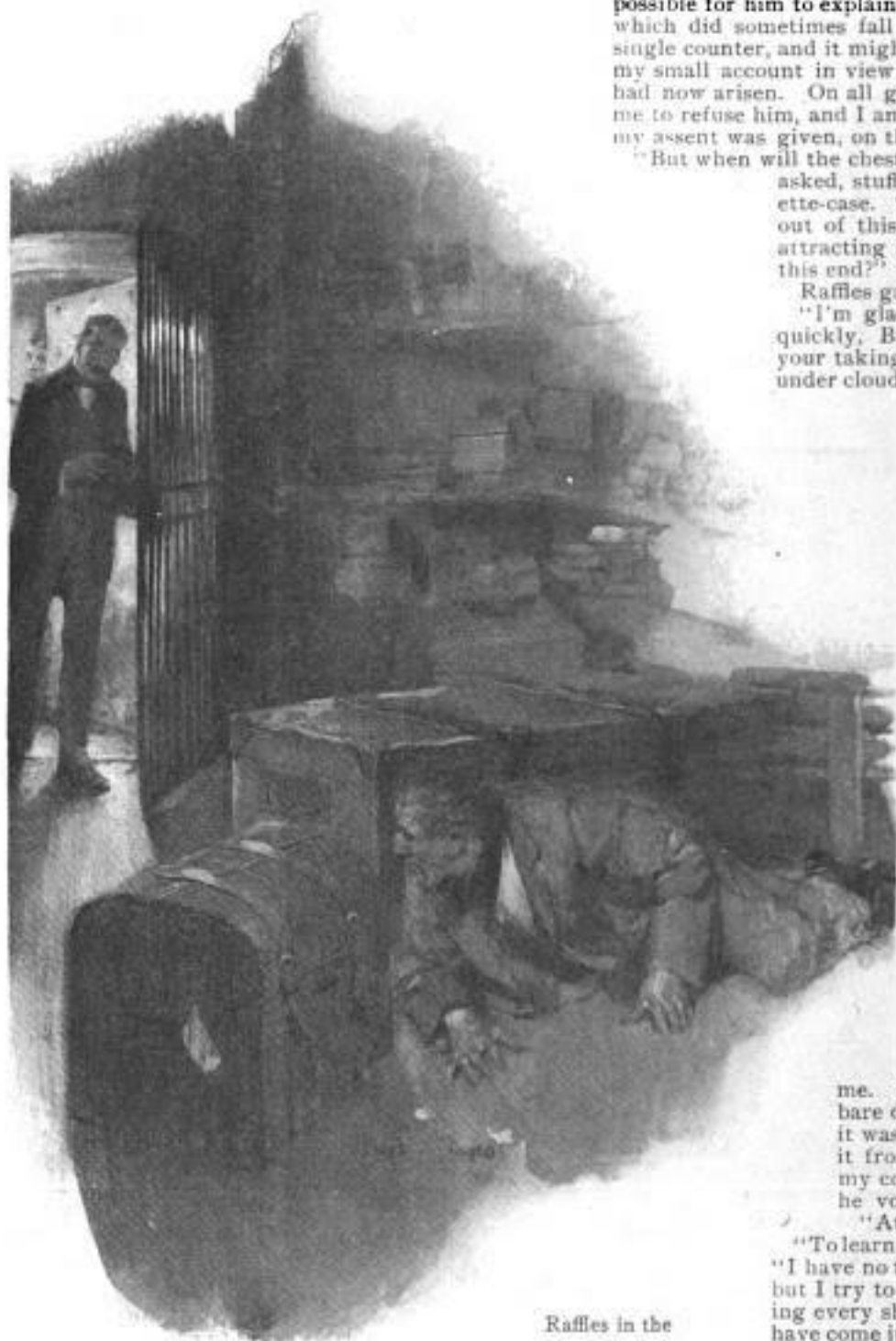
to be seen even so, and, on the whole, it would look far less suspicious in broad daylight. It will take you ten minutes to drive to your bank in a growler, so if you are here with one at a quarter to ten to-morrow morning, that will exactly meet the case. But you must take a hansom this minute if you mean to prepare the way with those notes this afternoon!"

It was only too like the Raffles of those days to dismiss a subject and myself in the same breath, with a sudden nod and a brief grasp of the hand he was already holding out for mine. I had a great mind to take another of his cigarettes; instead, for there were one or two points on which he had pointedly omitted to enlighten

me. Thus I had still to learn the bare direction of his journey, and it was all that I could do to drag it from him as I stood buttoning my coat and gloves. "Scotland," he vouchsafed at last.

"At Easter," I remarked.

"To learn the language," he explained. "I have no tongue but my own, you see, but I try to make up for it by cultivating every shade of that. Some of them have come in useful even to your knowledge, Bunny; what price my cockney



Raffles in the  
strong - room



that night in St. John's Wood? I can keep up my end in stage Irish, real Devonshire, very fair Norfolk, and three distinct Yorkshire dialects. But my good Gallo-way Scots might be better, and I mean to make it so."

"You still haven't told me where to write to you."

"I'll write to you first, Bunny."

"At least, let me see you off," I urged at the door. "I promise not to look at your ticket if you tell me the train!"

"The eleven-fifty from Euston."

"Capital!" I cried. "Then I'll be with you by a quarter to ten."

And I left him without further parley, reading his impatience in his face. Everything, to be sure, seemed clear enough without that fuller discussion which I loved and Raffles hated. Yet I thought we might at least have dined together, and in my heart I felt just the least bit hurt, until it occurred to me as I drove to count the notes in my cigarette-case. Resentment was impossible after that; for the sum ran well into three figures, and it was plain that Raffles meant me to have a good time in his absence. I told his lie with unctiousness at my bank, and made due arrangement for the reception of his chest next morning. Then I repaired to our club, hoping he would drop in, and that we might dine together after all. In that, however, I was disappointed. It was nothing to the disappointment which greeted me at the Albany, when I arrived in my four-wheeler at the appointed hour next morning.

"Mr. Raffles has gone, sir," said the porter, with a note of reproach in his confidential undertone. The man was a favorite with Raffles, who used him and tipped him with consummate tact, and he knew me only too well.

"Gone!" I echoed aghast. "Where on earth to?"

"Scotland, sir."

"Already?"

"By the eleven-fifty last night."

"Last night! I thought he meant eleven-fifty this morning!"

"He knew you did, sir, when you never came, and he told me to tell you there was no such train."

I could have rent my garments in mortification and annoyance with myself and Raffles. It was as much his fault as mine. But for his indecent haste in getting rid of me, his characteristic abruptness at the end, there would have been no misunderstanding or mistake.

"Any other message?" I inquired morosely.

"Only about the box, sir. Mr. Raffles said, as you was goin' to take charge of it time he's away, and I've a friend ready to lend a 'and in getting it on the cab. It's a rare 'eavy 'un, but Mr. Raffles and I could lift it all right between us, so I dessay me an' my friend can."

For my own part, I must confess that its weight concerned me less than the vast size of that infernal chest, as I drove with it past the clubs and restaurants at ten o'clock in the morning. Sit as far back as I might in the four-wheeler, I could conceal neither myself nor my connection with the huge iron-clamped case upon the roof; in my heated imagination its wood was glass through which all the world could see the guilty contents. Once an officious constable held up the traffic at our approach, and for a moment I put a blood-curdling construction upon the simple ceremony. Low boys shouted after us—or if it was not after us, I thought it was, and that their cry was "Stop thief!" Enough said of one of the most unpleasant cab drives I ever had in my life. *Horresco referens!*

At the bank, however, thanks to the foresight and liberality of Raffles, all was smooth water. I paid my cabman handsomely, gave a florin to the liveried official when he helped with the chest, and could have pressed gold upon the genial clerk who helped me to crack my jokes about the Liverpool winners and the latest betting on the Family Plate. I was only disconcerted when he informed me that the bank gave no receipts for deposits of this nature. I am now aware that few London banks do. But it is pleasing to believe that at the time I looked—what I felt—as though all I valued upon earth was in jeopardy.

I should have got through the rest of that day happily enough, such was the load off my mind and hands, but for an extraordinary and most disconcerting note that I received late at night from Raffles himself. He was a man who telegraphed freely, but seldom wrote a letter. Sometimes, however, he sent a scribbled line by special messenger, and overnight, evidently in the train, he had scribbled this one to post in the small hours at Crewe:

"Ware Prince of Professors! He was in the offing when I left!! If slightest cause for uneasiness about bank, withdraw at once and keep in our rooms like good chap."

"P. S.—Other reasons, as you shall hear!"

There was a nice nightcap for a puzzled head! I had made rather an evening of it, what with increase of funds and decrease of anxiety, but this cryptic admonition spoiled the remainder of my night. It had arrived by a latish post, and I only wished that I had left it all night in my letter-box.

What exactly did it mean? And what exactly must I do? These were questions that confronted me with fresh force in the morning.

The news of Crawshaw did not surprise me. I was quite sure that Raffles had been given good reason to bear him in mind before his journey, even if he had not again beheld the ruffian in the flesh. That ruffian and that journey might be more intimately connected than I had yet supposed. Raffles never told me all. Yet the solid fact held good—held better than ever—that I had seen his plunder safely planted in my bank. Crawshaw himself should not follow it *there*. I was certain he had not followed my cab; in the acute self-consciousness induced by that abominable drive, I should have known it in my bones if he had. I thought of the porter's friend who had helped with the chest. No, I remembered him as well as I remembered Crawshaw; they were quite different types.

To remove that vile box from the bank, on the top

of another cab, with no stronger pretext and no further instructions, was not to be thought of for a moment. Yet I did think of it, for hours. I was always anxious to do my part by Raffles. He had done more than his by me, not once or twice, to-day or yesterday, but again and again from the very first. I need not state the obvious reasons I had for fighting shy of the personal custody of his accursed chest. Yet he had run worse risks for me, and I wanted him to learn that he, too, could depend on a devotion not unworthy of his own.

In my dilemma I did what I have often done when at a loss for light and leading. I took hardly any lunch, but went to Northumberland Avenue, and had a Turkish bath instead. I know nothing so cleansing to mind as well as body, nothing better calculated to put the finest possible edge on such judgment as one may happen to possess. Even Raffles, without an ounce to lose or a nerve to soothe, used to own a sensuous appreciation of the peace of mind and person to be induced in this fashion when all others failed. For me the fun began before the boots were off my feet: the muffled footfalls, the thin sound of the fountain, even the spent swathed forms upon the couches, and the whole clean, warm, idle atmosphere, were so much unction to my simpler soul. The half-hour in the hot rooms I used to count but a strenuous step to a divine lassitude of limb, and accompanying exaltation of intellect. And yet—and yet—it was in the hottest room



There was his living face in the middle of the lid of the chest

of all, in a temperature of 280 degrees Fahrenheit, that the bolt fell from the "Pall Mall Gazette" which I had bought outside the bath.

I was turning over the hot, crisp pages, and positively reveling in my fiery furnace, when the following headlines and leaded paragraphs leaped to my eye with the force of a veritable blow:

#### "BANK ROBBERS IN THE WEST END—DARING AND MYSTERIOUS CRIME."

"An audacious burglary and dastardly assault have been committed on the premises of the City and Suburban Bank in Sloane Street, W. From the details so far to hand, the robbery appears to have been deliberately executed in the early hours of this morning."

"A night-watchman named Fawcett states that between one and two o'clock he heard a slight noise in the neighborhood of the lower strong-room, used as a repository for the plate and other possessions of various customers of the bank. Going down to investigate, he was instantly attacked by a powerful ruffian, who succeeded in felling him to the ground before an alarm could be raised."

"Fawcett is unable to furnish any description of his assailant or assailants, but is of opinion that more than one were engaged in the commission of the crime. When the unfortunate man recovered consciousness, no trace of the thieves remained, with the exception of a single candle which had been left burning in its own grease on the flags of the corridor."

"The strong-room, however, had been opened, and it is feared the raid on the repository of plate and other valuables may prove to have been only too successful, in view of the Easter exodus, which the thieves had evidently taken into account. The ordinary banking-chambers were not even visited; entry and exit are believed to have been effected through the coal cellar, which is also situated in the basement. Up to the present the police have effected no arrest."

I sat practically paralyzed by this appalling news, and I swear that, even in that incredible temperature, it was a cold perspiration in which I sweltered from head to heel. Crawshaw, of course! Crawshaw once more upon the track of Raffles and his ill-gotten gains! And once more I blamed Raffles himself. His warning had come too late; he should have wired to me at once not to take the box to the bank at all. He was a madman ever to have invested in so obvious and obtrusive a receptacle for treasure. It would serve Raffles right if that and no other was the box which had been broken into by the thieves.

Yet, when I considered the nature of his treasure, I shuddered in my sweat. It was a hoard of criminal

relics. Suppose the chest had indeed been rifled, and emptied of every silver thing but one, that one remaining piece of silver seen of men was enough to cast Raffles into the outer darkness of penal servitude! And Crawshaw was capable of it—of perceiving the insidious revenge—of taking it without compunction or remorse!

There was only one course to take. I must follow my instructions to the letter, and recover the chest at all hazards, or be taken myself in the attempt. If only Raffles had left me some address to which I could have wired some word of warning! But it was no use thinking of that. For the rest there was time enough up to four o'clock, and as yet it was not three. I determined to go through with my bath, and make the most of it. Might it not be my last for years?

But I was past enjoying even a Turkish bath. I had not the patience for a proper shampoo, or sufficient spirit for the plunge. I weighed myself automatically, for that was matter near my heart, but I forgot to give my man his sixpence until the reproachful intonation of his adieu recalled me to myself. And my couch in the cooling gallery—my favorite couch, in my favorite corner, which I had secured with gusto on coming in—it was a bed of thorns, with hidden visions of a plankbed to follow!

I ought to be able to add that I heard the burglary discussed on adjacent couches before I left. I certainly listened for it, and was rather disappointed more than once when I had held my breath in vain. But this is the unvarnished record of an odious hour, and it passed without further aggravation from without; only, as I drove to Sloane Street, the news was on all the posters, and on one I read of "a clew" which spelled for me a doom which I grimly resolved to share.

Already there was something in the nature of a "run" upon the Sloane Street branch of the City and Suburban Bank. A cab drove away with a chest of reasonable dimensions as mine drove up, while inside a lady was making a painful scene. As for the genial clerk who had helped me with my jokes the day before, he was mercifully in no mood for any more, but, on the contrary, quite rude to me at sight.

"I've been expecting you all the afternoon," said he. "You needn't look so pale."

"Is it safe?"

"That Noah's Ark of yours? Yes, so I hear; they'd just got to it when they were interrupted, and they never went back again."

"It wasn't even opened, then?"

"Only just begun on, I believe."

"Thank God!"

"You may. We don't," growled the clerk. "The manager says he believes your chest was at the bottom of it all."

"How could it be?" I asked uneasily.

"By being seen on the cab a mile off, and followed," said the clerk.

"Does the manager want to see me?" I asked boldly.

"Not unless you want to see him," was the blunt reply. "He's been at it with others all the afternoon, and they haven't all got off as cheap as you."

"Then my silver shall not embarrass you any longer," said I grandly. "I meant to leave it if it was all right, but after all you have said I certainly shall not. Let your man or men bring up the chest at once. I daresay they also have been 'at it with others all the afternoon,' but I shall make this worth their while!"

I did not mind driving through the streets with the thing this time. My present relief was far too overwhelming as yet to admit of pangs and fears for the immediate future. No summer sun had ever shone more brightly than the rather watery one of early April. There was a green-and-gold dust of buds and shoots on the trees as we passed the park. I felt greater things sprouting in my heart. Hansoms passed with schoolboys just home for the Easter holidays, four-wheelers outward bound with bicycles and perambulators atop; none that rode in them were half so happy as I, with the great load on my cab, but the greater one off my heart.

At Mount Street it just went into the lift; that was a stroke of luck, and the loft-man and I between us carried it into my flat. It seemed a featherweight to me now. I felt a Samson in the exaltation of that hour. And I will not say what the first thing was that I turned to do when I found myself alone with my white elephant in the middle of the room; enough that the siphon was still doing its work when the glass slipped through my fingers to the floor.

"Bunny!"

It was Raffles. Yes, for a moment I looked about me quite in vain. He was not at the window; he was not at the open door. And yet Raffles it had been, or at all events his voice, and that bubbling over with fun and satisfaction, be his body where it might. In the end I dropped my eyes, and there was his living face in the middle of the lid of the chest, like that of the saint upon its charger.

But Raffles was alive, Raffles was laughing as though his vocal chords would crack, there was neither tragedy nor illusion in the apparition of Raffles. It was a trap that he had cut in the middle of the lid, between the two steel bands that ran round the chest like the straps of a portmanteau. (Continued on page 16)





#### ABOUT TO GO INTO ACTION

This photograph was made in the front parallel at the foot of Keekwanshan, only 300 yards from that Russian fort, about ten minutes before the assault began, October 29. The officer is saying a few last words to his men. Many of the soldiers shown in the picture were killed in the fight that afternoon.



The upper picture shows a soldier leaving his company street to go on sentry duty in the advanced trenches. The lower picture shows how the Japanese lived at Port Arthur within the zone of Russian shell fire. They slept in holes in the ground, the entrances protected by sand bags, making them bomb-proof. In the background are improvised shelter for horses of the cavalry.



#### BRINGING UP AMMUNITION

The shells, weighing 500 pounds each, were wheeled up from the reserve depots on a little railway to the batteries. The men in the picture are actually under fire, this tramway lying within the shrapnel zone.



#### HOUSE OCCUPIED BY GEN.

Here the Japanese commander is seen in the yard. Chins was occupied formerly by the Russians.

## A GRAND ASSAULT

*Description of the Desperate Attack of October 29*

By RICHARD BARRY, Special

PHOTOGRAPHS BY  
THE AUTHOR

NOON found me well up toward the firing line, assured by the staff that it would be the day of days. To get there I passed a mile and more of batteries—the Osaka guns vomiting balls of fire, puff-balls of smoke and fat, heavy balls of steel; the howitzers—coyotes of artillery—spitting from peaks, snap louder than the monsters growled below; the naval six-inch turret firers rakishly sunk in valleys, their greyhound noses dappled with mud, and baying out reverberations at which even the sulking sun might have shuddered; the field four-point-sevens, bag-redoubted, conventional as pictures, flinging forth the business barks of house dogs; then, finally, the hand one-pounders, hauled well up the parallels, their bodies angled half-wise and as forlorn amid such colossal music as a penny whistle before a symphony orchestra. To be in it, to pass through it, to feel this whiz and boom people the air above with demon gossip, to sniff from ravines the gusts seeped with cordite and with phosphorus, while in the far-stretched vistas bluecoat files wind through the fierce, vain taunts hurled in among them—ah, this is the atmosphere—the grand, the fearful, the unspeakably sublime atmosphere of war!

Cloudy! Yes, but what day could smile in the face of such a row as this? The grand bombardment has been on for five days. We call it the "grand" bombardment, to distinguish it from that other trifling bombardment of a few hundred field guns that was on for nearly three months. Now the big coast defence mortars from Osaka, hurling shells the size of donkeys, are ripping the lining

from the doomed fortress. We cry for rest, there is no rest. Night and day the fearful keeps up. The paper windows of the Manch house, where we live, two miles away, have blown out twice by concussions. The most tremble. If you get within a hundred yards of guns, you must wear cotton batting in your ears and walk tiptoe to save ear-drums. This ten-mile front, with infantry and regular artillery mering the spaces out, was enough to disorient the sun. Sun, however, is an incident. War for no weather.

Half-way in among the batteries I passed guidance. There were certain lines between batteries and the Russian batteries which called "lines of fire," and these lines were places to avoid. Soon two soldiers, each with bag on his back, came along, and I picked up trail. There was a narrow valley which led to Ninth Division, whose firing line was to be that of the attack and for which I was bound. Also

Last week Mr. Barry, who spent four months with on Namicoyama and 203-Metre Hill. The present weeks of sapping and trenching. The attempt on an improvised outwork of the great Keekwan had a reconnaissance in force, for the advance sent entail too frightful a cost. Consequently, the command. That is why the Japanese did not celebrate the end of this grand assault gives a perfect idea of the desperate endeavors to take the fortress. Next

#### THE WATER GUARD

A sentry was kept constantly on duty at the spring which furnished the water supply for the Japanese troops, and no one was allowed either to approach the place or to take any water without an order from an officer.

#### PREPAR

These soldiers have been sleeping now, late in the afternoon, in an assault. If not killed, they







THE SIEGE OF PORT ARTHUR

General's headquarters. His chair  
generals enjoyed their luxury.  
and the Place of the Willow Tree



THE SHELL-STREWN ROAD

Although under constant fire from the Russians, transport ponies were led,  
400 yards apart, over this main road to Port Arthur, carrying food supplies  
to the Japanese soldiers in the trenches of the most advanced positions



AN APPROACH

Eighteen miles of these covered trenches, called siege parallels and approaches,  
were dug in the night-time across the Shulshiyang Valley. It was through  
these that the Japanese advanced to attack the Russian intrenchments, and  
it was in such ditches as this that some of the soldiers actually lived

## PORT ARTHUR'S FORTS

*the Japanese had hoped to capture the Fortress*

with the Japanese Third Army

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COLLIER'S WEEKLY

of this valley seemed to me the right way, but  
they headed straight across it, business-like,  
as if they knew where to go, and I followed. We  
were in the midst of it then. In ravines on both  
sides the Osaka mortars were hid. From behind and  
over our heads a naval battery was firing.  
In front of us there were four or five batteries of  
artillery, opening the engagement. There was  
a moment without two or three shells in the  
air over our heads. So long as they were  
shells—imagine a shell being friendly!—no  
need to mind. (That "seemed" is a good  
description of my state.) But directly they came  
from across the valley—look out! Pres-  
sures did come that way. I knew it was com-  
ing. I felt it. So the ground in front found  
my mach and my nose sniffed the gravel. It  
did not have passed very far above our heads—  
well—for when it exploded behind the dust  
fell over us, and I thanked myself for lying  
else a fragment might have rapped me so I

would have cared nothing for dust or dirt of stale  
encampments. Of course, the soldiers must have  
lain down, too—they surely must have known the  
danger. I looked up to laugh with them, but they  
were trudging on stolidly, as if they were carrying  
a pound of meat home from the butcher's. When  
the dust came they blinked—that was all. So  
ashamed I hardly dared show myself to them, yet  
I needed my legs to get on out of the line of fire,  
and there are times one forgets his pride. I ran; but  
no need to be ashamed; they had not seen me fall,  
had neither quickened nor lessened pace, had turned  
not so much as eyelash to left or right. They had  
orders to take that rice to the battery, and to the  
battery they were going. So I paused—amazement  
surviving fear—and looked at them, cogs of the ma-  
chine, secret of an army's strength, of its indomi-  
table bravery. As well expect the shafts of an  
engine to cry quits when the trucks spring a hot box!

At length I found myself where the pewit of  
bullets beat a quickstep for the inferno aloft. It  
was on the crest in front of the furthest field artil-  
lery, at the rear of the parallels in which the in-  
fantry lay, huddled, masses of blue dabbled above  
with glints of bayonet steel, waiting for the assault.  
Occasionally the sun came out and sent a heliograph  
message from those bayonets to me, and then, like  
myself, sought cover again. The four forts slated  
for attack by the two divisions in my view lay di-  
rectly in front, about a mile and a half by parallels  
and approaches, but, as my vision went, eight hundred  
yards for the nearest, fifteen hun-  
dred for the furthest. From the  
rear that assorted pack of war-dogs

besieging Port Arthur, described the attack  
the grand assault of October 29, which followed  
and resulted only in the capture of the "P" fort.  
From that standpoint, the whole action would be called  
a failure. But to take the positions in toto would  
have been an order that night to continue the sapping.  
With an entry into Port Arthur. The description  
operations conducted by the Japanese in their  
detail the conditions at the time of surrender

### WORK

of sapping and digging. They  
advanced trenches to take part  
dug in new trenches that night

### THE RESERVE AMMUNITION

These shells were used in the 11-inch Osaka mortars. They weigh  
500 pounds each and cost \$400 apiece, including the charge of powder.  
The guns have a range of over six miles. See picture on page 7



The upper picture shows the reserve Japanese garrison in the east Panlung  
redoubt. The Russians still occupied positions within forty yards of this place,  
and sniping never ceased. The lower picture represents the firing of the  
big gun shown on page 7. The concussion of the gun's discharge caused  
the blur in this picture. The gunners stood on tiptoe to save their ear-drums



flung suspense and agony, surprise and death, over my head. Beyond, the forts, hung like a corona of barbarous gems on the brow of the mountain range, gushed forth pain and disgust.

The Pine Tree fort (Shoduzan) on the extreme right was afire, had been for two hours, and the smoke from it, blown by a northwest wind, lifted raggedly square across the field. Through the slight haze each explosion opposite could be seen, as it tore out, now a chunk of a mountain and now a crater from a parapet. About half-past twelve the star bomb chamber of the south battery, the one nearest, was struck, and for ten minutes an explosion of day fireworks held the line. On the north battery two guns hung across the parapet, their backs broken, useless. On the two smaller forts between, the P and M redoubts, men could be seen feverishly working at a rear intrenchment. Evidently they were preparing to retire from the front line, where they already scented danger. But they as evidently showed determination to fight to the last ditch—which they did. All four of these forts, spread fanwise half-way down this mountain slope, formed the group called the Cock's Comb (Keikan, Japanese; Keekwan, Chinese), and above them on the skyline the comb could be plainly seen, lacking only the dab of red later to be given its approaches, to give it the cock color. It was on the Cock's Comb that half of the great losses in August occurred. Some ten thousand Japanese had already been mowed down there, for every slope was prepared for enfilading by two batteries, the moats were deep, the fortifications of masonry and the glacis sheer and slippery. Yet the Cock's Comb once taken, the Russians must yield, for it was to the siege of Port Arthur what Nanshan was to the campaign—the decisive position. Once driven from there, the enemy's back would be broken. The fall of the Cock's Comb and the Two Dragons, on December 31, forced Stoessel's surrender.

At one o'clock the bombardment seemed to have reached a climax of intensity. The parapets of the four forts were alive with bursting shrapnel. A hundred a minute were exploding on each (at fifteen gold dollars apiece). The air above them was black with the glycerine gases of the mortar shells, and the wind blowing toward the sea held huge quantities of dust. Timber splinters were in the air and rocks were flying. Not a fort replied, and from the entire eight-and-one-half-mile front of the Russian line there were few answers. Once about every ten minutes a wheezy battery off on the Liaotian Peninsula sent a shell promiscuously into our vast field, apparently to show that the defence was yet at least gasping for breath.

In the front parallels the infantry seemed on the move. There was a shifting of rifles, and in three of them, from end to end, a man could be seen running. The night before I had been up there to find all of the soldiers changing their linen and sponging themselves off as best they could with old towels and soiled handkerchiefs. They were purifying themselves for death. A superstition as old as Japan says that a man who dies dirty finds no place among the Shinto shades. Now they were waiting calmly, each with an overcoat and spade across his back. Why the spade? Will it be necessary to hastily intrench for the night far up the slope? Each had an "iron" ration in his pocket, and a pint of cold tea in his flask. Two hundred rounds of ammunition in his three leather pouches go to help the bayoneted rifle that he slings by its strap, its butt dragging as he goes up hill. What a job it is, this, of living in a pocket handkerchief, on compressed air, giving and receiving death, for three cents a day!

At one-fifteen our fire changes. The four forts are left to their silence and devastation, and the fat balls travel westward to the Pine Tree and the Two Dragons. For a moment the slopes stand out, ghastly with smoke, pitted like strawberries, each pit a shell hole deep enough to give a man shelter.

Before any one knows it the assault is on. The four get it at once. From the bottom of each, out of the approach sapped there in the night, a handful of men is fed, as corn might drop, grain by grain, ground from a hopper. They get a few rods up when another handful is fed, then another and another, until the whole face of the hill is swarming with tiny figures, their blue turned in the distance to black, the space between each at no place less than two yards, at none more than two rods. Not in battalion phalanx, as the picture books show, shells dismembering, arms thrown aloft, faces wild with battle's glory, terror, agony, but steadily, sanely seeking every cover, deploying with skirmish formation, they go on and up, into the jaws of death, into the mouth of hell. Not a life is thrown away, not a precious head wasted.

Not fifty yards up the Russian lookout scouts them, and then we see we are not facing a beaten foe, but a waiting one. Until that moment no sound came from the enemy. No shells chucked away at hidden batteries, no rifle ammunition plumped into the sandbags of parallels, no shrapnel sent hit-or-miss over the fields searching for an unseen foe—not any of that stupid, wild game for them. They have let the preparation go on, all the fuss and fury, the bombardment, the sapping, and now we see what they are up to. It is all hit with them, no miss, they have no ammunition to waste. Their backs are to the wall. Their defence is determined, great. Deadly purpose is in that silence.

The sun is out for a moment, the smoke has lifted. Through my glass I see it all as perfectly as though on a chessboard; the sprawling blue ants creeping up, rifle-butts dragging, the line officers ahead, the field behind. Far in advance of the squad on the P fort a young lieutenant is running, carried out of himself in passion, foolish in zeal, waving his sword. Almost fifty yards behind him, his nearest file-sergeant lumbers

stolidly on, as stolidly as my two companions of the morning lumbered with their bags of rice. At that moment they meet what they changed their linen for the night before. From all the Russian batteries, from silent nooks, from huge, open emplacements, from mountain recesses, from the entire line of parapets, it comes—the Russian reply. So here is the why of that previous ghostly silence. Every shot must tell. Bursts directly above send vitreous blue shoots of smoke as on strata sidewise, then curl voluminously upward, the edges unfolding to the breeze; the deadly shrapnel downward shooting bits of lead and steel. Enfilading from all crests, over the shoulders of the slopes, come shells, plowing the ground, hurling stones and fragments. From above rattle the Nordenfelts and Maxims, spraying bullets into the advancing ants as kerosene is sometimes sprayed from a hose nozzle on the tribe of real pests.

It was to be expected. Not a man lives. The fire ceases. They all lie prone—some hid in the shell holes, some lost in the gullies, some face down bare on the open sand. Most of them lie lengthwise, their heads upward, shot apparently as they stumbled forward. On the second slope in one place the legs and trunk of a man are sprawled, armless, headless. An entire shell must have met him halfway. Occasionally the figures are huddled, piteously deprived of action, sending upward the silent, unanswerable appeal that death makes. But most of them have that curious upward slant, bodies rigid, as of determined men hugging the ground. Were they bullet-straight? Anyway, it is a glorious death—this of the infantry soldier storming Port Ar-



#### PREPARING FOR DEATH

Japanese soldiers before going into battle put on clean linen because they believe that if they die unclean they will not be immortalized. This picture was taken in an advanced trench the night before the great assault on Keekwan fort, October 29

thur, lifted on the crest of the world's fiercest passion, puffed into vapor as the crest of a storm-tossed wave! Painless, too. A touch and all is over. But can they all be dead, all of those figures slanted curiously upward? There must have been remarkable sharpshooters above to pick every man off, for shells are notoriously extravagant of bravado and bluff.

Ten minutes pass—fifteen—twenty—and only the giant shells wheeling through the sky to distant, unseen marks remind one that here is indeed a battlefield.

Then suddenly those figures with the curious upward slant come to life. Another handful of war corn is fed from the human hopper below. The young officer waves his sword. The line-sergeant stolidly climbs. The deploying lines curl their microbe grip more firmly into the slope. There was a hitch in the machine. Now it moves, slow, inexorable.

The piteously huddled figures remain. The comrades go on, with never a look down, never a look behind, half-stooped, rifle-butts dragging, laboring with the terrific climb. Ten paces from the fresh start, and that hail of bursting steel meets them again. They struggle on, perhaps a hundred feet, perhaps a hundred and fifty, then commence dropping, one by one, by the dozen, fifteen at a time, two by two. They rest again. Again the time drags. Again the fresh start, with more piteously huddled figures. So it goes, the hopper below supplying every loss.

At length the young officer pauses. Just for a moment he lingers and then digs his boots into the crater that one of those friendly shells tore out for him an hour before. Without waiting for his men, fifty yards beyond the nearest, he leaps to the parapet, reels for an instant on the skyline, then plunges out of sight. I never see him again. What must have been his fate inside there, alone, before his men came up? Was he shot down as he entered? Did he keep the Russians at bay till his supports came up? Dear, foolish boy, did you think that single-handed, with that bit of toy steel, you could take Port Arthur?

It seems ages and ages before the line-sergeant and his deploying figures leap to the skyline, reel for an instant, and disappear. The grist from the hopper below hastens and the rifle-butts spring from ground to shoulders. It was the first man who was needed. Now that the charm is broken, they no longer skulk, but run eagerly to the crater and tumble in. The hopper

has fed well-earred corn into the mill, and it has come out ground meal. The grits lie scattered all along the slope. Some move. The most lie still, their battle with cold nights in exposed trenches finished, sentry duty done. And in many a thatched cot among the rice paddies across the sea the old hataman will tell to his gray wife how their boy helped take Port Arthur, and both will make a little journey to the sacred mountain to assure the fathers they are thankful to have bred brave stock.

At a quarter past one the young lieutenant started on his mad errand, supported by the sane mechanism. At a quarter past two the flag of the Rising Sun floated from both north corners of the P fort. At a quarter past three the stretcher-bearers are on the slope searching among the huddled figures. They move swiftly along, turning a figure over, giving it a quick look and dropping it with business precision; to another, dropping it; to another, pausing, out with the lint, perhaps the hypodermic needle, perhaps a sip from the tea flask, the arms of one bearer hastily passing under the arms of the figure, of the other under the knees, dropping it on to the stretcher, passing in and out among the shell holes, down the hill, while back on the slope the carrion figures lie with the slant of the setting sun struggling through the clouds to flash over the bayonets beside them!

Meanwhile, over the rest of the vast field, of which the P fort was but a fragment, the assault had been continuing. The Russian fire had not abated. As soon as they saw the P fort was gone they turned their shells into the redoubt itself, and cut up our forces where they were seeking cover in the very places their own shells had previously destroyed. But the slopes of the other three forts were kept just as hot as in the beginning. The moment the thin line advanced, that moment the hail commenced, and it ceased only when the line ceased; nor did it entirely cease then, for shrapnel was dropped above the forms, those huddled and those lying curiously straight.

Suddenly, on the further slope, where near a battalion of men had crawled almost two-thirds of the way up the glacis, a panic seemed to have seized them. The whole crowd ran down and to the right. They disappeared over the scruff of the hill, toward their own trenches, brushed off as a handful of flies might be blown away from a heel of bread. The cowards! to run like that when their comrades are valiantly struggling up the nearer heights!

But no. It is not a panic. Halfway to their trenches they all drop into the ground. Shell holes and gullies swallow them up. As they disappear the scruff of the hill from which they ran is blown into the air, the flame shooting from the centre of rocks and dirt, and the white smoke rising above. A mine has gone off there.

The pioneer ahead found the contact signal—clever fellow—ran back to the advance officer, who led his men in their retreat. So it was not a panic, but a well-ordered movement. Soon the advance goes on, up the nearer angle of the slope, the men deploying carefully as before, the hell shooting down from above, the hopper feeding from below. So I learn to criticize nothing on a field of battle. Who but the commanding officer can ever disclose motives? Not a word of authentic news leaks from this place. Once the citadel is down, say the generals, let criticism rage. Port Arthur will have been taken. Meanwhile, let us have silence, concentration, determination!

Then, under the middle parapet, I find a squad of men hanging, having survived the ordeal below. With no leader so headstrong as the young officer, they halt for supports to go in and capture the fort, for they are but twenty, or at most thirty. No supports come. The shrapnel plays over them, the bullets rain through.

Into a crater torn on the parapet of the fort opposite by one of our Osaka shells, and which with an enfilading fire can command the squad, there marches a company of Russian soldiers, four abreast. The hole accommodates four at a time, and they stand as if on parade, an officer to the left rear, his sword drawn, giving the word of command. Still further in behind is another officer, pistol in hand, holding the men to their work. They order arms, prepare, aim, fire, wheel to the left, defile, the next squad takes their places, and again comes this drill in manual of arms. A splendid sight; men in the crux of action as if on parade; an object lesson for discipline to the whole Russian army. The Japanese need no such object lesson. Each man is an individual, though he is part of the machine; he has a brain to think, eyes to see, legs and arms to act. Just below the firing squad, within twenty yards, a company of our boys has crawled up and is lying face down waiting for the word to make the final charge. Hid by the angle of the parapet, neither squad nor company sees the other, and the Russians above fire directly over the heads of the Japanese below into the assaulting party on the opposite slope, distant some four or five hundred yards. When the last four have emptied their rifles, the crater becomes again black with emptiness. Evening is falling. The assaulting party creeps on up.

Under the parapet of the north battery, where the forsaken squad was left, I now see the why of the inaction. The twenty or thirty, in half an hour, have thrown up a shallow trench. So this is the meaning of the spade that each man carries, at such cost, up those terrific heights. They are fixing themselves for the night. Under cover of darkness the supports will come up, and before dawn the way from valley to parapet will be entirely protected with trenches, so that a whole regiment can be poured up for the final assault without losing a man. As the price of it on the slope there lie thousands of huddled figures.





Coming down Mount Washington

Bowling along a shady road

## THE DELIGHTS OF MOTORING

Some Suggestions of the Pleasures Afforded by Touring at Home and Abroad

THERE is no more thorough way of enjoying the beauties of this great, wide country of ours than from the seat of a motor car. While many motorists have tested this means to some extent, it was not until recently that the motor car demonstrated its superiority over every other means of transit for the purposes of sight-seeing. A number of motorists, driving about one hundred motor cars in all, proved conclusively that long-distance touring is not only practicable, but that it can be done in comparative comfort and with much enjoyment. These votaries of the "sport of the twentieth century" set out from several points in the Eastern States, and traveled nearly fifteen hundred miles to St. Louis, in comfortable, day-long runs averaging about one hundred miles a day. Only a very small percentage of those who started on this long tour withdrew from the pilgrimage to the Exposition en route, while those who remained to the end were unanimous in declaring that in no other two weeks of their lives had they concentrated so much real out-of-doors enjoyment.

The route which they took led them through five States—New York, Pennsylvania, Ohio, Indiana, Illinois—and into the sixth, Missouri. From their cars they saw the beautiful Mohawk Valley of New York, Niagara Falls, and traveled along the shore of Lake Erie, through the fertile fields of Ohio and Indiana, along the shore of Lake Michigan, and over the prairie lands of Illinois. Their recollection of what they saw is not based upon fleeting glimpses from the window of a Pullman. They saw the country through which they traveled as one would look at a slowly moving panorama.

The motorist has beneath him a vehicle propelled by a mechanical life subject to his will; he travels roads, good, bad, or indifferent, with ease; through valleys and over mountains; past farms of waving corn or wheat; along narrow highways which run, like veins, through a forest; through a country of giant mountains, rugged and bleak, in fair weather or in foul. Where else than in the seat of a motor car can you enjoy to the fullest the country through which you are passing? The motor car has no reasonable limitations other than passable roads, and, while there is much room for the improvement of highways and for the multiplication of good roads, there are still a great many waiting for you and your car.

Do you wish good level roads through historic or scenic country? The New England States will give you much of the former and some of the latter, and a tour up the Hudson will lay before you much of the latter and some of the former. The New England States are crowded with scenes and old buildings laden with the romantic glamour of the Revolution and the Colonial days. With Boston as a starting-point, why not take the route of Paul Revere's ride through Lexington and Concord, picturing in your mind, while speeding along, the minute-men standing shoulder to shoulder upon the Green, and thence northeasterly to Salem, and think of its interest in witchcraft, and remember "The Scarlet Letter" of Hawthorne? You might go on and on in your motor car from Boston and find strewn along the route scenes and places which other times have made famous, and which rest firmly in the bosom of the nation's affections. Along the Hudson, the Rhine of America, it is the scenery which attracts you. At the lower end of the river are the rugged, precipitous Palisades, which, as one travels northward, soften into giant billowy hills and mountains, such as High Tor, Dunderberg, Anthony's Nose, Storm King, and the Catskills beyond. Further to the northward are the White Mountains of New Hampshire. Many have the erroneous idea that motoring in the White Mountains is impossible, but many other automobilists have proved that this mountain land of New Hampshire is a practicable touring country. Indeed, one hundred miles a day can be done with comfort, although with not much time for stops.

The East has no monopoly of scenic country practicable for motoring. Colorado motorists will tell you that they have the most wonderful touring country in the world, and any one who has been through any material distance of that State in a motor car never tries to dispute that assertion. One would naturally think that to cross this section of the Rocky Mountains would be, in the matter of grades, almost impossible. A motorist who recently made the run over the Continental Divide reported afterward that he found not one grade exceeding twenty-three degrees. Roads he found to be exceptionally good. He made the start from Denver southward, through Littleton, Palmer Lake, to Colorado Springs; thence westward to Buena Vista, and northward through Leadville, where he began to cross the Divide, and finally concluded his tour at Rifle.

California, too, offers much as a motoring State. One road in particular which has recently come into favor is the old "El Camino Real"—as they called it in the silvery Spanish tongue, in the days when the Western world was young. "The King's Highway"—as it has been rendered into English with more regard for historical than linguistic accuracy—extended for five hundred miles through a land unrivaled for natural wealth, scenic beauty, and climate, encircling on its way hills from which may be seen the glorious Pacific, traversing valleys where frost is never known, climbing mountains and crossing deserts that are truly of a land primeval, and taking in or touching at roads tributary to a score or more of the old Spanish missions.

The motor car is, indeed, beyond question the touring vehicle of to-day. No one in Europe now "does" the Continent in anything but a motor car, if one wishes to "do" it properly. The same may be said of touring in this country. While we have not roads equal to those in Europe, we have scenery that far excels that of the older Continent, and the ardent tourist is willing to accept a little rough riding for the results he gets.



The picture in the circle shows a big touring car with canopy top, a pleasant vehicle for summer travel; the middle picture throws some light on the misfortunes that sometimes occur, while the lower photograph shows how even the steepest and most rugged ascents may be taken by the motor car





SMITH AND MABLEY SIMPLEX



PEERLESS



WINTON



PACKARD

## THE AMERICAN AUTOMOBILE OF 1905

By JAMES E. HOMANS, A.M., Author of "Self-Propelled Vehicles"



OLDSMOBILE RUNABOUT



HAYNES-APPERSON



NATIONAL



LOCOMOBILE



ROYAL



AUTO CAR



WHITE STEAMER



CADILLAC



MATHESON



FORD RUNABOUT

**T**HE automobile has come to stay; no one can deny that. As an instrument of recreation it is already a recognized permanence; as a ready and convenient means of transportation, it is only just entering upon an unbounded career of usefulness.

It may be safely said that no other great modern invention exhibits more vividly the distinct evolution from crudity to perfection; from complexity to simplicity. Historically speaking, the motor road carriage antedates the railroad, and, during the 20's and 30's of the nineteenth century, was its close and formidable rival in England and on the Continent of Europe. It seemed, indeed, the logical offspring and successor of the tedious and romantic old stage coach of a century ago, and, had it not been for legislative interference, might have become an established institution of the last sixty years.

The early road locomotives were ponderous affairs, heavy, high-powered, and complicated. They could run, however, each carrying its quota of passengers and baggage, with a degree of speed and comfort somewhat above the average of their horse-drawn forebears. Nonetheless, the day of the private motor carriage was still far in the future. The gas engine and electric motor were unknown and undreamed, and the steam engine was as yet so ill perfected that light and efficient constructions such as we know to-day would have been deemed preposterous.

The practical gas engine, or internal-combustion motor, appeared in 1881. About the same time came the electric motor, as we know it to-day. At first it was only a curiosity or plaything, to be operated by small batteries of chemical cells. Then some one hit on the happy notion of connecting it to a steam engine, reversing its action, and in this way making the first dynamo generator, the real life and soul of present-day electrical science and industry.

These were the beginnings of the automobile, as also of a great part of our mechanical achievement in other lines. Daimler of Cannstatt perfected his high-speed mineral spirit engine in 1885, producing a machine of unprecedented compactness, and having geared it up to drive a cumbersome bicycle or two-wheel velocipede, became the first automobilist. Shortly after he entered upon the manufacture of motor-driven vehicles, an enterprise in which, for several years, Benz of Mannheim was his only rival.

About 1890 Panhard & Levassor, machine builders of Paris, purchased Daimler's French rights, and of their skill and inventive genius the automobile of to-day is the direct evolution. To them, and to other French designers and engineers, the utmost credit must be ascribed. They found the gasoline carriage a clumsy toy, a machine of doubtful use or efficiency, and created in its stead the giant cars that now rush through the streets and highways of the world. Another Frenchman, Serpollet of Paris, invented the flash steam generator about 1889, and, having arranged it with a single-acting engine to drive a tricycle, perfected the first light steam vehicle.

The real history of the automobile, as a machine of industrial usefulness, as well as a conveyance for tourists and sportsmen of the leisured class, as a light or medium weight, as well as a heavy high-speed vehicle, began with the activity of American inventors and designers. The three foremost pioneers in this country, Duryea, Haynes, and Winton, began their work on distinctly original lines, avoiding alike the finicky complications inevitable in French constructions and the oppressive tradition of striving to attain great speed at the cost of ponderous weight and difficulty of control.

### First American Successes

Duryea built his first experimental carriage in 1891, and during the next few years completed several highly efficient machines. In 1895 one of his light wagons won the "Times-Herald" contest at Chicago, covering the entire course of fifty-five miles, over a roadway covered with crusted snow, in nine and one-half hours, and reaching the starting line nearly three hours ahead of the only finishing competitor, a Mueller wagon driven by a German Benz motor. In 1896 a Duryea runabout made the best time in the famous "Liberty Day" race from London to Brighton, England, arriving at the rendezvous one hour and twelve minutes ahead of the Panhard-Levassor car, winner of the memorable Paris-Bordeaux run of the previous year. This record gained a great reputation for the Duryea machine, which was for several years the only American-built automobile known in Europe, and, until very recently, the only one manufactured abroad. This was the first great victory for American inventive genius in the motor carriage field. The Duryea held the world's record for

speed until 1897, when Winton achieved a mile in one minute and forty-seven seconds on the Glenville track, Cleveland.

The sole excuse for introducing this historical information is to demonstrate America's supremacy in automobilism. The natural line of evolution here has been in the direction of the lighter types of vehicle—runabouts, phaetons, and light structures of other types—albeit the most conspicuous trend for several years has been toward rivaling the French in building heavy, high-speed cars. Even in this direction, which still persists, the American car is rapidly coming to the fore.

To American genius we are also indebted for the perfected steam carriage. While Serpollet's flash generator was one of the most memorable of recent contributions to steam-engine construction, it is to our own engineers we must ascribe credit for the light and compact steel boiler, equipped with copper flues; also, for several of the most efficient types of tubular boilers. The earliest modern American steam carriage was the product of the Stanley Brothers of Newton, Massachusetts, which was widely known for several years under the trade titles of "Mobile" and "Locomobile." Within a year the same inventors have perfected their excellent direct-driven steam carriage, dispensing with many of the complications of former models, and producing a vehicle well-suited for motorists of average means and limited mechanical experience.

### Development of the Electric Machine

In American hands the electric vehicle has also risen to an eminent state of perfection, and is now manufactured in nearly every size and style, from the light runabout to the five-ton truck. It is the prevailing vehicle for cities, where it is largely represented by cabs, hansoms, stages, and wagons, and the periodically recurring necessity of recharging the storage batteries is—we may safely assert—the only serious obstacle to an indefinite extension of its use. It is the easiest to handle, the cleanest, and, allowing that its driver observes all rules on the care of his battery, also the least liable to become disabled. The recent perfection of the famous Edison iron-nickel storage cell, with its greater power efficiency per unit of weight, and its very desirable virtue of being as nearly "fool-proof" as any mere human product could be, already bids fair to extend the sphere of the electro-mobile.

There is a wide field of profit for some enterprising capitalist or corporation who will establish battery relay stations along traveled highways. With this assistance the electric carriage would speedily rival the trolley car, and also furnish the public with a simple and reliable form of motor conveyance.

In spite of the many conspicuous achievements of American-built machines, the prominence given to the heavier types is to be regretted. It tends to conceal the fact that the motor vehicle is undoubtedly destined to a far wider field than furnishing amusement for the wealthy. The cars suited to the requirements of affluent sportsmen are by no means typical of the real advances tending to constitute the permanence of the automobile. From another point of view, also, the current tendency toward heavy machines is to be deplored; the vast expense involved, and the comparatively small demand, tends to limit the business and spread the false notion that the automobile is costly beyond the ability of the average citizen. Several notable firms and corporations have abandoned the business, very largely because commercial conditions have eliminated their profits. For a concern whose resources entitle it to very much less than the highest rating, the competition in the manufacture of high-powered cars speedily becomes prohibitive.

For the production of low-powered vehicles the conditions are equally discouraging, since, armed with the discredited axioms of four years ago, the public is still distrustful of the reasonable priced carriage. Then it was confidently asserted that a light-weight gasoline automobile on account of destructive motor vibration, was an absurdity and a demonstrated failure. People were taught to accept on authority that air-cooling for any gasoline vehicle heavier than a cycle was impracticable. A large collection of data was learnedly arrayed to prove that no motor road carriage could profitably be manufactured and sold below a figure prohibitively high for people of moderate means.

At the present time, although the structural absurdities of 1900 and 1901 have been effectually weeded out, we have efficient light gasoline vehicles with reachless side-spring frames, or other constructions equally effective to neutralize vibration; we have air-cooled gasoline engines that can propel heavy as well as light cars on steep grades at good speeds, without a symptom

TYPES OF AMERICAN-MADE MOTOR CARS, SHOWING THE VARIOUS MODELS





FRANKLIN



MAXWELL-BRISCOE



NORTHERN



THE REO

of sticking or harmful laboring. As to price, the trade lists of 1904 contain notices of at least fifteen different makes of efficient gasoline vehicle, ranging between \$425 and \$700, and averaging six horsepower, and of ten different makes at \$750, averaging seven and five-tenths horsepower; one steamer at \$650, one at \$700, one at \$750; one electric at \$600, one at \$750. Out of a selection of two hundred and eighty vehicles, representing the product of one hundred and fifty manufacturers, sixty-eight models were offered at prices below \$1,000, and one hundred and nine other models at prices ranging between \$1,000 and \$2,000.

These figures, which are merely representative and by no means complete, amply demonstrate that, by American business methods and American enterprise, it is perfectly possible to manufacture a serviceable motor carriage to sell within the means of the average prosperous citizen. They indicate, also, that the day is rapidly approaching when the light automobile will be a formidable rival of the horse. A reliable horse, harness, and buggy or phaeton carriage can not be purchased for less than \$500, and, coming to a consideration of the comparative cost of maintenance, an automobile at \$750, or even \$1,000, is by far the cheaper conveyance.

As was the case in the early days of the steam railroad, even so it is with the automobile to-day—the popular mind, like a nervous horse, must become accustomed to it. Furthermore, the silly notion that a vehicle propelled by steam or gasoline motor is necessarily dangerous and constantly liable to explode, must be allayed in the calm light of fact. With ordinary good care, explosion is the very last catastrophe the automobilist has

need to fear. The popular mind must be educated, also, to the point of recognizing that knowledge is more essential in handling an automobile than in driving a horse, despite that, as a certain manufacturer well said, "The first and foremost aim of the automobile-maker is to render the ignoramus harmless."

Despite, then, that our foremost manufacturers are devoting their energies to perfecting, even more fully, the splendid conveyances that are the envy of all who may not own them, and despite that the public mind has not yet reached that stage in its education when it can recognize in the motor carriage a readier, speedier, more enduring, and cheaper means of locomotion than the patient, hard-worked horse, the fact remains that modern science and ingenuity have perfected a machine that reduces the cost of travel to the lowest terms. The automobile runs more easily on average good country roads than any horse carriage, and, owing to the growing use of asphalt paving in our cities, it is the only vehicle that always accomplishes the end of sure and speedy travel and avoids all suspicion of that truculent cruelty so often witnessed on cold and slippery days. It can travel at an even rate, mile after mile, and hour after hour, without stopping or tiring; it is the same in winter and summer, and in fair weather and foul; it can ford a stream or climb a mountain; it can be started at a moment's notice, and stabled without food or water; it requires no care, save that dictated by common-sense, enforced by even a rudimentary knowledge of mechanics and a strict adherence to rules; finally, it commends itself as the only vehicle perfectly suited to the strenuous conditions of American life, and to gratifying the love of ease and luxury that is innate in human nature.



COLUMBIA PHAETON



MARION

## WHAT'S WHAT IN MOTORING

**AUTOMOBILE** terms are technical—in their mechanical usage, at least—but they are rapidly becoming permanent factors in popular talk. This is true, because the automobile is itself a popular machine, a noisy, strenuous, fast-flying solution of a score of knotty problems; yet so simple that "the wayfaring man, though a fool," can qualify as a chauffeur.

**THE CHAUFFEUR.**—"One who makes things hot," a fireman or engine-driver, the word being derived from the French, and designating the driver or manager of a road locomotive.

**FRAME AND RUNNING GEAR.**—Taking the automobile from the ground up, the expert looks for a number of points that indicate its value and efficiency. He measures, for example, its *wheel base*, which is to say the length of the structure from the centre of the forward to the centre of the rear wheel; and the *tread*, or the width between tire centres. He makes a critical examination of its *underframe*, or the structure carried above the springs and supporting the body; he inquires anxiously whether the machine is *chain-driven*, by roller chains and sprockets, or *direct-driven*, by longitudinal shaft and bevel gears to the rear axle. In either case the power is applied to a device known as the *differential* or *balance gear*. This commonly consists of a sprocket carrying studded bevel pinions on two or more spokes, which mesh with bevel gears fixed on either side to the ends of the centre-divided rear axle or countershaft. Its use is to enable the two drive wheels to rotate at different speeds, as in turning a corner, a feat otherwise impossible in a motor-driven vehicle. When the differential is on the rear axle, the road wheels are rigidly attached, and turn with it; it is then called a *live axle*. When, on the other hand, the differential is on a countershaft, the wheels turn loose on a *dead axle*, or one that does not rotate, as in a horse carriage.

**THE BODY.**—The *body* of an automobile may be built to accord to any one of a large variety of styles, even as in a horse carriage. However, a large and heavy vehicle is known as a *car*; a lighter one of similar pattern is called a *phaeton* or *voiturette*—the latter, French for "little carriage"; then, there are stanhopes, runabouts, victorias, and a variety of others, equally different from the horse carriages similarly named. A car with a cab or coupé body for passengers is called a *limousine*, a word derived from the French province of Limousin or Limosin, just as we have landau, surrey, rockaway, etc. Occasionally a car has the passenger seats in a semicircular inclosure, usually entered by a door at the rear. This is called a *tonneau*, from the French word meaning a cask or tun, undoubtedly from the general resemblance.

**STEERING GEAR.**—The steering of an automobile involves a number of contrivances, unknown in other vehicles. There is no "fifth wheel," and the road wheels do not "cut under" the body. Each of the forward wheels is hinged or studded to a fork or boss fixed at one end of the rigid axle, and, by means of a transverse link bar, the two are connected, so as to move together, when the steer wheel or lever is shifted. The steering axles are called *stud axles*, or Ackermann axles. Steering is *irreversible*, when it is impossible that any obstruction on the

roadway should act to alter the direction of the road wheels, or to move the steering wheel or lever at the driver's hand. Various devices have been adopted for this purpose.

**THE MOTOR.**—An automobile may be propelled by a steam, gasoline, or electric motor. In the steam carriage the heat is produced by burning the vapor of gasoline or kerosene under the boiler. In the gasoline carriage, so-called, the gasoline is vaporized and the vapor exploded within the cylinder, driving the piston forward. The gasoline engine operates, therefore, on the principle of a gun; a gun, too, that fires and reloads between 600 and 1,500 times per minute—rapid-firing par excellence. The gasoline carriage is the prevailing type at the present time; only a few steamers being manufactured. Steamers are too complicated for the average unskilled driver, and usually very troublesome to handle and maintain. In nearly all large gasoline cars the engine is set to the front of the frame beneath a brass and iron forestructure known as the *bonnet* or *hood*. It drives through a *clutch*, a detachable connection that may be thrown off at the driver's will, through the speed gear to the rear axle or *countershaft*. The latter is a shaft set parallel to the axles and divided at the centre for the differential gear, as previously explained.

**GEARS OF ALL KINDS.**—That word *gear* is a convenient one, and multi-significant. We have *bevel gears* and *spur gears*, otherwise known as cog or toothed wheels; then there is the *differential gear*, composed of several such wheels; the *change-speed gear*, similarly constructed of toothed wheels so arranged that a large spur on the engine shaft may engage a small one on a second shaft, to give a high speed, and vice versa. Among other gears is the *steering gear*, that has no gears in it; the *ignition gear*, in which nothing moves that is visible except a momentary spark; and the *running gear*, which is constructed with wheels devoid of teeth—road wheels, in fact. To be brief, a gear means almost any kind of machine or contrivance which may be *in gear*, and work well, or *out of gear*, and work not at all.

**ELECTRIC MOTORS AND BATTERIES.**—Upon the electric vehicle we need say but a few words. The *motor* operates by magnetic reaction of two electric circuits. The current is supplied by a *storage battery*, or accumulator, an apparatus commonly made with pairs of lead plates immersed in dilute acid, called *electrolyte*. For operation the battery is *charged* by current from a *dynamo* circuit. The result of passing the current through the plates and solution is to produce chemical changes that permit of current being given off when the dynamo is detached. The storage battery *discharge* is measured in *ampère-hours*, which term indicates the number of *ampères* of current when the discharge is completed in a given number of hours. The usual rate for light automobile work is forty *ampère-hours*.

**CONTROLLING AN ELECTROMOBILE.**—The speed and power output of an electric motor increases with the *ampérage*, or strength of current, and that, with the *voltage* or pressure of the battery. The battery of an automobile is composed of *cells*, generally forty—any number of separate *cells* make a *battery*—and the *voltage*, also the *ampérage*, may be increased according to the arrangement of the *units*. (Continued on page 29.)



RAMBLER



KNOX



THE THOMAS



WAYNE



POIRÉ-TOLEDO



STEVENS-DURYEA



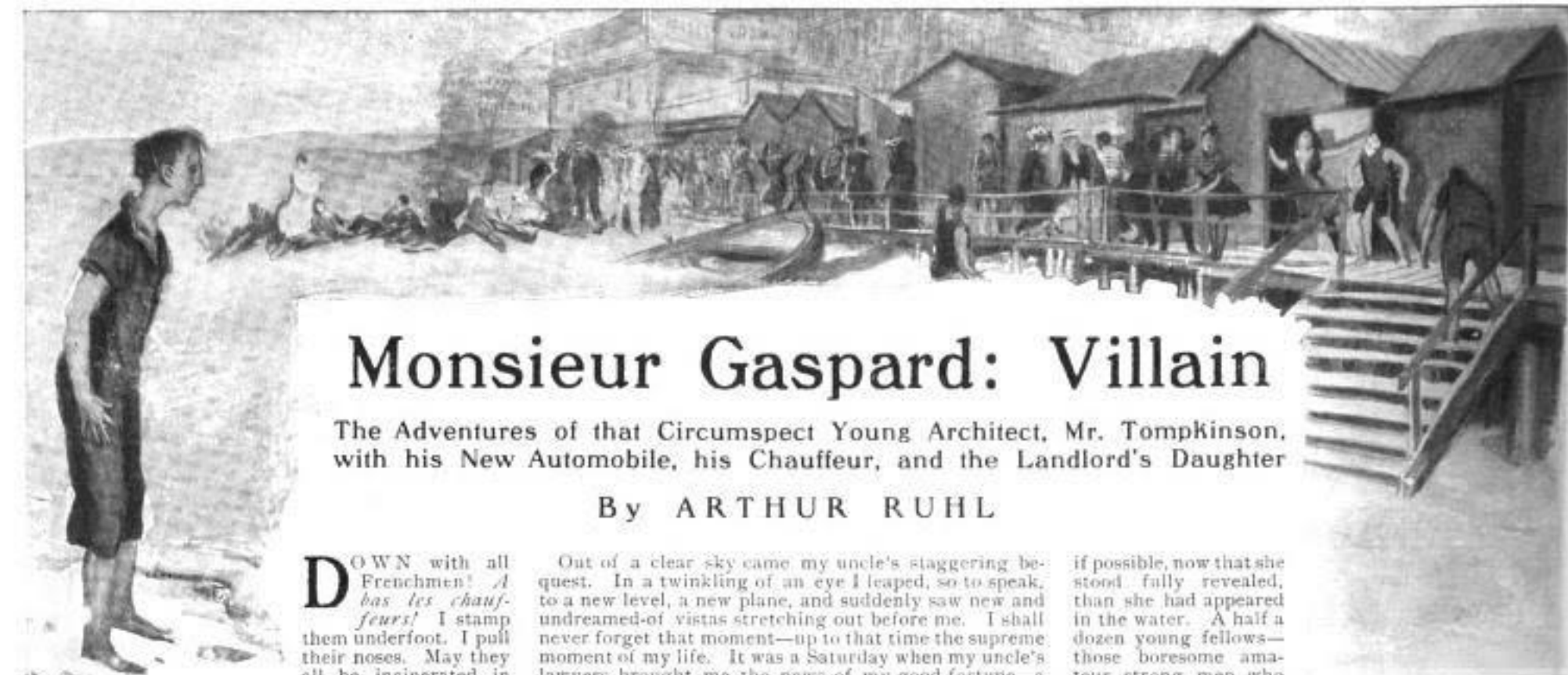
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## Monsieur Gaspard: Villain

The Adventures of that Circumspect Young Architect, Mr. Tompkinson, with his New Automobile, his Chauffeur, and the Landlord's Daughter

By ARTHUR RUHL

**D**OWN with all Frenchmen! *A bas les chauffeurs!* I stamp them underfoot. I pull their noses. May they all be incinerated in the flames of their own gasoline! May their everlasting devil-wag-

ons run away to hades with the very last of them! All I repeat, though I refer particularly to one Gaspard, Villain! *Lache! Scélérat!* I am hasty, you think? Ha! It is to shrug the shoulder and laugh! Little do you know them! Have you seen them—dark-browed cutthroats, hanging about some side-street garage—leering, sputtering their insinuating lingo, viewing us honest Americans as Cæsar's soldiers probably viewed their wretched ancestors—as barbarians upon whom they may prey with a cynical and light-hearted impunity? Thank Heaven, I'm an Anglo-Saxon! My friends sometimes call me excitable. They are wrong. I am not. My name is Tompkinson. I eat roast beef and speak plainly. Only when some such adventure as this inflames me do I fall into the beastly vivacity of these very creatures I despise. It is a weakness and I admit it. However, *revenons à nos moutons*. Back to our sheep, indeed! Back to that dissolute goat Gaspard, and to me, myself, the lamb led to the slaughter.

It was in the courtyard of the little roadhouse at Werebrook, on the South Shore, that I first met him. I was sitting there at a little table in the arbor, watching the landlord's daughter—but perhaps I anticipate. You do not know the "Grape Vine," nor how it was that I happened to be there. Would that I had never even—but no matter! My uncle, as you may perhaps remember, had died—my uncle, Mr. John Tompkinson, the coffee king. He had gone down to South America when a young man, become immensely rich, and, dying, left all he had to me, his only heir. I had never seen my uncle, nor had any of the family, since he went to the tropics. He was only a name, and yet I could not help feeling a certain grief that I had not known him before, that one so generous should have had to leave this life in order to demonstrate his generosity. For the magnitude of his bequest was staggering. Here was I, a struggling young architect, who had always led a decorous, painstaking life, suddenly possessed of the power to gratify every purchasable whim that could be conjured up by a suddenly intoxicated fancy. I was dazed, dazzled. I scarcely knew what to do first. Without any immediate ambitions of a serious nature, I was equally void of experience in sailing the seas of vagrant frivolity. I had never been what is vulgarly known as a "mixer"; the conventional methods of "blowing in" wealth I had always regarded with disdain. My life, socially, I flatter myself, had been proper, rational, and sane. I have belonged to one club, besides my college club—the Cryptus. It is made up of unsuccessful literary men and artists. As a worker in a field allied to the fine arts, I found the vague artistic atmosphere of this club rather pleasant, and while always able to meet my confrères on their own ground, I could yet, because of the practical and utilitarian side of my vocation, always adopt toward them the confident and breezily superior manner of a man of affairs. For a struggling young architect I can conceive of fewer environments more stimulating than that of the Cryptus. My summers I invariably spent at one of the Jersey suburbs, where we had a tennis club which offered mixed doubles every Saturday afternoon. My winters for many years had been spent in the same modest lodgings in town, where, by reason of my regularity and my quiet and orderly habits, I had become, as you might say, almost the star boarder. I always belonged to one of the dancing "classes"—the "Monday Evenings," "Neighborhoods," or something like that—so that with the theatre on Saturday night I had gayety enough, and every Sunday afternoon and evening I regularly spent in making calls. I kept a little red book with the names of the different girls I knew in it, and I would put a cross beside each name as I went down the list, until I had called on all of them, and then I would begin over at the beginning.

Out of a clear sky came my uncle's staggering bequest. In a twinkling of an eye I leaped, so to speak, to a new level, a new plane, and suddenly saw new and undreamed-of vistas stretching out before me. I shall never forget that moment—up to that time the supreme moment of my life. It was a Saturday when my uncle's lawyers brought me the news of my good fortune—a warm Saturday in July. The town was like an oven. Elated by the news, intoxicated by it, it seemed as though the stale air of the streets and sickening odor of warm asphalt would suffocate me. I wanted freedom—space—coolness—air. I took the ferry to Long Island City and boarded a train, haphazard. I paid the conductor my fare, telling him gayly to let me off when we got to the ocean, and I still remember the keen relish with which I took the ten-cent rebate check from him, tore it up, and smilingly tossed the pieces out of the window. It was the first taste of my new power.

When I alighted at Werebrook, I saw in the distance the yellow beach with the sun shimmering on it and beyond the cool, blue sea. I am not an imaginative person, nor, thank Heaven, given to cheap mercurial sentiments, yet I must confess that the sight thrilled and excited me. I was free, but I was going to be freer. A big thing had happened, and bigger things were yet to come. I was right. In less time than it takes to tell it, I had rented a bathing suit and was swimming about in the fresh salt water far beyond the lifelines. I felt gay and confident as a shark. I was bowling along there, parallel with the shore, when suddenly my left arm, swinging downward on the overhand racing stroke, struck something soft and alive. There was a little startled scream, and I found myself—very literally—face to face with the most beautiful young woman I had ever seen. She too had been bowling along, far beyond the lifelines, swimming on her side with the overhand stroke, oblivious as I. She was taken completely by surprise, and there are few things that so completely unnerve and fluster one as colliding with a body in that manner in the water. She gasped and threw her hands out, and one arm encircled my neck. I had never been in such a position before—not even on land. It lasted but a moment, and yet I say that nothing in my experience, not even the news of my uncle's bequest, had so thrilled and intoxicated me, so completely changed my whole attitude toward life, as the one glance I had at that lovely mermaid face, the one instant during which I felt that soft, strong arm clasp my neck. Here was the one thing on earth I wanted. The idea fairly stunned and staggered me. I reached out as a child might reach for a chocolate cream, my hand just touched her shoulder, when—

"Fine weather for young ducks!" she cried, and with a swirl and a splash she was off for the shore, her stocking-foot, whether accidentally or by intent I knew not, striking me a tremendous blow squarely in the chest, as she sprang away. I put after with all speed, but could not begin to catch her. I saw her ride through the surf, jump to her feet, and go running off through the sand toward the bath-house, more lovely

if possible, now that she stood fully revealed, than she had appeared in the water. A half a dozen young fellows—those boresome amateur strong men who foregather at a public beach in summer—absurdly tanned, and preposterously developed about the arms and shoulders, gave chase as soon as they caught sight of her, barking and throwing sand. I am tall, rather too thin for perfect symmetry, and hardly appear at my best in a bathing suit. They wearied me. One of them actually flung his arm about her waist as they galloped through the sand together, and as she disappeared through the bath-house door, received a slap in the face with the greatest good humor. I stood there on the hard sand, just where the spreading breakers sent little furbelows of water up around my ankles, staring after her. I looked at the holes in the sand where her feet had trod. I stepped into one and stood there for a moment, conscious of a vague thrill, a sweet, delicious pain. Consider, for an instant, the irony of the situation! Here was I, master of millions, possessed of illimitable but useless power; there was the closed bath-house door and she, a nameless mermaid, gone, perhaps forever. Here was I, I repeat, with the wet sand closing in about my ankles, in all my youth and strength, as the novelists say, and there was she, so near and yet so far, in all her freshness and beauty. It was the old tragedy, the only tragedy—as an eminent observer has put it, and as it seems to me—of this mixed-up world. Daring and opportunity—they never go together.

"Who was that girl in the light-blue bathing suit?" Little did that life-guard realize that I was trembling on his answer.

"Huh? Dat's de landlord's daughter up at de 'Grape Vine.' She's de goil dat swum from Brooklyn Bridge to Cooney Island. All to de good, ay?"

I was too excited to resent the familiarity. I dashed to the bath-house and jumped into my clothes. As quickly as I could, I sought out the place, the name of which I had just learned, and just as twilight was closing in, found myself in the situation referred to in an earlier portion of this narrative.

I was sitting there, in fact, at a little table in the arbor, ostensibly attacking a brace of English chops, but in reality watching the landlord's daughter, as she sailed here and there among the tables, carrying delicacies to her father's guests. She was not a waitress, I would have you know. There were others who carried the roasts, the soup, and potatoes. It was she who brought the extra segment of pie, supplied the missing spoon, delivered with a smile the laggard demi-tasse. She was but the music at the banquet, the perfume in the rose. The "Grape Vine," that unique tavern over which she so lightly ruled, you probably do not know. It is not a common place; were you to find it in the main street of a village with some such name as Valligny-sur-Marne you would not be surprised—in some forgotten little town in the Meuse or Haute-Saône country; in the land, if I must say it, from which such wretches as that creature Gaspard come, and which, to my mind, is far too good ground to bury them in. Thieves, *ingrates*—but let me be calm. The feature of the "Grape Vine" is its garden courtyard. This court is a little paved place, shut out from the world by the three wings of the inn itself and a high wall. In the wing which faces the street is an arched gateway, through which, as you sit at your table, you may watch the villagers strolling by and the lights in the shops across the way. Here I was then, nibbling my supper, and inviting my eyes and my soul with the sight and the presence of the landlord's daughter. Now that my pulse had resumed somewhat its normal beat, and I felt myself playing the rôle of customer and guest, it was with an almost roguish confidence that I regarded her. I am not, as I said before, a vulgarly handsome man, nor, perhaps, do my bald temples and spectacled eyes—for I am somewhat near-sighted—add to my beauty. In the surf, face to face with that mermaid, I was at a disadvantage; here in my normal raiment, with all the conventions to wrap me in, I felt that I



A huge touring car leaped through the archway





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rub you full  
of powder?

**Mother,**  
Does your  
baby chafe  
and cry?

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held a certain tactical advantage. I was a millionaire; she was a landlord's daughter. Ha! Even now the droll zest of that moment returns to me.

Well, here I was, then, too content with the situation to care to hurry matters—when suddenly there was a hoarse "Toot! Toot!" from the street, a blinding glare of light, a swirl, a rattle, a sudden stop, and a huge touring car had leaped fairly through the archway and brought up short, panting, and flashing at us her blinding searchlight eyes. Into that quiet tavern courtyard, a million miles away, it seemed to me, from everything that I had heretofore known, she suddenly brought the arrogant smartness and the glitter and glamour of the city. There she stood, flashing and panting, her gay party shaking the dust of miles of far-off highways from their clothes; her fiendish chauffeur setting his levers as blasé and oblivious as though we were not there. There she stood, I say, a great palpitating, beautiful creature—laughing at us, mocking us, as it were; like some brazen hussy of the streets, too perfect to be looked at coldly, too dazzling to be good.

I am not, as I have said, an emotional individual. Under other circumstances I might have sniffed at the machine and her party as merely a part of a world in which I could have no part and hence—for I am nothing if not philosophical—no interest. But with my change of fortunes, I, too, was changed. Everything seemed possible. Bah! I could buy her and a dozen such as she—buy that broad-shouldered rakish young fiend who had driven her, and do with them as I would. In a flash a quick overpowering impulse seized me. It overflowed and possessed me very much as had the first news of my uncle's bequest, as had the first sight of that mermaid in the surf. I wanted an automobile. I would have one. I would have one just like that. I would sweep through space with the strength of sixty horses under my hand—a modern centaur overriding and neighing shrilly at the rest of the stupid world. Already the occupants of the car had gone within the tavern, and a waiter was scurrying about, laying fresh linen on a table in an upper balcony. But the chauffeur remained behind, fussing with the machine. Him I called over to my own table, and, ordering another bottle of champagne, bade him sit down. "I want you to dine with me!" I said. He stared at me, glanced at the door into which his master and his party had disappeared. Then he spread out his hands as though saying that it was for me to command and smiled. It was a most engaging smile. I can not deny, even now, that the fellow was, in a way, handsome; that he had a certain easy-going strength and ingenuous frankness that seemed to suit ill with his position, and that was not altogether unattractive.

"Thank you, monsieur!" he said. "What'll you take for that machine?" I demanded. I was in no mood for wasting words. "Machine? Mon Dieu, monsieur! Cette machine-là!" He lifted his shoulders helplessly and smiled. "It is not my machine"—he tapped himself on the chest—"not to me. She belong to Meester Duval." Duval! I knew that name. I had drawn the plans—my employers having the contract for laying out the entire estate—for his old squash-court at "Dreamwere," and had had a precious ugly time with him too. It would be an added pleasure to patronize the pig.

"Of course," I said, "but what will he take for it? What's it worth?" The man grinned again and shrugged his shoulders. It was newly purchased—just out of the custom-house—a wonderful machine. Such ease of control—see young lady could run it; the magnetic ignition—most reliable—*infinie*—and the steering-gear irreversible—the springs of a what resiliency—the wheel-base so long—*magnifique*—and all the rest of the rignarole.

"Twenty thousand dollars?" I asked. The chauffeur opened his mouth and stared. I saw that he was dazed by the immensity of the sum, but I continued.

"Thirty thousand?" I said, scarcely giving him time to reply. I affected great impatience. "Well, then—forty?" I snapped—"Fifty?"—"Monsieur is very rich!" The graceful wretch was really sober, staring at me hard. "I want the machine," I said coolly, not being able to see that my wealth was his affair. He looked at me fixedly, then smiled and, leaning across the table, he whispered with the most impudent good-humor:

"For fifty thousand dollar!"—Monsieur Duval—he would sell—anytime—anytime—for fifty thousand dollar!" I knew all about the man's recent embarrassments in copper stocks, but I said nothing. At that moment the champagne arrived. The landlord's daughter brought it. She had not deigned to come near me before, and as she poured a bit in my glass and filled my guest's, I noticed for the first time a conscious look and a blush upon her cheek. At the sight, I must confess, my heart thumped so violently against my ribs that I could not so much as look at her, much less speak, and I was only brought to earth by hearing my guest in his curious accent whispering:

"Monsieur! A votre—here's haon!" I was too much flustered at the instant properly to rebuff what appeared to me afterward as rather undue familiarity of manner, and we drank together. But I soon recovered.

"What's your name?" I demanded. "Monsieur Gaspard," the chauffeur replied meekly. "Monsieur Gaspard?" I echoed the title with a slight irony. "Gaspard—Gaspard." "Oui, monsieur," he answered mildly. "Gaspard." This seemed at the time enough. "Gaspard," I continued, "I will make you my chauffeur. I will pay you"—I named a

# Old Hampshire Bond is tub-sized and loft-dried

**T**UB-SIZED and loft-dried" is the term used by paper makers to describe the process by which Old Hampshire Bond is produced. Tub-size is simply *glue*, and is used to make the surface ink-proof, so that ink will not spread by being absorbed as in blotting paper, also to give rattle and "life" to the sheet.

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sum which seemed to me generous. The wretch looked solemn.

"Monsieur," he said sadly, "I am a poor fellow. It takes much money to live—much to maintain ze position."

"Position! Confound you, I said I wanted you for my chauffeur. Do you think—"

"To be ze chauffeur for so reech—so princely a master as monsieur." He looked as though he were about to weep. There was, of course, something in what the fellow said.

"Then I'll give you twice that," I said. "How'll that do?" The wretch looked up as a pouting child might to whom you held out a piece of candy.

"For myself, yes, monsieur," he whined, "but—"

"But what?"

"I—I am in love, monsieur." And he covered his eyes with his hand. At the moment I noticed the landlord's daughter, arranging a napkin at a table near by, turn her face slightly, as though she were listening to our talk. The moment was opportune. I coughed significantly, and, leaning back in my chair, spoke in a loud voice, in which confidence and roguishness were not ungracefully mingled.

"In love?" I exclaimed, speaking to him, but looking straight at the landlord's daughter. The situation was delightful. Whatever I said, you see, on this delicate subject was really addressed to her, and that she was aware of this I could see by the exquisite wave of color that swept slowly over her face.

"Yes," he murmured without looking up. "With whom?" I coughed again, and smiled confidently.

"With the loveliest lady in ze world," he said, and as he spoke he heaved a great sigh, that to me, at least, was most amusing to hear.

"Well," I continued easily, "why don't you—get married?"

"I have seen her but one—two—three times—an' always when I am but ze chauffeur—tied to ze machine. Ze ozzers—ze people in ze machine—zey go to her—an' are near her and can talk to her. But I have only spik one—two—three times to her and always ze little foolishness—about ze machine!"

"But what," I demanded, rather wearying of this, "what's all this got to do with your wages?" The wretch looked up with that smile of his and spoke quite confidently.

"Because," he said, "if I have ze money I will go to her an' tell her zat I love her an' ask her to be my wife. Because I will not spik until I have ze right. But if monsieur—"

"I'm tie-erd of liv-ing alone!" I hummed, interrupting him. "Is that it, Gaspard?"

"Yes, monsieur," he said quietly. I looked at the landlord's daughter.

"Here's to her!" I cried gayly. The young fellow raised his glass sadly.

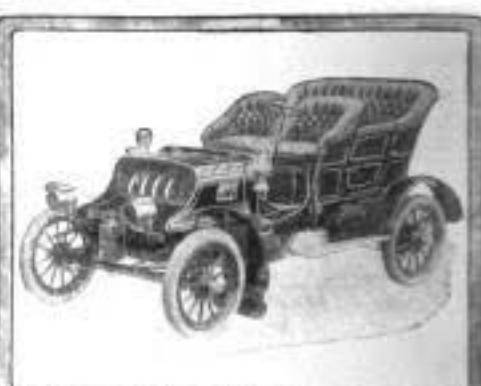
"You can have what you ask," I said. I kept my eyes on the landlord's daughter. "Here's to her!" I repeated, to be sure that she would hear, and that she did I was certain, for she stood quite still, listening, but looking away from me and tying the corner of her apron with little nervous knots.

While I was basking in this double-edged manifestation of my new power, pleasantly aware that the current of my first *affaire* was swimming with me into regions new and strange, there came from the upper balcony, whither the automobile party had retired, the sounds of hilarious laughter. I saw my opportunity. I snapped my fingers—twice. The landlord's daughter straightened and turned. I beckoned to her to come, at the same time casting upon her a look that was intended to convey the message that, though the conventions compelled me to assume the rôle of master, I was, in fact, wholly her slave. As she approached, that wretched chauffeur continued to bend his melancholy eyes on the tablecloth, tracing with his fork an aimless pattern there, and looking as though he had not a friend in the world.

"You will stay here, Gaspard," said I, rising, and putting him on the shoulder kindly. "I am going to interview Mr. Duval." I regarded him for a moment, not unwilling to prolong this new sensation of owning a servant and being his master, and then I turned and beamed on the landlord's daughter.

"While I am gone," I said easily, in a tone which would show the chauffeur that he had found a generous master, and convey to the lady something of the allurements of a vaguely-dreamed-of, glittering world, far apart from hers in which I moved, "you may give Gaspard anything he asks for." The chauffeur did not lift his downcast eyes, but I could hear a little catch in his breath. The girl dropped her eyes, gave me a sort of half-courtesy and blushed red as a rose.

To make a long story shorter, I found Duval and his friends in the act of industriously, and with marked success, increasing an optimism which they had evidently begun to acquire earlier in the day. They received my proposal to purchase the automobile with enthusiastic cheers, added that they didn't expect to go up to town until the morning train, and if I wanted to ride home in the machine, I could do so then and there. Duval thrust my check into his waistcoat pocket, scarcely looking at it, declared that I had saved his life and was the noblest Roman of them all, and implored me to stay with them and make a night of it. As soon as I could decently get away, I left him and his party, after allowing Duval to embrace the man whom he insisted on calling his rescuer and brother, and returning to the courtyard, whistled to Gaspard and clambered into my own machine. It was a great moment. There was a turn of the starting-crank. Gaspard hopped in beside me. I felt the mighty throbbing of a concentrated express train underneath me, then that sixty-horsepower Mucard shot through the archway like a rabbit from a grass tuft, and we were off. As we whirled to the left and up the village street, I thought of the landlord's daughter and turned. Sentimental as my state of mind was, events had



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moved so fast with me, and I felt so com-  
pletely the master, not only of the present  
situation, but of whatever others might arise,  
that I can't deny that I looked back with  
rather less of tribute to her than with a cer-  
tain exultation that she should see me as she  
must see me now. I was sitting at Gaspard's  
left—he having his hand on the steering  
wheel—and as my back was turned to him,  
thus preventing him from seeing me, I  
snatched a handkerchief from my pocket and  
waved. That the landlord's daughter saw  
me I am sure, for from the archway of the  
courtyard I could see an echoing signal, her  
own white handkerchief fluttering her an-  
swer back.

It was, I repeat, a great moment. And it  
was, I must also confess, the moment in  
which I made the greatest mistake of my life.  
Up until the moment I stepped into the  
courtyard, after purchasing the automobile  
from Duval, everything had moved as straight  
and irresistibly as the action of a play. My  
course showed not a flaw. I had seemed ir-  
resistible. Had I, as I came from my inter-  
view with Duval, gone straight to the land-  
lord's daughter and made a declaration of  
my admiration, of my finances, and, stepping  
toward my machine, poured into her ear a  
quick, passionate, lyrical appeal to the motif  
of "Come little Bright Eyes! Cinderella's  
found the Prince and we'll run away to the  
palace and be happy ever after!" I feel sure  
that the issue would have been a complete  
success. But I did not do this. I delayed. I  
forgot. As I ran that machine and mentally  
pictured myself sweeping through space with  
it, purring down country roads, toot-tooting  
down the avenue, I frankly confess that for  
the instant I completely forgot the landlord's  
daughter. I let slip the opportunity which  
knocks but once. I hung back while the tide  
was sweeping forward at the flood. What  
might have been the day of days—one on  
which I acquired fortune, a Duleinea, and an  
automobile—a unit like some perfect pearl—  
was broken, frayed about the edges, and in-  
complete. It was not until I had reached my  
lodgings in town, and, seated in front of my  
open window in my pajamas, with my feet on  
the window ledge, was calming down after  
that wild sirocco-like ride homeward, over a  
gin-rickey and a cigar, that I realized what a  
fool I had been. It was when I went back  
over the rapid adventures of the day, back to  
that sudden bump in the surf, the sight of  
that lovely face and the feeling of those  
lovely arms clasping my neck, that I realized  
what it was I had lost—what, by winning, I  
yet would get.

Bright and early the next day I ordered  
that fiend Gaspard to bring round the ma-  
chine. It was a beautiful day, balmy and  
still, and the roads were in perfect condition.  
On the straightest and smoothest of them I  
drove the machine myself, and the conscious-  
ness of the enormous power that I could call  
up, as you might say, at the crooking of my  
little finger, the magic speed with which the  
landscape streaked by and the road flowed  
under us, all exhilarated me to such a degree  
that I actually began to chatter to Gaspard,  
and to let my guarded speech play lightly  
about the object of my quest. I had under-  
stood that you could interest those wretches  
only by talking to them of their machines,  
but I found that this was not true. Gaspard  
showed the greatest interest in what I had to  
say, asked many questions, and for once in  
his life, at least, listened to everything I said  
with the utmost respect. We drew up finally  
at the "Grape Vine." I leaped out and hur-  
ried in with heart beating high. I came  
out again in another minute as glum as  
an oyster. She was not there. She had  
gone off on a picnic on a catboat down the  
bay, and wouldn't be back until after dark.  
Gaspard, fawning dissembler, pretended to  
sympathize with me by looking as glum as  
myself. Not caring to exhibit my emotion  
before a servant, I jumped into the machine  
and, regardless of roads, drove it back to  
town at top speed. On the way we killed a  
hen and two dogs, but I reached my rooms  
feeling little better. For one whole wretched  
week I pursued in vain the landlord's daugh-  
ter. By exercising the greatest ingenuity, I  
would manage, even though starting off in  
the most contrary direction, to arrive, appar-  
ently by chance, some time before the day  
was over, at the "Grape Vine" in Weybrook.  
All to no purpose. She had just gone out  
fishing; there was a swimming tournament  
on that day; she—but why prolong the list?  
It is enough to say that every possible thing  
that could have lured that girl from the  
house seemed to be in action that week. All  
inanimate nature was against me. I began  
almost to suspect that she was consciously  
evading me. To say that my desire, origi-  
nally a sentimental fancy, was inflamed by  
this opposition into a whirlwind is to put it  
mildly. Here was I, with potential power  
greater than that possessed by many a sul-  
tan, not able so much as to whisper a word  
into the ear of a landlord's daughter. Finally,  
arriving home one warm evening, after an-  
other fruitless journey, I sat myself down at  
my desk and composed a note. It was brief,  
but passionate. I told her just how I felt, or  
as nearly so as I thought best to do in writ-  
ing. At the end I appointed a rendezvous—  
partly to please my own ideas of romance,  
partly, I must confess, because I wasn't par-  
ticularly keen for any personal interviews on  
such a matter with the proprietor of a Long  
Island roadhouse—at the crossroads just be-  
yond the church on the northern outskirts of  
Weybrook. I mailed the letter on a Monday  
night. She would receive it on Tuesday. On  
Wednesday, at three in the afternoon, I had  
promised to be at the meeting-place. You  
can realize the excitement under which I  
labored during the intervening day. I had  
forgotten about my uncle's bequest. My new  
automobile was but a child's toy. The land-  
lord's daughter was ever before my eyes—  
waking or sleeping, she was with me. And  
when I say "sleeping," I am led more by con-



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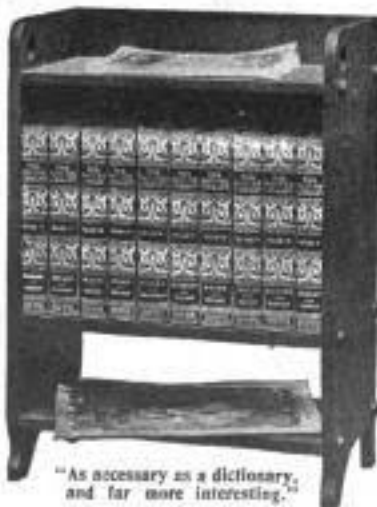
says: "To add to the resources of one's life—think how much that means! To add to those things that make us more at home in the world; that help guard us against ennui and stagnation; that invest the country with new interest and excitement; that make every walk in the fields or woods an excursion into a land of unexhausted treasures; that make the returning seasons fill us with expectation and delight; that make every rod of ground like the page of a book, in which new and strange things may be read; in short those things that help keep us fresh and sane and young, and make us immune to the strife and fever of the world."

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venient phrasing than by truth, for, as a matter of fact, the night before I was to leave for Werebrook I didn't sleep a wink. Never had that automobile so spurned the ground as she did the next morning, while we dashed eastward along the level roads. There is a toll-gate just before you get to Werebrook, and beyond that, toward the village, a bridge with a ridiculous sign upon it: "Ten Dollars Fine for Crossing This Bridge Faster Than a Walk." It makes me smile even now to think how I shut off the power, tossed the gatekeeper his toll as we sailed past him, and then, suddenly throwing on the high gear, fairly leaped away from him and over that bridge like a shell from a gun. As we neared the crossroads, my heart was thumping so that I was afraid that wretch Gaspard would notice it. As it was, I had, forsooth, to let my hat blow off just as we whirled round the turn in order that we might have an excuse to stop. We stopped, Gaspard jumped out to retrieve my hat, and I scanned the landscape in every direction. I even whistled in what I hoped would sound like an absent-minded manner. It did no good. The crossroads were deserted. She was not there. Concealing my chagrin as best I could, I clapped on all speed again and did not stop until we whirled into the courtyard of the "Grape Vine."

"Wait here a moment," said I to Gaspard, "and then run her easily into the street. Stop by the front door and stay there until I come." In case there was any necessity of moving quickly, I didn't intend to have an irate father blocking up the archway entrance. Then I strode up the tavern steps. I walked along the porches, through the winter dining-room, and into the little office. "Curse the luck!" I basely suppressed a more vigorous exclamation that rose to my lips, for I had come upon—nearly stumbled into, in fact—the landlord himself. There he sat in the office armchair, in his shirt-sleeves, reading a newspaper. To my astonishment—for a more stolid brute than he had always appeared before this I hope never to see—he jumped to his feet and bowed as though he were saluting a prince.

"Monsieur!" So the old fellow was French, too, and this accounted for the foreign-looking aspect of his absurd old inn.

"Monsieur!" He repeated the salutation, bending half-double and spreading out his arms, palms down. The spectacle of this dumpy old fellow, with his carpet slippers and dumpy old baggy trousers and shirt-sleeves, salaaming as though I were an Oriental potentate, was sufficiently extraordinary, but I was in no humor for wasting words.

"Your daughter," I said, "where is she?" "A-a-h! Monsieur!" He bowed again and then came shuffling toward me, rubbing his plump old hands one over the other. "It is ze grand honnaire! Monsieur iss ze noble gentleman! I have read ze letter of monsieur!"

"The letter!" I jumped back aghast. "Curse you! Where did you get hold of any letter of mine?"

The stupid old party raised both hands in the most absurd gesture of surprise.

"My daughter!" he puffed, salaaming again, "she have bring to me ze letter of monsieur! Ze proposal—of marriage!"

"The devil you say!" I saw it all at a glance. Romance gone, girl gone, threats of exposure—a plot—a hold-up—

"Monsieur has come"—he was bowing again—"just in time. Perhaps he can make Marie to see the reason—can do that which can not her poor father."

"What are you getting at?" I demanded. "Can make her to see—ze grand honnaire—to marry—"

"Marry!" I cried. "You mean to say she refuses to get married?"

"No—no, monsieur!" He was at it again, bowing halfway to the ground. "Marie burns to get married. But she will not—she—she will not—not marry monsieur!"

"Not marry me?" I shrieked. "Ha! Ha! Ha!" I was compelled to laugh aloud.

"Do you know," I demanded—"do you know who I am?"

"Oui, monsieur! It is ze grand honnaire! ze grand honnaire! I blush, monsieur, for my daughter! But Marie—she is the young woman of spirit—of ze stubbornness. She have ze mind of her own. And she is in love with a poor young man—of no prospect, of no wealth, of no nozzing! And when she get the letter of monsieur, she bring it to me and ask of me what to do, because monsieur is very rich—and can do anything, and if he find out how her heart is, he will want ze revenge—and he will drive away ze—ze—poor young man."

"The poor young man! Curse the poor young man! What have I got to do with him? What do you mean?"

"Monsieur Gaspard," said the old fellow, bowing humbly, "the chauffeur of monsieur."

"Gaspard!" I fairly exploded. "Gaspard!" I could not speak. I was suffocated.

"Yes, monsieur. Marie have say that she will marry him or no ozzer. That she will go to ze convent—to ze jail—to ze fishes—before she will marry monsieur. And I have shut her in ze one little room with ze bread and water, and—"

"Where is she! Where is she!" I cried. The old father had scarcely pointed upstairs before I had bounded up, three steps at a time, and flung myself against the locked door. I did not wait to unlock it. I smashed it. As I did so, there was a shriek of "Gaspard! Gaspard! Save me! Save me!" and the landlord's daughter leaped through the open window. With a bound I was across the room—the window ledge was only nine or ten feet from the ground—only to see that fiend—that demon Gaspard, standing up in my own automobile—a veritable *diabolus ex machina*—see him catch the landlord's daughter in his arms, throw on the power, and shoot away. I whirled about and tore downstairs,



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knocking over the old landlord in my flight. A horse—one of his lumbering old farm horses—was standing at the side door, its bridle hung over the hitching-post. It was the work of an instant to scramble on the beast's back, jab both heels into his ribs, and go clattering like mad out of the courtyard—the old landlord standing in the doorway, his arms upraised, aghast. As we thundered out through the archway, the machine was only three or four blocks away. I could see the two of them through the dust-cloud that whirled behind it, Gaspard bending over the wheel, the landlord's daughter close beside him with her arm thrown across his shoulder. I knew precisely the look of his eyes as he bent them on the road, and the sort of demonic grin that was playing across his face. Fuming with impotent rage and fury, boiling, suffocating, I beat with my heels a perfect tattoo on the ribs of that wretched horse. It was a wonder that he did not crack and explode under that bombardment. At each blow, the panic-stricken beast jumped faster and further—we flew, rattled, pounded—in a cloud of dust ourselves—we fairly flew. We passed the church, the crossroads where I had set the rendezvous—we seemed almost to be holding our own. The bridge and toll-gate loomed ahead. I saw the machine shoot through that rickety causeway, saw the gatekeeper dodge out of the way. Scarcely had I taken a breath when we too thundered over the bridge—gained the road—when—crash! Down came the toll-gate. The horse banged into it, slid on to his haunches, and I sailed through the air and landed in the dust. Before I could pick myself up the gatekeeper had grabbed me.

"Let go! Let go!" I yelled, "don't you see they're getting away?"  
"You won't get away from me this time!" he puffed, with his arms around my waist. I struggled to get free.  
"What's wrong? What are you holding me for?" Half a mile away a handkerchief fluttered through the dust—a farewell from the landlord's daughter. The gatekeeper jerked his head toward the sign on the bridge.  
"Vi'latin' the speed limit!" he said.

## RAFFLES

(Continued from page 15)

He must have been busy at it when I found him pretending to pack, if not far into that night, for it was a very perfect piece of work, and even as I stared without a word, and he crouched laughing in my face, an arm came out, keys in hand; one was turned in either of the two great padlocks, the body of the lid shut up, and out stepped Raffles like the conjurer he was.

"So you were the burglar!" I exclaimed at last. "Well, I am just as glad I didn't know." He had wrung my hand already, but at this he fairly mangled it in his.

"You dear little brick," he cried, "that's the one thing of all things I longed to hear you say. How could you have behaved as you've done if you had known? How could any living man? How could you have acted, as the polar star of all the stages could not have acted in your place? Remember that I have heard a lot, and as good as seen as much as I've heard. Bunny, I don't know where you were greatest—at the Albany, here, or at your bank!"

"I don't know where I was most miserable," I rejoined, beginning to see the matter in a less perverted light. "I know you don't credit me with much finesse, but I would undertake to be in the secret and to do quite as well; the only difference would be in my own peace of mind, which, of course, doesn't count."

But Raffles wagged away with his most charming and disarming smile; he was in old clothes, rather tattered and torn, and more than a little grimy as to the face and hands, but, on the surface, wonderfully little the worse for his experience. And, as I say, his smile was the smile of the Raffles I loved best.

"You would have done your damndest, Bunny! There is no limit to your heroism, but you forget the human equation in the pluckiest of the plucky. I couldn't afford to forget it, Bunny; I couldn't afford to give a point away. Don't talk as though I hadn't trusted you! I trusted my very life to your loyal tenacity. What do you suppose would have happened to me if you had let me rip in that strong-room? Do you think I would ever have crept out and given myself up? Yes, I'll have a peg for once; the beauty of all laws is in the breaking, even of the kind we make unto ourselves."

I had a Sullivan for him, too; within five minutes he was spread out on my sofa, stretching his cramped limbs with infinite gusto, a cigarette between his fingers, a yellow bumper within reach on the chest of his triumph and my tribulation.

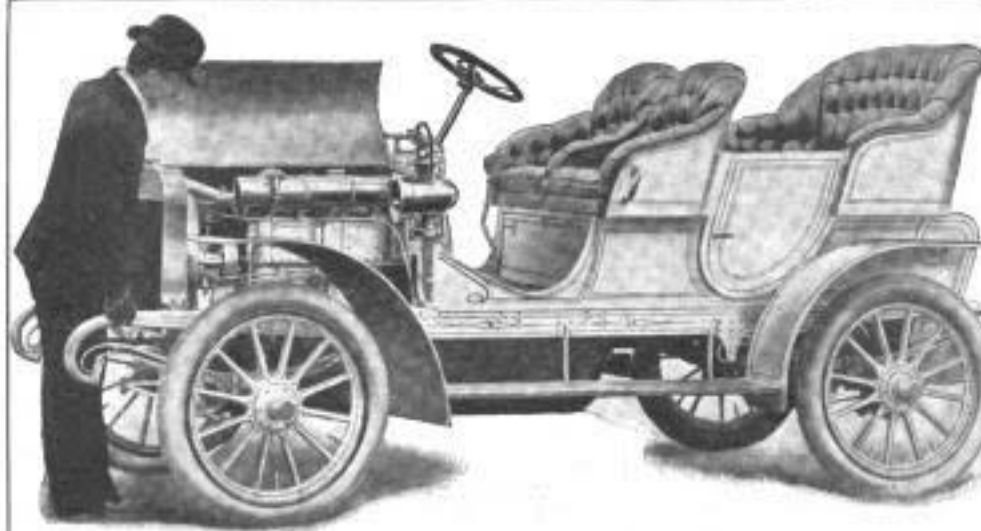
"Never mind when it occurred to me, Bunny; as a matter of fact, it was only the other day, when I had decided to go away for the real reasons I have already given you. I may have made more of them to you than I do in my own mind, but at all events they exist. And I really did want the telephone and the electric light."

"But where did you stow the silver before you went?"

"Nowhere. It was my luggage—a port-manteau, cricket-bag, and suit-case full of very little else—and by the same token I left the lot at Euston, and one of us must fetch them this evening."

"I can do that," said I. "But did you really go all the way to Crewe?"

"Didn't you get my note? I went all the way to Crewe to post you those few lines. Bunny, my boy! It's no use taking trouble if you don't take trouble enough. I wanted you



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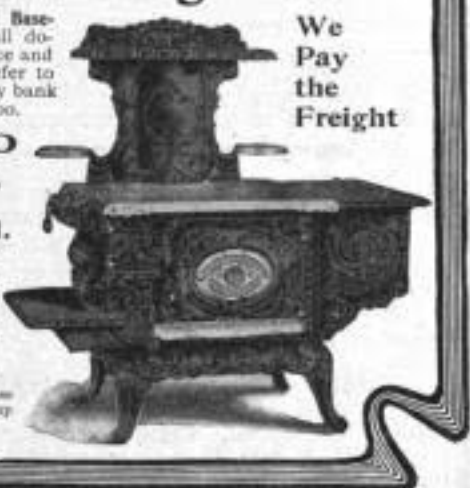
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to show the proper set of faces at the bank and elsewhere, and I know you did. Besides, there was an up-train four minutes after mine got in. I simply posted my letter in Crewe station, and changed from one train to the other."

"At two in the morning?"  
"Nearer three, Bunny. It was after seven when I slunk in with the 'Daily Mail.' The milk had beaten me by a short can. But even so I had two very good hours before you were due."

"And to think," I murmured, "how you deceived me there!"

"With your own assistance," said Raffles, laughing. "If you had looked it up you would have seen there was no such train in the morning, and I never said there was. But I meant you to be deceived, Bunny, and I won't deny it; it was all for the sake of the side! Well, when you carted me away with such laudable despatch, I had rather an uncomfortable half-hour, but that was all just then. I had my candle, I had matches, and lots to read. It was quite nice in that strong-room until a very unpleasant incident occurred."

"Do tell me, my dear fellow!"

"I must have another Sullivan—thank you—and a match. The unpleasant incident was steps outside and a key in the lock! I was disporting myself on the lid of the trunk at the time. I had barely time to knock out my light and slip down behind it. Luckily, it was only another box of sorts; a jewel-case, to be more precise; you shall see the contents in a moment. The Easter exodus has done me even better than I dared to hope!"

His words reminded me of the "Pall Mall Gazette," which I had brought in my pocket from the Turkish bath. I fished it out, all wrinkled and bloated by the heat of the hot-test room, and handed it to Raffles with my thumb upon the leaded paragraphs.

"Delightful!" said he when he had read them. "More thieves than one, and the coal-cellar of all places as a way in! I certainly tried to give it that appearance. I left enough candle-grease there to make those coals burn bravely. But it looked up into a blind back-yard, Bunny, and a boy of eight could have squeezed through the trap. Long may that theory keep them happy at Scotland Yard!"

"But what about the fellow you knocked out?" I asked. "That was not like you, Raffles!"

Raffles blew pensive rings as he lay back on my sofa, his black hair tumbled on the cushion, his pale profile as clear and sharp against the light as though slashed with the scissors.

"I know it wasn't, Bunny," he said regretfully; "but things like that, as the poet will tell you, are really inseparable from victories like mine. It had taken me a couple of hours to break out of that strong-room. I was devoting a third to the harmless task of simulating the appearance of having broken in, and it was then I heard the fellow's stealthy step. Some might have stood their ground and killed him; more would have bolted into a worse corner than they were in already. I left my candle where it was, crept to meet the poor devil, flattened myself against the wall, and let him have it as he passed. I acknowledge the foul blow, but here's evidence that it was mercifully struck. The victim has already told his tale."

As he drained his glass, but shook his head when I wished to replenish it, Raffles showed me the flask which he had carried in his pocket; it was still nearly full, and I found that he had otherwise provisioned himself over the holidays. On either Easter Day or Bank Holiday, had I failed him, it had been his intention to make the best escape he could. But the risk must have been enormous, and it filled my skin to think that he had not relied on me in vain.

As for his gleanings from such jewel-cases as were spending the Easter recess in the strong-room of my bank, without going into rhapsodies or even particulars on the point, I may say that they realized enough for me to join Raffles on his deferred holiday in Scotland, besides enabling him to play more regularly for Middlesex in the ensuing summer than had been the case for several seasons. In fine, this particular exploit entirely justified itself in my eyes, in spite of the superfluous but inevitable secretiveness which I could seldom help resenting in my heart. I never thought less of it than in the present instance, and my one mild reproach was on the subject of the phantom Crawshaw.

"You let me think he was in the air again," I said. "But it wouldn't surprise me to find that you had never heard of him since the day of his escape through your window."

"I never even thought of him, Bunny, until you came to see me the day before yesterday, and put him into my head with your first words. The whole point was to make you as genuinely anxious about the plate as you must have seemed all along the line."

"Of course, I see your point," I rejoined, "but mine is that you labored it. You needn't have written me a downright lie about the fellow!"

"Nor did I, Bunny."

"Not about the 'prince of professors' being 'in the offing' when you left?"

"My dear Bunny, but so he was!" cried Raffles. "Time was when I was none too pure an amateur. But after this I take leave to consider myself a professor of the professors, and I should like to see one more capable of skipping their side!"

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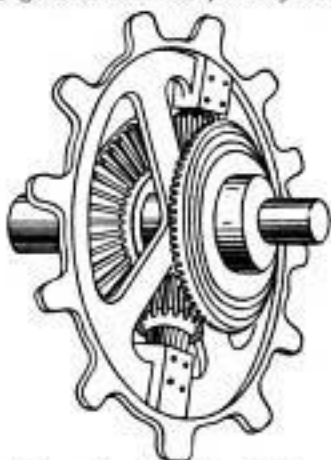
## What's What In Motoring

(Continued from page 21)

A forty-cell battery may be arranged into four units of ten cells each. With all cells in series, or connected positive pole to negative from end to end of the battery, the highest voltage and ampereage, consequently the highest speed and power output, may be obtained. With the cells in multiple, or in parallel, that is, with the negative pole of each connected to one wire of the circuit and the positive pole to the other, the lowest speed and power are obtained. A middle speed may be obtained with the cells in series-multiple, or two sets of twenty cells in multiple and the two sets individually in series. The circuits may be shifted through these three, and several other combinations, by a rotary switch, known as the controller. It is an insulated cylinder carrying contact pieces on its periphery, so arranged as to make the various required connections with suitable battery terminals.

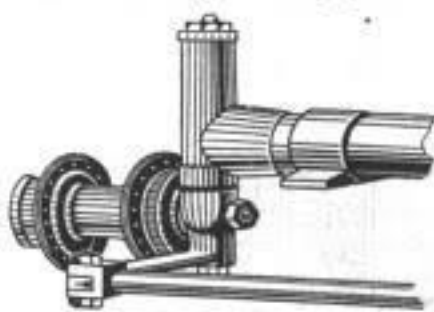
### GASOLINE IGNITION SYSTEM

The ignition gear is the whole system by which is generated a spark for firing or exploding the gas mixture in cylinder. Practically all gasoline carriages at the present day have electrical ignition. This may be for the generation of a primary or a sec-



Differential gear showing two bevel pinions studded to sprocket and engaging bevel gears fixed at the two inner ends of the divided drive axle or countershaft.

ondary spark. A primary spark is one formed by breaking the circuit of a battery at any stated interval. It requires only a mechanical arrangement for interrupting contact between two movable metal pieces. The secondary, or jump spark, may be produced only after the current from the battery has been interrupted by a suitable rotating circuit-breaker or interrupter, and passed through the primary winding of an induction coil. All familiar with electricity know that the result is the generation of an "induced current" of "higher tension" or greater power in the secondary winding of the coil, which is wound directly over the first, like two lengths of string on a spool. The induction coil is a transformer, therefore, and the strong current induced in its secondary winding is led off by a wire, one end of which is grounded or attached to the frame of the engine, the other to the spindle of a device called the spark plug. This plug consists of a threaded ring or nut, which carries a needle-pointed wire, and is screwed into the wall of the combustion chamber. Within it is an insulating tube, generally mica or porcelain; and within this again a metal spindle carrying a second



Hinged or studded steering axle, showing how the steer wheels are hung on the transverse axle bars. The steering arm, at right angles to the axle boss, enables a shifting of direction of wheels by means of the transverse link bar shown jointed to it.

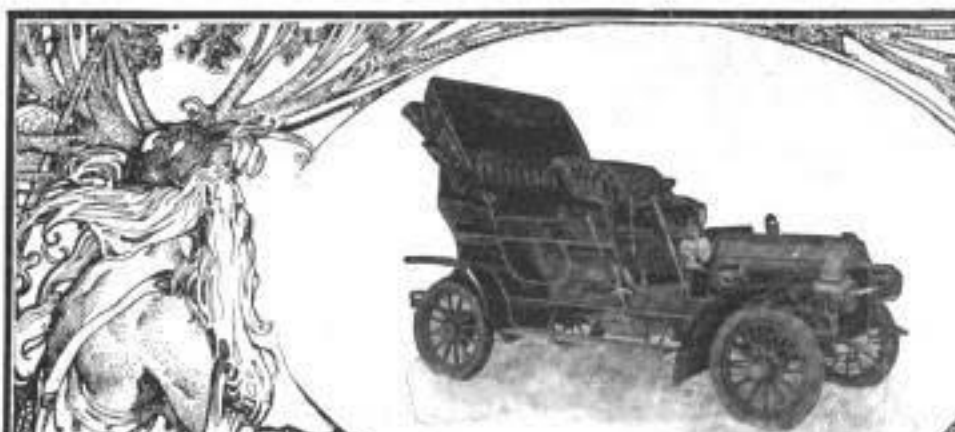
needle-pointed wire terminal. The whole instrument is so arranged that the points of the two wire terminals are brought opposite, leaving a small gap between. When the powerful secondary current passes over the circuit, it jumps across the gap in the form of a spark, just as lightning rushes from a storm-cloud through the air to earth.

### TIMING THE SPARK

The spark may be timed, as the term is, by shifting the interrupter, previously mentioned, so as to make the break, consequently also the spark, earlier or later, as desired. The effect of an early spark is to increase the power effect of the engine, within noticeable limits; of a late spark, to proportionately decrease the power effect. The spark may thus be advanced or retarded to suit requirements. It is always retarded on starting the engine. A primary spark may be timed by adjusting the moving circuit-breaking apparatus, so as to make the break earlier or later, as desired.

### THE IGNITION CURRENT

The electric current for igniting the charge in a gasoline engine cylinder may be generated by a chemical dry cell of ordinary type; by a storage cell; by a small dynamo; or by a magneto. The dynamo



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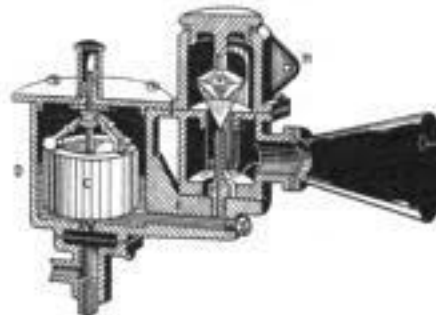
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and magneto generate current by the magnetic reactions of wire circuits, the principal difference being that the former uses an electro-magnet, and the latter a permanent magnet for the "field," as electricians say. With the dynamo or magneto it is necessary to run the engine at a high speed, in order to generate current. Consequently, most modern carriage motors have double ignition, using either cell or magneto—



Typical float-feed carburetor. Gasoline enters from below float chamber at the needle valve port, A, which is held closed by the valve spindle, actuated by toggles, B, when float, C, is raised by the liquid in chamber, D. The gasoline escapes by channel, E, and nozzle, F, being broken into spray against the deflector, G, when air is drawn through the flaring air inlet at the right, by suction of the piston at port, H.

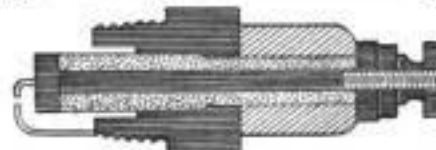
the former in starting, the latter in running—or either the one or the other alone, as emergencies require.

### THE CARBURETOR

The spark acts to explode the gas charge in the cylinder, as already suggested. This charge is produced by drawing air by suction of the engine piston through, over, or along with gasoline in an instrument known as the carburetor. The result is that the air is charged with gasoline vapor, thus producing a combustible mixture. The proportions of good mixture are between six and twelve parts gasoline to one hundred parts air. Below the mixture is too weak; above, too rich—explosions being good at neither extreme.

### CONTROLLING THE MOTOR

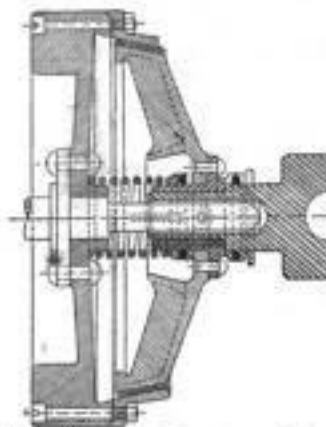
According to the proportions of the mixture, the engine operates at a lower or higher efficiency. A weak mixture pro-



duces a weaker explosion than a good rich one. In most gasoline engines, therefore, the mixture may be controlled by throttling, which is to say, by varying, within limits, the gasoline and air apertures in the mixing chamber. Throttling and spark-timing are the two principal methods of controlling a gasoline engine. Shutting off the carburetor or interrupting the sparking circuit will alike suffice to stop the machine.

### CYLINDER COOLING

In exploding the fuel mixture in cylinder a degree of heat is generated above the melting point of steel—that too as often as a power stroke occurs. In order, therefore, to keep the machine in existence, the cylinder must be cooled—the superfluous heat must be removed. There are two methods of cooling: air-cooling by flanges cast in the outer wall of the cylinder, and water-cooling, by allowing water to circulate through a space called the water jacket between the outer and inner walls. The



Typical internal-cone clutch for gasoline carriage engine. When the engine is driving the carriage the cone surfaces are held together by the strong spring. When the power is thrown off they are separated by pressure with a fork on the spool to the right of the inner cone. At the extreme right is shown one member of a universal coupling through which the clutch shaft is connected to the drive shaft.

jacket water, thus circulated, would quickly vaporize were it not itself cooled by passing through coils of tubing, called the radiator. This is usually fixed at the front of the bonnet, occasionally beneath the carriage, so that an air draught produced by movement of the carriage circulates freely through the tubing.

### THE EXHAUST

The burned-out gases resulting from explosion within the cylinder form the exhaust, which must be expelled into the air. Since this exhaust is expanding rapidly, its expulsion must be extremely noisy, but for an apparatus called the muffler, an enlarged chamber in which the gas is allowed to expand, so as to emerge almost noiseless to atmosphere.

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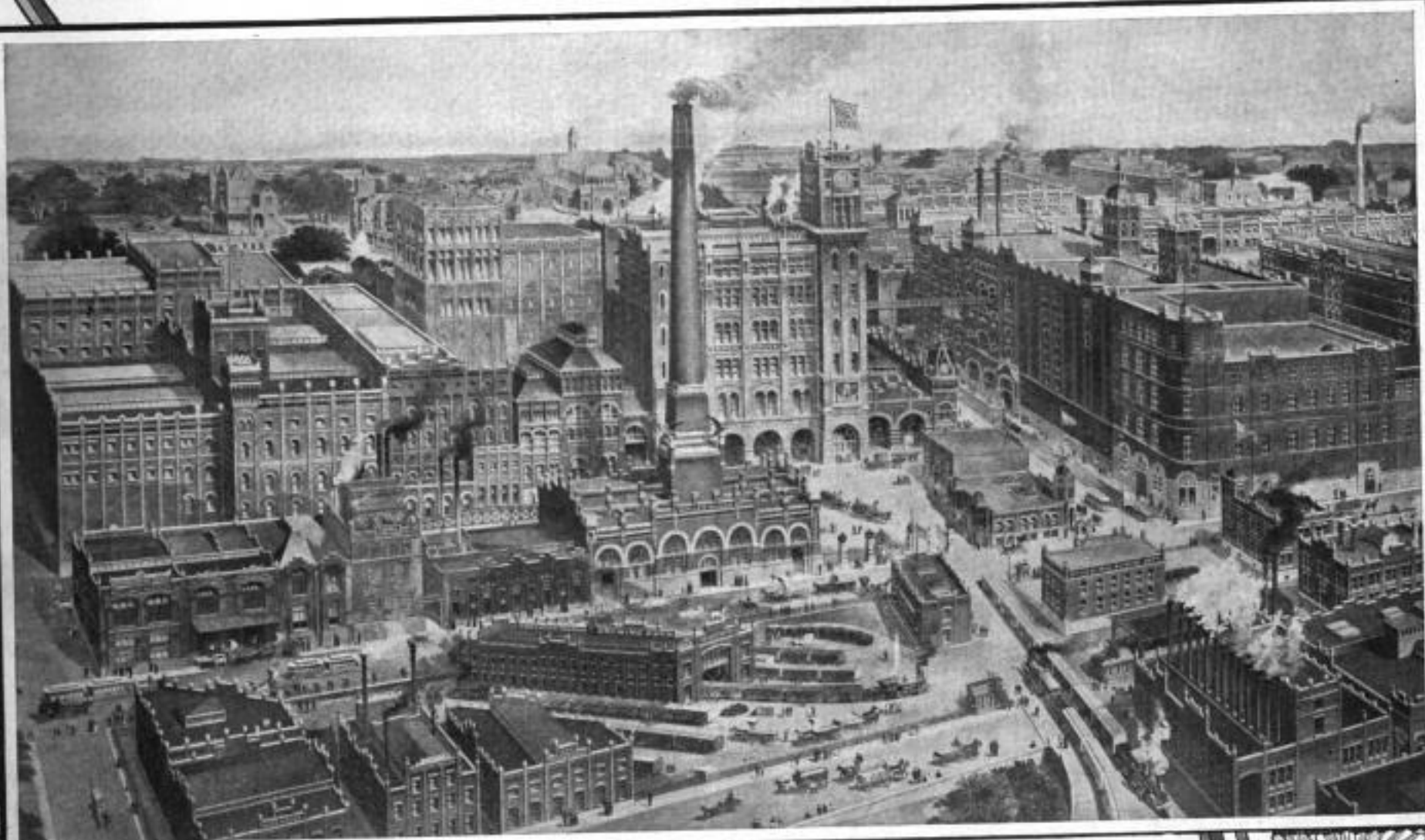
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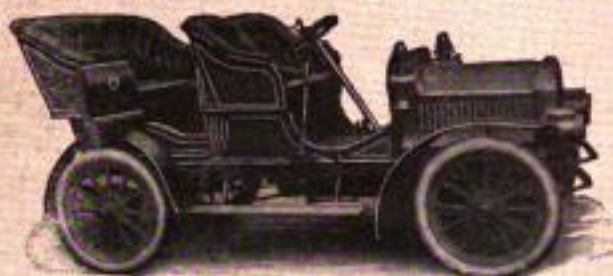
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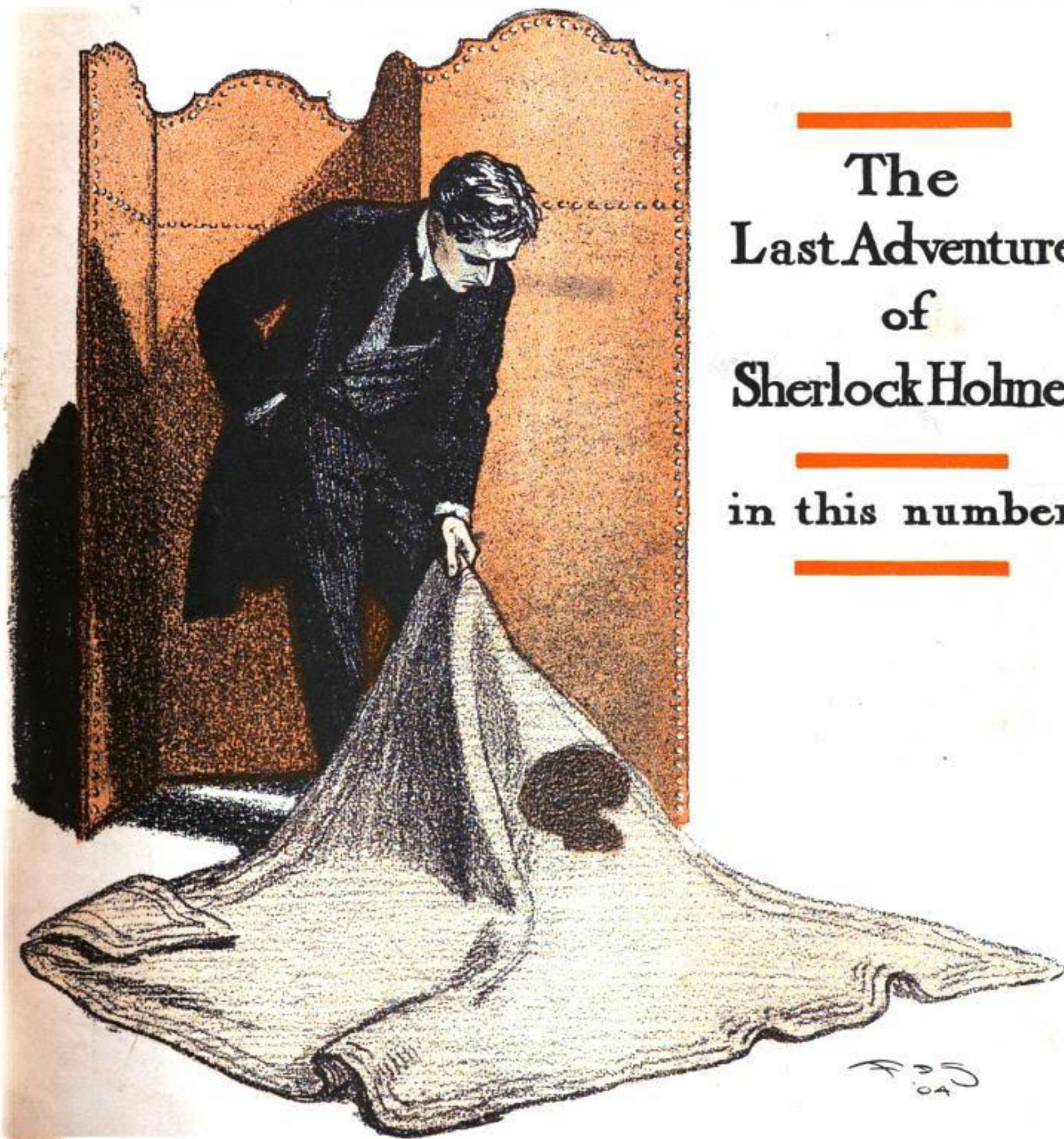
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The first two "Raffles" stories have appeared in Collier's Fiction Numbers, but beginning with the issue of February 25, they will be found in the Household Numbers, in which issues the Sherlock Holmes adventures have been appearing.

"The Chest of Silver" is the title of the "Raffles" story appearing in Collier's for January 21. This number is now on sale at all news stands.

1 Out of Paradise	December 10, 1904	6 Sixth Story	June Household Number
2 The Chest of Silver	January 21, 1905	7 Seventh Story	July " "
3 The Rest Cure	March Household Number	8 Eighth Story	August " "
4 Fourth Story	April " "	9 Ninth Story	September " "
5 Fifth Story	May " "		





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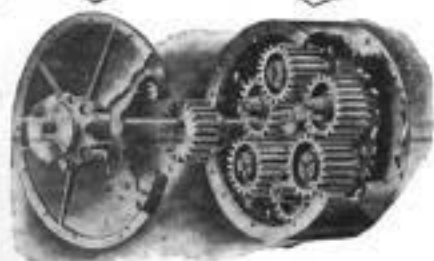
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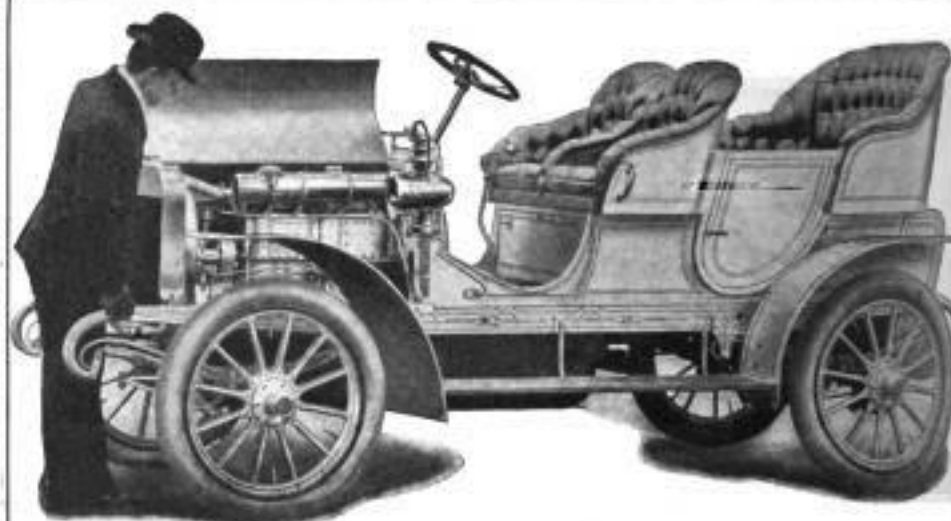
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### THE SHORT STORY CONTEST

The Award of Prizes in Collier's Short Story Contest will be announced in the February Fiction Number, February 11. The first prize is \$5,000, the second prize \$2,000, and the third prize \$1,000.

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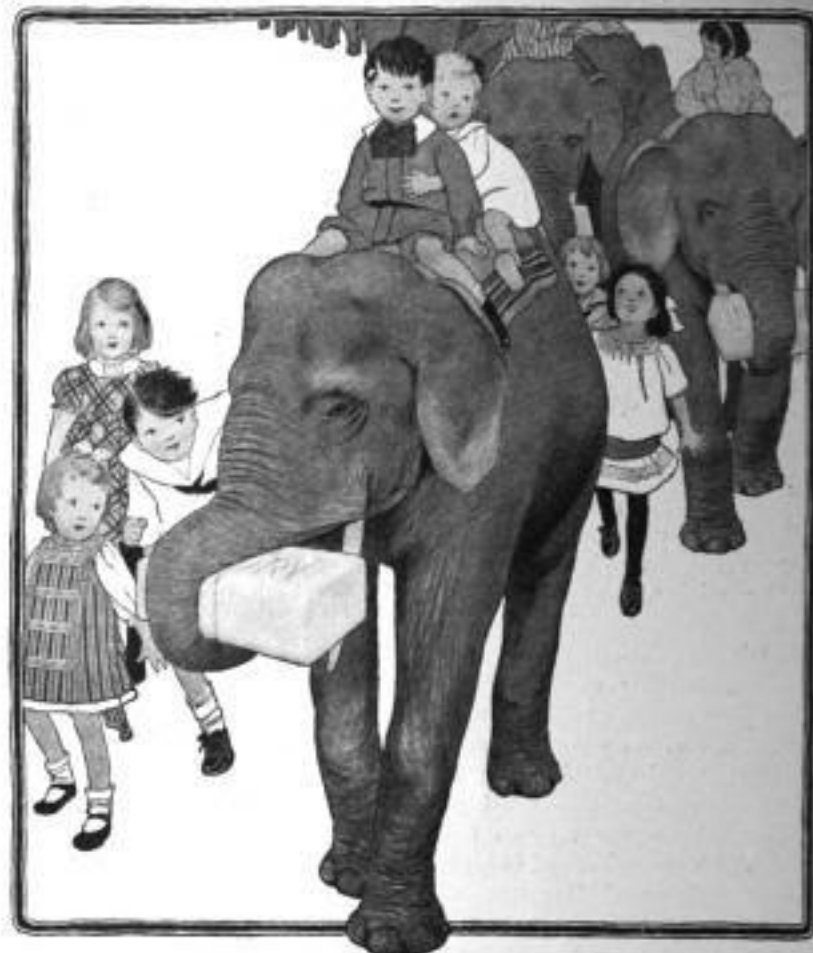
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# COLLIER'S

HOUSEHOLD NUMBER FOR FEBRUARY



"BEG, YOU CUR, BEG!"

DRAWN BY E. W. KEMBLE





**T**HE FEDERAL LICENSE PROPOSAL is an attempt to substitute regulation for punishment. Although it seems that severe penalties are needed, if evils such as rebates are to be removed, the Administration is proceeding on the belief that punishment is an ineffective method of removing wrong, and always has been. By requiring a Federal license for interstate commerce the Administration hopes to force corporations to do certain things which will act as preventives of the usual evils of discrimination and misrepresentation, and therefore require comparatively little prosecution. Publicity and honest organization are to be forced by this simple method. Congress must decide on what general grounds and conditions licenses can be granted, as there is no wish to give arbitrary power to any bureau or commission. Federal license is favored, rather than Federal incorporation, because constitutional difficulties are thus thought to be avoided. Even a license system will probably be attacked in the courts, the main ground being that corporations are subjected to conditions from which partnerships and individuals are free, but the Administration feels that there is an established body of law permitting such discretion in other departments that will without doubt cover the present case.

#### CURE AND PREVENTION

On the question of what is meant in the Constitution by giving Congress power to regulate commerce between the States, it is to be noticed that Mr. GARFIELD's proposal is not to control all corporations engaged in interstate commerce, but only that part of their business which is interstate. A Federal license might be taken away and the corporation still left free to do business within the State. This or the next session of Congress will show what weapons will be used against these proposals. It is clear that the President intends to use all his powers in their favor; in favor also of giving the Interstate Commission decisions the place of *nisi prius* judgments in a court, or, in other words, making the decisions effective immediately and until they are overturned; and in favor of allowing the Commission to say what is a reasonable rate, when an unreasonable one has been overthrown. Mr. BRYAN's approval of the President for his support of these measures is representative of Democratic and liberal Republican feeling throughout the West. Such regulation represents the least amount of interference with business that will satisfy the widespread wish for a government check to corporation evils. The more the object can be reached by making terms precedent to interstate business—by preventing wrongdoing instead of by exacting penalties—the less will be the disturbance and the more satisfactory the result.

**SENATOR HOAR'S DEATH** is a very fit event for our Senate to commemorate. In setting aside January 28 for eulogies, the Senate intended to show respect for an eminent member. It incidentally calls attention to the moral differences between Senator HOAR and many of those who remain to decorate our august higher chamber. The Senate is undoubtedly the great stronghold of money pull. For any measure opposed by great corporations to pass the Senate is almost an impossibility. Hence the strength of the feeling for the popular election of Senators, a feeling which is likely to find some way of translating itself into fact. Even when there is no money involved, the Senate seems determined to show itself in the guise of a stupid obstacle, as in its opposition to the arbitration treaties, for which it was so justly reprimanded by the President. As it is easier to buy a Legislature than a population, we believe in the election of the Senators by the people. If ADDICKS should be sent to the Senate by Delaware, one more warning would be given to the world of the unfitness of the body as it is now composed. NIEDRINGHAUS of Missouri would never have been thought of if he had been poor. It is much to be desired that Governor LA FOLLETTE should go to Washington if he decides that his measures in Wisconsin are safe without his presence there. He would throw much unwelcome light on interesting transactions, and therefore, whether his opinions were sound or unsound, his presence would be wholesome. For this same reason we should be glad to see Mr. BRYAN ultimately represent Nebraska in the Senate. The one fact that former Governor BULKELEY has obtained the Senatorship from Connecticut shows what we have to face. His record ought to have put him out of public life. Popular opinion was shocked by the choice, and the explanation given for his victory is the power of an insurance company and a railroad.

#### THE UNITED STATES SENATE

**RADICAL OPINION IN AMERICA** is on the whole more disinterested than conservative opinion. Changes are recommended from a belief that they will contribute to the general good. Change is resisted so often from selfish motives that the more honest conservative opinion is rather lost sight of in the mass of grabbing and of opposition to improvement. This estimate applies, of course, to the divisions which are active to-day, not to those of 1896 or 1900. Governor DURBIN of Indiana, in his message to the Legislature, said that "the statistics of political debauchery in this State for 1904, if it were possible to present them, would be nothing short of astounding." Governor FOLK warns the Missouri Legislature that "it is too often the tendency of good men in legislative bodies to close their eyes to things of this nature, satisfied with their own honesty, but forgetting that it is as much their duty to protect and defend the honor of the State as it is their own honor"; that the selling of legislative votes is "more fatal to civic life than any other crime"; and that "it is the highest duty of every legislator, of every official, and of every citizen to do all that he can to eradicate this evil, which is the greatest enemy to free government and the greatest danger that confronts this nation to-day." He recommends laws making it easier to prove bribery; making professional lobbying a crime; making failure to vote a ground for disfranchisement; improving the primaries. Mr. FOLK recommends a constitutional amendment to make possible the election of Senators by the people, and he speaks strongly of the great hold which a corporation has on a legislator as soon as it has induced him to commit a crime by accepting a pass. Governor DENEEN of Illinois, and Mr. DURBIN's successor in Indiana, Governor HANLEY, speak with equal solemnity of corporation abuses. All these men are spokesmen for an intelligent public opinion which believes that venal considerations have a shocking influence in passing and executing our laws, and that they constitute an evil which requires a prompt and strong attack.

#### THE FORCES OF CHANGE

**THE PRESIDENT HAS VETOED** a bill which was to permit a railroad corporation to secure part of the Yosemite Park. That both Houses were ready to enact such a law is but too characteristic. Other examples of the difference in moral standard between the President and Congress would not be difficult to find. When the Republican party promised that the tariff was to be revised by its friends, it meant only to create a "jolly" for campaign purposes. The President looks upon a promise to the people as creating a certain amount of responsibility. It is little wonder that Mr. CLEVELAND spoke of having Congress "on his hands." The most moral act that our Legislatures do they usually perform under the whip of the executive. Partial justice to Cuba, partial justice to the Philippines, the repeal of the Silver Purchase act, offer examples of how a President bullies Congress into ordinary sense or ordinary honesty. Both our Houses, and especially the Senate, are made up of men who represent special interests. The President is more likely to represent the nation as a whole, and Mr. ROOSEVELT does this to an exceptional degree.

#### THE PRESIDENT'S MORAL SENSE

**A SAVING FOR THE PEOPLE** of many millions will be made when they have come to realize the advantages of fireproof construction. Not many people realize that the ash-heap of 1904 means an actual dead loss of \$230,000,000, which is nearly \$60,000,000 more than the highest previous record. Some may remark that insurance largely covers this terrific loss, but the insurance premiums also come from the people, and for every dollar paid out by the companies something like three dollars have been taken in. The tendency so far has been to improve fire-fighting methods and appliances, and to-day we have fire departments that are unequaled in efficiency and alacrity. In constructing large buildings, especially commercial ones, men have grown wise enough to use fireproofing methods in the structural parts, and as little combustible materials in others as is compatible with proper economy. Where they have not sense enough to do so voluntarily, building laws generally compel them. It is in the construction of houses, where people do more or less what they please, that wood is still used more than far-sighted judgment would justify. There was a time when such construction was made inevitable by economy, but in the last twenty years timber has gone up over one hundred per

#### ONE WAY TO SAVE





cent, while the prices of brick and tile and cement, by reason of improved methods of manufacture, have been cheapened so much that, all things considered—durability, repairs, warmth in winter and coolness in summer, insurance, freedom from vermin—a fireproof house means a better investment ultimately than a wooden one. There are cases where even the first cost of a fireproof house is less than it would have been had it been built of wood. As a general proposition the country over the additional cost of first-class brick and tile construction is anywhere from five to ten per cent more than for wood. In the ordinary dwelling there are floor joists, cross-bridging, a rough floor, paper, or other deadening material, and a finished floor—all combustible, the whole costing something like twenty-five cents a square foot, including the plaster on the ceiling below. In fireproof construction, using hollow tile in monolithic wide spans, covered with an asbestolithic or other incombustible plastic flooring, and the under side plastered, there is an expenditure of from twenty-six to twenty-eight cents. Is not the use of wood in private dwellings a habit which ought rapidly to disappear?

**AS A POET'S SUCCESSOR**, in the task of feeding pension-seekers we have a true blue politician. Mr. WARE, though a lawyer by profession and a poet only by avocation, had too sensitive a nature and too high a standard of responsibility to rest easy in a place where his only thought was how much the Lord hateth a liar and how many of these unfortunates there are to incur divine displeasure. Mr. VESPASIAN WARNER has more the talents, temperament, and training suited to the distribution of Government money. Long service in Illinois, dedicated to the Republican party, has found him ever readier to make a friend than to make an enemy, and he has not shattered his nerves or exhausted his mind in a nervous anxiety to avoid office. If prophecy may be permitted, we foretell a record for him in Washington more pleasing to pensioners and to pension attorney than has been established by either of his predecessors. He is a man not without gratitude, and he will be duly appreciative of the goodness primarily of Senator HOPKINS and in the second place of the President. Senator HOPKINS is now having most of the appointments from Illinois, as, on account of the ill favor of his predecessor, Mr. BILLY MASON, Senator CULLOM had acquired an irrational preponderance. Senator HOPKINS is not a crank. His choice of Mr. WARNER for the delicate task which shattered Mr. WARE is a tribute to his lack of fanaticism. Mr. WARNER served in the Union Army, and among the offices which he has held is that of Judge-Advocate-General of the Illinois National Guard.

**CARLYLE OBSERVES** that as hero means "sincere man" there is no reason why every one of us should not be a hero. If he had known that twenty thousand persons had already applied for a share of the CARNEGIE hero fund he would have been consoled. Hear Byron sing:

"I want a hero: an uncommon want,  
When every year and month brings forth a new one."

Since CARNEGIE, every day and hour brings forth a new one. Probably there have been even more heroes in the few months which have discovered the twenty thousand, only the others may not have heard about the fund. There is money in it for the heroes, but they also receive medals, which they may wear on their watch-chains, even as the Hungarians used to allow men to wear feathers equal in number to their quota of slain Turks. "The greatest obstacle," says HAWTHORNE, "to being heroic is the doubt whether one may not be going to prove one's self a fool." Possibly Mr. CARNEGIE has increased that doubt. He, after all, would have been the best man to put at the head of the Pension Bureau, with an implied condition, that he should stand the cost of doubtful cases himself and thus satisfy his famous wish for a poverty-stricken death.

**MR. CHARLES FROHMAN**, Mr. DANIEL FROHMAN, and Mr. MARC KLAU have all gone into print in defence of the drama which they represent. We are pleased with Mr. KLAU's style. Here is some of it: "The theatre is governed by the rules and observances of all other commercial enterprises. It is not out to dictate to public taste. It is out to satisfy the public demand. . . . It is the duty of the manager to label his wares, honestly and clearly, that they may not be mistaken, just as it is the

obligation of every other merchant to display indications of the character of the contents of his establishment." Mr. KLAU says that the average theatregoer knows the name of the playhouse which he enters, but not of the piece which he is to see. The average playgoer could not accuse Mr. KLAU of flattery, but he must be satisfied with the entire submission shown by this magnate. Mr. KLAU goes on: "The situation is, to my mind, akin to other purely commercial enterprises. I do not believe that the shopper knows the name of the man whose ingenuity figured out the style of skirt which fashion tells her she shall wear this season. Yet she wears the skirt, and the skirt is a success." This, dear friends, is not a joke. It is an argument. If some other syndicate, as highly educated as Mr. KLAU and his associates, should corner the market in statues or oil paintings, we could apply the same analogies to skirts, sausage factories, or safety pins.

DRAMA AS  
MERCHANDISE

**INTERNAL EVIDENCE SUGGESTS** that Mr. KLAU penned his argument himself. Not so Mr. C. FROHMAN. His cerebration reads as if it had found form through the chaste pen of some disciple of the muses like PAUL POTTER. It might well be another, but Mr. POTTER is put by Mr. FROHMAN, with four whom he names—GILLETTE, THOMAS, GEORGE ADE, and CLYDE FITCH—as among those who "turn out as good, logical, consistent plays as any writers in the world." Mr. FROHMAN does not read French or German, but he says, nevertheless, "that in one year the playwrights of America, France, Germany, and England have not turned out six genuine plays." It is pleasant to have Mr. FROHMAN's more detailed opinion about what the Germans "turn out," as he no doubt studies it profoundly, unless he partly takes Mr. POTTER's word for it, or somebody else's as competent as the author of "The Conquerors." At any rate, he emits this general estimate: "The German play is a very difficult proposition for our stage. The German authors are following more and more the lines of what is known as 'conversation.' The German plays lack situation; in fact, the Germans are arriving at the point where they talk over their plays instead of acting them. That sort of performance does not suit the American audience." Mr. FROHMAN finds distinct hygienic value in the drama which he produces. "As a matter of fact," says he, "the class of entertainment that is being given is not only satisfactory to the audiences, but is beneficial to their health, and in no way conducive to harm." Mr. SWIFT says there is no beef trust. Mr. ROCKEFELLER occasionally explains that Standard Oil is not engaged in outside investment. Mr. HAVEMEYER does not believe there is a sugar trust, or Mr. BAER that there is a coal trust. Mr. FROHMAN explains that there is no theatrical monopoly. Mr. FROHMAN is a rather attractive person, but it would be pleasanter if he had a glue factory, or monopolized the output of chewing gum, instead of occupying a position where his education and his taste must determine what you and we and all of us shall see when we venture out into the theatre.

AS TO MR.  
FROHMAN

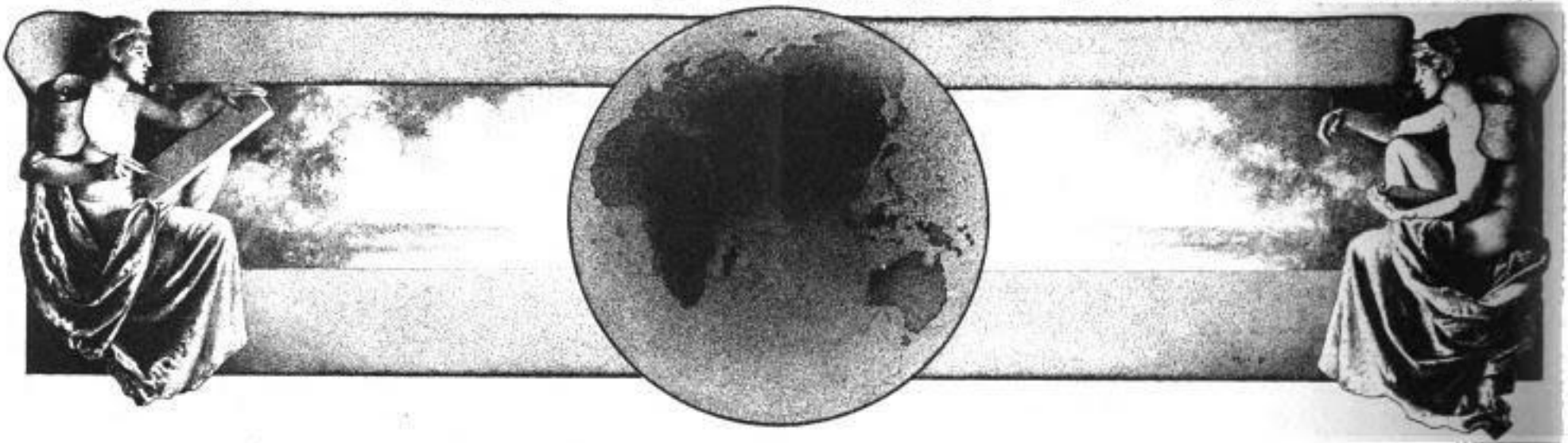
**WE CAN'T REMEMBER** whether there has been an editorial on eggs before or not. It is a subject that is constantly in mind, as we always eat two for breakfast and sometimes three, and this without fear of HORACE and POPE, who call boiled eggs vulgar. The news point, however, which gives occasion to this lucubration, is that eggs entirely above reproach now sell in some localities as high as fifty-five cents a dozen. Such prices are received only for eggs which are guaranteed to be "fresh gathered white selected." Several cents less is paid for "fresh gathered extra mixed," which is the technical name among dealers for what ordinarily goes under the name of plain "fresh." Many of us in cities buy for little over a third of the top price by eating eggs which were laid last summer and are kept sound all winter by the mysteries of modern science.

E G G S

The annual egg crop, according to the Secretary of Agriculture, is 1,666,000,000, of which a large part goes to storage stock. That seems to be a good many for each of us. There is now an egg cure, or rather yolk cure, for the treatment of anæmia, indigestion, and other ills. It exists in the strict form, where the egg's yolk is the only fatty substance which can pass the censor, and in various modifications. A hen has been reported from Pennsylvania as laying an average of two a day. If the rumor can be confirmed we shall use our influence in Washington to have her suitably rewarded.



# WHAT THE WORLD IS DOING



## THE WAR ON MONOPOLY

### THREE LINES OF ATTACK

THE SITUATION at Washington is gradually clearing like a photographic plate in the developing bath. There are three subjects, intimately related—in fact, inseparably connected—upon all of which the President has desires, more or less intense and more or less at variance with those of the Republican leaders in Congress. Mr. Roosevelt is mildly interested in tariff revision, warmly interested in trust regulation, and intensely interested in Government control of railroad rates. These are all phases of the same subject, although the President would not admit during the late campaign that the tariff had anything to do with trusts. That one subject is monopoly. It is monopoly that gives a trust its opportunity for oppression—a trust that had no monopoly would be harmless. Railroad discriminations are one source of monopoly; tariff exclusion is another. When the Santa Fe Railroad gives rebates to the Colorado Fuel and Iron Company which are not allowed to its competitors that company is enabled to drive out competition and monopolize the business within the range of that discrimination. When the Steel Trust, already controlling the bulk of the production of the United States, is protected against foreign competition by a duty equal to the entire cost of its raw material it secures a monopoly that enables it to sell ship-plates at home for \$10 a ton more than it charges its customers abroad. Hence direct regulation of the trusts by a Federal license system, the abolition of special privileges on railroads and the withdrawal of tariff favors are all propositions of the same tenor, and equally obnoxious to the interests that desire to eliminate competition from business. President Roosevelt has allowed it to be understood that while he would like to have the tariff revised, he does not regard that as a moral issue and is not disposed to make it a ground for a quarrel with his party in Congress. He has expressed a desire to know what the Republican Senators and Representatives think on the subject. Mr. Tawney of Minnesota, the Republican whip in the House, has professed to find a large majority of revisionists among the Republican Representatives, but Speaker Cannon, the "stand-pat" leader, has made a canvass which shows the sentiment to be all in favor of doing nothing. The truth seems to be that most of the Representatives would be willing to follow their leaders in either direction if the leaders could only agree. In the Senate, the stronghold of conservatism, there appears to be more regard for public opinion than in the House, and even the protectionist leaders are willing to consider with open minds the possibility of some mitigation of the Dingley schedules. On January 12 the Republican members of the Massachusetts delegation in the House held a caucus and passed a resolution favoring "a readjustment of the tariff in accordance with the principles of protection at the earliest practicable time." This was the first action of any State delegation in support of the revision programme, and it was a welcome reinforcement for the President's policy. An informal caucus of the Indiana delegation on the same day developed a sentiment favorable to revision, and a little later the Wisconsin delegation took a similar position.

### THE NATION'S HIGHWAYS

IT HAS BECOME settled that an extra session of Congress will be called, but not, as at first supposed, primarily for the revision of the tariff. The President still hopes to have the tariff considered at that time, but the chief object of the extra session will be to put through legislation dealing with the trusts and with railway rates. The railroad question is now the absorbing one at the capital, where it is always hard

to think of more than one thing at a time. The House Committee on Interstate and Foreign Commerce has been giving hearings on the Cooper-Quarles bill authorizing the Interstate Commerce Commission to fix rates. The first official move in opposition to this and all similar schemes was made on January 12, when Samuel Spencer, president of the Southern Railway, representing the New York Central and half-a-dozen other important companies, appeared before the committee and argued against any grant of power to public officials to make rates. He admitted that rebates and other devices for discrimination were wrong, but asserted that the railroads had reformed in that respect. But if any legislation should be thought necessary Mr. Spencer believed it should legalize pooling, check unlimited appeals from the decisions of the Interstate Commerce Commission, bring water, fast freight, and private car lines under the jurisdiction of the commission, and above all deal radically with the remnants of the rebate system.

### CHEAP CATTLE, DEAR MEAT

THE GOVERNMENT is continuing its attack on the Beef Trust along two lines, publicity through the Bureau of Corporations of the Department of Commerce and Labor and action in the courts through the Department of Justice. Commissioner Garfield's investigation has been completed, and his report, now in the hands of the President, is said to sustain the allegations of Attorney-General Moody's brief before the Supreme Court. Mr. Moody's assertions about the conspiracy of the packers to abolish competition both in

buying cattle and in selling meat received partial confirmation at the annual meeting of the National Live Stock Association at Denver on January 9, when President F. J. Hagenbarth said in his opening address: "The past year has seen a continuation of the falling prices for range cattle inaugurated two years ago. Statistics show this year's depreciation to have averaged \$1.75 per head on all cattle marketed." Every housekeeper can tell without a Government investigation whether this plethora of cheap cattle has been reflected in the family meat bills.

### MORTON ON RAIL RATES

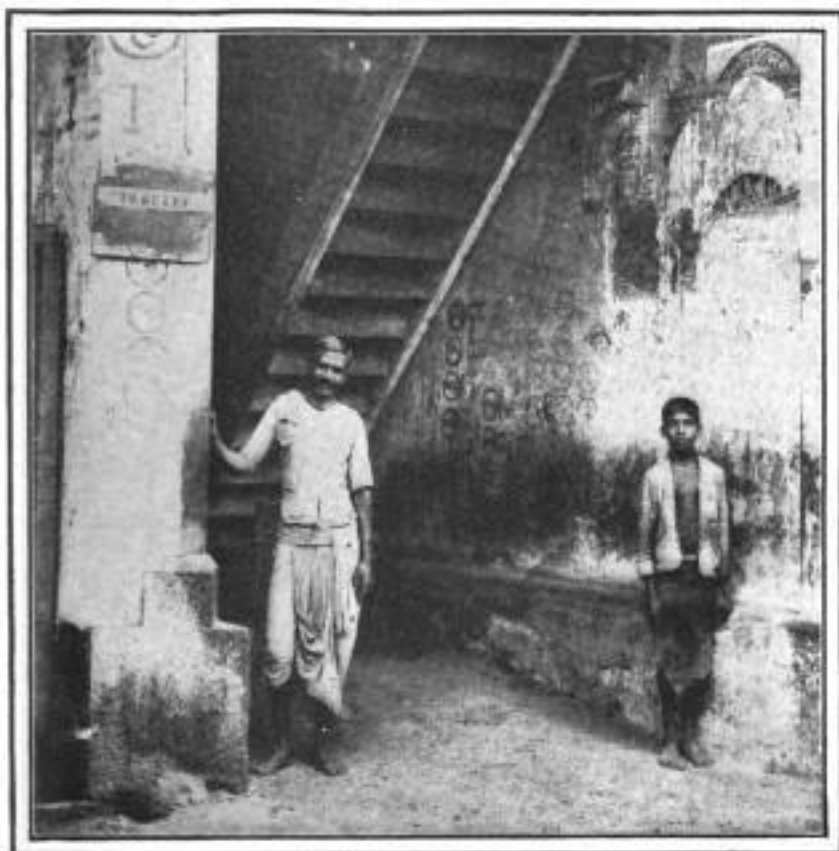
MR. RIPLEY, the president of the Santa Fe Railroad, changed his mind about testifying before the Interstate Commerce Commission concerning the story of the rebates allowed by his road to the Colorado Fuel and Iron Company, and this cut off the explanation promised by Mr. Paul Morton, the Secretary of the Navy. But Mr. Morton has stated his views on the general subject in an article in the "Outlook." He believes that the proper remedy for existing evils is to be found in legalizing pooling, by contracts enforceable at law, with security against abuses in the form of a review by a new Court of Transportation. This would enable the roads to "resist the temptations of big shippers and be insured a fair share of the business moving at stable rates," applying alike to all patrons. Mr. Morton would make rebates, commissions, and all other forms of preferential rates severely punishable both for givers and for receivers. Finally, he would permit the Interstate Commerce Commission to order a change in any rate it found unreasonable, whether too high or too low, and if the railroads did not adopt its new scale within thirty days he would have the whole matter referred to the Transportation Court, whose decisions should be final. Mr. Morton believes that



EX-PRESIDENT KRUGER'S FUNERAL PROCESSION PASSING THROUGH MARKET STREET, PRETORIA

The former President of the Transvaal died at Clarens, Switzerland, July 14, 1904. His body was taken to Pretoria, where, after





DOORWAY OF A PLAGUE-INFECTED HOUSE IN BOMBAY



INTERIOR OF THE PLAGUE HOSPITAL AT BOMBAY

## FIGHTING THE BUBONIC PLAGUE IN INDIA

The plague has again appeared in India. It is estimated that 33,000 persons die from the bubonic disease every month. Millions have perished from it since it first appeared in India in 1896. In 1903, 281,269 persons died of the plague in the Bombay Presidency alone. The circular characters on the wall of the house shown in the left picture indicate the number of persons stricken with the plague who have been removed from that house.

in the absence of legalized pooling one of two things is sure to happen—either the gradual concentration of the ownership of the entire railroad system in the hands of a few individuals, or of one syndicate, or Government ownership. Although the latter prevails to a greater or less extent in Germany, Austria, Hungary, France, Russia, Belgium, Denmark, the Netherlands, Portugal, Roumania, Sweden, Norway, Brazil, Chile, Japan, India, South Africa, Australia, and various other countries, Mr. Morton thinks that its adoption here would be "the beginning of industrial and political chaos," because "no party in power could have such a strong political machine without in time becoming so intolerant and tyrannical as to breed ultimate revolution." Mr. Ripley later explained that if the Santa Fe had violated the law, the violation was only technical, and was caused by an accidental failure to mark a distinction between a freight charge and a payment for coal collected for the account of the Colorado Fuel and Iron Company. One of the chief grievances of the shippers is the tyranny of the private car lines, which in some industries have usurped the powers of the railroads without coming under the regulations of any public authority. It is through their control of such lines that combinations like the Beef Trust are able to maintain their power. Under existing conditions the independent shipper has no chance in competition with them.

## HOME POLITICS AND POLICIES

## THE ARBITRATION "HOLD-UP"

THE PRESIDENT, backed by public opinion, has improved the outlook for the pending arbitration treaties. The opposition to this step toward universal peace seemed at first to be confined to the Clan-na-Gael, which objected to it on the broad principle that it was satisfactory to England. But the suggestion that it might be possible for a foreign government to enforce the payment of repudiated State bonds through an arbitration court developed a scare in the South, where there are many abnormally sensitive nerves, and some Southern Senators insisted that the treaties must not be ratified without an amendment excluding such subjects from their scope. Then the general dignity of the Senate awoke and demanded further amendments which would require the consent of that body before any dispute could be arbitrated. All this, of course, would have undone the entire work of the enlightened diplomacy of the world and left the United States in the position of an international marplot. At this point President Roosevelt inter-

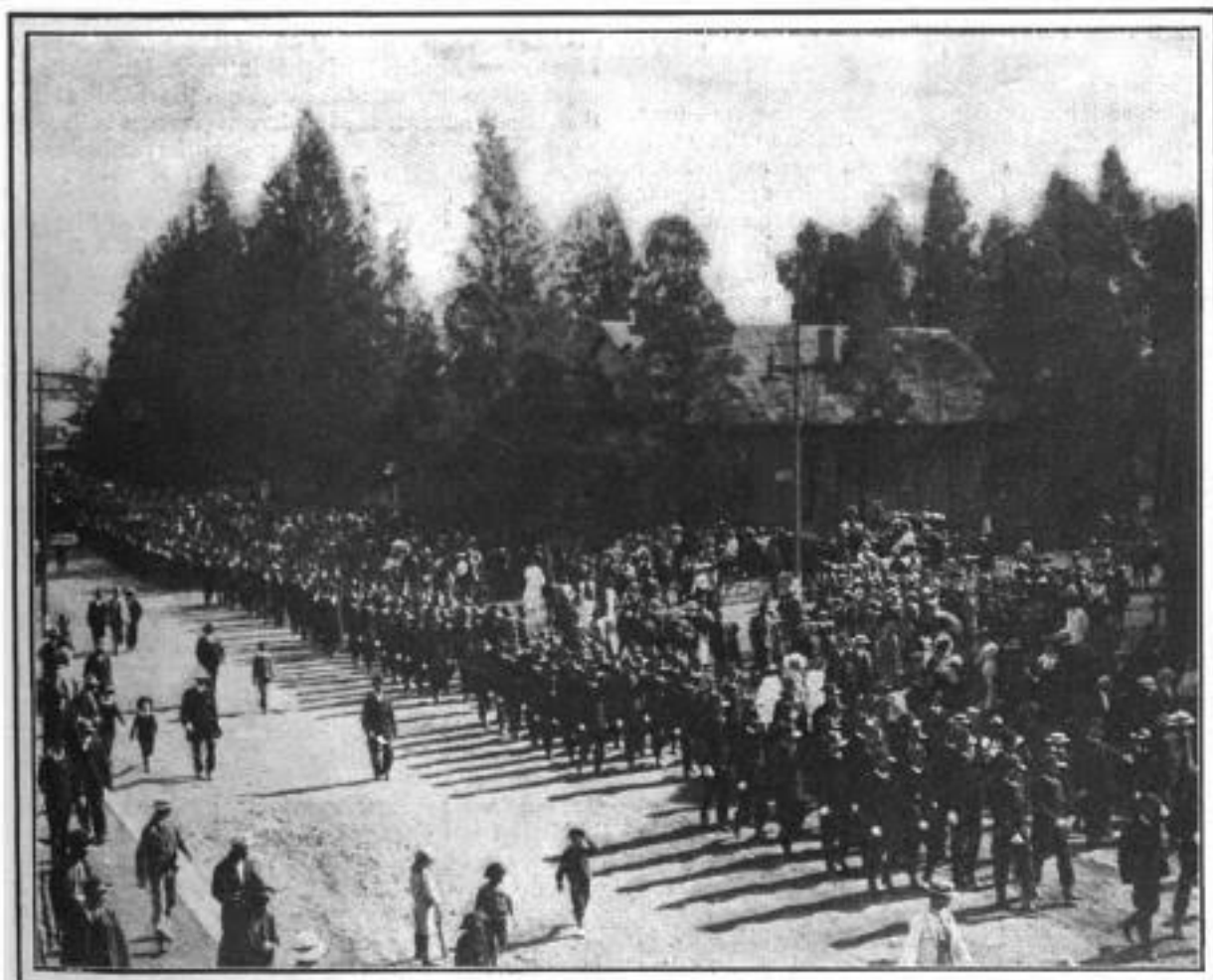
fered. He announced that he would withdraw the treaties if they were materially amended, at the same time giving an assurance that no Administration could possibly submit to arbitration an internal question like that of State debts. This cleared the air, and the prospects are now favorable for the ratification of the treaties substantially in their original shape.

## LESS RED TAPE AT PANAMA

IN A MESSAGE to Congress transmitting the report of the Panama Canal Commission, President Roosevelt, on January 13, asked for an amendment to the present law governing the construction of the canal. He considers a statute that requires the work to be done through a body of seven members "inelastic and clumsy," and wishes greater discretion to be lodged in his own hands. He favors an administrative commission of three members, with their respective duties, powers, and salaries assigned to them by himself, an advisory board of engineers to consult about plans, and an engineer to do the actual work of executing the plans agreed upon. "We now have an excellent engineer," he remarks, which may be taken as an endorsement of Mr. Wallace in his controversies with the commission. The President would have one of the commissioners assigned to act at the same time as administrator of the Canal Zone and Minister to Panama. The project of a sea-level canal seems to have scored in Mr. Roosevelt's latest attitude. Mr. G. W. Crichfield, writing "from a contractor's standpoint" in the January "North American Review," maintains that such a canal can be built more easily and more cheaply than one with locks. He thinks that the work ought to be divided up into short sections and let out by contract, and asserts that by working night and day, as the contractors should be compelled to do, the whole undertaking could be completed, with a depth of forty feet below tide, within four years.

## STEPS TOWARD RECIPROCITY

OUR BELATED CONVERSION to the idea of reciprocity is meeting with a cool reception in Canada. For the second time a suggestion by Senator Fairbanks that the Joint High Commission should be reconvened to consider trade relations has been politely shelved by Sir Wilfrid Laurier. But this by no means implies that the position of reciprocity is hopeless. United States Vice-Consul General Hill, at Halifax, reports that the sentiment there is favorable to closer relations, but opposed to any further advances on Canada's part. The United States Steel Corporation is obtaining control of Canadian plants—an illustration of a tendency which in time must abolish the reasons for restriction on either side. Something that promises to stimulate a desire for reciprocity in Canada is the revival of the Hay-Bond treaty between the United States and Newfoundland, whose ratification would effect the practical commercial annexation of Newfoundland to the United States, and add to the attractions of the American market for Canada.



GUARD OF HONOR LEADING EX-PRESIDENT KRUGER'S FUNERAL PROCESSION

Impressive funeral ceremonies, at which both Gen. Botha and Gen. De Wet made speeches, it was buried beside that of his wife.



## BRYAN SUPPORTS ROOSEVELT

**P**ARTY LINES have been growing dimmer day by day. While the leaders of the President's party at Washington were organizing an opposition to his policy, 800 Western Democrats gathered at a banquet at Lafayette, Indiana, on January 10, and cheered Mr. Bryan when he said: "President Roosevelt is just entering upon a contest for the regulation of railroad rates, and the Democrats ought to support him heartily in the position he is taking." Mr. Bryan has been studying the railroad question with noticeable results. After looking into it for a few weeks he recently arrived at the conclusion that all the roads should be owned by the various States. He has since prosecuted his studies to the point of believing that the trunk lines should be owned by the National Government, and only the local lines by the States. From this it is an easy stage to the conception of the whole system as a national organism.

## A "SHAKE-UP" IN MISSOURI

**A** STILL MORE notable example of fading party divisions is found in Missouri. In that State the Democrats have the Governor and Senate and the Republicans have the House by a sufficient margin

to give them a majority on joint ballot and enable them to elect a United States Senator to succeed Mr. Cockrell. The retirement of Senator Cockrell was so regretted even by Republicans at Washington that President Roosevelt offered him his choice of the positions of Panama Canal Commissioner or Interstate Commerce Commissioner, of which he accepted the latter. The Republican caucus in Missouri nominated Thomas K. Niedringhaus as the next Senator. Immediately afterward it was alleged that Mr. Niedringhaus, as treasurer of the Republican Committee, had received certain large campaign contributions from brewing interests, of which he had made no public accounting as required by law. He explained that he had been in the habit of mixing his party and personal accounts, so that there was no way of distinguishing campaign contributions from his own money. A Senate committee was appointed to investigate this scandal; seven Republican friends of R. C. Kerens resolved to bolt the caucus nomination, and it was confidently predicted that not only would Mr. Niedringhaus be defeated, but that enough Republican legislators would join with the Democrats to re-elect Senator Cockrell. But immediately afterward the Republican opposition seemed to lose courage, and one of its leaders announced that he would second the nomination of Niedringhaus, just to show his good will.

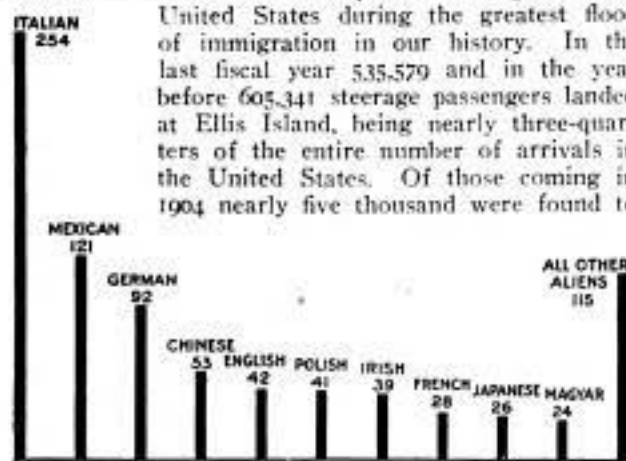
## AFFAIRS IN GENERAL

## AMMUNITION FOR LAWSON

**F**RENZIED FINANCE has taken the short step from the sublime to the ridiculous. Readers of Mr. Lawson's serial prose poem have looked upon America's greatest bank, the National City, with its \$42,000,000 of capital and surplus and its \$160,000,000 of deposits, as an awe-inspiring fortress of "the System." They have expected to find all its operations, whether legitimate or not, at least conceived on an imposing scale and managed by the rulers of Wall Street. But the bankruptcy case of Munroe & Munroe has exhibited the giant bank as the backer of a petty stock-jobbing operation carried on by a firm of Montreal haberdashers and laundrymen whose entire capital was charged off to profit and loss a year ago, and apparently has never exceeded \$1,460 since. For eight consecutive business days this firm was allowed to check out \$60,000 a day from the National City Bank against its own unsecured notes, repaying the money each afternoon and having its checks certified again the next morning. With the money so obtained it bought and sold Montreal and Boston copper stock on the curb to the amount of 100,000 shares a day, for the purpose of forcing up the price by "wash sales" to two or three times its real value and enabling the syndicate that held 700,000 shares to unload upon the public. Mr. Archibald G. Loomis, the second vice-president of the bank, was a member of this syndicate, and personally arranged the over-certification for Munroe & Munroe, who went into bankruptcy on the last day of the deal. Mr. Loomis declared that this transaction, which seemed on its face to subject him to a penalty of from five to ten years' imprisonment and the bank to a receivership, was an affair "in the ordinary course of business." This view of the character of ordinary business in Wall Street was apparently shared by the directors of the National City Bank, who re-elected Mr. Loomis on January 10, after the character of his proceedings had become known, but the ideas frankly expressed by the public were so different that three days later Mr. Loomis resigned, assuming all the responsibility for the laundry loans, and followed by a feu de joie from Lawson.

## THE ELLIS ISLAND GATEKEEPER

**T**HE COMMISSIONER OF IMMIGRATION at New York, Mr. William Williams, resigned his office on January 9, and on the 12th the President accepted his resignation with warm expressions of regret and esteem. Mr. Williams has kept the front gate of the United States during the greatest flood of immigration in our history. In the last fiscal year 535,579 and in the year before 605,341 steerage passengers landed at Ellis Island, being nearly three-quarters of the entire number of arrivals in the United States. Of those coming in 1904 nearly five thousand were found to



OUR FOREIGN CRIMINALS

Nationalities of aliens held for murder in American penal institutions

have serious physical or mental defects, including dangerous contagious diseases, insanity and idiocy, and over seventeen thousand more had slight defects. Over five thousand were sent to hospitals as soon as they landed. About four thousand were debarred as paupers, or persons likely to become a public charge. The last months of Mr. Williams' service have been made especially arduous by an unprecedented influx of the poorest class of Russian Jews fleeing from the military conscription, without means of support, and with their passage paid by charitable societies in Europe. The arrivals of Hebrew immigrants from Russia reached 23,000 in December and have averaged about 15,000 a month for the past six months. It takes a man of unusual qualities to deal with such a strenuous subject as the tide of immigration at New York, and it is hard to get the right man for \$5,000 a year or to keep him if he is found.

## THE HOME OF THE TRUSTS

**T**HE INAUGURAL ADDRESS of Governor Stokes of New Jersey, delivered on January 17, contains some interesting information regarding the profits within the reach of a State willing to license corporations to violate the laws of other States. New Jersey had a balance of \$2,940,918.98 in the treasury at the close of the last fiscal year. She collected from corporations \$3,351,543.69, or nearly 78 per cent of the entire revenues of the State. She did not raise a single cent by direct taxation; yet she was able not only to meet all the usual expenses of a State government, but to develop a road system embracing one-third of all the macadamized State roads of the Union. A single company organized some years ago paid the State Treasurer \$221,000 for filing its articles of incorporation and has been paying \$57,000 a year—over \$1,000 a week—ever since. Governor Stokes calls warning attention to the fact that other States are bidding for this business, and that in ten months of last year one of them secured incorporations representing a capital of \$285,553,700 against only \$313,569,620 for New Jersey. He says that "for years the policy of New Jersey in this respect has met with the approval of the people and has received the indorsement of both political parties," and he recommends the appointment of a commission to perfect the State's corporation laws.

## SPARRING IN MANCHURIA

**T**HE FAME of the heroes of Port Arthur has been somewhat dimmed by accusations advanced since the surrender. It has been said by disappointed Russians that Stoessel could have held out for some time longer, and that if General Kondratenko had lived the place would never have surrendered when it did. About thirty tons of powder, 82,670 shells, and over two million rifle cartridges were turned over to the Japanese, but the friends of Stoessel say that this was Chinese ammunition, left over from the time before the war of eleven years ago, and would not fit the Russian guns. In any case, it could hardly have lasted more than a few days longer. It is also alleged that in the latter part of the siege most of the Russian officers, especially those of the navy, were drunk, and that when the soldiers heard of the surrender they broke into the stores of vodka and held wild orgies in the streets. On January 10 the Emperor William asked permission of the Czar and the Mikado to confer the Prussian Order of Merit upon Generals Stoessel and Nogi in recognition of the bravery of themselves and

their troops. Permission was granted in each case with as good a grace as possible, although the situation was a little embarrassing, neither monarch having yet decorated his own general, and Stoessel being about to face a court-martial for yielding to the enemy. It was said that France had intended to give the order of the Legion of Honor to Stoessel, but abandoned the intention rather than to seem to be entering into competition with the Kaiser.

Immediately after the surrender Nogi began sending troops and guns to reinforce Oyama before Mukden. Within a few days he had sent on 368 siege guns and 32,000 infantry. Oyama's strength was estimated on January 12 at 388,000 men and 1,245 guns. On the 11th a body of Cossacks encircled the Japanese left and made a sudden raid on Newchwang. They drove out the small Japanese garrison and temporarily occupied the old town, but were forced to retire soon afterward, damaging the railroad on the way. The Japanese asserted that the raiders violated Chinese neutrality by crossing the Liao River, and threatened to extend the war zone if such things were permitted. At the same time Russia sent a note to the powers protesting against Chinese violations of neutrality at the instigation of Japan. Thus Secretary Hay's great achievement in localizing the war and preserving the neutrality and "administrative entity" of China was menaced from both sides. Mr. Hay at once took energetic steps to avert this danger.

## WITTE AGAIN AT THE HELM

**T**OSSED BY THE CONTENDING forces that he is too weak to master, the Czar has turned in his desperation to M. Witte, the statesman who put Russia's finances in order and created the great commercial structure in the East which his enemies at court have destroyed. Witte was forced out of power by the Grand Ducal cabal because he was too liberal; he returns as the defender of the imperiled autocracy.



SERGIUS DE WITTE

Former Minister of Finance—Russia's greatest statesman—forced out of power by the War Party and the Holy Synod, and now to be recalled as Minister of the Interior, to save the throne

It is Necker coming to save Louis XVI. At the same time the Grand Duke Sergius, the most hated of the court ring, has retired from the Governor-Generalship of Moscow. M. Witte is to replace Prince Sviatopolk-Mirsky as Minister of the Interior, but while he is expected to go more slowly on the road of reform than that advanced Minister, it is not believed that he will countenance such a policy of reaction as would please the Grand Dukes.

## END OF COMBES' MINISTRY

**A**FTER THREE YEARS of life—a longevity almost as remarkable in a French Ministry as in a South American Presidency—the Combes Government has committed hara-kiri without waiting for its enemies to drive in the knife. The alliance between the Socialists and the Combes Radicals created some dissatisfaction on both sides, the Socialists feeling restless under the necessity of subordinating their economic reforms to a war on the Catholic Church, and many of the bourgeois followers of M. Combes objecting strenuously to the income tax which he had been obliged to promise as the price of Socialist support. But the heaviest load his Government had to carry was the spy system by which General André, the late Minister of War, had undertaken to discourage the profession of religion among the officers of the army. The election of M. Doumer as President of the Chamber of Deputies was thought to portend the fall of the Ministry, and the satisfaction of the Vatican was expressed in a personal telegram of congratulation to M. Doumer from Cardinal Merry Del Val, the Papal Secretary of State. At midnight on January 14 the Government won a vote of confidence by a majority of ten, but M. Combes thought the margin too narrow, and he and his colleagues resigned on the 17th. It is not expected that the new Government will abandon the anti-clerical crusade, but it is believed that its acts will be more moderate and especially that the spying system will go.



# The Last SHERLOCK HOLMES

Story ever to be written by  
A. CONAN DOYLE

## THE ADVENTURE OF THE SECOND STAIN

This is the thirteenth and last story of the new Sherlock Holmes series, which began in Collier's in September, 1903. The preceding Adventures were those of *The Empty House*, *The Norwood Builder*, *The Dancing Men*, *The Solitary Cyclist*, *The Priory School*, *Black Peter*, *Charles Augustus Milverton*, *The Six Napoleons*, *The Three Students*, *The Golden Pince-Nez*, *The Missing Three-Quarter*, and *The Abbey Grange*. To follow them in successive Household Numbers Collier's has secured a series of nine "Raffles" stories by E. W. Hornung. Two have already appeared; the third, "The Rest Cure," will be published in the Household Number for March, February 25

I HAD intended "The Adventure of the Abbey Grange" to be the last of those exploits of my friend, Mr. Sherlock Holmes, which I should ever communicate to the public. This resolution of mine was not due to any lack of material, since I have notes of many hundreds of cases to which I have never alluded, nor was it caused by any waning interest on the part of my readers in the singular personality and unique methods of this remarkable man. The real reason lay in the reluctance which Mr. Holmes has shown to the continued publication of his experiences. So long as he was in actual professional practice the records of his success were of some practical value to him; but since he has definitely retired from London and betaken himself to study and bee-farming on the Sussex Downs, notoriety has become hateful to him, and he has peremptorily requested that his wishes in this matter should be strictly observed. It was only upon my representing to him that I had given a promise that "The Adventure of the Second Stain" should be published when the times were ripe, and pointing out to him that it is only appropriate that this long series of episodes should culminate in the most important international case which he has ever been called upon to handle, that I at last succeeded in obtaining his consent that a carefully guarded account of the incident should at last be laid before the public. If in telling the story I seem to be somewhat vague in certain details the public will readily understand that there is an excellent reason for my reticence.

It was, then, in a year, and even in a decade, that shall be nameless, that upon one Tuesday morning in autumn we found two visitors of European fame within the walls of our humble room in Baker Street. The one, austere, high-nosed, eagle-eyed, and dominant, was none other than the illustrious Lord Bellingham, twice Premier of Britain. The other, dark, clear-cut, and elegant, hardly yet of middle age, and endowed with every beauty of body and of mind, was the Right Honorable Trelawney Hope, Secretary for European Affairs, and the most rising statesman in the country. They sat side by side upon our paper-littered settee, and it was easy to see from their worn and anxious faces that it was business of the most pressing importance which had brought them. The Premier's thin, blue-veined hands were clasped tightly over the ivory head of his umbrella, and his gaunt, ascetic face looked gloomily from Holmes to me. The European Secretary pulled nervously at his mustache and fidgeted with the seals of his watch-chain.

"When I discovered my loss, Mr. Holmes, which was at eight o'clock this morning, I at once informed the Prime Minister. It was at his suggestion that we have both come to you."

"Have you informed the police?"

"No, sir," said the Prime Minister, with the quick decisive manner for which he was famous. "We have not done so, nor is it possible that we should do so. To inform the police must, in the long run, mean to inform the public. This is what we particularly desire to avoid."

"And why, sir?"

"Because the document in question is of such immense importance that its publication might very easily—I might almost say probably—lead to European complications of the utmost moment. It is not too much to say that peace or war may hang upon the issue. Unless its recovery can be attended with the utmost secrecy, then it may as well not be recovered at all, for all that is aimed at by those who

have taken it is that its contents should be generally known."

"I understand. Now, Mr. Trelawney Hope, I should be much obliged if you would tell me exactly the circumstances under which this document disappeared."

"That can be done in a very few words, Mr. Holmes. The letter—for it was a letter from a foreign potentate—was received six days ago. It was of such importance that I have never left it in my safe, but I have taken it across each evening to my house in Whitehall Terrace, and kept it in my bedroom in a locked despatch-box. It was there last night. Of that I am certain. I actually opened the box while I was dressing for dinner, and saw the document inside. This morning it was gone. The despatch-box had stood beside the glass upon my dressing-table all night. I am a light sleeper, and so is my wife. We are both prepared to swear that no one could have entered the room during the night. And yet I repeat that the paper is gone."

"What time did you dine?"

"Half-past seven."

"How long was it before you went to bed?"

"My wife had gone to the theatre. I waited up for her. It was half-past eleven before we went to our room."

"Then for four hours the despatch-box had lain unguarded?"

"No one is ever permitted to enter that room save the housemaid in the morning, and my valet, or my wife's maid, during the rest of the day. They are both trusty servants who have been with us for some time. Besides, neither of them could possibly have known that there was anything more valuable than the ordinary departmental papers in my despatch-box."

"Who did know of the existence of that letter?"

"No one in the house."

"Surely your wife knew?"

"No, sir; I had said nothing to my wife until I missed the paper this morning."

The Premier nodded approvingly.

"I have long known, sir, how high is your sense of public duty," said he. "I am convinced that in the case of a secret of this importance it would rise superior to the most intimate domestic ties."

The European Secretary bowed.

"You do me no more than justice, sir. Until this morning I have never breathed one word to my wife upon this matter."

"Could she have guessed?"

"No, Mr. Holmes, she could not have guessed—nor could any one have guessed."

"Have you lost any documents before?"

"No, sir."

"Who is there in England who did know of the existence of this letter?"

"Each member of the Cabinet was informed of it yesterday; but the pledge of secrecy which attends every Cabinet meeting was increased by the solemn warning which was given by the Prime Minister. Good God, to think that within a few hours I should myself have lost it!" His handsome face was distorted with a spasm of despair, and his hands tore at his hair. For a moment we caught a glimpse of the natural man, impulsive, ardent, keenly sensitive. The next the aristocratic mask was replaced, and the gentle voice had returned. "Besides the members of the Cabinet there are two, or possibly three, departmental officials who know of the letter. No one else in England, Mr. Holmes, I assure you."

"But abroad?"

"I believe that no one abroad has seen it save the man who wrote it. I am well convinced that his Ministers—that the usual official channels have not been employed." Holmes considered for some little time.

"Now, sir, I must ask you more particularly what this document is, and why its disappearance should have such momentous consequences?"

The two statesmen exchanged a quick glance and the Premier's shaggy eyebrows gathered in a frown.

"Mr. Holmes, the envelope is a long thin one of pale blue color. There is a seal of red wax stamped with a crouching lion. It is addressed in large bold handwriting to—"

"I fear, sir," said Holmes, "that, interesting and indeed essential as these details are, my inquiries must go more to the root of things. What was the letter?"

"That is a state secret of the utmost importance, and I fear that I can not tell you, nor do I see that it is necessary. If by the aid of the powers which you are said to possess you can find such an envelope as I describe with its inclosure, you will have deserved well of your country, and earned any reward which it lies in our power to bestow."

Sherlock Holmes rose with a smile.

"You are two of the most busy men in the country," said he, "and in my own small way I have also a good many calls upon me. I regret exceedingly that I can not help you in this matter, and any continuation of this interview would be a waste of time."

The Premier sprang to his feet with that quick, fierce gleam of his deep-set eyes before which a Cabinet has cowered. "I am not accustomed, sir," he began, but mastered his anger and resumed his seat. For a minute or more we all sat in silence. Then the old statesman shrugged his shoulders.

"We must accept your terms, Mr. Holmes to me. The European Secretary and it is unreasonable for us to expect you to act for us unless we give you our entire confidence."



She seated herself with her back to the window



"I agree with you," said the younger statesman.

"Then I will tell you, relying entirely upon your honor and that of your colleague, Dr. Watson. I may appeal to your patriotism also, for I could not imagine a greater misfortune for the country than that this affair should come out."

"You may safely trust us."

"The letter, then, is from a certain foreign potentate who has been ruffled by some recent Colonial developments of this country. It has been written hurriedly and upon his own responsibility entirely. Inquiries have shown that his Ministers know nothing of the matter. At the same time it is couched in so unfortunate a manner, and certain phrases in it are of so provocative a character, that its publication would undoubtedly lead to a most dangerous state of feeling in this country. There would be such a ferment, sir, that I do not hesitate to say that within a week of the publication of that letter this country would be involved in a great war."

Holmes wrote a name upon a slip of paper and handed it to the Premier.

"Exactly. It was he. And it is this letter—this letter which may well mean the expenditure of a thousand millions and the lives of a hundred thousand men—which has become lost in this unaccountable fashion."

"Have you informed the sender?"

"Yes, sir, a cipher telegram has been despatched."

"Perhaps he desires the publication of the letter."

"No, sir, we have strong reason to believe that he already understands that he has acted in an indiscreet and hot-headed manner. It would be a greater blow to him and to his country than to us if this letter were to come out."

"If this is so, whose interest is it that the letter should come out? Why should any one desire to steal it or to publish it?"

"There, Mr. Holmes, you take me into regions of high international politics. But if you consider the European situation you will have no difficulty in perceiving the motive. The whole of Europe is an armed camp. There is a double league which makes a fair balance of military power. Great Britain holds the scales. If Britain were driven into war with one confederacy, it would assure the supremacy of the other confederacy, whether they joined in the war or not. Do you follow?"

"Very clearly. It is then the interest of the enemies of this potentate to secure and publish this letter, so as to make a breach between his country and ours?"

"Yes, sir."

"And to whom would this document be sent if it fell into the hands of an enemy?"

"To any of the great Chancelleries of Europe. It is probably speeding on its way thither at the present instant as fast as steam can take it."

Mr. Trelawney Hope dropped his head on his chest and groaned aloud. The Premier placed his hand kindly upon his shoulder.

"It is your misfortune, my dear fellow. No one can blame you. There is no precaution which you have neglected. Now, Mr. Holmes, you are in full possession of the facts. What course do you recommend?"

Holmes shook his head mournfully.

"You think, sir, that unless this document is recovered there will be war?"

"I think it is very probable."

"Then, sir, prepare for war."

"That is a hard saying, Mr. Holmes."

"Consider the facts, sir. It is inconceivable that it was taken after eleven-thirty at night, since I understand that Mr. Hope and his wife were both in the room from that hour until the loss was discovered. It was taken, then, yesterday evening between seven-thirty and eleven-thirty, probably near the earlier hour, since whoever took it evidently knew that it was there, and would naturally secure it as early as possible. Now, sir, if a document of this importance were taken at that hour, where can it be now? No one has any reason to retain it. It has been passed rapidly on to those who need it. What chance have we now to overtake or even to trace it? It is beyond our reach."

The Prime Minister rose from the settee.

"What you say is perfectly logical, Mr. Holmes. I feel that the matter is indeed out of our hands."

"Let us presume, for argument's sake, that the document was taken by the maid or by the valet—"

"They are both old and tried servants."

"I understand you to say that your room is on the second floor, that there is no entrance from without, and that from within no one could go up unobserved. It must, then, be somebody in the house who has taken it. To whom would the thief take it? To one of several international spies and secret agents, whose names are tolerably familiar to me. There are three who may be said to be the heads of their profession. I will begin my research by going round and finding if each of them is at his post. If one is missing—especially if he has disappeared since last night—we will have some indication as to where the document has gone."

"Why should he be missing?" asked the European Secretary. "He would take the letter to an Embassy in London, as likely as not."

"I fancy not. These agents work independently, and their relations with the Embassies are often strained."

The Prime Minister nodded his acquiescence.

"I believe you are right, Mr. Holmes. He would take so valuable a prize to headquarters with his own hands. I think that your course of action is an excellent one."

Meanwhile, Hope, we can not neglect all our other duties on account of this one misfortune. Should there be any fresh developments during the day we shall communicate with you, and you will no doubt let us know the results of your own inquiries."

The two statesmen bowed and walked gravely from the room.

When our illustrious visitors had departed Holmes lit his pipe in silence, and sat for some time lost in the deepest thought. I had opened the morning paper and was immersed in a sensational crime which had occurred in London the night before, when my friend gave an exclamation, sprang to his feet, and laid his pipe down upon the mantelpiece.

"Yes," said he, "there is no better way of approaching it. The situation is desperate, but not hopeless. Even now if we could be sure which of them has taken it, it is just possible that it has not yet passed out of his hands. After all, it is a question of money with these fellows, and I have the British treasury behind me. If it's on the market I'll buy it—if it means another penny on the income tax. It is conceivable that the fellow might hold it back to see what bids come from this side before he tries his luck on the other. There are only those three capable of playing so bold a game; there are Oberstein, La Rothiere, and Eduardo Lucas. I will see each of them."

I glanced at my morning paper.

"Is that Eduardo Lucas of Godolphin Street?"

"Yes."

"You will not see him."

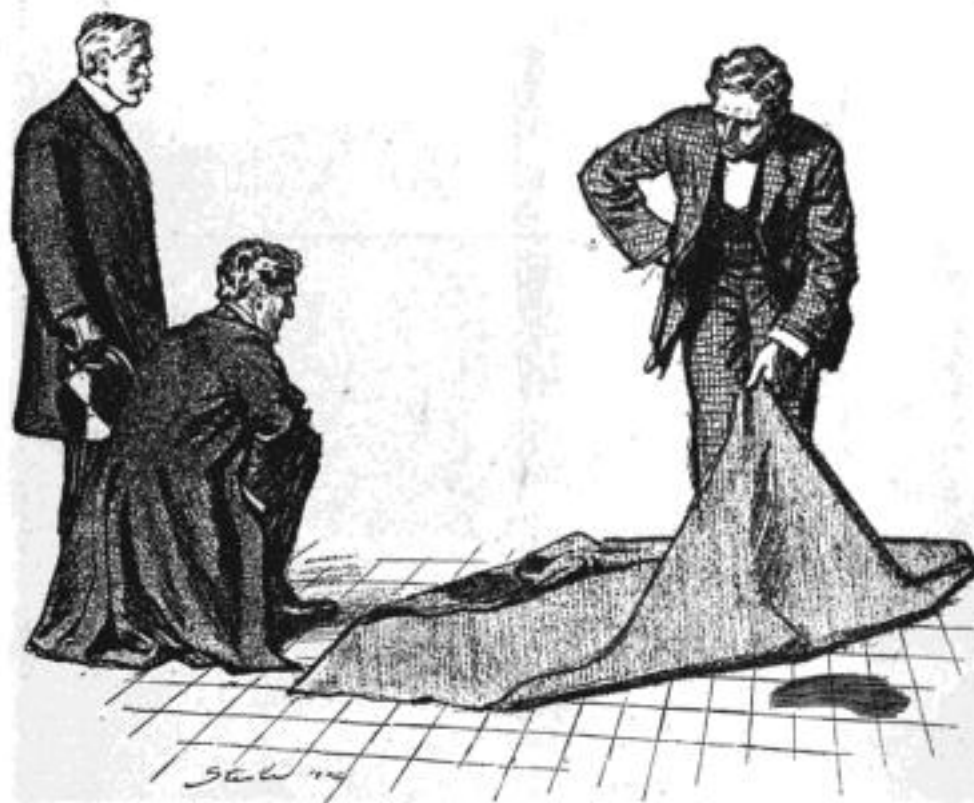
"Why not?"

"He was murdered in his house last night."

My friend has so often astonished me in the course of our adventures that it was with a sense of exultation that I realized how completely I had astonished him. He stared in amazement, and then snatched the paper from my hands. This was the paragraph which I had been engaged in reading when he rose from his chair:

#### "MURDER IN WESTMINSTER.

"A crime of a mysterious character was committed last night at 16 Godolphin Street, one of the old-fashioned and secluded rows of eighteenth century houses which lie between the river and the Abbey, almost in the shadow of the great tower of the Houses of Parliament. This small but select mansion has been inhabited for some years by Mr. Eduardo Lucas, well known in society circles both on account of his charming personality and because he has the well-deserved reputation of being one of the best amateur tenors in the country. Mr. Lucas is an unmarried man, thirty-four years of age, and his establishment consists of Mrs. Pringle, an elderly housekeeper, and of Mitton, his valet. The former retires early and sleeps at the top of the house. The valet was out for the evening, visiting a friend at Hammersmith. From ten o'clock onward Mr. Lucas had the house to himself. What occurred during that time has not yet transpired, but at a quarter to twelve Police-constable Barrett, passing



"There is a second stain!"

along Godolphin Street, observed that the door of No. 16 was ajar. He knocked, but received no answer. Perceiving a light in the front room, he advanced into the passage and again knocked, but without reply. He then pushed open the door and entered. The room was in a state of wild disorder, the furniture being all swept to one side, and one chair lying on its back in the centre. Beside this chair, and still grasping one of its legs, lay the unfortunate tenant of the house. He had been stabbed to the heart and must have died instantly. The knife with which the crime had been committed was a curved Indian dagger, plucked down from a trophy of Oriental arms which adorned one of the walls. Robbery does not appear to have been the motive of the crime, for there had been no attempt to remove the valuable contents of the room. Mr. Eduardo Lucas was so well known and popular that his violent and mysterious fate will arouse painful interest and intense sympathy in a widespread circle of friends."

"Well, Watson, what do you make of this?" asked Holmes, after a long pause.

"It is an amazing coincidence."

"A coincidence! Here is one of the three men whom we had named as possible actors in this drama, and he meets a violent death during the very hours when we know that that drama was being enacted. The odds are enormous against its being coincidence. No figures could express them. No, my dear Watson, the two events are connected—*must* be connected. It is for us to find the connection."

"But now the official police must know all."

"Not at all. They know all they see at Godolphin Street. They know—and shall know—nothing of Whitehall Terrace. Only we know of both events, and can trace the relation between them. There is one obvious point which would, in any case, have turned my suspicions against Lucas. Godolphin Street, Westminster, is only a few minutes' walk from Whitehall Terrace. The other secret agents whom I have named live in the extreme West End. It was easier, therefore, for Lucas than for the others to establish a connection or receive a message from the European Secretary's household—a small thing, and yet where events are compressed into a few hours it may prove essential. Halloa, what have we here?"

Mrs. Hudson had appeared with a lady's card upon her salver. Holmes glanced at it, raised his eyebrows, and handed it over to me.

"Ask Lady Hilda Trelawney Hope if she will be kind enough to step up," said he.

A moment later our modest apartment, already so distinguished that morning, was further honored by the entrance of the most lovely woman in London. I had often heard of the beauty of the youngest daughter of the Duke of Belminster, but no description of it, and no contemplation of colorless photographs, had prepared me for the subtle, delicate charm and the beautiful coloring of that exquisite head. And yet as we saw it that autumn morning it was not its beauty which would be the first thing to impress the observer. The cheek was lovely, but it was pale with emotion; the eyes were bright, but it was the brightness of fever; the sensitive mouth was tight and drawn in an effort after self-command. Terror—not beauty—was what sprang first to the eye as our fair visitor stood framed for an instant in the open door.

"Has my husband been here, Mr. Holmes?"

"Yes, madam, he has been here."

"Mr. Holmes, I implore you not to tell him that I came here." Holmes bowed coldly, and motioned the lady to a chair.

"Your ladyship places me in a very delicate position. I beg that you will sit down and tell me what you desire; but I fear that I can not make any unconditional promise."

She swept across the room and seated herself with her back to the window. It was a queenly presence—tall, graceful, and intensely womanly.

"Mr. Holmes," she said—and her white-gloved hands clasped and unclasped as she spoke—"I will speak frankly to you in the hope that it may induce you to speak frankly in return. There is complete confidence between my husband and me on all matters save one. That one is politics. On this his lips are sealed. He tells me nothing. Now, I am aware that there has been a most deplorable occurrence in our house last night. I know that a paper has disappeared. But because the matter is political my husband refuses to take me into his complete confidence. Now it is essential—essential, I say—that I should thoroughly understand it. You are the only other person, save only these politicians, who knows the true facts. I beg you then, Mr. Holmes, to tell me exactly what has happened and what it will lead to. Tell me all, Mr. Holmes. Let no regard for your client's interests keep you silent, for I assure you that his interests, if he would only see it, would be best served by taking me into his complete confidence. What was this paper which was stolen?"

"Madam, what you ask me is really impossible."

She groaned and sank her face in her hands.

"You must see that this is so, madam. If your husband thinks fit to keep you in the dark over this matter, is it for me, who have only learned the true facts under the pledge of professional secrecy, to tell what he has withheld? It is not fair to ask it. It is he whom you must ask."

"I have asked him. I come to you as a last resource. But without your telling me anything definite, Mr. Holmes, you may do a great service if you will enlighten me on one point."

"What is it, madam?"

"Is my husband's political career likely to suffer through this incident?"

"Well, madam, unless it is set right it may certainly have a very unfortunate effect."

"Ah!" She drew in her breath sharply as one whose doubts are resolved.

"One more question, Mr. Holmes. From an expression which my husband dropped in the first shock of this disaster I understood that terrible public consequences might arise from the loss of this document."

"If he said so, I certainly can not deny it."

"Of what nature are they?"

"Nay, madam, there again you ask me more than I can possibly answer."

"Then I will take up no more of your time. I can



ot blame you, Mr. Holmes, for having refused to speak more freely, and you on your side will not, I am sure, think the worse of me because I desire, even against my will, to share my husband's anxieties. Once more I beg that you will say nothing of my visit." She looked back at us from the door, and I had a last impression of that beautiful haunted face, the startled eyes, and the drawn mouth. Then she was gone.

"Now, Watson, the fair sex is your department," said Holmes, with a smile, when the dwindling fringes of skirts had ended in the slam of the front door. "What was the fair lady's game? What did she really want?"

"Surely her own statement is clear and her anxiety very natural."

"Hum! Think of her appearance, Watson—her manner, her suppressed excitement, her restlessness, her enacancy in asking questions. Remember that she comes of a caste who do not lightly show emotion."

"She was certainly much moved."

"Remember also the curious earnestness with which she assured us that it was best for her husband that she should know all. What did she mean by that? And you must have observed, Watson, how she maneuvered to have the light at her back. She did not wish us to read her expression."

"Yes; she chose the one chair in the room."

"And yet the motives of women are so inscrutable. You remember the woman at Margate whom I suspected for the same reason. No powder on her nose—that proved to be the correct solution. How can you build on such a quirk? Their most trivial action may mean volumes, or their most extraordinary conduct may depend upon a hairpin or curling tongs. Good morning, Watson."

"You are off?"

"Yes; I will while away the morning at Godolphin Street with our friends of the regular establishment. With Eduardo Lucas lies the solution of our problem, though I must admit that I have not an inkling as to what form it may take. It is a capital mistake to theorize in advance of the facts. Do you stay on guard, my good Watson, and receive any fresh visitors. I'll join you at lunch if I am able."

All that day and the next and the next Holmes was in a mood which his friends would call taciturn, and others morose. He ran out and ran in, smoked incessantly, played snatches on his violin, sank into reveries, devoured sandwiches at irregular hours, and hardly answered the casual questions which I put to him. It was evident to me that things were not going well with him or his quest. He would say nothing of the case, and it was from the papers that I learned the particulars of the inquest, and the arrest with the subsequent release of John Mitton, the valet of the deceased. The coroner's jury brought in the obvious "Wilful Murder," but the parties remained as unknown as ever. No motive was suggested. The room was full of articles of value, but none had been taken. The dead man's papers had not been tampered with. They were carefully examined, and showed that he was a keen student of international politics, an indefatigable gossip, a remarkable linguist, and an untiring letter writer. He had been on intimate terms with the leading politicians of several countries. But nothing sensational was discovered among the documents which filled his drawers. As to his relations with women, they appeared to have been promiscuous but superficial. He had many acquaintances among them, but few friends, and no one whom he loved. His habits were regular, his conduct inoffensive. His death was an absolute mystery, and likely to remain so.

As to the arrest of John Mitton, the valet, it was a council of despair as an alternative to absolute inaction. But no case could be sustained against him. He had visited friends in Hammersmith that night. The alibi was complete. It is true that he started home at an hour which should have brought him to Westminster before the time when the crime was discovered, but his own explanation that he had walked part of the way seemed probable enough in view of the fineness of the night. He had actually arrived at twelve o'clock, and appeared to be overwhelmed by the unexpected tragedy. He had always been on good terms with his master. Several of the dead man's possessions—notably a small case of razors—had been found in the valet's boxes, but he explained that they had been presents from the deceased, and the housekeeper was able to corroborate the story. Mitton had been in Lucas's employment for three years. It was noticeable that Lucas did not take Mitton on the Continent with him. Sometimes he visited Paris three months on end, but Mitton was left in charge of the Godolphin Street house. As to the housekeeper, she had heard nothing on the night of the crime. If her master had a visitor he had himself admitted him.

So for three mornings the mystery remained, so far as I could follow it in the papers. If Holmes knew more he kept his own counsel, but, as he told me that Inspector Lestrade had taken him into his confidence in the case, I knew that he was in close touch with every development. Upon the fourth day there appeared a long telegram from Paris which seemed to solve the whole question.

"A discovery has just been made by the Parisian police," said the "Daily Telegraph," "which raises the veil which hung round the tragic fate of Mr. Eduardo Lucas, who met his death by violence last Monday night at Godolphin Street, Westminster. Our readers will remember that the deceased gentleman was found stabbed in his room, and that some suspicion attached to his valet, but that the case broke down on

an alibi. Yesterday a lady, who has been known as Mme. Henri Fournaye, occupying a small villa in the Rue Apsteritz, was reported to the authorities by her servants as being insane. An examination showed that she had indeed developed mania of a dangerous and permanent form. On inquiry, the police have discovered that Mme. Henri Fournaye only returned from a journey to London on Tuesday last, and there is evidence to connect her with the crime at Westminster. A comparison of photographs has proved conclusively that M. Henri Fournaye and Eduardo Lucas were really one and the same person, and that the deceased had for some reason lived a double life in London and Paris. Mme. Fournaye, who is of Creole origin, is of an extremely excitable nature, and has suffered in the past from attacks of jealousy which have amounted to frenzy. It is conjectured that it was in one of these that she committed the terrible crime which has caused such a sensation in London. Her movements upon the Monday night have not yet been traced, but it is undoubted that a woman answering to her description attracted



"Madam, I have been commissioned to recover this immensely important paper"

much attention at Charing Cross Station on Tuesday morning by the wildness of her appearance, and the violence of her gestures. It is probable, therefore, that the crime was either committed when insane, or that its immediate effect was to drive the unhappy woman out of her mind. At present she is unable to give any coherent account of the past, and the doctors hold out no hopes of the re-establishment of her reason. There is evidence that a woman, who might have been Mme. Fournaye, was seen for some hours upon Monday night watching the house in Godolphin Street."

"What do you think of that, Holmes?" I had read the account aloud to him, while he finished his breakfast.

"My dear Watson," said he, as he rose from the table, and paced up and down the room, "you are most long-suffering, but if I have told you nothing in the last three days, it is because there is nothing to tell. Even now this report from Paris does not help us much."

"Surely it is final as regards the man's death."

"The man's death is a mere incident—a trivial episode—in comparison with our real task, which is to trace this document and save a European catastrophe. Only one important thing has happened in the last three days, and that is that nothing has happened. I get reports almost hourly from the Government, and it is certain that nowhere in Europe is there any sign of trouble. Now, if this letter were loose—no, it can't be loose—but if it isn't loose, where can it be? Who has it? Why is it held back? That's the question that beats in my brain like a hammer. Was it, indeed, a coincidence that Lucas should meet his death on the night when the letter disappeared? Did the letter ever reach him? If so, why is it not among his papers? Did this mad wife of his carry it off with her? If so, is it in her house in Paris? How could I search for it without the French police having their suspicions aroused? It is a case, my dear Watson, where the law is as dangerous to us as the criminals are. Every man's hand is against us, and yet the interests at stake are colossal. Should I bring it to a successful conclusion it will certainly represent the crowning glory of my career. Ah, here is my latest from the front!" He glanced hurriedly at the note which had been handed in. "Halloa! Lestrade seems to have observed something of interest. Put on your hat, Watson, and we will stroll down together to Westminster."

It was my first visit to the scene of the crime—a high, dingy, narrow-chested house, prim, formal, and solid, like the century which gave it birth. Lestrade's bulldog features gazed out at us from the front window, and he greeted us warmly when a big constable had opened the door and let us in. The room into which we were shown was that in which the crime had been committed, but no trace of it now remained, save an ugly irregular stain upon the carpet. This carpet was a small square drugget in the centre of the room, surrounded by a broad expanse of beautiful old-fashioned wood-flooring in square blocks highly polished. Over the fireplace was a magnificent trophy of weapons, one

of which had been used on that tragic night. In the window was a sumptuous writing-desk, and every detail of the apartment, the pictures, the rugs, and the hangings, all pointed to a taste which was luxurious to the verge of effeminacy.

"Seen the Paris news?" asked Lestrade.

Holmes nodded.

"Our French friends seem to have touched the spot this time. No doubt it's just as they say. She knocked at the door—surprise visit, I guess, for he kept his life in water-tight compartments? He let her in—couldn't keep her in the street. She told him how she had traced him, reproached him, one thing led to another, and then with that dagger so handy the end soon came. It wasn't all done in an instant, though, for these chairs were all swept over yonder, and he had one in his hand as if he had tried to hold her off with it. We've got it all as clear as if we had seen it."

Holmes raised his eyebrows.

"And yet you have sent for me?"

"Ah, yes, that's another matter—a mere trifle, but the sort of thing you take an interest in—queer, you know, and what you might call freakish. It has nothing to do with the main fact—can't have, on the face of it."

"What is it, then?"

"Well, you know, after a crime of this sort we are very careful to keep things in their position. Nothing has been moved. Officer in charge here day and night. This morning, as the man was buried and the investigation over—so far as this room is concerned—we thought we could tidy up a bit. This carpet. You see, it is not fastened down; only just laid there. We had occasion to raise it. We found—"

"Yes? You found—"

Holmes's face grew tense with anxiety.

"Well, I'm sure you would never guess in a hundred years what we did find. You see that stain on the carpet? Well, a great deal must have soaked through, must it not?"

"Undoubtedly it must."

"Well, you will be surprised to hear that there is no stain on the white woodwork to correspond."

"No stain! But there must—"

"Yes; so you would say. But the fact remains that there isn't."

He took the corner of the carpet in his hand and, turning it over, he showed that it was indeed as he said.

"But the under side is as stained as the upper. It must have left a mark."

Lestrade chuckled with delight at having puzzled the famous expert.

"Now, I'll show you the explanation. There is a second stain, but it does not correspond with the other. See for yourself."

As he spoke he turned over another portion of the carpet, and there, sure enough, was a great crimson spill upon the square white facing of the old-fashioned floor. "What do you make of that, Mr. Holmes?"

"Why, it is simple enough. The two stains did correspond, but the carpet has been turned round. As it was square and unfastened it was easily done."

"The official police don't need you, Mr. Holmes, to tell them that the carpet must have been turned round. That's clear enough, for the stains lie above each other—if you lay it over this way. But what I want to know is, who shifted the carpet, and why?"

I could see from Holmes's rigid face that he was vibrating with inward excitement.

"Look here, Lestrade," said he, "has that constable in the passage been in charge of the place all the time?"

"Yes, he has."

"Well, take my advice. Examine him carefully. Don't do it before us. We'll wait here. You take him into the back room. You'll be more likely to get a confession out of him alone. Ask him how he dared to admit people and leave them alone in this room. Don't ask him if he has done it. Take it for granted. Tell him you know some one has been here. Press him. Tell him that a full confession is his only chance of forgiveness. Do exactly what I tell you!"

"By George, if he knows I'll have it out of him!" cried Lestrade. He darted into the hall, and a few moments later his bullying voice sounded from the back room.

"Now, Watson, now!" cried Holmes with frenzied eagerness. All the demoniacal force of the man masked behind that listless manner burst out in a paroxysm of energy. He tore the drugget from the floor, and in an instant was down on his hands and knees clawing at each of the squares of wood beneath it. One turned sideways as he dug his nails into the edge of it. It hinged back like the lid of a box. A small black cavity opened beneath it. Holmes plunged his eager hand into it, and drew it out with a bitter snarl of anger and disappointment. It was empty.

"Quick, Watson, quick! Get it back again!" The wooden lid was replaced, and the drugget had only just been drawn straight when Lestrade's voice was heard in the passage. He found Holmes leaning languidly against the mantelpiece, resigned and patient, endeavoring to conceal his irrepressible yawns.

"Sorry to keep you waiting, Mr. Holmes. I can see that you are bored to death with the whole affair. Well, he has confessed, all right. Come in here, MacPherson. Let these gentlemen hear of your most inexcusable conduct."

The big constable, very hot and penitent, sidled into the room.

"I meant no harm, sir, I'm sure. The young woman came to the door last evening—mistook the house, she did. And then we got to talking. It's lonesome, when you're on duty here all day."

"Well, what happened then?" (Continued on p. 28.)





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# THE BABY 0

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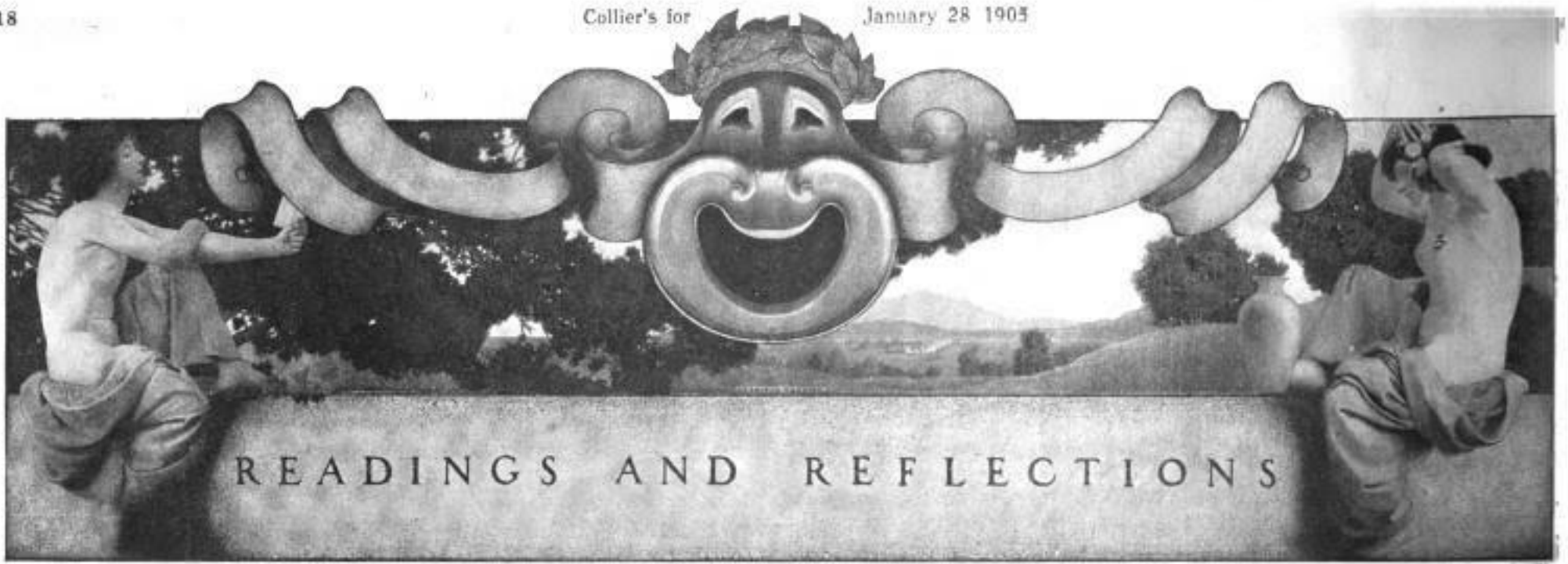




THE FAMILY

IANA GIBSON





HEADPIECE BY MAXFIELD PARISH

By NORMAN HAPGOOD

## The Devil's Due

MUCH of the ablest writing done in journalism today is in the papers controlled by Mr. William Randolph Hearst. On important topics of present interest the most telling discussions that have fallen under my eye have been in a morning or in an evening organ of Mr. Hearst. Mr. Brisbane's attack on the Senate, for instance, for its treatment of pure food bills was the only one, of all the editorials I have seen on that subject, which gave real life to the wrong which the Senate is inflicting on the people. The opening of the editorial is a model of introduction: of rushing the significant facts to the front together so as to bring the subject and its importance all at once upon the reader. Stripped of the capital letters, which may be needed by Mr. Brisbane's readers, the opening sentences run thus:

"There is a bill in the Senate of the United States called the Pure Food Bill. Its purpose is to prevent food adulteration, the swindling and the poisoning of the public. Nobody in the Senate says a word against this bill—nobody dares go on record, of course, in behalf of adulteration. Yet it is certain that the bill will not be passed. No man will take the responsibility of defeating it openly. But the glorious Senate, as a whole, will allow it to die and protect the 'business interests' that require adulterated food for the people."

The article then proceeds to give instances of what adulteration of food, drink, medicine, or clothes means in actual life. One of Mr. Brisbane's resources is a considerable reading of books, and he turns the results into his editorials. In this case he gets from W. J. Ghent's "Mass and Class," published by the Macmillan Company, statements which combine the authoritative with the startling. \$375,000,000 is the amount estimated by one expert as stolen annually from the people through food adulteration alone, and another estimates it at \$1,125,000,000. These computations exclude adulterations in wine, whiskey, beer, tobacco, drugs, and medicines. Men die of poisonous wood alcohol when they think they have bought a small amount of whiskey. In New York City a test showed that out of 373 druggists 315 sold an adulterated drug instead of phenacetin. But a bill to compel honest filling of prescriptions was defeated in Albany.

Mr. Brisbane draws a characteristic moral:

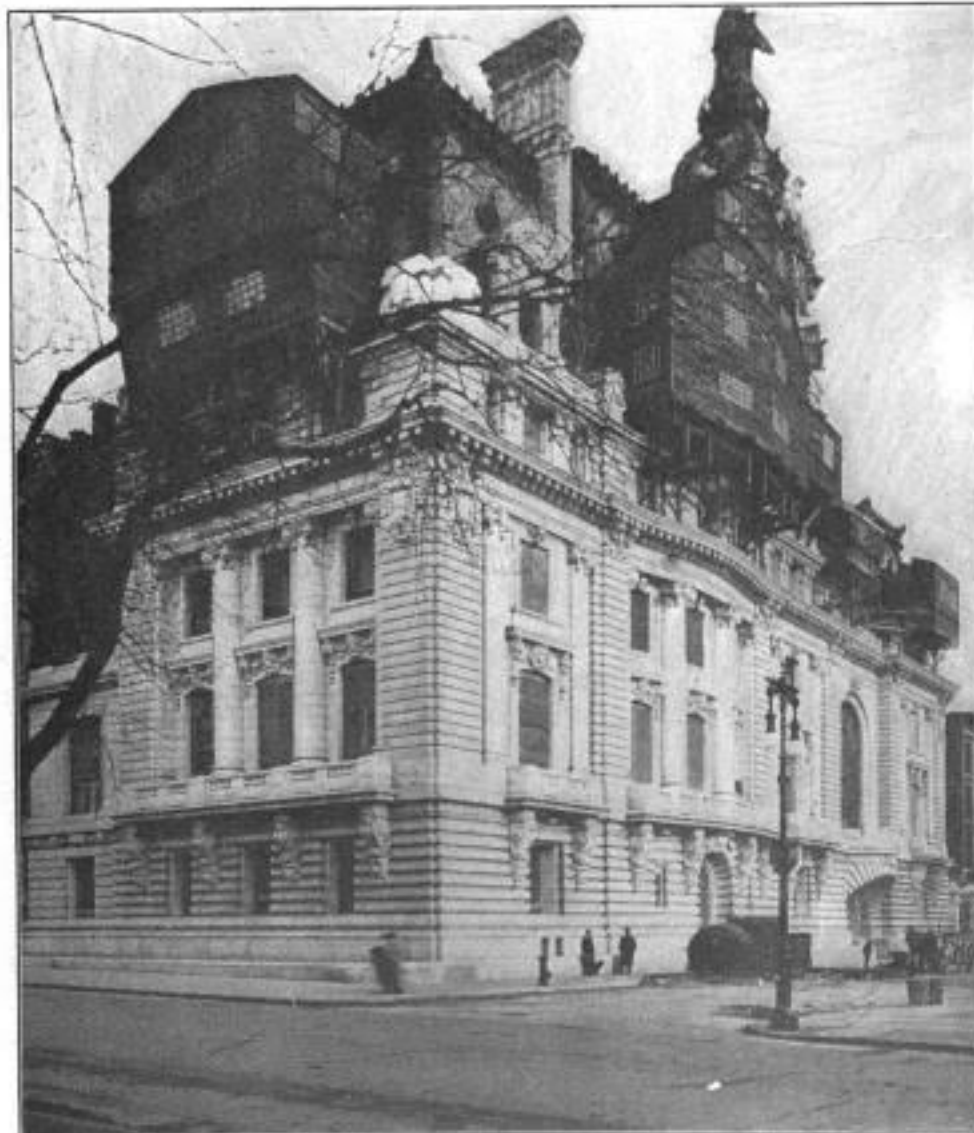
"The nation, every State, every little town, has and enforces laws against the lonesome individual in hard luck who steals ten cents—he must go to jail. But there exists in the country a widespread scheme of adulteration that takes more than eleven hundred millions out of the pockets of the people annually—that steals fourteen dollars every year from every individual—and the Senate of the United States will not pass a law to curb this adulteration. The explanation is that Congress must not interfere with business. Very respectable business men are making their fortunes by the manufacture of shoddy, by adulterations of all kinds. The individuals who are robbed of money and—what is far worse—who are robbed of health by adulteration, have no friends in Congress. The prosperous scoundrels that do the adulterating have plenty of Senatorial friends. Wouldn't it be a good idea for the people to choose by direct vote these Senators who hold up a bill to protect the public health?"

I have given so much space to this editorial because it is a typical example of the ability which makes yellow journalism a power. Discussions of coal, gas, or freight abuses, by any one of several yellow employees, would have served as well. It is well that yellow journalism, like any evil or any enemy, should be understood and have full justice done to it. Abuse that is

ignorant of the power of what it is abusing will not succeed. Mr. Hearst I believe to be entirely without conscience, and Mr. Brisbane near enough like him to work in harmony. They will attack good measures and good men to help Mr. Hearst in his factional politics. He is consumed with political ambition and with the absurd belief that he is to be President. He is an utter demagogue. He will take up any line that seems popular, even if he believes it to be against the people's welfare, and he will use his own papers to make money out of the people's injury, as ruthlessly as any manufacturer of adulterated food or poison. He knows, however, that knowledge is power, that fearlessness is power, and that it is necessary so to discuss political and social topics that they shall be reduced to human reality. His writers often think out these subjects so thoroughly that they become clear, and when they become clear they vibrate with emotion. Thought and feeling become harmonious and allied. It all shows not only how much conventional journalism can learn from the yellow papers, but how much good a young man as rich as Hearst could do if he happened to be virtuous instead of an unprincipled fighter in underhand ways for his own advancement.

## Mr. Clark's House

SENATOR CLARK'S taste in architecture is equal to the Theatrical Syndicate's taste in plays. We reproduce it here for the pleasure of those who like it. Mr. Clark doubtless thinks it the most beautiful building in the world, but as he is not an architectural trust, other people have the opportunity



SENATOR CLARK'S HOUSE AT FIFTH AVENUE AND SEVENTY-SEVENTH STREET

"It is an airy fantasy. If architecture is frozen music, this edifice is frozen ragtime discord. The only way it could be deemed good art is that it correctly represents the personality of the Copper King who owns it."

to satisfy other tastes. This house would have seemed the ideal dwelling to the late Mr. Barnum. It is as flamboyant as he could wish—an airy fantasy in granite blocks. If, as Schelling said, architecture is frozen music, this edifice is frozen ragtime discord. The only way it could be deemed good art is that it correctly represents the personality and taste of the Copper King who owns it. A famous Paris architect gave his approval to the plans—such is the power of a large fee—although it is said that the plans have been changed since then. Such a monstrosity as Mr. Clark has built, and Messrs. Lord, Hewlett, Murchison, and Hull of America, and M. Deglane of France, have approved, stands as an insult to the average educated American's mind and training. Paris papers please copy.

## Plays

POSSIBLY attention to public affairs is making me too solemn for dramatic criticism. The ponderous seriousness which is begotten by the responsibility of holding and justifying opinions on everything, from the popular election of Senators or the proper regulation of railways to the relations of China Proper to Manchuria, perhaps takes away that personal flavor needed for entertaining comment on the arts. At any rate a very individual friend writes as if I had become a public institution:

"I thought it a capital article, but oh, the point of view! How many do you think you are? Are you a population, and do you even include the Indians untaxed? Is the negro element strong, and what are your leading industries, and how many Baptist churches do you contain, and what were your exports last year? Can you take lunch with me to-morrow, or won't the 'better element' inside you permit? I don't want to urge anything that your leading citizens would oppose, but if you feel like it, please telephone."

However, I have seen and read some things this month that even my solemn soul can imbibe with pleasure. Stephen Phillips's "Sin of David" is a very beautiful drama, which would be seen upon our stage if the American theatre gave even a moderately fair show to the educated majority. Phillips, Barrie, and Shaw are fighting for the first place of intellectual interest in the English drama to-day. Pinero's latest, "A Wife Without a Smile," shows how low a man of theatrical ability and cynical contempt can fall.

Mrs. Fiske's great success in "Leah Kleschna" is important because it strengthens the only actor-manager who stands out emphatically against the syndicate, and has standards higher than theirs, which Belasco has not. It is the best-acted piece, all round, that the season has brought forth. Four performances as strong as those given by Mrs. Fiske, who is at her very best, and three members of her company, are very seldom seen in one piece in this country, and the ensemble playing has a strength and coherence that are still more rare with us. The play might be called a polite melodrama, but that description would be severe. It is just a drama, ably constructed and in parts well written, with much better mere dramatic quality than a native play has had in some years. The author may become as successful in his new field as he has been in musical comedy, for Mr. C. M. S. McLellan is the Hugh Morton of "The Belle of New York" and other triumphs in that light species.

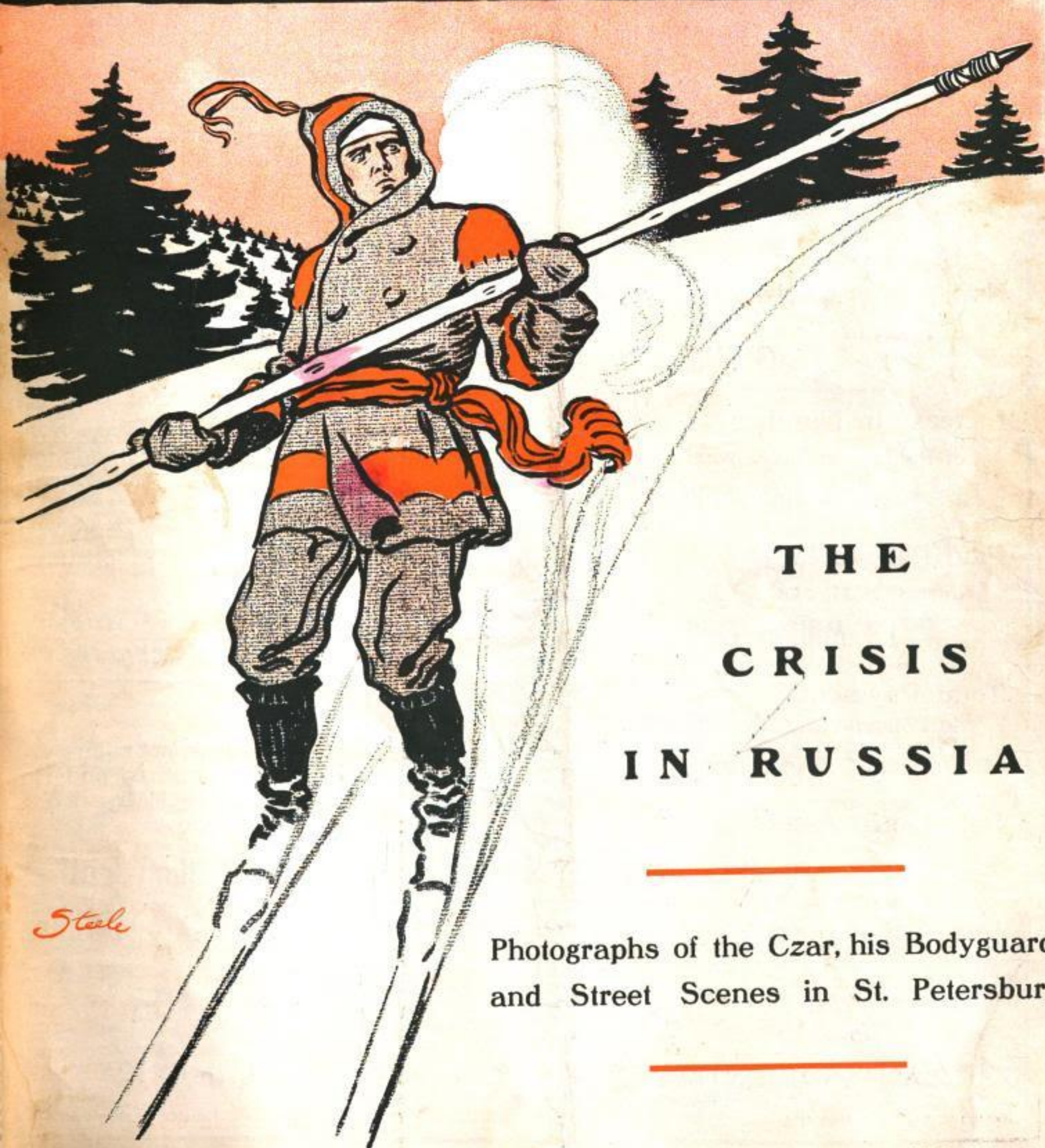
It would be rather late to be enthusiastic over "Much Ado About Nothing," except that it is now en tour. Mr. Southern's Benedick is excellent and Miss Marlowe's Beatrice even better than her Juliet. Her listening scent



No. 34

# Collier's

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY



## THE CRISIS IN RUSSIA

Photographs of the Czar, his Bodyguard,  
and Street Scenes in St. Petersburg



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**13 Million Dollars**

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to Policyholders, December 31,  
1904, over  
**92 Million Dollars**

Increase in Assets  
over  
**16 Million Dollars**

## TWENTY-NINTH ANNUAL STATEMENT JANUARY 1, 1905

### ASSETS

BONDS AND MORTGAGES	\$15,682,358.73
3309 All First Liens on Property, valued at	\$40,892,977.19
REAL ESTATE owned by the Company	12,494,957.86
RAILROAD BONDS	27,681,596.87
MUNICIPAL AND MISCELLANEOUS BONDS	10,141,196.00
UNITED STATES GOVERNMENT BONDS	105,375.00
NATIONAL BANK AND TRUST COMPANY STOCKS	4,200,400.00
Total Market Value of above Bonds and Stocks	\$42,128,567.87
Total Cost Value of above Bonds and Stocks	40,691,570.44
INCREASE IN VALUE OF BONDS AND STOCKS OVER COST	\$ 1,436,997.43
CASH IN 259 BANKS AND TRUST COMPANIES throughout the United States, and cash in of- fice (\$6,154,811.25 on Interest)	6,832,683.09
INTEREST AND RENTS, due and accrued	641,775.85
LOANS ON COLLATERAL SECURITIES	5,665,100.00
Bonds and Stocks, having Market Value of	\$ 7,549,322.00
Excess of Market Value over amount Loaned, showing margin of security of	1,884,222.00
LOANS TO POLICYHOLDERS	2,427,950.12
On the security of their Policies—the Reserve Value on their Policies being	\$ 4,427,238.00
SEMI-ANNUAL AND QUARTERLY PREMIUMS not yet due, and Premiums in course of collection (Reserve charged in Liabilities)	2,888,911.65
<b>Total Assets</b>	<b>\$88,762,305.17</b>

### LIABILITIES

RESERVE, Legal and Special	\$73,954,919.00
Amount held to Protect Policy Contracts.	
ALL OTHER LIABILITIES	1,481,519.84
Policy Claims, including those in process of adjustment; Premiums paid in advance; Unearned Interest on Policy Loans; Bills awaiting presentation for payment, etc.	
<b>SURPLUS TO POLICYHOLDERS</b>	<b>13,325,866.33</b>
<b>Total Liabilities</b>	<b>\$88,762,305.17</b>

### Cash Dividends

and other concessions, not stipu-  
lated in original contracts, and  
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old Policies, to date, over

**5 Million Dollars**

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# Collier's

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

## FEBRUARY REVIEW NUMBER

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No. 19

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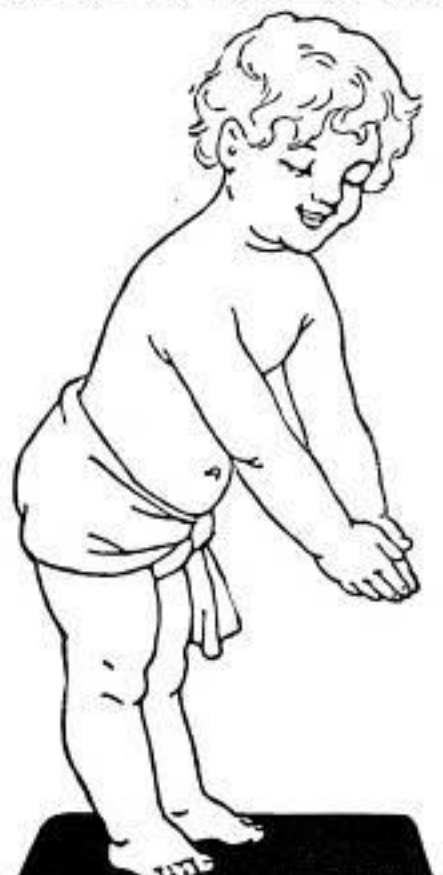
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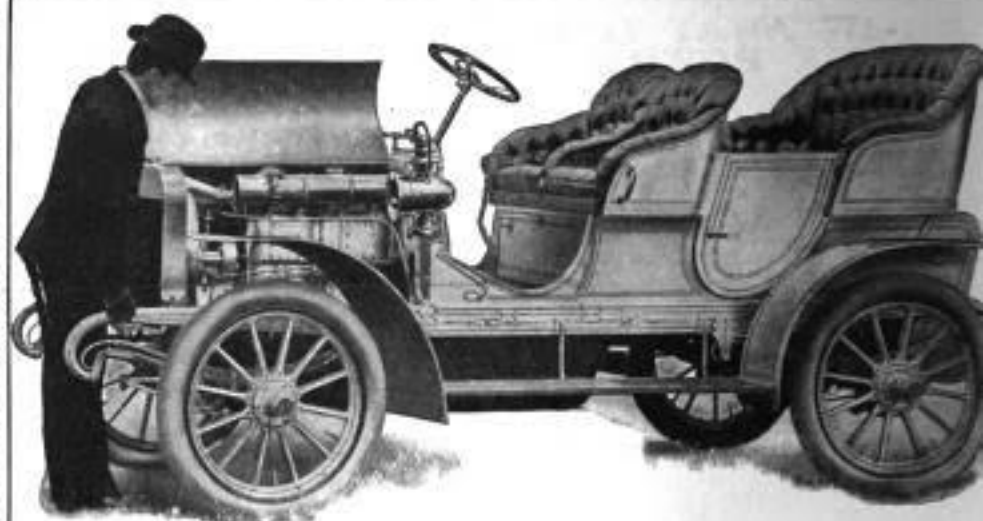
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# COLLIER'S

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 4, 1905



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"Gapon taught the workmen to believe that an appeal direct to the 'Little Father' would be heeded. They have been undeceived. . . . The first blood has been shed, but more will follow."—Maxim Gorky

DRAWN BY E. W. KEMBLE





**T**HE PRESENT CZAR'S GRANDFATHER was a man in whom liberal intentions alternated with panic, stupidity, and cruelty. After he had freed the serfs he became reactionary. Finding that the people expected further progress, and that progress meant arrogance, he became querulous and was blown to heaven in 1881. His weakness, like that of the present unfortunate, might almost as well have been malice. NICHOLAS II, like his grandfather, has had intentions which have only served for paving stones. These two rulers have been neither strong enough to succeed as tyrants nor strong enough to keep a tactful progress just ahead of public discontent. The stricken peasants whom the Czar has slaughtered are victims of his feebleness. The weakness of the ruler is visited on the people. ALEXANDER III, father of the present Czar, was a stronger man than ALEXANDER II or than NICHOLAS. He lacked their intermittent and fragmentary dreams of progress, but he had brains and character enough to get along in some comfort in the statu quo. The war undoubtedly has made it harder for NICHOLAS, but he had already thoroughly shown how dangerous a petulant weakling must be in his difficult position. An eloquent and fearless man could probably have outwitted and pacified the people for a long time by receiving their petition, assuring them of his sympathy, but declaring that the one thing which they must do, before any radical changes could be undertaken, was to bring Russia victorious from the present war. Mere dash might have done as much as that. Intelligence and knowledge of these times would have granted changes so quietly that this convulsion would never have occurred. The Russians are a patient, loyal, spiritual people, who could be led to liberal government with smoothness and without extremes, had the autocrat happened to be of more fitting stock than the present house of ROMANOFF. So moderate and simply wise are the Russian people that a long series of extremes in spasms is impossible. Liberty will come to Russia, and come at an increasing speed, but there will be no more violence in its approach than is made necessary by the cowardice or shallow ignorance of her rulers.

**M**R. CANNON IS MORE POPULAR than he deserves to be. He has the racy Western flavor that is pleasing to Americans, and he has a strong though narrow common-sense. He also has a will, and therefore becomes a potentate in a position with the opportunities of the Speakership. His integrity is not questioned, which is a comfort. We hope, nevertheless, that the time will come when the Speaker of the House of Representatives is a man of larger mold and finer quality. The Speaker is the official second in power in the United States. We do not include Senator ALDRICH, for the bulk of his power is not official, any more than is the power of Mr. ROCKEFELLER, Mr. ROGERS, or Mr. MORGAN. Mr. CANNON brings to the Speakership the virtues and the point of view of an honest alderman or treasurer of a town. On the tariff issue between him and the President there are two sides, as an original question, although the Republican party is bound by what is sometimes called honor to some degree of revision. On another question which has just come up, however, no two sides exist, except intelligence on the one hand and prejudice on the other. Mr. CANNON has an uneducated man's hostility to anything that can be damned with the name of art or culture. He would rather have architecture in Washington controlled by an office boy friend of his than by the ablest architect in America. His latest exploit is to oppose the passage of the bill to save the big California trees. The amount of money required to save these noble monuments of bygone time is paltry. It is as much our place to preserve them as to preserve Niagara. They stand there, to elevate beholders, and teach them the littleness of man, or they fall before the greed of an owner with about as much spiritual illumination as Mr. CANNON has himself. The House would pass the bill at once if the great and good CANNON would amiably permit. CANNON is king. The Representatives are his slaves. He feeds them committee places and other favors and they register his will. We go on record, now, gladly, as by no means sharing the common view which makes something altogether noble of Uncle Joe. Nobody was a more bigoted silver man than he. He is an obstinate and ignorant politician, with native force and integrity, but too little light for his position.

RUSSIA'S  
FUTURE

A SLAP AT  
UNCLE JOE

**M**R. WILLIAMS AND THE PRESIDENT make a contrast, not only in their personalities, but in their careers. Mr. ROOSEVELT has been gaining prestige by the sincerity with which he has taken up important difficulties since the election. The Democratic leader in the House unmistakably lost ground during the campaign, when he was tested by duties that call for other qualities than the debating abilities which have made him attractive in the House. Moreover, Mr. ROOSEVELT has a personality which strives to make the most of itself, and Mr. WILLIAMS'S more artistic nature tends in many ways to run to waste. In a recent toast Mr. WILLIAMS said, "Here is to THEODORE ROOSEVELT, the man who as an author has been grossly overrated by the American people, and the man who as a politician has been grossly underrated by the Democratic party." Both statements are true. Mr. ROOSEVELT as an author is negligible. In style he does not compare with Mr. WILLIAMS. It is as a man of action that he is remarkable and valuable, and he becomes a more notable and useful man of action every day.

TWO OF OUR  
STATESMEN

**A** TRIBUTE TO MCKINLEY has been called out by a special article on President ROOSEVELT, in which by way of contrast there was mention of his predecessor's formal side. "What you say of MCKINLEY," writes our correspondent, "is, I think, true rather of his last days. I met him first about twenty years ago, when, of course, he had not become very famous. There was then nothing about him suggesting a pose, but he was quick, alert, very much in looks as I would picture NAPOLEON before he became Emperor, and rather silent. He certainly did not gush—I wonder if a habitual gusher ever came in sight of greatness. After the passage of his tariff he had a few years of unpopularity hardly ever equaled, he went through political defeat, became bankrupt, and when he finally emerged he seemed to have lost to an extent the power to ward off praise or censure, and submitting, as he did, to what came, I can see where you got your 'frock-coat' suggestion. But it all really left him with a wonderful sweetness and gentleness." Sensitive natures grow more grave, and oftentimes more sad, when they carry the responsibilities of power. LINCOLN'S nature and his bearing changed much between 1860 and 1865, and we can well believe the alteration in MCKINLEY was not less. Few Presidents have been seen in more varied ways than MCKINLEY, and those who knew him most nearly were the ones who admired and loved him most.

MCKINLEY'S  
BEARING

**U**SUALLY "MCCLURE'S MAGAZINE" deserves only praise, since it is unusual in its originality and vital force. An editorial note in the February number, however, has the conventional absurdity of an ordinary editor when engaged in celebrating his wares. It praises a judge, now on the bench and holding no political office, for being not only a judge, but a statesman; for considering not only the legal bearings of a case, but its physical, financial, and civic aspects also. The object of this praise is to recommend an article in the magazine written by a judge, but in order to do this the editor takes a view of the law which is either shocking or ridiculous to enlightened members of the bar. The integrity of the bench depends upon the separation of law and politics. Judges have been known to get themselves into trouble by judicial statesmanship and the belief that they could administer private property better than its owners. It is a perilous undertaking for judges to be wiser than the law. Yellow journals and popocrats are continually urging them to it, but "McClure's" should find better employment. From the day when CICERO said that the law was set over the magistrate to the time of CHATHAM'S famous declaration that where law ends tyranny begins, and from that day to ours, great men have celebrated the connection of law with liberty. To loosen the respect for law in America, whether that respect is lost by magistrates or the people, is a poor service to our country.

LAW AND  
LIBERTY

**T**HE PRESIDENT'S FIGHT against corruption reflects much credit upon his sincerity and courage. It is extending all along the line. A recent instance is our Chinese service. Whether the charges against the honesty of Mr. GOODNOW, Consul-General at Shanghai, are well founded or not, only investigation will prove, but that the habit of giving posts in the Orient to importunate politicians, in order to be rid of them, leads to bad service and





much discontent among Americans living in the East there is no doubt. Some of our officials are pecuniarily dishonest, others are merely totally unfit. Other nations, realizing the importance of the Orient in the future, and the importance of consular service in its relation to trade, require men of fitness and even of special training. Whatever time and determination the President devotes to beginning a new régime for our foreign service will be well invested, and will bring nearer the day when men are sent abroad because they can help the country and not because they are hungry to help themselves.

**ANOTHER GOOD DEED** to be credited to the President is the stop he put to certain plans of individual greed as applied to safety appliances at sea. Vessel owners, gathered in Washington to discuss the new regulations, demanded a return to the compressed cork life preserver, in spite of abuse heaped upon it after the *Slocum* disaster, and it was the President who put a stop to this demand. The New York tugboat associations and the Chapman Wrecking Company control most matters affecting wrecked vessels in New York Harbor. Not long ago the tugboat men entered an official protest against the steam pilot boat *New York*, because it had, in minor ways, assisted vessels becalmed or in distress, without remuneration, in the bay off Sandy Hook. The Revenue Cutter service is generally held to be degenerating. It now gives little help in cases of distress, because it must not compete with private business. In Alaska, on the other hand, where there are few politicians, the revenue cutters do excellent rescue work. In Green Bay, Lake Michigan, in a certain channel there was a passage of peculiar danger, to diminish which a number of lighthouses were put up by the Government. As the introduction of new range-lights left no business to the tugboats, the sharks who owned those craft gradually cut the channel in such a manner as to form an angle which kept the pilots from seeing the lights and brought the old fees back to them again. This particular abuse has been abolished, but it is one of the many with which the whole business of navigation is incrustated. There is now on file at Washington a document of similar import. When the Government established lighthouses around Key West, Florida, the city protested against the injury to the wrecking industry. Think of that a moment. And wherever he turns, the President faces instances of not less flagrant private greed.

**THE THEATRICAL SYNDICATE** is no favorite of ours. Combination in restraint of drama lacks even some excuses which are brought forward for combination in restraint of trade in beef or oil. Fair play, however, is the right of every man and every group of men, and in the controversy now being waged between "Life" and the syndicate, the periodical deserves less sympathy than it would have had if it had not appealed so virulently to race prejudice. It laughs at Irish, Germans, Americans, and English. At Jews it does not laugh. It assails them with ferocity, with a savage pleasure in the advantage which a social prejudice gives to this method of attack. It happens that the syndicate is composed of Jews. Their sins, however, do not include their race. They should be censured for those failings for which they are responsible. It is always better to confine punishment to deeds in which a man has choice. The syndicate is a harmful combination, which destroys variety and subjects authors, managers, actors, and the public to the taste of some half-dozen uneducated men. The power of one man, like Mr. CHARLES FROHMAN, has been an outgrowth of the power of the combination. Any one who understands the evil which this business ring does to the theatre and the public can forge diatribes enough without using so mean a weapon as social prejudice against a race.

**POINTS OF COMPARISON** are readily picked out when one views our own Republic in the light of the great Republic of antiquity. "Believe me," BRUTUS wrote to ATTICUS, "we are too much afraid of exile, death, and poverty." Wealth and luxury, he thought, were killing the old Roman manliness. As far back as the time of the GRACCHI, METELLUS attacked race suicide. It is more agreeable, he observed, to be free from such an incumbrance as marriage, but our duty to the Republic is higher than our wish for pleasantness in our lives. Divorce was used in Rome for self-

indulgence more than to correct serious mistakes. CÆSAR represented enlightenment of the modern kind. He was lenient to his enemies, familiar and easy when his power was absolute, but the world to him was a fleeting field of pleasure. To BRUTUS, to CATO, to the ordinary Roman of an earlier day, it was a field of duty, as to our own Puritan ancestors, and to the Japanese to-day. Is our great wealth to lessen the virility of our race? Even if we find methods to prevent the accumulation of so many fortunes by illegal means, there will be wealthy men enough to set standards of luxury and unintelligent amusement if they wish to do it, and if there is no public opinion strong enough to keep useless self-indulgence in contempt.

**CHECKS AND BALANCES** were used by Rome, as by America, for setting a limit to the powers of government. Professor MUNROE SMITH, commenting on this likeness between the old Republic and the new, shows how that system in Rome, as with us, lent itself to the development of the boss. The Latin word for boss was *princeps*. MARIUS, SULLA, POMPEY, CRASSUS, JULIUS CÆSAR, all were bosses. They controlled the machinery of the Senatorial and popular parties. The first triumvirate was like an American "big three." Even when AUGUSTUS and his successors wielded a power that was absolute it was under a theory of free government, just as in New York City, Philadelphia, Delaware, or Rhode Island. The Roman Senate was supposed to be a free deliberative body, as the Senate of the United States is supposed to be. PLINY observes that the very men who were most averse to arbitrary official power made no objection to the authority of a boss. Mr. SMITH, in drawing his picture of two Republics, is not among the alarmists. He realizes that our bosses are local, not national, and that we have no machinery by which even a national boss could raise a large mercenary army in New Mexico or Alaska and upset the Government by marching on Washington. The existence of free government in the United States can hardly be in peril as long as we have almost no army. Vast sums of money, used to acquire influence with the people or the politicians, as in the cases of Mr. HEARST, the Standard Oil, or many railways, were a feature also of the Roman Republic's later days. Rome fell, but we believe that America will grapple successfully with the danger.

**MR. MORGAN IS ON TRIAL** in a field which he has chosen as one of his distractions out of business hours. While he has been buying works of art, intelligent Americans have encouraged him, caring little or nothing for his errors, knowing that the future of this country would be the better for what was good among his purchases. When he took Mr. MARQUAND's place in the Metropolitan Museum as the dominant member of the board of trustees, there was a general satisfaction in his organizing talent and a general hope that he would know how to make use of expert knowledge. There are many things in his favor. The only thing against him is the delusion that he is a judge himself, and this delusion is fostered both by his own dominating and perhaps domineering nature, and by the sycophants with which a man of his power can always be surrounded if he wishes. Scholars, if they are to be the best, can not be treated as a king or duke of finance can treat business employees, courtier-like picture dealers, or any of the many brands of human creatures who hope to profit by his power. To select from among the possibilities those men who will deal with the great financier as a grateful poodle deals with the hand that bestows the bone is not the way to give the American public what it rightfully expects from the unequalled fund which one museum can expend in purchase. The new director is Mr. MORGAN's choice, and he has some points in his favor. By the new arrangement, however, the director is in the main an organizer, the buying to be controlled in large part by the curators of various departments. In the choice of these curators we fear the influence of Mr. MORGAN's habit of almightiness. The trustees naturally recognize their leader's value, but it will be as well if they have backbone enough to make the board a collection of independent representatives of informed opinion, and not a set of liegemen to their chief. In this field America can now have the best service in the world. She ought not to be content with third-class experts chosen for their willingness to bow gratefully before a paramount lord.

MORALS FROM  
ANTIQUITY

THE BOSS  
AT ROME

ART AND  
MR. MORGAN



# THESE MEN MADE THE MASSACRE

The Czar and officers of the Ismailovsky Regiment, whose soldiers stood at the Neva Gate and fired into an unarmed crowd of workmen bearing a petition to their sovereign



In the centre of the group sits the Czar, Nicholas II. On his right is the Colonel of the regiment, possibly the officer who gave the command to fire on Father Gapon and his unarmed followers. On the left of the Czar sit his uncles, the Grand Duke Constantine and the Grand Duke Demetrius

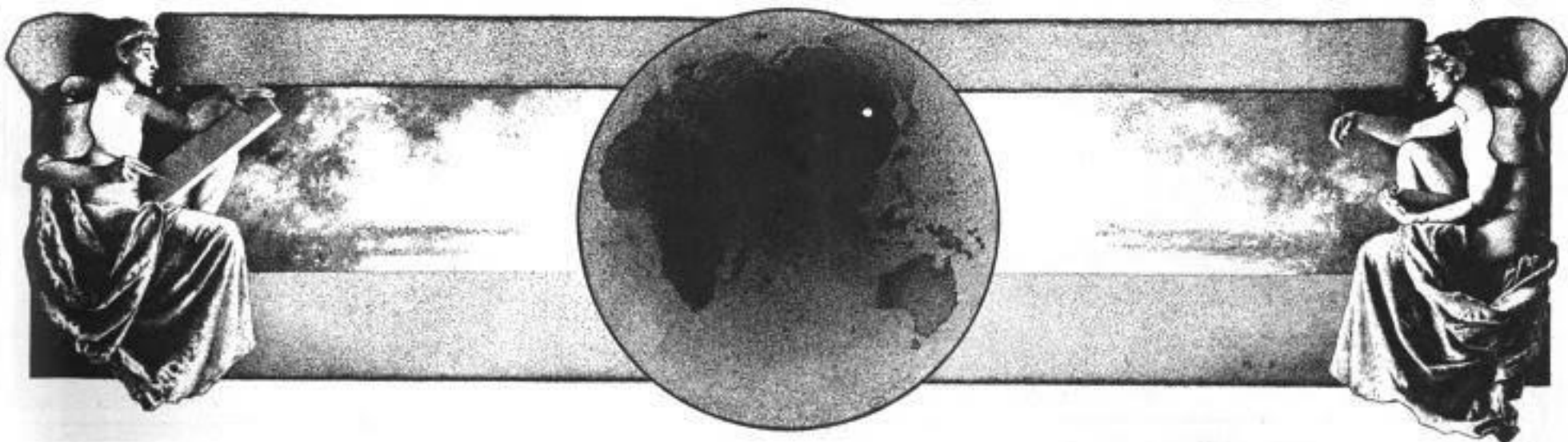
PHOTOGRAPH BY THE LIFE WEEKLY

"The workmen marched down the Peterhof Chaussee, to where, at the Neva Gate, the triumphal arch erected after the Turkish War stands at the junction with the main Baltic thoroughfare. There the Ismailovsky Guards, a regiment of which the Czar is honorary colonel, were drawn up in waiting. As the head of the procession approached, the Colonel called upon them to stop. Father Gapon, still holding the

crucifix, advanced and demanded that the Colonel receive and forward the petition. This request was declined. Then, after a minute's hesitation and discussion, the procession continued to advance. The soldiers raised their rifles, and a volley rang out. Men, women, and children fell in heaps. Father Gapon, still clutching the crucifix, stood among the dead and dying with the petition." *Associated Press Report*



# WHAT THE WORLD IS DOING



**T**HE WAR HAS BEEN abruptly deposed from its place as the supreme subject of world interest by the tremendous earthquake that is shaking the Russian throne. The position of the autocracy would have been precarious enough in any case, but the crisis was precipitated on Sunday, January 22, by one of the era-making blunders of history, when the reckless incompetents who rule the Czar drenched the streets of St. Petersburg with the blood of thousands of unarmed men, women, and children.

The unrest that is always seething in Russia had been made acute by the disasters of the war with Japan. Every turn of the screw of conscription had forced a cry of grief and rage. Every load of reservists huddled into a train for the front had left its quota of prayers, tears, and curses at home. In some cases the recruiting operations were battles; in others the drafts could not be filled at all. The knowledge that comforts and necessities intended for the troops in the field had been stolen by corrupt officials was an air-blast under the glowing coals of popular indignation. The subject peoples in Finland, Poland, and the Caucasus began to stir. In June General Bobrikoff, the tyrannical Governor-General of Finland, was shot; in July the reactionary Minister of the Interior, Von Plehve, was killed by a bomb. His successor, Sviatopolk-Mirsky, relaxed a little the pressure that had kept down public expressions of discontent, and instantly dumb Russia became articulate. The newspapers used their first moments of freedom from the censorship to demand a constitution, and when the Zemstvo presidents formulated the same demand in November they felt the rising nation behind them. The Czar angrily rejected the appeal of the Zemstvo representatives, but in the very act of rebuking them he felt obliged to promise reforms which a year ago would have been thought almost revolutionary. But the time had passed when half-way measures could satisfy the people. The growl of discontent grew more menacing. The Grand Duke Sergius was forced to resign the governorship of Moscow, and an attempt was made to assassinate the Chief of Police when he went to the railway station to see the Grand Duke off. Addresses in favor of peace were signed by people of all classes in the principal towns. The Zemstvos refused to be cowed by the rebukes of the Czar, and in all sections of the empire they ignored the imperial orders to stick to roads and bridges and let politics alone. And

## RUSSIA IN CONVULSION



GRAND DUKE VLADIMIR GRAND DUKE MICHAEL

The Grand Duke Michael is the Commander-in-Chief of the Russian army and, next to the Czar, perhaps the most powerful man in the Empire. The Grand Duke Vladimir is the Governor-General of Moscow. They are leaders of the grand ducal cabal which really directs the policy of the Empire.

while aspirations for political freedom were stirring everywhere the pressure of want made the abuses of government a grim practical reality to the poor.

### THE STRIKE THAT FIRED THE TRAIN

**O**N MONDAY, JAN. 16, twelve thousand workmen in the Putiloff Iron Works struck on industrial grounds. The same night the employees of three other establishments joined the strikers, raising their number to 40,000, and by Wednesday the movement had spread to the cotton mills and the shipyards and involved 58,000 men. All the preparations of the Government for the equipment of the Third Pacific Squadron were crippled. The strikers were led by an Orthodox priest, Father Gapon, whom they adored, and who had unbounded influence over them. Their movement rapidly developed from an industrial into a political agitation. The Social Democrats of Moscow hastened to offer it financial aid, which was at first declined, but later accepted, and by Friday the transformation of the

strike into a movement for free government was complete. On that day meetings were held in all the unions and a definite programme of political reform

adopted. The movement had already transgressed the laws, for a labor union had no legal right to exist in Russia. This strike, in fact, was the first workmen's campaign on a large scale that had ever been seen in St. Petersburg. And the fact that it broke out simultaneously with an even greater strike in Germany was felt to be ominous for arbitrary rule in Europe.

### CASE-SHOT FOR THE CZAR

**M**EANWHILE, ON THURSDAY, THE 19TH, while the Czar was assisting at the ceremony of blessing the waters of the Neva, a charge of case-shot found its way into a gun of a saluting battery which was aimed directly at the imperial pavilion on the ice. When the salute was fired, presumably with blank cartridges, this shot plowed through the pavilion above the Czar's head, smashed four windows of the Winter Palace, in which the Empress, the Grand Duchesses, the American Ambassador and other diplomats, and the principal officers of the court were standing, killed a policeman and wounded an officer and three marines. The men of the battery in which this happened were of the most trusted of the Czar's personal guards. They were among those depended upon to protect him against his people. If they failed him, where was he to look for safety? An attempt was made to represent the affair as an accident, but the public continued to believe that it was intentional.

### THE EVE OF THE TRAGEDY

**B**UT THE ATTEMPT on the life of the Czar, startling as it would have been in ordinary times, was forgotten in the rush of the strike-revolution. On Friday the strikers marched through the city, closing industrial plants of every kind and forcing the workers to join them. In all 174 establishments were closed and 100,000 men were on the streets. The printers were drawn into the movement, and on Saturday morning not a newspaper except the "Official Messenger" appeared. That came out because the police compelled the



SERGIUS DE WITTE

President of the Council of Ministers, who brought Prince Mirsky to receive the people's delegates



PRINCE SVIATOPOLK-MIRSKY

Minister of the Interior, who refused to receive the people's delegates. They presented to him a letter, signed by Father Gapon, guaranteeing the inviolability of the Czar's person and declaring that the people must see the Czar the next day



GEN. CONSTANTINE RYDJEWSKY

Chief of Police of St. Petersburg and principal adviser of Prince Mirsky, Minister of the Interior





Soldiers such as these shot down the workmen headed by Father Gopon, Sunday, Jan. 22



It was a peaceful crowd like this, in front of the Kazan Cathedral, that was sabred by Cossacks

printers to set it up. On Friday the strikers drew up a petition to the Czar. They said:

Sire—We, workmen, inhabitants of St. Petersburg, of all classes, our wives, children, and indigent parents, come to you, our sovereign, asking for protection. We are poor, persecuted, burdened with labor beyond our strength. . . .

It were better that we should all perish, we workers, and all Russia. Then, good luck to capitalists and exploiters and poor, corrupt officials, robbers of the Russian people. . . .

Russia is too great and her needs are too varied and numerous for officials only to rule. National representation is indispensable, as only the people themselves know the country's real needs.

Refuse not thy aid, but order a convocation of representatives of all classes, including workmen. Let all be free and equal in the elections, and to this end permit the election of a constituent assembly by general secret ballot. That is our chief demand, in which all else centres. It is the sole balm for our wounds, which will otherwise speedily bring us death.

The petitioners assured the Czar that if he granted their prayer he would inscribe his name forever upon the hearts of the people, but if he rejected it they would die in the square before his palace. They announced that on Sunday they would go peaceably and unarmed, a hundred thousand strong, with their wives and children, to present the petition. The authorities prepared to receive them. Troops were stationed at all the bridges crossing the Neva, and at all other strategical points in the city. The regions inhabited by the workers were cut off from the official quarter. Nobody could approach the palace from any direction without encountering a military cordon.

#### A SUNDAY AT ST. PETERSBURG

ON THE MORNING OF JANUARY 22, the first Sunday after Epiphany, and a sacred day in the Russian calendar, twelve thousand strikers led by Father Gopon marched from their homes near the Putiloff Iron Works toward the Winter Palace. Many of them were followed by their wives and children. When they approached the Neva gate they found the road barred by the regiment of the Ismailovsky Guards. The colonel ordered them to stop, but Father Gopon, holding a crucifix in one hand and the petition to the Czar in the other, led them forward. At a word the soldiers fired a volley with blank cartridges, and then another with ball. The street was strewn with dead and dying. Women and children fell with the men. The survivors rushed frantically upon the troops, but another volley put them to flight. Three hundred were killed and 500 wounded at this point. Another procession, starting from the village of Kolpino, was met at the Moscow gate and mowed down with a loss of a thousand dead and 1,500 wounded. A third detachment marched from up the river to the Nevsky gate to be driven back by a murderous fire that killed 500 and wounded 700. The workers on Vassili Island lost 200 killed and 700 wounded. After the movements of the strikers were all over, the authorities deliberately ordered a charge into a crowd of 50,000 harmless curiosity-seekers massed in Palace Square, and the Cossacks slaughtered hundreds who were only trying to escape. Women were stabbed in the back and men shot on the ice of the Neva as they were running away. The first police returns of the day's work footed up 2,100 dead and 5,000 wounded. But the Grand Duke Vladimir mocked the bereaved people the next morning by publishing in the "Official Messenger" an account of the disturbance in which he put the total number of casualties at 76 killed and 233 injured.

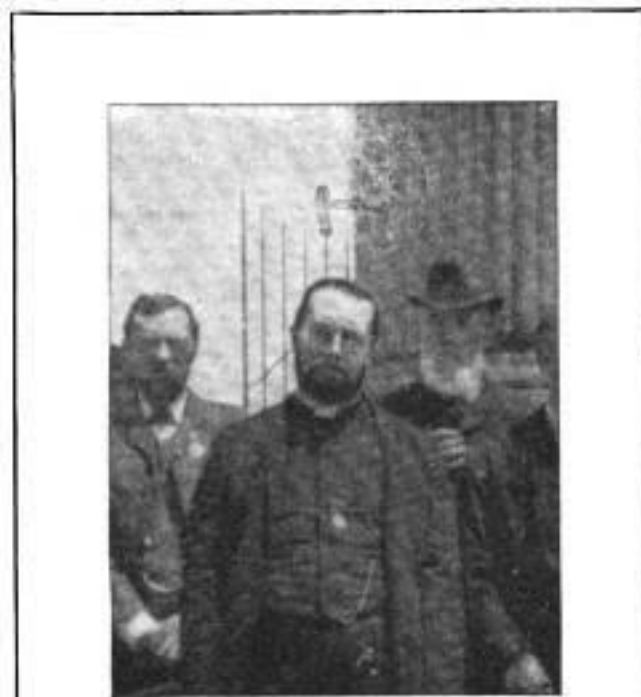
#### AFTER THE MASSACRE

ST. PETERSBURG WAS HELD in the grip of a hundred thousand soldiers, but the soul of the autocracy was dead. The moral strength it had drawn from the affection and reverence of the masses was gone, and it rested now on nothing but bare physical force.

The watchword of the people became: "There is no Czar." Even the troops could not all be depended upon. The Moscow Regiment refused to fire upon the strikers, and other soldiers followed its example. The news of the slaughter at St. Petersburg spread grief and horror in other cities of the empire. A sympathetic strike began in Moscow, and ominous mutterings were heard in Poland, Finland, and the south. The great naval station of Sevastopol was fired. Arms were seized at various places, and all the indications pointed to the general spread of revolt. The mild, womanish Czar, who began his reign with the sacrifice of four thousand of his subjects trampled to death at his coronation ceremonies, bade fair to end it in a sea of blood set flowing by his feeble ineptitude.

#### A GOVERNMENT OF CONCILIATION

WHILE RUSSIA IS TORN by bloody discord, its ally, France, is moving toward peace. On January 23, M. Rouvier accepted the task of forming a new Ministry. There is no violent break with the previous Administration. M. Rouvier himself, who was Minister of Finance under Combes, retains the same



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FATHER GOPON

THIS portrait of the leader of the Russian workmen was made at Plymouth Rock, Mass., in June, 1901, at the time of the Y. M. C. A. International Jubilee Convention. Father Gopon was a delegate from Russia, and addressed the assemblage in faultless English. He is a man of splendid physique, over six feet in height, weighing some 200 lbs., and as agile as an athlete. He was born in Poltava in 1869, and is the son of a peasant. In his boyhood he herded geese and pigs. He showed phenomenal ability, and friends of the family sent him to school, and afterward to a seminary, where he studied for the priesthood. When in the final class he was expelled for insisting on discussing the material conditions of the peasantry. Then he was a zemstvo clerk until a friend, who was a Socialist, urged him to seek to enter the priesthood, which he did under limitations which did not permit him to have a general pastorate. He wrote a book on Christian Socialism which the Government suppressed.

position. Foreign affairs remain in the trusted hands of M. Delcassé. The change of government gives an opportunity to dispense with some irritating personalities and to soften down some extreme policies. In summoning M. Rouvier, President Loubet expressed a wish to end the political dissensions that have agitated

the public mind. It is expected, therefore, that the policy of the new Ministry will be one of conciliation, but without sacrificing the principles of the majority to which it, as well as its predecessor, owes allegiance. Under its rule an officer's wife will be able to go to church without looking over her shoulder for a spy.

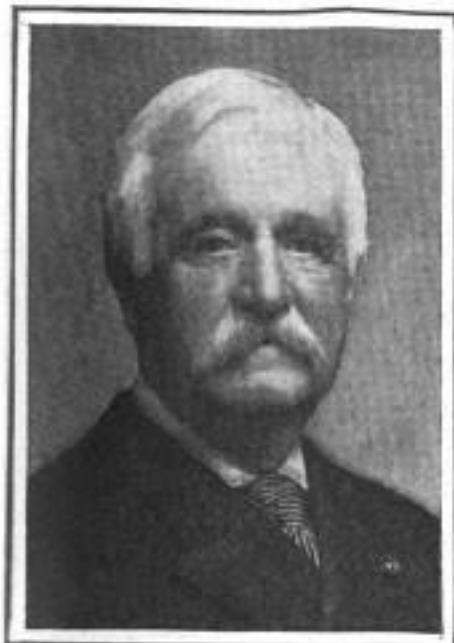
#### THE BOOMING NORTHWEST

A CENSUS EVERY TEN YEARS is unable to keep up with the growth of the Canadian Northwest, and the Government proposes to cut the time in two. In the decade between 1891 and 1901 the population of British Columbia increased by nearly 82 per cent, Manitoba over 67, and the Territories almost 212. But all that only dimly foreshadowed the progress of the four years since 1901. Even a census every five years will be ancient history before the next is taken. Another proposition affecting the growing Northwest is to create two new provinces there, divided by a north and south line. The existing boundaries were drawn when the whole region was practically a blank sheet of paper. Now that it is rapidly becoming one of the richest and most populous parts of the American continent the lines will naturally have to be revised to fit the convenience of the people. By whatever name any given area may be known, its soil will be just as fertile and its farms as attractive. It has been suggested that the new boundaries should be drawn from east to west, so as to create provinces with different natural conditions, but the Territorial representatives have preferred the other arrangement.

#### THE THRIFTY REPUBLIC

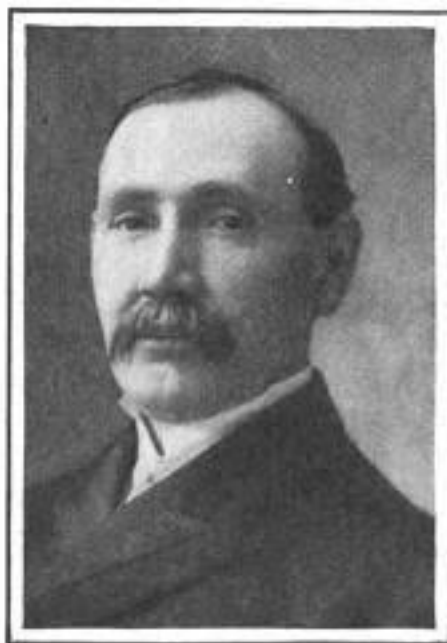
THE FEELING THAT the higher officials in the public service of the United States are underpaid has led to the introduction of bills increasing the salary of the President to \$100,000 and the pay of other officers in proportion. The plan of relieving our representatives abroad of the burden of house-rent by securing official residences for ambassadors and ministers has also been revived. When the present scale of official salaries was established the Government was the best paymaster in the United States. While it was not the intention to enrich the servants of the Republic, it was the intention to enable them to live with simple dignity in the manner of the time. There was no president of a trust then, drawing five times the salary of the President of the United States. The values placed upon official services here and abroad may be compared with the help of a few examples. The President of the United States is paid \$50,000 a year—the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland draws \$100,000. The Vice-President of the United States and the Clerk of the British House of Commons are valued at the same amounts—\$8,000 each. The Chief Justice of the United States receives \$13,000; the Lord High Chancellor of England earns \$50,000, and the Lord Chief Justice \$40,000. We have eight Associate Justices at \$12,500 apiece—England has four Lords of Appeal in Ordinary and a Master of the Rolls at \$30,000 each and twenty-seven Justices at \$25,000. The Attorney-General of the United States, who has to enforce the laws against twenty billion dollars' worth of trusts, has a salary of \$8,000 a year; England pays an Attorney-General \$35,000 in salary and \$29,500 in fees—total \$64,500—and a Solicitor-General \$30,000 salary and \$16,500 fees, or \$46,500 in all, making a grand aggregate of \$111,000 for the work done by our \$8,000 Attorney-General alone. We pay the Speaker of the House of Representatives \$8,000 a year; the Speaker of the House of Commons receives \$25,000. The American Ambassador at London, whose position has no superior in our diplomatic service, has a salary of \$17,500 a year and pays his own house-rent. The British Ambassador at Washington, who is far from being the best paid of England's representatives abroad, has a salary of \$32,500 and a free official residence.





MORGAN G. BULKELEY

Senator-elect from Connecticut; former Governor; opposed by reformers as a machine boss



JAMES A. HEMENWAY

Successor of Vice-President-elect Fairbanks, and now leader of the Indiana delegation in the House



ROBERT M. LA FOLLETTE

Governor of Wisconsin and nominee of Joint Republican caucus for Senator



ELMER J. BURKETT

Senator-elect from Nebraska. Elected last November to the House for the fourth time

## EXECUTING THE MANDATE

THE FIRST MONTH of 1905 brought a change or renewal of government in twenty-nine States. In seventeen of these Republican Governors succeeded Republicans; in eight Democrats succeeded Democrats; in three (Colorado, Massachusetts, and Minnesota) Democrats succeeded Republicans, and in one (Rhode Island) a Republican succeeded a Democrat. All the Southern States except West Virginia and Delaware, and six Northern ones—Colorado, Massachusetts, Minnesota, Montana, Nevada, and Oregon—now have Democratic Governors, but not a single Northern State except Nevada has a Democratic Legislature. Thirty-one United States Senators were to be chosen, to succeed twenty-five retiring Republicans and six Democrats. Two of the Republicans were succeeded by Democrats, and in the case of one, Ball of Delaware, the inevitable Addicks deadlock developed. Two of the Democrats were expected to give way to Republicans, but one of the new Republican Legislatures, that of Missouri, was disrupted by a scandal which delayed a choice. The month's elections do not greatly disturb the placid continuity of the Senate, for nearly two-thirds of the outgoing Senators have been sent back, so that only a little over one-ninth of the total membership of the body will have been changed after the 4th of March. The Presidential election took place on the 9th of the month, and according to general expectation, Theodore Roosevelt was chosen to succeed himself. So far have we drifted from the ideas of the fathers that this great event, which they meant to be the actual, unfettered choice of a President, attracted hardly any attention.

## THE NEW AMERICAN PARTY

THE YEAR BEGAN with the Republican party seemingly in complete possession of the Government. It had the President, the Senate, the House, and the Supreme Court, and it controlled almost all the Northern States. There was not a single Democrat in either house of the Legislature of Michigan, and there were many other States in which there was nothing that could be called a respectable minority. But it became evident at once that the existence of a vigorous opposition did not depend upon a party name. In the Michigan Legislature, with its total destitution of Democrats, resolutions indorsing the President's railroad policy commanded merely a fair majority. In Congress the opposition has been so aggressive and confident that it openly boasts that not a single point of the Presidential programme will be carried.

The process that has been going on for the past month has resembled the creation of a new party. In the formulation of its creed the platforms adopted at Chicago and St. Louis last summer have been completely ignored. Its programme, so far as developed, is based chiefly upon the messages and private conversations of President Roosevelt, the actions of his Attorney-General, the report of his Commissioner of Corporations, and the inaugural addresses and messages of Governors Folk, Deneen, Douglas, and La Follette. The principal planks of the new platform are:

## CURRENT HISTORY AT HOME



WILLIAM L. DOUGLAS

Democratic Governor of Massachusetts, one of whose first acts was to settle the great Fall River strike

1. Government regulation of railroad rates.
2. Absolutely equal treatment for all shippers; abolition of rebates, special contracts, and all other forms of exclusive privilege; subjection of private car lines to the requirements of the Interstate Commerce law.
3. The rigid enforcement of the present laws against trusts.
4. The creation of a Federal license system for corporations doing interstate business, in order to keep them under continuous public control.
5. The revision of the tariff by reductions in those schedules that shelter monopoly.
6. The complete emancipation of government from the control of private interests and the ruthless punish-

ment of corruptionists, whether politicians or business men.

To this President Roosevelt adds the rapid creation of a mighty navy, but this is a policy dependent upon the force of his own personality. It is not a part of the general popular movement that is carrying forward the rest of the new programme.

## HUMORING THE PRESIDENT

THE ADMINISTRATION and its friends in Congress have been gradually feeling their way toward an agreement on the subject of railway rates. The railroads have adopted a Fabian policy. They are trying to avoid a pitched battle, meeting the President's propositions in a friendly spirit, offering certain counter-propositions more satisfactory to themselves, and taking advantage of every opportunity for delay. Like Secretary Morton of the President's own official household, who warmly praised his chief's ideas and then calmly set his whole practical scheme aside in favor of something entirely different, Senator Lodge, the most intimate political friend of Mr. Roosevelt, has come forward to indorse the Presidential views and oppose their application. In a speech at Boston on January 20 he objected to the plan of intrusting the power of fixing rates to the Interstate Commerce Commission and proposed, instead, the creation of an official court, "not to fix rates, but to say when rates are excessive." This, of course, is the plan favored by the railroad companies. Chairman Hepburn of the House Committee on Interstate and Foreign Commerce has prepared a bill abolishing the Interstate Commerce Commission, creating a new body with greater powers, and establishing a court with power to substitute new rates for any declared unreasonable by the commission—the commission's orders to stand unless overruled by the court on appeal. This is regarded as an Administration measure, and it may be possible to put it through the House at this session, but there is no expectation that any measure affecting railroad rates will be allowed to pass the Senate during the life of the present Congress. The Senate Committee on Interstate Commerce is holding leisurely hearings, which give no promise of being concluded in time for any action before the session ends on the 4th of March.

## TO MAKE IT UNANIMOUS

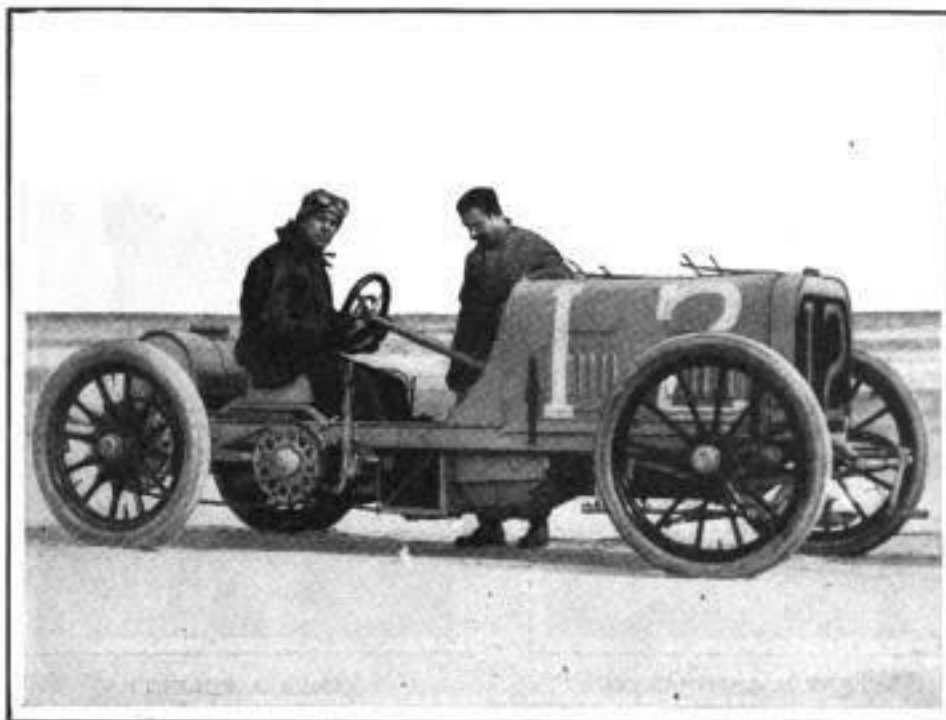
THE PRESIDENT entered the new year as the popular hero of the whole nation except the South. It was only the sullen hostility of that section that kept him from surpassing Monroe's record of an electoral vote one short of unanimous. The stubborn Dutch streak that makes it impossible for him ever to admit that he has made a mistake kept him with an unrelenting grip on the Crum nomination, but when he had carried his point there he set himself earnestly to win back the Southern favor he had lost. He invited Judge Thomas G. Jones of Alabama, a lifelong Democrat; Mr. Thomas Nelson Page, President Alderman of the University of Virginia, and other representative Southerners to meet him at the White House and discuss the Southern situation. After



COTTON STRIKERS AT FALL RIVER

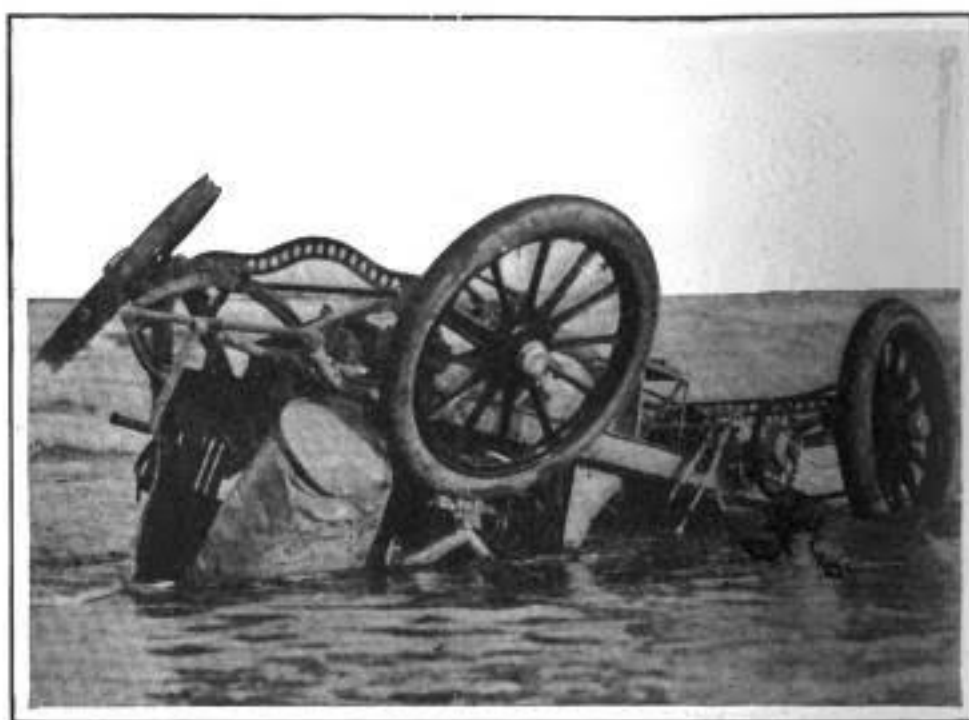
The disastrous contest in the mills at this centre of the American cotton manufacturing industry was settled January 18, by the intervention of Governor Douglas, after keeping 26,000 hands idle for six months and costing more than \$5,000,000. The men went back to work at reduced wages, but under a promise to share in any increased margin between the cost of raw cotton and the selling price of the finished goods





FRANK CROKER AND HIS CHAUFFEUR, A. RAUL, IN THE FATAL MACHINE

Frank Croker son of Richard Croker, and A. Raoul, his chauffeur, were killed by the overturning of Mr. Croker's racing machine on the beach at Ormond, Fla., on Jan. 21. To avoid running over a motor-cyclist, Mr. Croker made a sharp turn, which wrenched off one of the front tires. The machine turned end over end several times. The chauffeur was killed instantly and Mr. Croker received injuries from which he died the next day.



THE RACING AUTOMOBILE AS IT APPEARED IN THE SURF AFTER THE ACCIDENT

the conference Judge Jones gave out an elaborate interview, in which he explained the actions that had turned Southern sentiment against the President and assured the people of the South that Mr. Roosevelt was their true friend. He said that the Booker Washington incident had been misrepresented, and gave assurances that the President did not approve of the plan to cut down Southern representation in Congress. This was generally accepted as settling the fate of that scheme, which had never been welcomed by the Republican party leaders with any keen enthusiasm. The effect of the President's efforts at conciliation was slightly dampened a few days later by the publication of a letter from the daughter of Jefferson Davis reviving some bumptious juvenile affronts offered by Mr. Roosevelt in his younger days to the venerable President of the Confederacy.

#### MONROE UP TO DATE

ON JANUARY 20 the Administration took one of the most momentous steps in the history of American international relations when it concluded an agreement with Santo Domingo practically putting that republic under the tutelage of the United States. By this contract the American Government guarantees the integrity of Dominican territory, takes charge of all the financial obligations of the republic, foreign and domestic, and undertakes to administer the Dominican custom houses for the joint benefit of the country and its creditors. All claims are to be adjusted by the United States, both as to validity and as to amount. Santo Domingo is to be allowed to have her own agents in the box offices to see that we play fair. Of the customs revenues collected we are to turn over to the Dominican Government 45 per cent for its general expenses. The rest, after meeting the cost of the receivership, will be applied toward the payment of the foreign and domestic debts, the former now amounting to about \$12,000,000. Should the revenues fall below \$2,000,000 a year the proportion to be paid to the Dominican Government may be reduced. No changes in tariff rates are to be made without the consent of the United States. Our Government, at the request of Santo Domingo, is to grant any other assistance in its power "to restore the credit, preserve order, increase the efficiency of the civil administration, and advance the material progress and welfare of the republic."

There are now three republics in American leading-strings. The first, Cuba, was created by the United States and held under our guardianship because we felt a direct responsibility for its conduct. The second, Panama, was hardly more than one of the agencies we needed for the construction of the canal. But we have taken charge of the third, Santo Domingo, on the broad general ground that as we shield all the American republics from European aggression we are bound to regulate their behavior. In other words, we have transformed the Monroe Doctrine into a formal protectorate. It is obvious that this is the beginning of a new and profoundly important policy which can not logically stop with Santo Domingo.

#### A NEW AGENCY OF GOVERNMENT

SIDE BY SIDE with the swelling demand for socialistic activities in government has been growing a most remarkable practical realization of the ideals of Anarchists like Herbert Spencer. Losing direct control of the machinery of politics, Americans interested in the public welfare have been learning how to accomplish

their ends through voluntary associations. These organizations in many cases have grown so efficient that they can impose their policies upon the men who hold the powers of government. The Municipal Art Society of New York secured the appointment of a commission to plan the future growth of the city, a thing that even visionaries could hardly have conceived a few years ago, and it has just concluded a successful campaign in the courts against a Park Commissioner who held and acted upon the theory that fences about public property were more attractive when decorated with tributes to the merits of corsets, whiskey, and patent medicines than when left in the unadorned simplicity of olive green paint. A new step forward has now been taken in the formation of the "Council of Civic Organizations in the City of New York"—a species of Civic Trust, which has been described as a vigilance committee, but whose purposes are entirely peaceful. This body will represent about fifty different associations devoted to the public good, and it will make a specialty of looking after the things which are everybody's business and nobody's business. It will keep public officials up to their work, promote needed improvements, and direct the whole power of an enlightened public opinion against jobbery



MAURICE ROUVIER

Who has just formed the forty-first Ministry of the French Republic

in legislation and administration. This is typical of a form of activity that is going on now throughout the country. It furnishes a means by which brains and conscience can recover the influence on public affairs of which they have been deprived by corrupt commercialism, acting through debased politics, in a period of popular apathy and ignorance.

#### THE LAWSON EPISODE

THERE IS NO MORE remarkable feature of current American history than the rise of Mr. Thomas W. Lawson to the rank of a popular institution. By the simple agency of printer's ink Mr. Lawson has made himself a force to be taken into account by the financial world along with the size of the cotton crop, the volume of bank clearings, and the prospects of revolution in Russia. In "Everybody's Magazine" for last July he began his story of "Frenzied Finance," which, according to the prospectus, was to be based upon the crimes of the Amalgamated Copper Company. He has published thus far eight instalments of the story, all of which are in the nature of a preface. The beginning of the actual tale of infamy itself is promised for the next number. What Mr. Lawson has done thus far

is to describe in great detail the methods by which unscrupulous promoters create inflated securities and unload them upon the public. He has shown that the properties combined in the Amalgamated Copper Company were bought by the insiders for \$39,000,000 and then hoisted by successive stages past the landings occupied by successive groups of financiers, each of which thought it was standing on the ground floor, until the clamoring outside investors were let in, as a special favor, at \$75,000,000. He has shown how the old, prosperous and conservative Boston gas companies were captured and wrecked by the picturesque J. Edward O'Sullivan Addicks, who "lit in Boston" and induced the holders of the old stocks to exchange them for floods of paper emitted by his Bay State Gas Company of New Jersey and Bay State Gas Company of Delaware. He has shown that "the System" controlled by Standard Oil and other financial magnates is able, by its control of banks, trust companies, and insurance companies, to use the funds of these institutions—that is to say, the funds of the public—in its speculative operations. He has shown, furthermore, that these operations sometimes involve the bribery of legislatures and even of judges. All these things have been told and commented upon again and again. The facts related thus far by Mr. Lawson are not as sensational as many that have been told in court records, such as those dealing with the Shipbuilding Trust, and some of those reproduced by Miss Tarbell in her History of Standard Oil. But because of his coruscating style, because he writes as a repentant accomplice who has turned State's evidence, and because he has struck just the psychological moment of public interest, Mr. Lawson has raised a tempest where the revelations that preceded his raised only a ripple.

#### HONORS FOR A LAWSON VILLAIN

READERS OF CURRENT LITERATURE will recall the fact that the villain of one of Mr. Lawson's most sensational chapters was Mr. Henry M. Whitney of Boston. Mr. Whitney was represented as a pillar of "the System," whose specialty was bribing Legislatures. It was also asserted that his reputation for business probity among the statesmen he dealt with was so bad that their terms on at least one critical occasion were cash in advance or no votes. Mr. Lawson added a few more mysterious touches hinting at still darker depths in Mr. Whitney's career. On January 17, Henry M. Whitney was re-elected President of the Boston Chamber of Commerce, and delivered an edifying inaugural address. As the author of "Frenzied Finance" and his works are not unknown in Boston, this implies that the solid men of that metropolis either feel indifferent to crime or do not repose as implicit faith in Mr. Lawson's assertions as is accorded to them in some other quarters. Mr. Lawson had been nominated at one stage of the campaign in opposition to Mr. Whitney, but had withdrawn.

#### BRISTOW OUT

FOURTH ASSISTANT POSTMASTER-GENERAL JOSEPH L. BRISTOW resigned his position on January 13, as a result of friction with Postmaster-General Wynne. Mr. Bristow is best known in connection with his exposure of the postal scandals of the past two years, but his work as a reformer began long before that. He broke up a lottery ring in Kansas over ten years ago, and when he entered the Post-Office Department at the time of the Spanish War he uncovered the frauds that tainted the American postal administration in Cuba.



# OUR IMPORTED CRIMINALS

By BROUGHTON BRANDENBURG

## IV.—The Tong Societies and the Highbinders

The great interest expressed by our readers in the three articles published under this head in Collier's for November 19, November 26, and December 10, 1904, dealing with Naturalization Frauds, Padroni Bankers, Convict Immigration, and the Truth about the Mafia, has led to the extension of the series with two more articles, the present one on the Chinese Criminal, and one on the Anarchist Criminal. The Anarchist article will throw more light on the inside workings and real status of anarchy in this country than anything yet published. Of the preceding articles, much of that on "Fraudulent Naturalization," November 19, was used as a text by the President for a portion of his recent message to Congress. The second article resulted in the apprehension of several criminals illegally in this country. The article on the Mafia was largely responsible for an increase in the Italian squad of the New York police force

SEPARATE and distinct from the general problem of the control of lawless aliens among us, the task of handling the Chinese is an enigma that no student, Federal official, or police officer pretends to solve. Just as China has completely mystified the oldest and most discerning white missionaries, consuls, and merchants who have spent their lives there, so have the immigrant yellow men puzzled those into whose keeping their welfare and control have been given. Some find them a curse to the country, others see a way to inoculate China with Occidental ideas taken home from America, still others consider them in the light of poor John Chinamen working early and late in their laundries and attending to their own business. The truth is that while they are mixed good and bad, they are nearly immobile under the pressure of our civilization, and their vicious propensities are so marked that it were better, I believe, if the first one had never been allowed to land.

My first experience with the evasive, confusing forces that underlie Chinese life in America as well as in China came during the Boxer uprising of 1900. Previously to that, so far as I was concerned, there had been nothing but a series of exchanges of linen for a torn half of a curiously characterized ticket and vice versa. When the trouble arose there was great excitement in the Chinatowns of all the large cities of the country, and I was sent by a New York newspaper to find out what the Chinese in the New York colony thought of the matter. Day after day and night after night found me in hot, odorous Mott, Pell, or Doyers Street. Incidentally I met Wung Kai Kee of 1 Doyers Street, artist, printer, epitaph writer, and the compiler of the official Chinese-American calendar, yet withal a man of mystery. He had a huge scar on the right side of his head which he conceals by the coils of his queue. His wife was a pretty little woman, born in San Francisco, and very much Americanized. One day she told me that some "mens got emm down on ta flo' an' boint emm win an oi-ren" in San Francisco, and he had fled for his life. After nearly five years of acquaintance with Wung Kai Kee, and seeing him and his wife hundreds of times in the tiny little shop, there is only this much that I can say to a certainty concerning his strange career. After attaining literary degree at home entitling him to office, he came to the United States and rose steadily in power and influence until he was one of the leading men in the Chinese exhibit at Chicago. Something went wrong, and that peculiar organization, the "Highbinders," attempted his life one night in South Clark Street, Chicago. His Wung family cousins hid him until he could escape to San Francisco, where he was joined, after a long interval, by his wife. But his hiding-place was found out, and then he got the terrible scar on his head. Ruined in business and in constant danger of his life, he made his way from city to city until he came to New York, where he found himself surrounded by entirely different sorts

of societies: the Tongs, instead of the Highbinders, of the Great Six Companies. Here he also found a cousin, Wung Aloy, a runner for one of the great Pacific railroads, engaged in securing passengers, and as Wung Aloy was under the protection of one of the Tong societies he sheltered Wung Kai Kee.

Here he found peace until one day he drew for me some sketches of the Woo-sung forts and of some spots in the country over which the Allies were then fighting, endeavoring to reach Peking to rescue the Legationiers. Those sketches, made from a note-book used on a journey to Peking, were published on the second page of the paper, signed with his name in Chinese. On the first page appeared that Associated Press story of the massacre of the Legationiers, detailing how children had been impaled on pikes, etc., which was afterward proved to be unfounded. Chinese were beaten and stoned on the Bowery that day. Laundry windows were smashed all over town. The story had incited retaliation. Chinatown got the paper, and seeing Kai Kee's pictures on the second page, made him responsible for the first page "fake." Kai Kee must die at once. There was a hurried meeting of the head men

way was cleared to the door. Mrs. Wung Kai Kee was standing guard, a revolver in one hand, a kettle of hot water in the other. Kai Kee was got from his hiding-place, rushed to a Third Avenue car, and got safely into hiding uptown. If his shop had not been so near the car line he would not have escaped. Word reached his wife that the head men of the Tongs had decided that Kai Kee should be forced to return to China, where a death by torture was predicted. The method was to declare him to be illegally in the country and get the Government to deport him, the evidence to be furnished by perjury. After the frenzy had died out and bulletins had been placed before the joss house explaining the fake, I learned a council had been called at 14 Pell Street. Getting the "copy" of the fake story, the Kai Kee drawings, and a written exposition of the chance appearance of the two in the same issue, done in Chinese by a returned missionary, I sought the meeting. After getting in with some difficulty, I found, to my utter astonishment, on the dais at the head of the room, the Chinese Consul-General and about a dozen well-to-do merchants whom I knew and talked with every day. One and all professed a complete ignorance of English, but the case was laid before them, together with the papers, and the next day a committee visited 1 Doyers Street to assure Mrs. Kai Kee that her husband would be protected. Eight months later, when he was at the Pan-American Exposition on business, two attempts were made to kill him, and to-day the only way he keeps breath in his body is to pay a regular tribute to a Tong to guard him. At present he is engaged in engraving new wooden dies from which New Year's greetings, a different sort for each patron, are to be printed on slips of red paper for distribution. It is his most profitable season, and fully half of what he makes a gang of braves will spend.

The story of Wung Kai Kee is but one of thousands. In San Francisco, Philadelphia, Chicago, Boston, and Buffalo there is a long list of men who have been killed. Yet every case is different, and death has come to some from the most trivial of causes. One victim in San Francisco in paying his "squeeze" to the Highbinders gave a lead quarter and had his throat cut for it. The recent bloody ructions in New York's Chinatown have all been aimed at the life of Mock Duck, who has been shot and is to be killed because, so the

knowing say, he is crazy, and so, being fearless, is too dangerous an instrument for his Tong to wield. It is extremely difficult to give any explanation that will fit these affairs in general. The Chinese mind is subject to influences incomprehensible to our minds. As Dr. Arthur H. Smith, the highest living authority on Chinese characteristics, says: "What is the use of endeavoring to compel the Chinese to explain their mental confusion, which is as natural as the indrawing of their breath? They are a racial paradox." Just so with these secret societies that are not secret, yet work in secret. We must call them Tongs because it chances



A CHINESE GAMBLING DEN IN PELL STREET, NEW YORK

Innocent-looking Chinese lookouts stand on the street corner and, as their fellow-countrymen pass by, exclaim, "Moy hanna! Moy hanna!"—which means "The game is open." If a suspected American appears the cry is "San-mone!" whereupon the door is closed

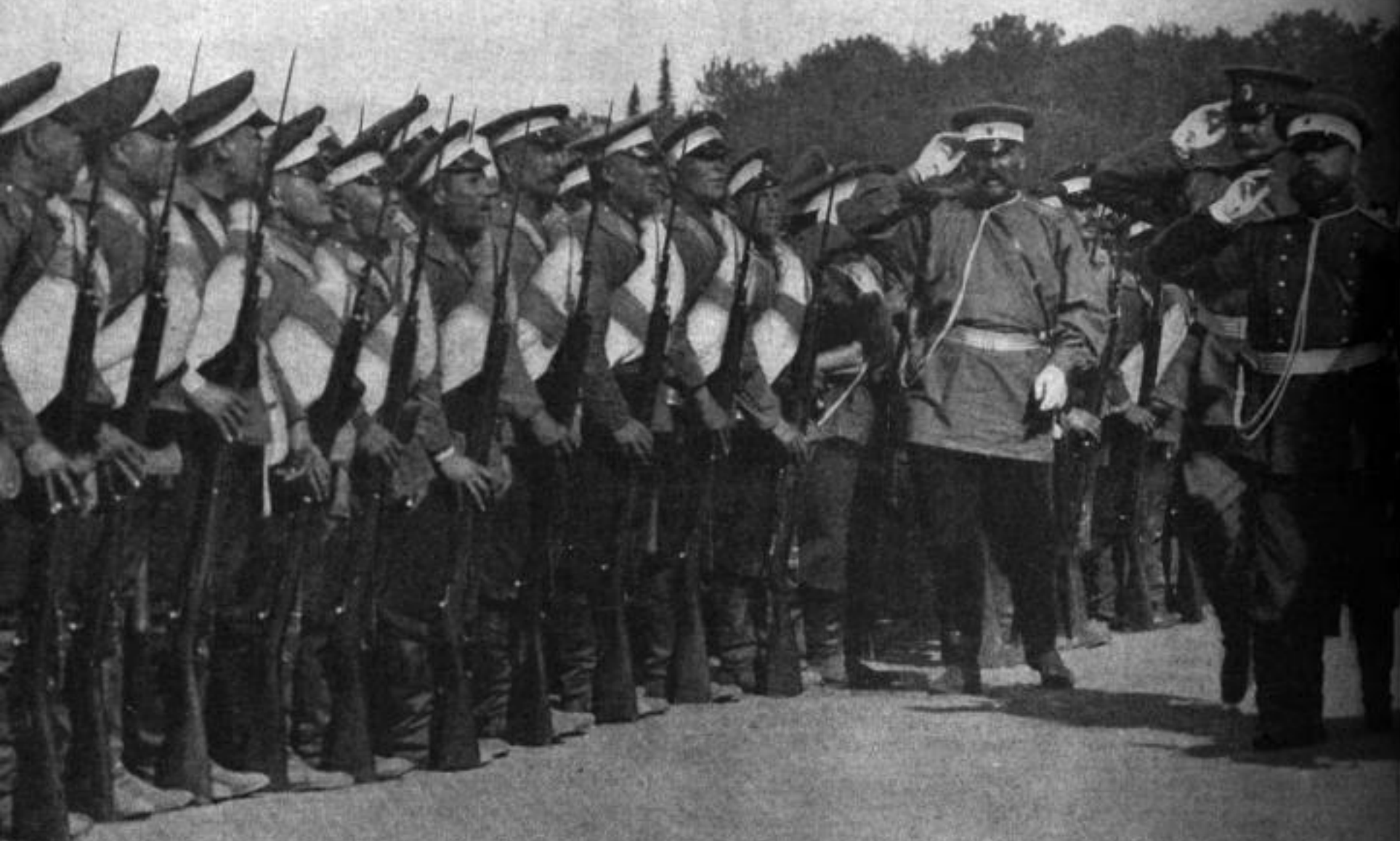
of the Tongs in 9 Pell Street, and several were selected as the executioners.

Consumptive and one-eyed John Moy, the "lobby-gol" or message runner and interpreter who was in my employ as a tipster, sprang on a Third Avenue car, hurried to the newspaper office and gave the message. "They are going to kill Kai Kee." I hurried to Doyers Street. A howling mob, insane with *chi*, the only expression of Chinese anger, a sort of rare frenzy, filled all the narrow way, and were endeavoring to force the doors of the little shop. With the aid of a policeman and an Irish truck driver spoiling for a scrimmage a

knowing say, he is crazy, and so, being fearless, is too dangerous an instrument for his Tong to wield.

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## THE CZAR REVIEWING

The troops are drawn up in two long parallel lines, forming a lane in which the photographer has caught the soldiers just as they were shouting.





## REGIMENT OF INFANTRY

When the Czar is passing, followed by the Czarina in the carriage. The  
their cry: "We are always glad to do our best for Your Majesty!"





ON THE ROOF THE CHINAMAN'S FAMILY DELIGHTS IN A LITTLE CHINESE GARDEN, WHILE IN THE CELLAR THE MEN GATHER TO SMOKE OPIUM

that a few of them are termed such. Not one of them is alike in purpose or character, and a man may belong to a dozen. Wherever one investigates them the truth is just beyond one's finger-tips, just beyond the focus that would make it sharp to one's eyes. It is reasonably safe to say that nearly every avenue of income or expenditure has its Tong, which sits guard and takes its "squeeze," yet there are some that do not seem to have any and some that have two or three societies in the same pursuit.

The whole system is the upshot of the Chinese system or custom of guilds. In China every trade or profession has its guild in every locality and allows no outside interference. Every walk of life is "unionized in the form of independent locals." Now it happens that more than ninety per cent of the 119,000 Chinese in the United States, except the native born, come from the city of Canton or within a radius of forty miles of that city. The early comers merely transplanted their guilds to the United States, and six of them, by the bringing over of their own guildsmen, grew into the powerful and dreaded Six Companies. The first comers to New York were refugees from the Highbinders, who are the bravos and bullies, instigated and supported by the headmen, who are the men of brains and money behind the Six Companies. Some of the enterprises which are made the subject of Tong organization (association is a better word) are the importation of ceremonial red paper, the smuggling of immigrants across the Canadian and Mexican frontiers, the traffic in United States certificates of residence, the traffic in railway tickets, the funeral conducting business, the opium-selling trade, the opium-smuggling system, the graft from sightseers in restaurants, the graft from sightseers in stores, the theatrical privilege, the procuring of white women, the sale of and instruction in use of revolvers, the laundry machine supply, the importation of dried fruits and nuts, the Chinese gardening on Long Island, the sale of powdered dragons' teeth, the sale of ginseng, the placing of interpreters in courts, etc., the smuggling of fine cigars, and dozens of others, including the butchers, bakers, etc.

A society may have ten members or, in the case of the two greatest in New York's Chinatown, ten thousand, or, as with the Six Companies, fifty thousand as an estimate. The smuggling operations at Buffalo, which is the headquarters for the Niagara frontier, are in the hands of a very few men, the Federal authorities are convinced, and yet there are a half-dozen societies struggling for the laundry machine control. There was a society formed to control the writing of the necessary English addresses on letters and express boxes, but the system of having a large family business done from one address with a rubber stamp for each scattered clansman destroyed that. The Ang Horn Corps is one in which there is not likely to be much competition, as its eighteen or twenty members are all selected and religiously prepared men, whose business is to care for the dead. No Chinese not initiated into this society would dare touch the body of a defunct fellow-countryman. When a body is given into the possession of the Ang Horn Corps they make all the preparations for the funeral, provide the rice and chickens for the departed to eat before leaving on his journey, the paper money to be burned to enrich him in the world beyond, the mourners with devil-catchers on the ends of poles, the carriages for the procession, and the trinity of prayer or epitaph sticks that are set one at each end and one in the middle of the bier. They conduct the burial, serve the food to the ghostly guests, collect the "remains" of the repast for the mourners to eat, and set the watch that is maintained only till the friends are gone, but is supposed to last twelve days, and then, shaking their own hands as a parting to the ghostly ancestors present, steer the funeral party back to town. Four years later the bones are shipped to China. They are dug up in only two moons of the year and after being boiled till white, are put into ob-

long boxes, every bone being counted. The box is marked on the head with the man's three names—his family name, business name, and heavenly name—the company to which he belongs, and the destination. These boxes are only large enough to take a skull and long enough for the femurs. The express companies compete for the business of carrying them. From this some idea can be got of the part the guild or society plays in Chinese life in America.

The family group and company add to the complexities. They have a variation in style and purpose in America that is not known in China, because here it is the bond of strangers in a strange land against the natives. Taking the Quan family company as an example, the process of the development of a company is readily illustrated. It is one of several in the East that are worth more than a million dollars, its New York head family being worth half of that alone. Years ago four Quans from Quan Hua Chuang were working in New York, Buffalo, and Corning; two were cooks, the others laundrymen. By hard work and saving they got a few hundred dollars together and opened a store in Pell Street, at the same time sending to San Francisco for some *chi-looks* or bond-slaves, men who had been brought over by the great Six Companies and whose

The first thing the *chi-look* does is to see that his shoes are up to the mark, then he buys enough matches and salt, eats one good meal, according to his liking, and goes forth to gamble.

Long years ago a company opened a gambling house, and found that by employing trained gamblers it could get all the money from the men working for the other companies. Now each important company has its own gambling house and a staff of sharks, and its men go there. Few fail to get back all the money paid out in wages. One of the professionals, a burly lookout, stands unconcerned at the street door to the narrow hall by which the gambling room is approached and remarks: "Moy hanna! Moy hanna!"

This means "The game is open." Let an unknown American approach and even glance at the unsuspecting hall door: "San-mone! San-mone!"

The lookout, without moving a muscle or changing his tone, alters his cry. A heavy door, inches thick, bangs shut inside, and if the American persisted, entered, and forced the door he would find a dozen Chinese sound asleep in ordinary fashion on tables, a bench under their heads. Not a sign of gambling apparatus would be found. "Whasa mallah, whasa mallah?" would be his greeting.

"Why, you are gambling in here."

"No gammel, shuah. Alltimee tubble, alltimee tubble. No gammel, all same sleep-nee."

"Who's this fellow?"

"Ma cozzin."

"Who's this other fellow?"

"Ma cozzin."

"Who are these other two over here?"

"Ma cozzin cozzin, all same too."

That is the limit of satisfaction obtained.

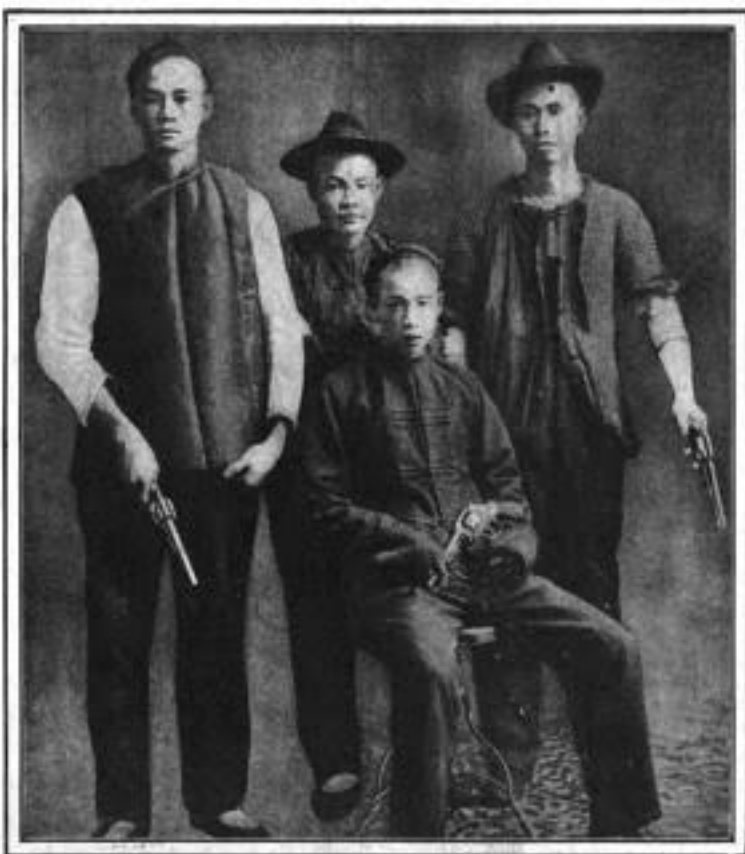
But suppose one were able to do what only three or four men in this country can do. One of them is a man who made over twelve hundred arrests in Chinatown in New York during the Lexow examination. He is a man whom the Chinese fear and trust. No good purpose would be served by giving his name here. The Chinese name for him is Ah Jim. Ah Jim can don Chinese attire, slip along with the peculiar clumping, sliding step of the Chinese, answer the *hip-boy's* "Moy hanna" with a "Hua-loa," and pass in without exciting the "San-mone" cry. On the stairs and in the hall, if he but changed his step, watchful ears would detect danger. At the outer door he knocks, not with his knuckles, but Chinese fashion, with the tips of the thumb and fingers.

"Who is it?" is demanded from within.

"Goff," meaning "me," he answers, and is admitted. Then if the light is bright there is a wild scramble for the money, but maybe he can sit in on the game. Perhaps it is *fan-tan*, *boocka-boocka* (lottery), *joe-far* (policy), or *pi-gow*, a distinctively Chinese game with slips of wood or cardboard of different lengths. When the disclosure of the trap comes, the Chinese game-keepers always swear in English, but make no resistance.

Another point in the guild situation is the opium trade. There are many things which a Chinese does not think he is committing a wrong to do. It would be a sin of enormity to get off a car while in motion or to walk side by side with a friend, since one spirit is always superior and must precede the other, but he will gamble and cheat at it, smuggle opium, adulterate it, and sell it to anybody he dares and feel his conscience clear, if he has a conscience.

Very little attention has ever been paid to the opium smuggling and very little is known about it by Americans, yet it is the greatest menace of the Chinese situation in America to-day. The opium habit is spreading rapidly. Witness the tripling of sanitariums for it in ten years past, and the Chinese laundrymen are doing it. Not only do the Chinese in America smoke about four times as much as the same sort of smokers in China, but nearly every other laundry is a distributing depot for the American habit who live in the neighborhood. (Continued on page 17)



FOUR CHINESE DESPERADOES

These four members of the Hip Sing Tong were arrested on the night of November 26 in the Bowery, New York, after a riot and shooting affray, in which several white men, innocent bystanders, were shot. The object of the bombardment was to kill a certain objectionable Chinaman. One of these men wore a heavy coat of mail, while another was clad in a bullet-proof jacket

services were for sale. Selecting places for three laundries, they obtained the leases by paying double the rent an American would pay. More *chi-looks* were sent for and more laundries were opened. Meanwhile letters had gone to Quan Hua Chuang summoning Quan cousins to New York. Now the company owns eighty or more laundries. A Quan cousin or a *chi-look* who has worked himself free is at the head of each, and when all the laundry is given out on Sunday morning the head man takes his little account-book and his money and comes to Chinatown with his men. The accounts are verified, and then the men are paid, after the head man has been given the mail and the necessary amount of sal soda for the next week's work.



# THIS PAPER'S REPLY TO A JUDGE

A Plain Story of Right and Wrong in Chicago's Civic Life

By NORMAN HAPGOOD

**W**HY are politics more interesting in the West than in the East? Because the country is, demanding change, and the West is in the lead.

Why are politics in Chicago more interesting than in other cities?

Because the movement there is radical and successful. Chicago is at white heat about municipal ownership of street railways. Everybody accepts a principle which a few years ago was deemed socialistic. The city must own its railways. The only argument is about means.

Mr. John Harlan's nomination for the Mayoralty is now certain. He will be the more conservative candidate. A few years ago, when he ran as a free lance, he was looked upon as radical to the point of anarchy. He has not changed. Chicago has.

## Chicago Will Free Herself

Reform and radical principle have advanced together. Chicago is the only large city in America which is dominated politically by its better element. Success is attractive and failure dismal. The Citizens' Union is a fizzle in New York. The Voters' League is a triumph in Chicago.

It is no wonder that the spring campaign in Chicago is to be exciting. The street railways were bad enough before Yerkes reached the town. They have been bad enough since public disgust drove him from it. The passions of men are raised when transportation is so insufficient that people are jammed and frozen, and sometimes workmen are compelled to ride on the tops of cars. It is the old, old story of corporation juggling; of creating new companies to make leases from old ones under similar control; of leases on leases; of huge fees for accomplishing such jobs; of collusive receiverships; of graft and waste, and all the well-known forms in which the public is relieved of lacteal fluid. Chicago is tired of being milked. She has decided to free herself. Judge Peter S. Grosscup has been deemed an obstacle to this freedom. He has been suspected of using his great powers to prevent any settlement until he could obtain that glory for himself. Suspicion that ambition lay beneath his handling of the traction evil has been increased by his political activity. We printed an editorial some weeks ago condemning some things he has done in politics. The editorial did not take up the wisdom of a Federal judge's using his position to become involved in matters of public policy. It did not discuss his sympathies with the corporation or the public. It attacked him on the flank for the method he has chosen to use. It is our custom and duty to oppose laxity in public life. We disapprove of men who support bad nominees, even if those men be not members of the Federal judiciary. It was as a citizen, apart from his duties as a judge, that in his recent history Judge Grosscup disappointed us.

Judge Grosscup replied. He printed an interview of justification. He announced that he would demand an explanation. I admire many things in Judge Grosscup and regret that our explanation can not be what he would desire.

In his published interviews, recently and also some years ago, the Judge has put his own case eloquently. He has written it admirably to me. But I do not wish to become entangled in details. It is only as this controversy is connected with a difference in principle that it is worth seeing to a finish. Our differences with the Judge go to the bottom of political morality.

"Doc" Jamieson and "Billy" Lorimer have been two of the most lamentable bosses of our day. Chicago has, after a wonderful fight, destroyed their power and given proof that good citizens of a great city can



The Mayoralty Campaign is to be a long one, so that the orators will have time to tell us all about the Traction Question  
McCutcheon in the Chicago Tribune

win against the spoils politician. When Lorimer was hard pressed in the Congressional election of 1902, the community had hopes of his defeat.

Imagine the feelings of men when the judiciary took a hand in Lorimer's defence. Such things had been seen before. The bosses appoint judges; the judges support the bosses. It is familiar, yes; familiar as the election of Senators by money. Local judges did their bosses these return favors in Chicago. That was bad enough, but when a judge of the United States Court used his prestige in such a cause the blow to decency was worse. I have pondered Judge Grosscup's line of argument, and carefully read the Chicago papers of the time, and can not retract one word. The Judge's reasoning all rested on the importance to Mr. Roosevelt, and therefore to the country, of electing a Republican to the House of Representatives. That is an argument which this paper never will accept. Such partisanship makes venal politics and excuses anything. It is what enables Lorimers and Jamiesons to exist.

## The Judge and the President

The editorial was founded on the Jamieson case, but the principles are one. Mr. Roosevelt a few months ago saw fit to make an unworthy appointment. He probably wished to satisfy Senator Hopkins or otherwise to play politics in Illinois. He used Judge Grosscup's approval as one of his defences. The Judge admits he told the President that he thought "Doc" Jamieson would administer the new office honestly. He ought to have protested. He ought to have told Mr. Roosevelt it was an outrage. It was not enough

to say he would not himself have made the selection. What is honesty? Jamieson and Lorimer have long been partners. Their business is brokerage. What they deal in is legislation and public office. The case is milder, but too much in principle like the one in which Judge Grosscup left the bench to urge the election of Jamieson's senior partner. William Lorimer's baneful influence was the curse of Chicago. He was the general where Jamieson was first lieutenant. A man of Judge Grosscup's experience and intelligence could hardly claim ignorance of his history, his methods, or his character. He had been branded as a "BOODLER" by the "Record-Herald"; and to his suit for libel the defence of justification has been pleaded.

Judge Grosscup palliates the character of Lorimer and Jamieson, and that palliation but adds one wrong action to another.

## Politics from the Bench

One case of praise misplaced remains to add. A son of Senator Hopkins has been made a master in chancery. Judge Grosscup says that he voted for him for two reasons. One is that another judge, Kohlsaat, had a right to fill that office and selected Hopkins. With that answer I have no concern. Judge Grosscup adds that he knows no one at the Chicago bar, of his years, who is better equipped or a cleaner man than Hopkins. Lawyers are not given to investigating, for slight cause, appointments by judges before whom they must continue to practice, yet so indignant was the Chicago Bar Association that a committee is investigating this appointment. The only bearing of the appointment on this article is as it seems to be one more instance of a willingness to overpraise men who, according to the opinion of the best citizens, hold or control offices not from merit but from pull.

It makes no difference that I have a liking for Judge Grosscup and an interest in his welfare. I might write much about his attractions and my wishes for his future, but it would all fall beside the mark. He has expressed certain political beliefs in his interviews and his acts, and nothing else is relevant. This paper must discuss principles and men with ruthless honesty. It would have to comment on a slip backward by the President, by Mr. Folk, Mr. Hay, Mr. Taft, or Mr. Root, or any of our most trusted leaders, as candidly as if the error had been made by Tammany Hall. The next few months are critical for Chicago, and for progress and reform. Judge Grosscup says that everything he has done, in politics and in the use of his judicial powers, has been with no thought of his own career. We are glad to assume that what he has done is due to honestly mistaken principles, although the damage is not less. We wish he might gain some of the public confidence he has lost. He might do this by abandoning all desire to solve a question which belongs to the people and their chosen representatives. He might do this by ending his intercourse with politicians who do him no good and America much harm. Chicago seethes with indignation, the more bitter because it is repressed. People are slow to say what they think of a court that resents criticism, restrains public action, and asserts a theory of chancery jurisdiction so comprehensive, so exclusive, and so daring as to amaze and to alarm men not easily perturbed.

This article is not written against Judge Grosscup, although it is the answer to his published demand. It is written in defence of ideals which are on trial. It is written for pure politics. It is written for popular and free government. It is written against boss rule, the merchandise of office, and those errors by which good men sometimes allow themselves to protect what they should help to extirpate.

the canal itself. General Davis, the army member of the commission, was made governor of the canal zone. John Barrett was made Minister to Panama. Upon their shoulders rested the maintenance of amicable relations with our foster child. General Davis is rugged, outspoken, and able. If he were eminently fitted to keep Latin-Americans in good humor it is unlikely that he would be a good soldier. Mr. Barrett is a magnificent advertiser, and advertising and diplomacy have never yet pulled well together.

Our weakness in the Philippines reappeared here. Having arranged a treaty embodying a fair set of principles, we set out, by our action, to break the spirit of them. To make the point clearer, if we had really annexed Panama and Colon, and put over them an administrator who understood their language and their customs, we should have had less trouble than we have had, while the Panamanians would have been, on the whole, much better satisfied. It is our heritage to make fine preambles, and our present weakness to overlook the importance of a good interpreter when we apply them abroad. For that matter, the Latins them-

# MANY MINDS AND ONE CANAL

By FREDERICK PALMER

**T**HE first great step in the greatest public work of history was a little Central American revolution, clearing the right of way and relieving us of all the disadvantages in territorial authority which were the misfortune of the French company. De Lesseps simply had a concession. His work was carried on under the hand of an alien officialdom to whom sewers, antiseptics, and disinfectants were of the order of a foreign eccentricity. We own a strip in perpetuity five miles wide on either side of the canal route.

Had we been European in our methods, we would have included the little city of Panama, at the Pacific terminus, and the little town of Colon, at the Atlantic terminus, in this zone. For the power was with us to take whatever we pleased. Our object, however, was not to annex populations, but to secure a free hand in police work and sanitation. The people of Panama and Colon we left under the rule of the little fledgling republic to which they belong by custom, race, and language. At the same time, we reserved the right to take such measures as would make the two municipalities cleanly neighbors to our hospitals and camps in a

climate where sustaining the life of the laborer is of overwhelming importance. Thus we had observed the American spirit and secured our legitimate practical ends. The next thing was to make the dirt fly.

To take charge of the construction of the canal and incidentally to rule the canal zone, Congress directed that the President should appoint a commission of seven members. This was crippling him in the same way that Latin-American diplomacy had crippled our efforts to get a site in a tropical swamp (which was intrinsically valueless) for a work that would forever benefit the commerce of the world. It was stipulated that one member was to be an army officer, one a naval officer, one a civilian, and four engineers. Only an institution as unbusinesslike as the Government would ever have created such a tool for such a task.

Thus far, public attention has been called more to our administration of this little strip of land than to

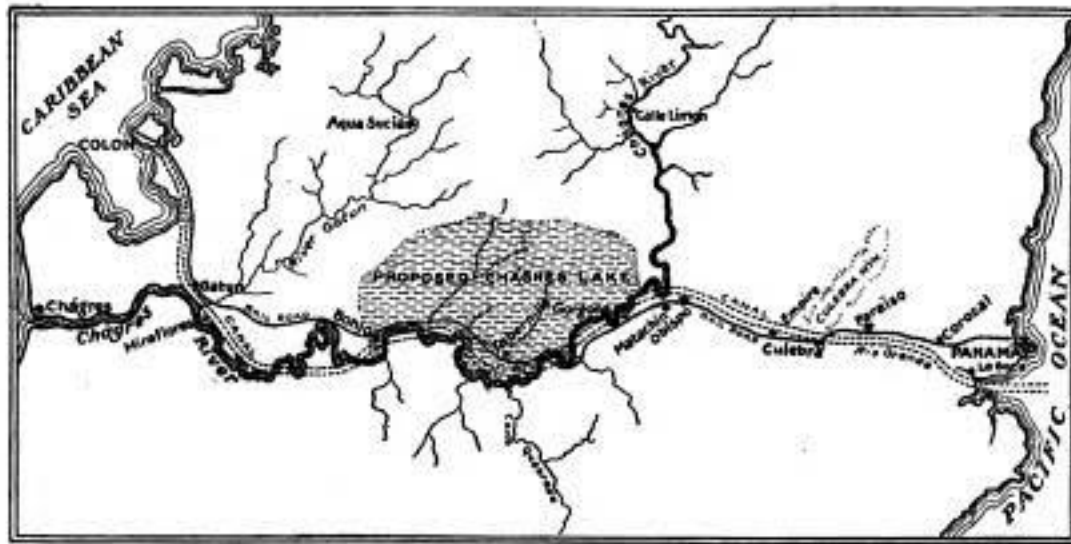


selves are masters of the pronunciation, and code law means little to them and the man everything.

Dogmatically and against General Davis's advice, we applied the Dingley tariff to the canal zone. This was literally opening a shop with cheaper goods next door to Panama and Colon. It interfered with the revenues of the Republic. In the eyes of the Panamanians we had played a "Yankee trick," quite confirming Central American opinion of our commercial methods. Other causes of friction seemingly insignificant were made significant by racial misunderstandings. Finally, when the indignation of the little nation—whose stability it is our bounden duty to maintain sympathetically as well as by force of arms—reached the point of revolutionary threats, we concluded that it was time to call in our Peacemaker.

William H. Taft combines with a rare sense of justice and executive simplicity an urbanity that seems to impress upon transplanted Spanish civilizations the wisdom of things which they would resent if proposed by others. He can grant a concession in a way that immediately gets a concession in response. We may yet provide the Secretary of War with a transport and expect him to make an annual tour of our new possessions as a Secretary of Peace. In Panama he heard everybody's story: ministers', generals', officials', merchants'. Then he and President Amador "got together." The Dingley tariff was taken off the zone; an amicable agreement was arrived at.

At the present writing, the Panama Commission consists of six members. Mr. Hecker resigned in November on the ground that his health was unequal to the Isthmus. That is suggestive. Admiral John G. Walker, the naval member, is seventy-two years old. He will be eighty-five and more likely ninety, if he lives, before the canal is completed. It is ten years since he was retired by age limitation from his chosen profession. If he is a working member he will have to spend nine months out of the twelve under climatic conditions that youth and vigor can not always bear. Had not his age kept De Lesseps in Paris, it is possible that the



THE PANAMA CANAL ROUTE AND THE SUGGESTED CHAGRES LAKE

In order to have a 90 or 60 foot level lock canal the waters of the Chagres must be confined into a lake by a gigantic dam between Obispo and Bohio. The loss of life and damage to the canal would be incalculable if the dam should ever give way. Investigation shows that field parties of the first commission mistook bowlders for bedrock. Rather than take any risk, the Commission may recommend a sea-level canal which will cost \$250,000,000, and take twenty years to build.

scandals of the French Panama Company would have been averted, as they were at Suez, where, in the prime of life, he was in personal charge. We are as used to hearing the Admiral's name attached to a canal commission as Carnegie's name to a library. As chairman of the Commission, his is largely the deciding voice. Besides being an old hand at commissions, his growing years make him of a most conservative and careful turn of mind.

Of the four civil engineers on the Commission, Benjamin M. Harrod and C. Ewald Grunsky have devoted their energies exclusively to its work. William Barclay Parsons, meanwhile, has been building the New York Subway and Prof. William H. Burr has held his position at Columbia.

With two of them, then, their association with the greatest engineering work of the age is secondary to other interests. In the eleven months which have elapsed since their appointment, the Commission, General Davis excepted, has spent in all six weeks on the Isthmus. It has had offices in Washington from which it has directed the prefatory work and organization.

must hold for canal purposes. At the same time, we can establish a regular and reasonable rate for outside traffic. Certainly, the time of the Commission need not be occupied by directors' meetings of a steamship company.

Meanwhile, in the eleven months of the Commission's existence how much have we actually accomplished in digging the canal? At present, we are excavating nowhere except at the Culebra cut, upon the very backbone of the narrow ridge of land that sinks into the Pacific on one side of the river and the Atlantic on the other. Only a certain number of machines and men can work in this space at one time. Whether or not the fullest possible force is being used may be a subject for discussion. In any event, it is agreed that no blame is assignable to the chief engineer, John F. Wallace.

The report of the first Walker Commission which investigated the feasibility of the different routes stated clearly that two years' prefatory work and organization would be necessary before the dirt was flying from one end to the other of the forty-seven miles. Half of the distance requires only dredging. (Continued on p. 22.)

# THE TUNNEL

The Story of a Railroad's Sharp Practice and of How a Legislator's Speech Took a Sudden and Unexpected Turn

By WILLIAM HAMILTON OSBORNE



OLD PETER D., president of the New Jersey, Interstate & Tri-State Railroad, slowly wiped his glasses. He had been glancing out across the North River and upon the serrated sky line of the Borough of Manhattan. Now he swung about and looked upon the faces of the men before him.

"Gentlemen," he said, "tunnels suddenly have come to be the fashion. The season is on. We must have a tunnel." He contracted his brow. "We are forced to this," he went on; "we have ever been conservative and perhaps a bit old-fashioned, but as we sit here today, two miles to the south of us the N. J., N. Y. & N. E. is striking the first spade into the ground." He stopped for an instant and moodily watched one of his ferryboats pull out of the slip beneath. "We must keep up to the times, gentlemen," he added; "we—we've got to have a tunnel underneath the river."

A wiry director leaned forward and peered into the face of a stout young man who sat near the president's

desk. "What does Mr. Beardsley say about it?" he inquired. Immediately the whole conclave, the president included, turned to the young man of the name of Beardsley. He was the chief construction engineer of the road. He hitched forward in his chair and rested his arms upon the desk. He waited until the shrill scream of a locomotive in the yard below had ceased, and then he spoke.

"If I'd had my way," said Beardsley, "I would have had a tunnel through here before the N. J., N. Y. & N. E. ever thought of theirs. I believe in tunnels. You know that. And you know that the N. J., N. Y. & N. E. parallels us from Maine to Baltimore. We could have had their traffic, if we'd had a tunnel—first. Now, it looks to me as though they might get ours. They commence to dig to-day. Well, it took them five years and more to get to just that point. And here we are, five years behind the times. . . ."

"And," remarked the president, "what would you suggest?"

The engineer rose, strode to a side window and pointed north. "There," he said, "less than a quarter of a mile away, is Terwilliger's tunnel. If we could acquire that, just as it is, we could beat the other railroad out—and then . . ."

"Suppose," suggested a director, "that Terwilliger won't sell?"

The young engineer snorted. "Sell," he answered, "he'll sell. He's sick of the blamed thing by now."

Beardsley, the engineer, was right. Terwilliger would sell. Terwilliger, too, was an engineer. At one time he had been a man of independent means. Twenty years before he had had a dream—of people walking, dry shod, beneath the waters of the North River. Twenty years before he had realized the limitations of Manhattan Island; had seen that its overflow would come New Jerseyward.

There were things that he thought he could do, and in a fit of madness he had begged his commonwealth for a franchise for a river tunnel. And he started in and dug—and dug. And after that they called him Tunnel Terwilliger; he had an elephant on his hands, he had tunnel on the brain.

But—he had something else, and he sighed hopefully and gladly every time he realized it. He had Eloise,

his daughter. Eloise was worth while; young, warm-hearted, impulsive, and—as he was glad to acknowledge to himself—wonderfully beautiful. She did not call him Tunnel Terwilliger, nor tell him that he had an elephant on his hands, or tunnel on the brain. Eloise was incarnate sympathy, stretching forth her hand to clasp his hand and to listen to the story of his dream. But Terwilliger had changed; there had been a time when he had whispered to himself: "Some day—some day."

That time had passed. There was something else that worried him now. For, in the distance, circling round and round the old-fashioned home to which he and Eloise had clung through thick and thin, he could hear the hungry howling of the wolves of—poverty.

"I started my tunnel too soon," he would say to Eloise, little knowing that a certain railroad was bewailing because it had not started soon enough; "I have tried to accomplish the impossible. The time was not ripe. Now, if I could sell . . ."

"Eloise would be rich—rich," he told himself later, "if I could only sell. But who will buy a hole in the ground?" Time passed, and to live he placed a mortgage on his home; but he kept these things to himself. He did not neglect his opportunities to sell. When the N. J., N. Y. & N. E. talked tunnel to the people of the State, he had sought the railroad out and offered his to them. But they didn't want it; it was too far away.

"But mine is half-way through," he kept telling them; "and besides," he added, for his wits, poor man, had been sharpened by adversity, "the Interstate & Tri-State may want to buy me out."

The N. J., N. Y. & N. E. laughed. "The Interstate 'll never want a tunnel," they told him, "don't you fear. They're too old-fashioned over there."

And then, suddenly . . . in the midst of it all, he had come home gasping, laughing, almost shouting aloud with glee.

"Eloise," he called, "the Interstate sent for me today. . . . They want a tunnel. They want mine. They'll buy it as it is, and they'll complete it. Don't you see?"

Eloise was possessed of a womanly spirit of contrariness. In his discouragement, Eloise had cheered her father. Now, in his hopefulness, she had her doubts. "How do you know they'll buy?" she asked.

He nodded briskly. "A million dollars—think of it," he said; "they'll buy; of course they'll buy."

He little knew. He little knew that Beardsley, the engineer, and Peter D., the president of the Interstate,



sat in a private office until late that very evening, with their heads together.

"A million dollars," laughed old Peter D. "The fool!"

"Well, you see," said Beardsley, in extenuation of the folly of Terwilliger, "it's worth it, what with the franchise, and the right of way, and everything."

"Of course it's worth it," answered old Peter D.; "it's worth two or three to us. But when we can get it for a hundred thousand or even fifty, by a mere turn of the hand, what's the use of buying?" He fumbled for a moment with some papers on his desk. "I wonder," he went on, "if the Legislature . . ."

"Suppose," interrupted Beardsley, the engineer—"suppose we send for Steele."

Feverishly the old president seized a telephone and called up Steele, for Steele was ever at the beck and call of the Interstate & Tri-State; the right-hand man, the silent partner in its every public enterprise.

He came, the Hon. Warner Steele. He was a big man in a frock coat and top hat. He was smooth-shaven. He had a big chin, a pale face, and a wonderful eye; and he smoked a big cigar. Politics and policy were indelibly stamped upon him. Steele was a lawyer. For the first few years of his career he had made his way by the sheer force of his eloquence. There was a wonderful witchery in his voice and manner; there were wonderful sweeps and tosses of his big hands; wonderful leers and twinkles in his eyes, that no jury or other body of mere men had been able to withstand. Eloquence and nothing else had, at the start, made Steele a man of mark. Even now people said that he was a fool for not improving his opportunity; that he could go to Congress if he would; possibly to the United States Senate. But Steele would shake his massive head. For he had grappled unto his soul with hoops of steel a soulless corporation; he was the well-paid servant of the Interstate Railroad; and he stayed in the Assembly of the commonwealth, where the Interstate needed him, and did not go to Congress, where they did not need him. For years he had been his party leader in the House of Assembly; for years he had swung the House about his little finger in the interests of the Interstate.

He came, and he and old Peter D. and Beardsley put their heads together and talked in low tones for some three-quarters of an hour.

"You—understand?" at last said old Peter D.

"I understand," returned Steele. He lighted a fresh cigar. "The Senate and the Governor are all O. K.," he went on. "But, hang it all, just this year, on account of this blamed racetrack business, the House is close-blamed close. Gimme a piece of paper." He figured for five minutes. "I can just do it," he said finally; "but I've only got a margin of one man."

Peter D. jumped. "By George!" said old Peter D., "and that one man is my son."

Steele laughed. "Lucky thing," he exclaimed, "that young Peter D. made up his mind to enter politics last fall. That one man," he repeated absently, "is your son."

Beardsley, alive to the situation, tapped Steele nervously upon the arm. "What about Assemblymen Jones, Mackerley, and Adams from this district?" he asked.

Steele nodded easily. "They're all right," he answered. He turned to the president. "You know they're all right," he went on. "Of course, they're not men that you nor I nor anybody else could touch; nobody's got a string on them; but, by George! they've voted for every Interstate measure that's been introduced. They're progressive men, and they believe in railroads, and they'll vote right, I'm sure. I never even had to speak to 'em about it."

"You'd better see them," returned old Peter D.

"Oh, I'll see them," answered Steele, "and get 'em to pledge their votes. But I can't do more with them."

They're stiff as poker, those three chaps. They'll come to time, don't fear. Jones, Mackerley, and Adams are all right."

"With Jones, Mackerley, and Adams—and my son," returned the president, "you think you can pull through?"

"I can just pull through," returned the politician.

"Why, then," said Peter D., "it's done."

It was a month later that Tunnel Terwilliger stepped into the presence of his daughter, and sank into a chair, discouragement and despair written on his features.

"Eloise," he cried, with a wail of distress in his voice, "the Interstate has done me—brown."

"I was afraid . . ." she began. But he stopped her. He rose and paced the long, old-fashioned room. "They said they were going to buy," he continued; "they came in and looked around. I know why they did it. I've got the only tunnel—the only one that's started here. They wanted to see; they wanted a pattern; they wanted to know *how*. They didn't want to buy. They wanted a tunnel of their own; they're going to get a tunnel of their own; they're going to leave me alone, and pass me by. And I gave them figures, facts—everything."

Terwilliger, in his innocence, had given them all the information; almost all the learning (that he had). For, after all, he was an engineer and not a business man. But still he was wrong. He thought, and the Interstate intended him to think, that the Interstate would dig its own tunnel in its own way. He did not know that Beardsley, the engineer, had whispered to old Peter D. that it was the Terwilliger tunnel that they *must* have.

"That fellow Terwilliger knows *how*," Beardsley had said; "he's got the right idea. He knows how to build a tunnel."

Terwilliger turned to his daughter. "What do you think," he said, "the Interstate is going to get a bill through the Legislature—one of those general laws that mean nothing on their face, and everything between the lines—a bill to revoke my franchise for non-user; a bill granting a franchise to them, for a tunnel of their own. I've seen the draft; Willoughby, of the House, has told me all about it. . . . I don't know what to do. . . . I've got no influence, Eloise. If I only had a little influence . . . or something. I don't know what . . . to do."

Three weeks later he burst in upon her, waving a newspaper in his hand.

"That bill, Eloise," he told her, "bill No. 185—Assembly bill—comes up on Thursday. We must go down, you and I—down to the State capital. I've got to be there. I've—I've got to see, you know. I must do what I can do. Thursday. We must start to-morrow. I want three days at least."

They went. Eloise was glad to go. Poor as they were, Eloise occupied her own modest pedestal in the social world. She had friends aplenty in every city in the State. In the capital, there were the Wilkes, and the Bellinghams, and the Trents, and the Cadwaladers waiting with open arms to welcome her—she was glad to go. She did not know that it was taking every dollar of her father's ready cash to make the trip; there were things that he was keeping to himself. He knew that he must be there when that bill came up; and as for Eloise—she must be there too.

"To hold my hand," he said to her, laughing forlornly as he said it. "We must always stick together, Eloise," he said.

Down in the Interstate office, Steele was shaking hands with old Peter D., the president.

"I've seen 'em all," said Steele, "and it's O. K. I've seen Mackerley, Adams, and Jones, our county men here, and they tell me they've looked into it, that it *looks* all right, and that I can have their votes. I've seen everybody else," he added, "except—your son."

Old Peter D. laughed. "My son," he answered, "I'm quite sure will—vote *right*. I can answer for my son."

Beardsley, the engineer, smote the desk with his hand. "By George!" he said, "inside of three days the Terwilliger Tunnel Corporation will be a thing without a franchise, without a right of way, without anything but a name; and the Interstate can walk into that tunnel and push it through. The N. J., N. Y., & N. E.," he added, "haven't even scraped the top soil from their own. By George!"

Thursday came, and with it much overgirdling of the loins. Terwilliger had made a fight—the independent press had backed him up. Bill No. 185, innocent in its terms, *was* on its face, was nothing but a corporate grab under the guise of a general and beneficial act. But the corporation newspapers had justified it because it was a move in the march of progress.



Terwilliger, listening in the gallery, despaired

The Hon. Warner Steele was there—there with a smile of triumph on his face. It was one o'clock and every man was there, each in his place—save one.

"That one," commented Steele to himself, "is sure to be here. So we'll start right in."

He nodded imperceptibly to Assemblyman Lamback, of Monroe. That gentleman rose with the draft within his grasp of Assembly Bill No. 185.

"Mr. Speaker," he began. The ball had started rolling. There was a rustle on the gallery. And in the gallery a man with a gray face leaned forward, with his hand behind his ear. It was Tunnel Terwilliger, there to hear the words that meant his doom.

Occasionally the Hon. Warner Steele would glance over at the empty desk of the man who had not come.

"He's the one that's *sure* to come," he said.

Before Thursday comes Wednesday. Before Thursday

day afternoon comes Wednesday night. On Wednesday night was the Assembly ball. Young Wentworth was an Assemblyman. He attended the Assembly, not because of that fact, for the ball had no connection with the legislative halls. But he attended the Assembly ball because he was young, and gay, and social, and good-natured, and—because he had a card of admission, a thing somewhat hard to get. Wentworth had ever had longings for society, but at frequent intervals he had found obstacles in the way. Unlike the Cadwaladers and others of that ilk, the Wentworths lacked ancestry. And besides, Wentworth was not at home in the State capital; his crowd lived in the northern portion of the commonwealth. However, there was Wentworth at the Assembly, and it was his purpose to enjoy himself. He was a bit susceptible, was Wentworth; and he did not at all like the idea of being snubbed—and it was just his good luck to find at the Assembly that night a stunning girl of twenty.

"A perfect beauty," he told himself, "and as congenial as they make 'em."

He had noted that her gown had been worn before; that there was not the same air of aristocratic prosperity about the girl that characterized most of the women in the room; but he noted also that this girl could wear anything and look well; that in this instance art could not improve on nature. Unconsciously, too, he was glad of her slight disadvantage in apparel, for young Wentworth possessed a very bad habit that had made him unpopular. He liked to patronize people just a bit. He monopolized this girl.

Young Cadwalader, who watched him from across the room, smiled to himself. He nudged a companion.

"Look at the Assemblyman from Norfolk County," he said, "doing the genteel to Eloise Terwilliger. She'll trim him all right, I'll wager."

But Eloise Terwilliger did not trim young Wentworth. She made herself agreeable—so very agreeable that young Wentworth found that he was being patronized by her and not she by him. By twelve o'clock at night he found himself making all sorts of engagements with her—theatre parties, lunches—everything. The first of these consisted of an automobile ride at ten o'clock next day.

"Morning's better," he told her, "much better—and besides, I've got to sit at the Assembly at one o'clock to-morrow. Where can I find you—ten o'clock to-morrow?"

She told him—411 West End Avenue. Next morning at ten sharp young Wentworth, in young Wentworth's yellow car—long as a house, big as a house—drew up in front of 411 West End Avenue. He did not know that he was being watched by two or three young women from behind the curtains at No. 411. He strode up the steps and pressed the button, and then—an astounding fact confronted him. This house was the Cadwaladers'.

"Dear me," he said to Miss Eloise Terwilliger, as they sped along West End Avenue three minutes later, "I didn't know. I ought to have called first—or—or something. Or asked them to join us. I didn't know, you know."

Miss Eloise merely smiled. "It is all right," she said. She glanced complacently over the big machine and her eyes twinkled.

"Where did you hire it?" she inquired.

He looked up with Wentworth indignation in his eyes.

"Not your own?" she insisted; "you—you must be—rich."

Wentworth grunted. "Now," he said, "you're guyin' me. It isn't right."

"It isn't mine," he told her finally; "it's my father's. But he won't use it. He prefers his car."

"His car," she mused. "Has he another?"

Wentworth shook his head. "His private car," he answered.

They were far out in the country by this time, breathing in the clear, snappy air, that hurled itself against their faces. It felt good after the late night they had had before.

An imperceptible smile flickered about the corners of the mouth of Miss Eloise Terwilliger.

"Mr. Wentworth," she said, "casually, you men—"



"I must get back in time," he said



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tioned your father's private car. Tell me, you are not the son of Peter D. Wentworth, are you?" She had known it all the time.

Wentworth flushed with pleasure. "Didn't you know that?" he asked.

"The—the railroad man?" inquired Miss Eloise.

"Of course."

"Dear me!" murmured Miss Terwilliger, "dear me!"

Assemblyman Wentworth took out his watch. "Eleven o'clock," he said, "we're going out by the long way. We'll have a bit of lunch at Hillcrest, and then back by the short way. I've got to vote at one o'clock. We'll have plenty of time to do it all."

"Plenty," murmured his fair companion.

Wentworth was proud of the ease and skill with which he handled this big machine; in the presence of the girl he grew carelessly confident. He looked before him—there was a clear stretch of straight road from there on to infinity. With a sudden movement he turned on all his power and the big machine fairly leaped into a racing stride. For a moment neither spoke. Then something happened. A hind wheel struck a stone and the machine skidded along on two wheels for rods, lurching hastily and heavily to one side. It scared Wentworth; it may have scared the girl. She looked hastily about; there was not a house in sight—nothing but level landscape. She placed a hand upon the arm of Wentworth.

"Stop," she cried firmly in his ear. He stopped the machine with a jerk.

"What for?" he demanded.

"What for?" reiterated the girl. "I'm going to get out. That was dreadful—back there. We might have both been killed." She was as good as her word. She alighted, crossed to a low stone fence and sat down upon it.

"Now," she asserted, "I feel—safe."

Finally, Wentworth became restive. "But we must go on," he insisted. Firmly she shook her head.

"Never in that machine," she answered.

"What about—lunch?" remarked he.

"I don't want any," answered the girl. There was another silence.

"If we'd stopped anywhere but here," said he, "it would have been all right. Seven miles further on there's a crossroads. I could get a rig." He looked up and down the road. There was no sign of life anywhere. "If we were anywhere but—here," he repeated. Hastily he drew forth his watch. "I must get back in time," he said.

It was half-past three in the afternoon when Miss Terwilliger finally consented to enter the machine again. Her consent was accompanied with a proviso—they must creep back into town at a snail's pace.

On the way back a sudden light broke in upon Peter D. Wentworth, Jr., Assemblyman. He turned to Miss Eloise Terwilliger in the seat behind, out of the way of danger.

"Look here," he cried, with a bit of sharpness in his voice, "you—you're not—not related in any way to Terwilliger, are you—Tunnel Terwilliger? Look here."

Miss Terwilliger's face broke into a smile. "I am—his daughter," she responded sweetly.

Wentworth did not say another word. With a savage jerk he pulled the throttle open. The yellow car sprang into the air and came down on all fours—it was speeding to the limit.

For one instant only Wentworth turned his head toward the girl.

"We are—creeping into town," he roared. They ate up the long miles like fire.

It had been the idea of the Hon. Warner Steele to have Lambback of Norfolk move the bill as briefly as possible; have it seconded, and then to rush it through. But the empty seat of young Peter D. Wentworth had disconcerted him. He knew well enough that if he rested his case before Wentworth came in the opposition would, without argument, demand a vote. He passed the word along to Lambback to make a speech upon the bill until further notice or until his time ran out. Lambback did it. He was followed by Withers. Withers was followed by three more supporters, each of whom used up all his time. But still Wentworth came not. Steele sent out for him, but he could not be found.

"He'll be here sure," Steele kept whispering to himself. At last Steele was forced to turn the issue over to the opposition—his corps of legislative speakers had been exhausted. The leader of the opposition rose and bent his glance upon the Speaker.

"Mr. Speaker," he began. He stopped. He had a bulky document in his hand, from which, apparently, he was about to hold forth. He laid it carefully upon his desk. "Mr. Speaker," he repeated gently, "I call for a vote upon the bill."

There was a storm of protest from the ranks of Steele's crowd—they knew they couldn't go to vote until young Wentworth came. Any deadlock or delay was dangerous, they knew; but Steele knew also that young Wentworth, the controlling voter, must be there. He saw that something must be done, and at once. The opposition leader had resumed his seat. The House was calling for the vote. The Hon. Warner Steele rose. "Mr. Speaker," he cried in thundering tones, "the time has not yet come to call for votes. It is my privilege to be heard upon the subject of this bill."

The leader of the opposition rose again. "Point of order," he exclaimed. "The gentleman has already exhausted more than his time allowance. He has spoken at length in favor of this bill."

It was a point well taken, and the Speaker was about to rule, when Steele held up his hand.

"The gentleman is right," he said deliberately, "when he alleges that my time allowance to address the chair in favor of the bill

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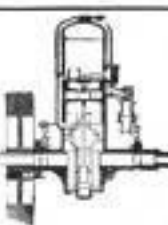
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has been exhausted, but the gentleman mistakes my present purpose." He paused, his body gently swaying to and fro; his hand raised in the air, his lips parted, his eyes looking squarely into the eyes of the Speaker at the desk.

"Mr. Speaker," continued the Hon. Warner Steele, "I desire to address the chair in opposition to the bill."

There was a sharp exclamation, a stir among the members, a confused murmur in the gallery. What did it mean?—Steele was going to speak against the bill.

And then, suddenly, everybody understood. It was a ruse to gain time. The supporters of the bill audibly snickered. The opposition leader leaped to his feet.

"This is a mere trick," he cried. Steele simply smiled. "I have the right," he answered, "to speak against the bill."

It was true—the rules of the House permitted it. The Speaker so determined and the opposition leader was crushed. Steele leaned down and whispered to his colleague, and the word was passed around. Steele was to speak against the bill until Wentworth came; every man must give his time to Steele to speak against the bill.

And Steele started in; and the crowd listened. Steele's was no rambling harangue. Steele never made a speech until he had prepared himself upon fact—he never talked at random. And he knew the facts of this matter, pro and con. He had made his reputation upon his methods in debate—he was a powerful antagonist because invariably he summed up fact by fact, drew the deadly parallel, opposed fact to fact; he never shirked or evaded the arguments of his antagonist. And now, in his unconcern, the habits of a lifetime were behind him. Knowing that the passage of this bill was cut and dried, he knew that it would make little difference what he said against it. He reviewed the history of tunnels, of franchises, of riparian rights—called to mind the Terwilliger franchise, and alleged that when the State granted the tunnel franchise to Terwilliger it entered into an eternal contract which it could not now revoke. He scored the Lamback bill No. 185; flayed it; smote it hip and thigh. An hour passed—and still Steele swayed and surged under the influence of his own eloquence; the gallery listened with wide open eyes; the House sat up and tried to think. At the reporters' tables the press men dashed off notes for dear life. Ever and anon the Speaker would rap with his gavel.

"Time's up," he would announce. But at that same instant some supporter of the bill would rise to yield up his time to the man who spoke against it.

In the midst of it all, the swinging doors opened and a man came in. It was young Wentworth, the missing Assemblyman, flushed and out of breath. Steele saw him out of the corner of his eye; knew that the bill was safe. But he gave no sign. In his exultation he could not forego the peroration which he had arranged logically in his mind. He kept on, adding argument to argument, climax to climax. Wentworth looked on, in amazement. Clearly he didn't understand it. And then, suddenly, in the very midst of his conclusion, Steele bent his glance upon young Wentworth.

"Where is the man," he cried, "that the world was waiting for?" Quick as a flash he turned and pointed to the gray face of Tunnel Terwilliger in the gallery. "There—there he sits," he thundered, "the pioneer; the man who saw when other men were blind; the man who worked when others slept; the man who led the advance guard of construction engineers within this State. There he sits—Terwilliger, martyr, victim—the man whose life and life-blood are in the tunnel underneath the Stream."

He sat down. The gallery broke into a salvo of applause. The House followed suit.

And then the supporters of the bill doubled up with silent laughter. Steele laughed in his sleeve. He hadn't meant a word of it, of course—he had merely done well what he had to do; had merely saved his cause until Wentworth had arrived.

No sooner was he seated than he rose again. "The vote—the vote," he cried. The House—both sides—took up the cry. If the opposition had any idea of continuing the debate, now that Wentworth had arrived, it abandoned it. No argument could have been effective, after the argument of Steele.

"The vote—the vote," they cried. Terwilliger, from his vantage point in the gallery, would have been angry had he not despaired. The life had gone out of him. He realized that he was a mere plaything of a powerful corporation, just as he had been the plaything of the Hon. Warner Steele. Indifferently he watched the vote. He knew how it was to go—and so did everybody else.

The clerk had methods of his own, to save time; he started in with the votes that he knew were adverse, and called them first. There were forty in all—the supporters of the bill therefore would stand forty-one. It was a mere matter of form, this calling of the roll; the clerk droned on through the list of the supporters of the bill, county by county. The response was continuous and uniform: "Ay . . . ay . . . ay."

"Steele," he called.

"Ay," answered Steele. A titter went round among the crowd.

"Wentworth."

"Ay." There was a laugh once more.

"Jones."

Assemblyman Jones of the River district rose from his seat, and towered toward the clerk. "No!" he exclaimed in positive tones. Steele was startled. "What!" he exclaimed.

"No!" reiterated Jones.

"Mackerley."

Mackerley answered "No."

"Adams."

The last of the River Assemblymen rose to his feet and yelled, "No! no! no!"

Then there was excitement. Steele sprang



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across the aisle and plucked Mackerley by the sleeve. The Assemblymen rose from their seats and crowded about the two. Up in the gallery the confusion was worse than ever.

Terwilliger found himself in the midst of a howling mob, shaking hands with everybody in a perfunctory way. Outside he heard shouts: "Hooray for Terwilliger!"

"What—what is it all about?" he asked. A friend rushed up and grabbed him by the arm. "Why, confound it, man," the friend yelled in his ear, "don't you know? The bill is lost. You've won. See?"

Terwilliger looked vaguely about him. "Where is Eloise?" he said, within himself: "I must get away from here and tell—Eloise."

Back in the Assembly, three members were facing an angry man. The three members were Jones, Adams, and Mackerley, the three River men who had voluntarily supported corporations in the past in a general way and railroads in particular.

"You pledged me those votes," yelled the Hon. Warner Steele; "what do you mean by going back on me?"

They shrugged their shoulders. "We pledged," they answered, "before we knew all the facts. We didn't know them all until . . . you told us—in your speech, this afternoon. Don't you see?"

Steele saw. And for the rest—it was wailing and gnashing of teeth. For once the eloquence of Steele had undone him. He was hoisted with his own petard.



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## Money in Poultry

Every year the public is surprised anew by the immense aggregate value of the poultry industry in America and every year more small poultry plants are established; not only on farms, but in village and town lots and even on the roofs of metropolitan buildings.

The Cyphers Incubator Co. have made a specialty of providing complete poultry outfits, including incubators, brooders, poultry houses and more than 100 other poultry appliances of approved style and tested value. For 1905 this Company has just issued one of the most elaborate and handsome trade catalogues ever printed. It contains 720 pages (half inches); more than 400 illustrations, including new portraits of many of the leading poultrymen of the world, together with descriptions of large and small poultry plants, and 6 special chapters written by poultry experts, covering the important phases of profitable poultry raising.

The Cyphers incubators and brooders for 1905 are greatly improved in many respects, especially in methods of ventilation, making them as nearly absolutely automatic as it is possible for a machine of any kind to be. In spite of these improvements, the superior facilities offered by the largest incubator manufactory in the world enable the Company to quote a lower price on their machines than ever before.

The Standard Cyphers Incubators won the highest awards at the St. Louis World's Fair, the judges pronouncing them "practically perfect incubators."

Several new machines are added to the Cyphers Co. line this year, including a special incubator "Boy's Choice" for \$4.50.

Every reader of Collier's who has a plot of ground with a strip of sky above it will be interested in the Cyphers catalogue. Send for it, addressing the nearest office and mentioning Collier's, Cyphers Incubator Company, Buffalo, New York City, Boston, Kansas City, Chicago or San Francisco.

It was the next evening that young Wentworth, up at the Cadwaladers, held out his hand to Miss Eloise Terwilliger.

"I want to apologize," he said, "for the beastly way I brought you into town yesterday. I had to get back. I couldn't help it. But I—I'm afraid that I was rough about it, and . . ."

"And," laughed Eloise—"and after all, it didn't do you any good." She stopped and her face sobered. "I owe you an apology, too," she went on, "for the damage that I did in keeping you away. I ought to be ashamed of myself."

"But," he persisted, "you—you didn't keep me away, don't you see? I reached there, after all, in time to vote."

Eloise tossed her head. "You have forgotten just why Warner Steele began his famous speech," she answered; "the empty chair, and . . . it is for that that I apologize."

He held out his hand again. "We are quits, I hope," he said.

She nodded. Young Wentworth flushed. "Miss Terwilliger," he said, "after we have bought your father's tunnel at his own price—after that, I hope that I may come to see you in your home in Old Monroe."

Miss Eloise Terwilliger flushed in turn. She was unconsciously glad that Wentworth had said this thing. For behind his rawness, his vanity, and his clumsiness, he was a man, was Wentworth; and she had come to realize it when, on the day before, he had jerked his lever, and propelled his car madly toward the hall where duty lay. She bowed assent, and then she smiled again.

"I never enjoyed a drive so much," she said, "as I did the one you gave me—on the way back home. What I like is speed."

## Many Minds and One Canal

(Continued from page 15)

The rest, except the Culebra cut itself, is soft material. Even for a canal with locks, it will take longer to make the Culebra cut than to make the rest of the excavation and construct dams, locks, and spillways. Therefore, according to one source of information, it is not a loss of time if work is presently confined to the Culebra cut for two years. According to another source, there is no use of employing a larger force until it is known whether or not we are to have a ninety-foot, a sixty-foot, or a sea-level canal.

The Commission is still mainly occupied with an investigation of conditions which must be fully known before they can concentrate on a definite plan of execution. Any tyro who crosses the Isthmus can comprehend that the engineering problem of the canal is the Chagres River, which either must be made to serve us as a water supply for a lock canal or must be safely diverted for a sea-level canal. The French company collected enough data about the Chagres to fill a safe, the first Walker Commission enough to fill another, and the present Commission is collecting more. This gentle tropical stream has been known to rise twenty-three feet in six hours. Its possible discharge is 136,000 cubic feet a second.

The first Walker Commission said, in speaking of the dams at Conchuda, on the Nicaragua route, and at Bohio, on the Panama, that "both were practicable." A year ago we were practically committed to the lock idea. The waters of the Chagres were to be confined in a lake on the tableland which would furnish anchorage for vessels and a point of passage. Further up the river there was to be a second dam, holding the overflow of the rainy season and supplying the lake in the dry season. The foremost engineer on the first Commission was George S. Morison, who has since died. We face the Bohio dam without his confidence and resource at our command, and in the light of new information.

A solid basis upon which to build a wall that will confine the Chagres is the first premise in any plan for a lock canal. The field parties of the first Commission in some places had only struck boulders when they thought that they had struck bed rock. At certain points it is known that bed rock is at

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## A FELLOW FEELING

Why She Felt Lenient Towards the Drunkard

A great deal depends on the point of view. A good temperance woman was led, in a very peculiar way, to revise her somewhat harsh judgment of the poor devil who cannot resist his cups and she is now the more charitable. She writes:

"For many years I was a great sufferer from asthma. Finally my health got so poor that I found I could not lie down, but walked the floor whilst others slept. I got so nervous I could not rest anywhere.

"Specialists told me I must give up the use of coffee—the main thing that I always thought gave me some relief. I consulted our family physician, and he, being a coffee fiend himself, told me to pay no attention to their advice. Coffee had such a charm for me that in passing a restaurant and getting a whiff of the fragrance I could not resist a cup. I felt very lenient towards the drunkard who could not pass the saloon. Friends often urged me to try Postum, but I turned a deaf ear, saying, 'That may do for people to whom coffee is harmful, but not for me—coffee and I will never part.'

"At last, however, I bought a package of Postum, although I was sure I could not drink it. I prepared it as directed, and served it for breakfast. Well, bitter as I was against it, I must say that never before had I tasted a more delicious cup of coffee! From that day to this (more than 2 years) I have never had a desire for the old coffee. My health soon returned; the asthma disappeared, I began to sleep well and in a short time I gained 20 pounds in weight.

"One day I handed my physician the tablets he had prescribed for me, telling him I had no use for them. He stayed for dinner. When I passed him his coffee cup he remarked 'I am glad to see you were sensible enough not to let yourself be persuaded that coffee was harmful. This is the best cup of coffee I ever drank,' he continued; 'the trouble is so few people know how to make good coffee.' When he got his second cup I told him he was drinking Postum. He was incredulous, but I convinced him, and now he uses nothing but Postum in his home and has greatly improved in health." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

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a depth of 163 feet, deeper than a core has ever been sunk before. And Morison is dead. With final investigations yet incomplete, we know enough to realize the seriousness of the situation to an engineer when the nation is depending entirely upon his judgment. The dam seems feasible—but—but if it should break one day there would be a disaster whose magnitude and consequences surpass the imagination. Therefore, if the Commission finally recommends the sea-level plan we may not be surprised.

A sea-level canal will take twenty years to build and will cost about \$250,000,000, or \$100,000,000 more than a lock canal. The expense of maintenance would be less; the time of a ship's passage shorter. If we take up with the sea-level plan the fickle Chagres will be responsible for our change of mind. Yet we find the first Walker Commission saying: "In case of a canal with locks, the problem of controlling the floods (of the Chagres) is much simplified." Then it was thought that (for a sea-level canal) the only thing was to make the canal channel large enough to receive the Chagres.

#### To Change a River's Course

Now it is thought practicable to build a dam higher up the river at Gamboa and send the Chagres through a five-mile tunnel to the Pacific instead of the Atlantic. Everything is, as yet, tentative. The borings are not finished. Though a year has elapsed, we are further from a definite idea than we were when we started. The French went ahead with scant information and had to change their plans, as a result. If there is any one thing in which the Commission is of one mind it is to avoid the errors of the French.

Mr. John F. Wallace is the executive—the "boss"—engineer. Since his appointment he has been almost constantly on the Isthmus. To him is the task, if not the problem. To him the United States says: "There is the rock, the shale, the swamp. Here are your plans and your tools. Do the work as cheaply, as rapidly, as thoroughly as you can." Mr. Wallace grew up under the practical conditions of railroad life in which he was given authority and held responsible for results. A many-minded commission is a new experience.

When he arrived at the Isthmus he found the wreckage of the old French company and three or four hundred negroes working stoically on that gigantic Culebra cut, and seeming to make as much progress as an ant removing the Western corn crop. He increased the number of laborers; he improved the system of working. Out of the equipment of the old company he had to select what was still serviceable from what was useless, either because of rust and decay or because later improvements had made it antiquated. Following the line of excavation, you will see a smokestack or the top of a crane protruding from a growth of jungle. Even these must be examined. Out of the parts of many launches and tugs which the company had on the excavated reaches of the canal, Mr. Wallace has constructed some whole ones. The French machine shop was better than expected and is now in working order. Storehouses and sidings for dump cars have been built, and in many directions the way has been prepared for general activity. Meanwhile, any supplies that he calls for must be confirmed by the Commission, which is six days distant.

The sanitation of the Isthmus has not proceeded as rapidly as many think that it should. Panama remains pestilential. Its unpaved street surfaces still hold the sewage of the town. The new water works system is proceeding apace; but it seems reasonable that the sewage pipes should be laid at the same time. Certainly there is no danger of overhaste when a commission of seven members are determined not to hurry. As chairman of the Commission, Admiral Walker is virtually in the position of the deciding voice in engineering as well as in all other matters. Some men of action who have been on the Isthmus will tell you that the meaning of the word "consulting" has been brought home to them in a manner that certainly will never call for a dictionary definition on their part.

#### The Work of the Commission

The Commission has organized itself into committees for attention to different subjects, which must, in turn, submit their reports to the whole. In fact, any seven men who set out to do any piece of executive work will soon become a parliamentary body. The Commission's report is most carefully written; it leaves out no detail. As a whole, the Commission must always have in mind the wicked waste, the mismanagement, and the corruption of the old French company. Individually, each member has decided opinions and feels a sense of responsibility.

It is no secret that there have been many disagreements, and the position of the chairman has been more often diplomatic than executive. No one charges unscrupulousness; some hint at misplaced confidence. But many cooks always have and always will spoil the broth. If any one of the engineers of the Commission had been given full executive power, we might have accomplished more even in the early stages of preparation. With the greatest public work in history to build, the Government finds itself hampered by its inability to command the best talent. We may demand only half work out of seven men whom we are paying ten thousand dollars a year apiece. Such are the numbers and the salaries that Congress set. The public, which is content with River and Harbor Bill excesses, is startled at the suggestion of a high salary for a public servant. The President of the richest nation in the world finds himself unable, simply because of a monetary bugaboo, to command for the work of the Government the best administrative ability in the Government. A great

## How to Wash Clothes in Six Minutes

**H**ERE'S a Washing Machine that almost works itself. The tub spins half way around, like a top.

There's a pivot in center of Tub bottom. And there is a groove, around the pivot. In this groove, or track, there are ball bearings, like in a Bicycle wheel.

These Bicycle Bearings are little steel balls the size of small marbles. They roll in the track when the tub spins around on top of them.

All the weight of the Tub, and of the Clothes rests on these rolling balls.

That's why the Tub spins as easily when full of Clothes and water, as when it is empty.

So that a whole tub full of Clothes can be washed almost as easily and as quickly, with this machine, as a single garment could be washed.

How does it wash Clothes, you ask.

See the two Springs under the Tub? When you swing the Tub to the right (with handle at top) you stretch both these Springs, till the Tub goes half way around.

Then, the stretched Springs pull the Tub back from right with a bounce, and carry it almost half way around on the left side. Then the springs bounce it back to the right side again.

A little help is needed from you each time. But the Springs, and the Ball Bearings, do nearly all of the hard work.

Now, if you look inside the Tub you'll see six flat paddles fastened to its bottom.

Fill the Tub half full of hot soapy water. Then spin it to the right. The six flat paddles make the water turn around with the Tub till the Springs stop the Tub from turning further to the right and bounce it back suddenly to the left.

But the water keeps on running to the right, though the Tub, and the clothes in it, are now turning to the left.

Thus, the swift driving of this soapy water through the clothes, at each half turn, washes the dirt out of the threads without any rubbing.

Mind you, without rubbing—which means without wearing, the clothes.

It's the rubbing on washboards, and on other Washing Machines, that wears out clothes quicker than hard use at hard labor.

That costs money for clothes, doesn't it?

And the everlasting rubbing is the hardest work in Washing, isn't it? Rubbing dirty clothes on a metal washboard with one's knuckles, over a tub of steaming hot water, is harder work, and more dangerous to health, than digging Coal deep down in a mine.

Well, the "1900 Washer" cuts out all the slavery of Washing, and half the expense.

It will wash a whole tub full of dirty clothes in Six Minutes. It will wash them cleaner in Six Minutes than they could be washed by hand in Twenty minutes. And it won't wear the clothes, nor break a button, nor fray even a thread of lace.

Because Running Water can't wear the clothes, nor break buttons, nor tear buttonholes. And, it is the hot, soapy water swiftly running through the clothes that takes all the dirt out of them in Six little minutes.

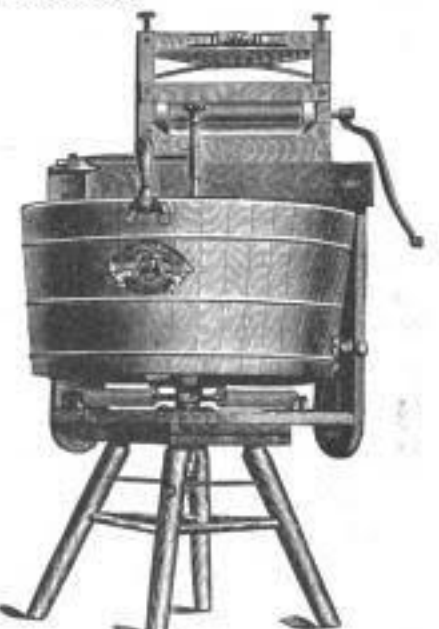
A child can wash a tub full of dirty clothes in half the time you could do it yourself—with half the work.

Think what that half-time is worth to you every week for Ten years!

It is worth 50 cents a week to you. That is \$26.00 a year, or \$260.00 saved in 10 years.

And, a "1900 Washer" lasts 10 years.

Well,—pay us the 50 cents a week our "1900 Washer" will save you, for a few months only. Then you will own a "1900 Washer" that will last 10 years, without any cost to you. But don't pay us a cent till you have tested the "1900 Washer" for a full month, at our expense. We will ship it to you free, on a month's trial, and leave the test to you. And we will pay the freight both ways, out of our own pockets. That shows how sure we are that the "1900 Washer" will do all we promise.



If you don't find it does better washing, in half the time, than you can wash by hand, send it back to us. If you don't find it saves more than half the wear on clothes, send it back to us. If you don't find it washes clothes as easily as you could rock a cradle, or run a sewing machine, send it back to us. If it won't wash dirty clothes in six minutes, send it back to us.

Remember, we will pay the freight both ways out of our own pockets. You don't even say you'll buy it, till you have used it a full month, and know all about it. Isn't that a pretty straightforward offer, between strangers?

How could we profit by that offer unless our "1900 Washer" would do all we say it will?

Don't slave over the wash-tub any more. Don't pay a washerwoman for eight hours a week when she can do the work far better, with less wear on the clothes, in four hours, with a "1900 Washer."

The 4 hours a week less labor thus saves you 60 cents a week for Washerwoman's Wages.

Pay us 50 cents a week out of that 60 cents our Washer saves you, if you decide to keep it, after a month's trial. Then you own the Washer.

Write us today, if you want a month's free use of the quickest "Washer" in the world.

Address R. F. Bieher, Treasurer "1900 Washer Co.," Box 103, Binghamton, N. Y.

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# \$20 to \$35 and Expenses Weekly NO EXPERIENCE REQUIRED \$1000 to \$1500 Annual Income

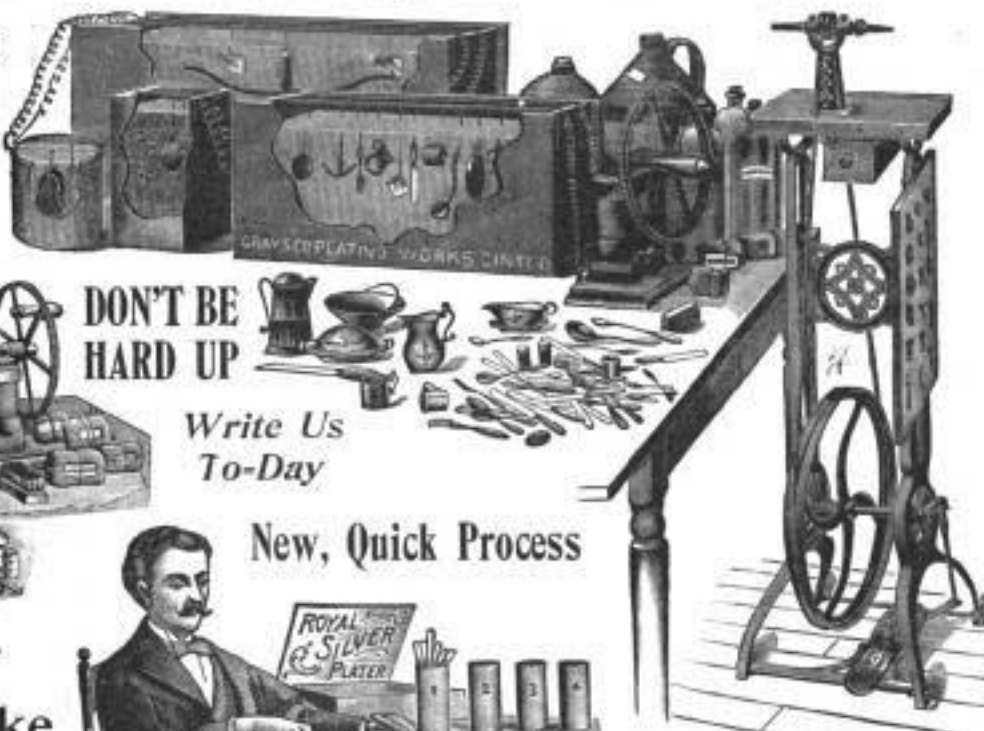
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## No Humbug, Fake or Toy Proposition

An Honest, Legitimate Enterprise,  
Backed By An Old, Reliable, Re-  
sponsible Firm, Capital \$100,000.

### What Is the Use of Your Slaving Longer for Some One Else

Why not start a business for yourself, reap all the profits and get a standing in your locality?

If you are in some one's employ, remember he will not continue to pay you a salary only so long as he can make profit out of your labor.

In this era every bright man and woman is looking to own a business, to employ help, and to make money.

It is just as easy to make money for yourself as it is to coin money for some grasping employer, who pays you a small salary each week.

If you are making less than \$30 weekly it will pay you to read this announcement, for it will not appear again in this paper.

If you read it and take advantage of the opportunity offered, you will never regret it. To own a business yourself is certainly your ambition.

We start you in a profitable business. Teach you absolutely free how to conduct it.

To show you what others have done, we quote the expressions of a few who have made money in the nickel, gold, silver and metal plating business:

"MR. REED MADE \$88.16 THE FIRST 3 DAYS." Mr. Cox writes: "Get all I can do. Elegant business. Customers happy." Dave Crawford writes: "The first week I had my outfit I made \$42.75." E. D. Waterbury writes: "Am 60 years old. Just completed job 1500 pieces tableware. I clear about \$6.00 a day profit."

Gentlemen and ladies positively make \$5 to \$25 a day at home or traveling, taking orders, using, selling and appointing agents for PROF. GRAY'S Latest Improved, Guaranteed Plating Machines and Outfits. NO FAKE OR TOYS, but genuine, practical, complete, scientific outfits for doing the finest of plating on WATCHES, JEWELRY, KNIVES, FORKS, SPOONS, CASTORS, TABLEWARE OF ALL KINDS, BICYCLES, SEWING MACHINES, SWORDS, REVOLVERS, HARNESS AND BUGGY TRIMMINGS, metal specialties; in fact all kinds of metal goods. HEAVY THICK PLATE EVERY TIME. GUARANTEED TO WEAR FOR YEARS. No experience necessary.

There is really a wonderful demand for replating. You can do business at nearly every house, store, office or factory. Almost every family has from \$2 to \$10 worth of tableware to be plated, besides watches, jewelry, bicycles, etc.

Every boarding house, hotel, restaurant, college or public institution has from \$5 to \$75 worth of work to be plated. Every jeweler, repair or bicycle shop, every dentist, doctor and surgeon, every man, woman and child you meet has either a watch, some jewelry, bicycles, instruments, or some articles needing plating.

Besides the above there are hundreds of patentees and manufacturers of metal goods, bicycles, sewing machines and typewriter repair shops who want their goods plated, or to whom you can sell a plating outfit, furnishing them supplies for doing their own plating.

Retail Stores who handle hardware, harness, tableware and plated or metal goods all need a plating and polishing outfit for refinishing goods that become worn, soiled, rusty or tarnished.

Every Undertaker requires a plating outfit for repairing and finishing coffin and hearse trimmings which are soiled, tarnished or worn.

Manufacturers are making and selling tons of new tableware, jewelry, bicycles and various kinds of metal goods every month which has only a very thin plate, which, in a few weeks, wears off, making the goods unsightly, unfit for future use unless plated.

Manufacturers of new goods do not replating on old goods whatever, but try to force the public to throw away the old and buy new at high prices, but this only makes the plating business better.

The more new thinly plated goods sold the greater will be the demand for plating. Plate some articles for your friends and neighbors by Professor Gray's Process, and it quickly proves to them its genuineness and merit and that your plating is much thicker, will wear better and longer.



Factory and Warehouse of Gray & Co., Cincinnati, Ohio. Capital \$100,000. Employ 200 to 300 people daily.

than a large percentage of the new goods. Your trade is then established, and within a short time you will have all the goods you can plate.

Plate a few articles for your friends, call a few weeks, a few months, or five years later, and you will find the plate satisfactory, and they will give you every article they have needing to be plated.

When you deliver the goods plated to customers they will be well pleased, in fact, delighted with the work, will pay for it promptly, and you will be given on an average twice as much work to be plated as they gave you the first time you called.

### You Can Do Plating So Cheap

that every person can afford to have their goods plated.

No tidy housekeeper will allow worn and rusty tableware to go before a guest when it can be restored and made equal to new.

No person will wear jewelry or a watch, or ride a bicycle, or use a typewriter, sewing machine, or any machine made of metal from which the plate is worn off when they see samples of your work and hear your prices. People in this day and generation are too sensible and economical to throw away their old goods and buy new when they can have their old goods replated for so small a cost, making them, in many cases, better than when new.

The best part of the plating business is that it increases fast and is permanent.

Put out your sign, secure your outfit, do a little work, and quickly you will be favored with orders. If you do not wish to do the plating yourself you can hire boys for \$3 or \$4 a week to do the work the same as we do, and solicitors to gather up goods to be plated on commission.

It is not hard work, but is pleasant, and especially so when your business is netting you \$20 to \$35 a week for 5 or 6 hours' work a day.

This is only a minimum income which may be earned by any one who is not large hustlers should make \$100 weekly.

### Tremendous Profits

The profits realized from plating are tremendous. To plate a set of teaspoons requires only about 3c. worth of metal and chemicals; a set of knives, forks or tablespoons about 3c. worth. The balance of the price received for the work is for the agent's time and profit.

Agents usually charge from 75c. to 50c. per set for plating teaspoons, from 50c. to 75c. for tablespoons and forks, and from 60c. to \$1.00 for knives.

We allow you to set your own price for plating. Get as much as you can. You will have no competition. You know what it costs to plate the goods, and all you get over cost is profit. Some agents charge much more than the above prices, while others do the work for half and still make plenty of money.

Let us start you in business for yourself at once, don't delay a single day. Be your own boss. Be a money maker. We do all kinds of plating ourselves, have had years of experience, and are headquarters for plating supplies. We manufacture our own dynamos and outfits, all sizes, and send them out complete, with all tools, lathes, wheels and materials; everything ready for use.

We teach you everything, furnish all receipts, formulas and trade secrets free, so that failure should be impossible, and any one who follows our directions and teachings can do fine plating with a little practice, and become a money maker.

### The Royal Silver Outfit

Prof. Gray's Famous Discovery

THE NEW DIPPING PROCESS is the latest, quickest, easiest method known. Tableware plated by simply dipping in melted metal, taken out instantly, with a fine, brilliant, beautiful plate deposited. All ready to deliver to customers. MAKES THICK PLATE EVERY TIME. GUARANTEED TO WEAR 5 to 10 YEARS. A BOY PLATES 100 to 300 pieces tableware daily, from \$10 to \$30 worth of work, profits almost 1000 per cent. Goods come out of plate finely finished. No polishing, grinding, or work necessary, neither before or after plating.

You will not need to canvass. Agents write they have all the goods they can plate. People bring it for miles around. You can hire boys cheap to do your plating, the same as we do, and solicitors to gather work for a small per cent. Put a small advertisement or two in your local paper and you will have all the plating you can do. The plating business is honest and legitimate. Plating on our machines gives perfect satisfaction. Wears for years; customers are always delighted and recommend you and your work.

We are an old established firm, have been in business for years, know exactly what is required, furnish complete outfits, the same as we ourselves use, and customers always have the benefit of our experience. We are responsible and guarantee everything. Reader, here is a chance of a lifetime to go in business for yourself. We start you. Now is the time to make money.

### FREE—Write Us To-Day

for our new plan and proposition; also valuable information how the plating is done. Sit down and write now, so we can start you without delay. If you wish to see a sample of plating by our Outfits, send 3c. postage. Send your address anyway.

corporation lawyer easily makes a hundred thousand a year. We pay the Attorney-General, who faces a dozen such men before the Supreme Court in a Northern Securities case, or who drafts a railroad rates bill, eight thousand a year. It is a maxim of our country that the great men of the professions are not men of fortune. They have been poor boys who advanced themselves by merit. How often in this Administration and others the Presidential request when the office sought the man has been met with the answer: "I can't afford it. I've to make a competence for my family."

The engineers who go to Panama must devote the best part of their lives to a task in a tropical climate. Patriotism and the honor count for much. But for economical if no other reasons, money should not stand in the way of securing the best talent. If we have to excavate 260,000,000 cubic yards of earth for a sea-level canal, the saving of one cent a yard by organization would mean a pretty good-sized salary. The saving of fifteen or twenty cents is the difference between good and bad management. One engineering mistake might cost us millions. At all events, three working commissioners at \$20,000 a year apiece are cheaper than seven at \$50,000 a year.

When we have reached the point where our engineering plans are definite, authority must be centralized. There must be the executive engineer and the consulting engineers, and over them a power that will see that they pull together. Technical discussion in Congress will only arrest the work of the spade. There must be one mind and undivided responsibility. Acumen must go with scrupulousness; for the pack is ever hungry and ever keen. The expenditure of hundreds of millions of dollars is not a morsel. It has the possibility of a banquet whose orgies we saw at their worst under De Lesseps. The country has confidence in the rugged honesty of the President. Put the power of selecting his own number of engineers and the power to pay them well in his hands. To him and to the men he chooses the full responsibility for this gigantic task and honor will be due accordingly as honor is earned.

## NOTES OF PROGRESS IN SCIENCE AND INVENTION

### The Sham Death of Spiders

AN investigation has been carried out by an Australian scientist on the phenomenon of the sham death of spiders. Certain of the spiders, when their web is jarred or torn, always pull their legs up under them and feign death. In this rigid condition they are readily overlooked and many times escape destruction on this account. A study of the behavior of these animals after the removal of certain portions of their nervous systems shows that the action is a reflex one. That is to say, the spider assumes the immobile condition, not as the result of any intelligent action of an animal seeking to save itself, but as the result of the nature of its nervous system. The act is performed after the spider is decapitated. We must believe, therefore, that this trick is not the result of intelligence, but is carried out because the animal is built that way and can not help himself. This, of course, may have absolutely no bearing on the "playing possum" of the higher animals, their action may be due to an intelligent volition.

### A New Process of Butter Making

A COMMITTEE of the Franklin Institute of Philadelphia has just made public its report on the Taylor process for butter making. It is recommended that Mr. Taylor receive the John Scott Medal and Premium in recognition of the value of his invention. In this new process sweet cream is poured into shallow pans the bottoms of which are covered with absorbent pads. The pads are composed of heavy white blotting paper supported on Turkish toweling or some similar material, and absorb from the cream nearly all of its constituents except the fat. The cream fat remains as a layer on the surface of the pads and after several hours' standing may be rolled off. In this condition the product contains rather too much water and milk proteins; on this account, and because of the absence of salt, it does not keep very well. If, however, the separated butter fat be worked and salted in the same way as the ordinary churned product, the result is a very fine grade of butter.

The process has the advantage of cheapness, since the pads may be used over and over again, lasting, it is said, for six months of daily use. The labor of churning is avoided, and, on account of the use of fresh cream instead of that which has stood to ripen several days, the finished product keeps better than butter made in the ordinary way. The process has been patented in the United States, Canada, England, France, and Germany.

### Burnett's Vanilla Extract

is the best. The grocers know it. Insist on having Burnett's. It is for your food. Pure and wholesome.—Adc.

### The Youngest Baby

can readily digest and assimilate Borden's Eagle Brand Condensed Milk because the casein, which is in ordinary cow's milk, undergoes physical alteration in the process of condensation, which makes it digestible. It brings the result which every parent is looking for, viz., strong and healthy children.—Adc.

GRAY & CO., Plating Works, 666 Miami-Building, Cincinnati, Ohio



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To the Farthest Island in the Golden Caribbean via

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### A Free Book About Incubators

We issue the best book ever written on incubators—written by a man who has spent 23 years in perfecting them—by the man who made the Racine. It tells facts that you must know to get the right incubator. Don't buy without reading it, for the book is free. We pay the freight.

**RACINE HATCHER CO., Box 97, RACINE, WIS.**  
Warehouses: Buffalo, Kansas City, St. Paul



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WITH ANY POWER INSTALLED  
Cabin Work & Specialties. Motor 16 to 75 Feet  
IDS. & CATALOGUE

**The Matthews Boat Co.**  
BACON, OHIO

### Salesmen

Wanted for our Protection for Men and Women. \$1000 Policy pays \$5.00 a week with \$100 Emergency Benefit. Cost \$2.00 a year. Handsome black suit given free with each policy. Good salaries earning \$100 a week. Excellent side line. Write today for renewal contract with liberal commission.

**GERMAN REGISTRY CO., 213 N. Seventh, ST. LOUIS**



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**\$4.50** For a 30-Egg 164 Water, Self-regulating Incubator. Guaranteed to hatch every hatchable egg. \$3 for 50-chick brooder. Only \$7.50 for complete outfit. 30 days' trial. Send for FREE catalogue.

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SELF-LIGHTING POCKET LAMP  
Size of pencil, takes place kerosene lamps, candles and matches. Exclusive territory to Agents, rapid seller. Seeing's believing. Send stamp.

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Send us your address and we will show you how to earn \$3 a day absolutely sure; we furnish the work and teach you free, you work in the locality where you live. Send us your address and we will explain the business fully; remember we guarantee that you can earn \$3 for every day's work. Write at once.

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### STARK FRUIT BOOK

Shows in NATURAL COLORS and accurately describes 216 varieties of fruit. Send for our terms of distribution. We want more salesmen.—Stark Bros., Louisiana, Mo.

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Conducted by anyone, anywhere. Our plan for starting beginners is very successful; it covers every point. Write for it; send stamp. Address:

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ILLUSTRATORS AND CARTOONISTS EARN \$25 to \$150 a week. Send for free booklet. "Commercial Illustrating" tells how we teach illustrating by mail. 2,500 graduates. The National Press Association, 34 The Bldg., Indianapolis, Ind.

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on Household goods to or from Colorado, California, Washington and Oregon. Write Bekins Household Shipping Co., 67 1/2 Washington Street, Chicago.



### BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES

A reliable remedy for a Cough or Sore Throat. Recommended by physicians and druggists. Sold only in boxes. Avoid Imitations.

### UNIFORMS

For bands, schools, firemen, military, and all others. Send for catalog. Mention kind wanted.

**WESTERN UNIFORM CO., 228 Clark St., Chicago, Ill.**

## Our Imported Criminals

(Continued from page 16)

I have known of some dozens of cases where the habit has been contracted within the past few years by this process. A very capable young actor, a member of the order of Elks, contracted the habit in New York, and when he went on the road he had the slang and passwords which would get him opium in Chinese laundries everywhere. It was his habit to ask brother Elks to smoke with him, "just for the fun of it," in the towns where his company would make week stands. He might introduce them to the laundrymen. Now, opium takes hold very quickly. A little of it begets the desire for more. Just this past season I met this actor when he returned to New York. He is pale, bent, yellow-eyed. He confided that he had met many of the men who had smoked with him for two years ago, and at least ten of them had contracted the habit, and two had dragged their wives into it, one of the wives having committed suicide at her home in Indianapolis when she found that the drug had victimized her. This actor said he was ready to kill himself with remorse, but he did not have the courage. This story is but a sample. Any nerve specialist among physicians can tell many similar instances. Insidiously the Chinese curse is spread over the land by such distributive means because the drug is to be obtained in the Chinese laundries if one but knows the yin-yin slang.

### The Opium-Smuggling Industry

Since this opium smuggling and distribution began to assume very profitable proportions a company took charge of it. It is certain in the minds of the knowing that this company, while not the Hip Sing Tong, leagued some years ago with that savage organization for the purpose of having the highbidding sub-guild of the Hip Sing Tong afford it the necessary protection from its Chinese competitors. Opium was then coming through Vancouver to the Niagara frontier and over. The company headquarters were on Michigan Street in Buffalo, and may still be there. Buffalo is the distributing centre for the Eastern districts not controlled by the San Francisco Six Companies. Seeing the profit the opium company was making, certain men who are leagued both in the Chinese Freemasons and the Oon Leong Tong of 14 Mott Street, two organizations very frequently confused, decided to force a division of profits. The punitive measures were to see that the court interpreters, who are controlled with few exceptions by the Oon Leong Tong, allowed no members of the opposition to escape, even if it was necessary to make the prisoners brought up on opium-selling, gambling, or other charges testify against themselves. Not long since there was such a case in the Tombs Court, and when the interpreter got outside the fellow Tongmen of the men he had got convicted by distorting their testimony were waiting to kill him. Before they got a chance three of his own Tong superiors chased him five blocks up Centre Street with revolvers because he had not told lies enough according to their ideas. The Chinese never appeal to the courts unless they wish to use the American brand of justice as a club on other Chinese. Few civil suits have ever been brought except a large number of cases which came up at the time two companies got into competition in the laundry business. The smaller company melted itself into the Oon Leong Tong for salvation. The salvation came in forty or fifty promissory notes done in Chinese and sued upon in various courts about the country, the names of the smaller laundrymen being forged to the notes and the amounts being for the value of their laundries. With eight or ten witnesses to swear that they saw the laundrymen sign the notes and the interpreter to prevent the defence getting a word in edgewise, the result was that the smaller laundrymen found all their properties in the hands of the sheriff and marshals, and when they protested they were kicked out. With bitterness in their hearts they became allies of the Hip Sing Tong.

In the Lexow days Wan Get, a very bad man, a professional bravo and gambler, who had only saved himself from assassination by joining the societies bent on killing him, and thus rendering himself immune, fell a victim of the Oon Leong Tong after playing "stool pigeon" for the reformers. Hip Sing Tong declared for vengeance. War has never ceased. Murders in Chinatown and from Chicago to Portland, Maine, have resulted. Fights, shootings, disappearances, sudden returns to China have followed one after the other, and there are more to come. Men of all the other Tong have been forced into the position of allies. Oon Leong Tong, said to be headed by Tom Lee, ex-Mayor of Chinatown, head of the Yamen court that sits each night in lower Mott Street, has the money and the official prestige behind it.

About five years ago Sue Sing of the Hip Sing Tong was marked for death. Two *ch'ood* who had been "Heroes" in China came from the West, and for months the police were on the lookout to protect Sue Sing. Vigilance did not avail. One night he was trapped in the back of 9 Pell Street and shot. The man whom three men identified as having done the shooting was instantly arrested by officers who were trying to guard Sue Sing, and all went well until it was discovered that Sue Sing had been hit by a .38 calibre bullet, while the man arrested was armed with a .32 calibre revolver with one chamber empty. It was no use. The detectives, who knew that they had the right man, found they could not convince even their superiors. That is just how much more clever a yellow man is than a white man.

In the recent fracas in New York's Chinatown in which several onlookers were shot,

## \$125 worth 30c Flowers

We are growers of "The Best Roses in America." To get acquainted with flower-lovers everywhere, we make this special offer: 42 flowers worth \$1.25, as named below; a check worth \$25 on first \$1 order; and our New Illustrated Floral Guide about Roses and 400 other choice flowers, all postpaid, 30c.

### 20 Pkts. Seeds

1 pkt. each:  
 Mary Simple Asters, 4 only  
 Alyssum, Little Gem, mixed  
 Diamond Flower  
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 Carnation Marguerite  
 Forget-me-not "Victoria"  
 Hibiscus Crimson Eye  
 Poppy "American Flag"  
 Phlox Drummeville  
 Pansies, 10 colors, mixed  
 Giant Verbenas, mixed  
 Uchirella Plant  
 Double Chinese Pink  
 California Sweet Peas  
 Washington Weeping Palm  
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### 23 Bulbs

1 New Begonia "Splendens"; 1 Summer Flowering Hyacinth; 1 Double Pearl Tulip; 2 Butterfly and 2 Hybrid Gladioli; 4 Fine Mixed Onions; 2 "Fair Maid of France"; 2 Hardy Wind Flowers; 2 Lovely Cinnamon Vines; 2 Splendid New Canas Lilies—1 Pink; 1 "Novelty."

Grand Prize, World's Fair, St. Louis, 1904. **THE CONNARD & JONES CO.,** Box 66, West Grove, Pa.



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the latest, most delightful and lasting fashionable perfume. Send in your druggist's name, together with the name of your dealer, and we will send you a sample bottle of "Purity" perfume, also full directions how to secure the picture.

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### Nothing Ready-Made

Guaranteed to fit and please you. You take no risk. You simply allow us to prove how much better our garments are than those you buy of your local tailor for twice our price.

### 10,000 Pairs of \$5 Trousers Free

To induce you to give us your first order, so we can actually show you the exclusive style, splendid fit and remarkable value we give, we will give you a pair of \$5 All-Wool Trousers Free with your first suit order, providing you will mention this periodical and write to-day for Free Cloth Samples of our elegant \$12.50, \$15, \$18 and \$20 guaranteed all-wool suits, each made strictly to order.



We hereby agree to hold the money you pay for any one of our suits as a deposit, until you have 5 days to examine and try on the garments in your own home, with the distinct agreement to refund the entire amount upon the return of the garments to us, if you are not absolutely satisfied with them.

Write today for book of styles, measurements blanks and superb assortment of ready-made, all-wool snit samples free, and see for yourself how well we can dress you and the dollars you can save by ordering a suit of us and getting a pair of \$5 all-wool trousers absolutely free.

**NOTICE**—Write today and be sure and ask for samples of the free trousers given with the first order to introduce our made-to-order suits.

**Owen T. Jones & Co., Tailors, 202 Jones Building, Chicago**  
References: Any one of our 100,000 Customers or the Milwaukee Ave. State Bank, Chicago. Capital Stock, \$250,000.00

### New Model Comptometer

Light and Uniform Key Touch

Its Duplex Key Action permits of a single stroke touching several keys all together to instantly add amounts like \$4.50, \$18.40, et cetera.

We have what no other has; a machine operated by keys only with

Perfect Duplex  
Noiseless Operation  
Uniform Key Action  
Dust Proof

Light Touch  
Durability  
Reliability  
Practicability

All the Really Valuable Features. No Impractical Complications.

The result of 16 years' practical experience in the making of mechanical calculators.

Many thousands used by Accountants and Engineers in all lines of business.

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We are actual manufacturers—not a commission house. We can and do save our customers one third on retail prices by selling direct to user and cutting out all dealers' profits. All our goods carry our guarantee. Our free illustrated catalogue shows a greater assortment of carriages and harness than any dealer can show you. Send for it.

**The Columbus Carriage and Harness Company, Columbus, Ohio**

## The Gates Way to Old Mexico

A palatial private train is provided for your complete comfort. It leaves the North latter part of February, enabling you to escape cold, raw March weather at home.

My private train is run to the principal points of interest in Old Mexico, to Grand Canyon of Arizona, to Petrified Forest and to California.

Let me send you booklet "X" and personal letter explaining details. If interested, also ask about Hawaiian Tour scheduled for early in February.

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\$5.00 SUITS. How others can advertise made to measure suits as low as \$5.00 to \$10.00, what their scheme is and why the American Woollen Mills Co., the most progressive tailors in the United States, can underbid every other concern in the line made to measure tailoring for men is all fully explained in our wonderfully interesting book of cloth samples, entitled, "Set us be your Tailor for Fine Dressers." Our \$15.00 Suits and Overcoats are made to measure by the only system in the world that insures a perfect fit in every instance for customers ordering at a distance. Our \$15.00 Suits are intended for good dressers, professional and business men who have been in the habit of ordering suits to measure at \$25.00 to \$50.00. Our \$15.00 suits are not approached in variety of style, quality of materials, trimmings, workmanship, style, shape or fit by any tailor anywhere even at three times our \$15.00 price.

Cut this ad. out and send to us and if we have a local representative in your town or vicinity, we will ask him to show you our immense line of samples of 400 styles and show you our astonishingly low price proposition and guarantee offer. If we have no representative there we will send you by return mail, free, postpaid, a handsome book of cloth samples, fashions, tape measure, special price offerings, all our inducements and special offers on extra fine tailoring, such as is unknown to other wholesale tailoring houses.

One good representative wanted in every town, city and community. Live merchant, clothier, or one with tailoring experience preferred, but will accept any live, hustling outside experienced man who can prove to us he can sell goods and can give satisfactory references. No beginners or inexperienced men accepted. We prefer such men as are now successfully handling some line of tailoring and would like a much better connection.

**WE DOUBLE YOUR BUSINESS AND PROFITS IMMEDIATELY**

for we give you a bigger, handsomer and better line than any other house and make prices lower than any other house. We make quicker shipments, do better work, better service and insure fit such as no other house can.

And further, we sell your goods for you, for this and similar announcements will appear from time to time in all publications of large circulation. Incessantly, if not hundreds or even thousands of responses will come to us from your town or vicinity, and every inquiry will be referred to you. We find you the customer (at our expense), we write the customer to call on you and we write you to see the customer, we bring customer and representative together, we build up your business for you. Our line is worth more to you than all other tailors to the trade lines in America combined. If you are now selling, or can satisfy us you can sell \$1,000.00 or more a year in tailoring, then write to us, and if we are not represented in your town, we will open your eyes to the possibilities by mailing you a proposition to other wholesale tailoring houses has ever thought of offering.

Reader, don't buy a suit or overcoat anywhere, at any price, until after you cut this ad. out and mail to us and get all we will send you free by return mail, postpaid. Address:

**AMERICAN WOOLEN MILLS CO., PROGRESSIVE TAILORS,**  
Washington Boulevard and Union Street, CHICAGO, ILL.

**Set us be your Tailor**

**\$10. AND YOUR PROMISE**

**PRICE \$65 TO PAY \$6 PER MONTH**

**Buy This 1/2 Carat Quality A1 Diamond**

Set in 14 kt. solid gold mounting. Send first payment with order, or if you prefer, we'll send ring C. O. D. first payment, balance in nine monthly payments. **WE SELL WATCHES THE SAME WAY.** Catalog No. B103 FREE.

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Diamonds—Watches—Jewelry  
148 (B103) STATE STREET CHICAGO

**Constipation and Indigestion**

cured by natural means for 50 cents

Illustrated manual on causes, symptoms and cure of constipation and indigestion. Full instruction regarding diet, hydrotherapy, self-massage and exercise without apparatus. Photographic illustrations plainly explain the text. This work is endorsed by the physical and medical directors of Y. M. C. A.'s and colleges. 50 cents by mail.

**Chronic Breathing Tube.** Develops lung and increases chest 2 to 4 inches. 25 cts. Health Gymnastics for lung and muscle. 25 cts. Both manuals and tube postpaid for \$1.00.

Send for free circulars  
**W. J. CROMIE, Physical Director, Y. M. C. A.**  
3849 Germantown Ave., Philadelphia

**LEARN TO WRITE ADVERTISEMENTS**

No one can look upon the marvelous work done by the Page-Davis School, and not become enthusiastic. Such a list of employed students is prima-facie evidence of the opportunity for the man who will study advertising.

**C. N. GILLET, First National Bank of Chicago**

If you are anxious to increase your future in business, you will look into the Page-Davis instruction, and you will come to the same conclusion as did C. N. Gillett who represents one of the largest banks in the world.

The average employed students are earning from \$25.00 to \$500.00 a week and if you will write we will send you our beautiful prospectus which shows the facilities of the Page-Davis Co., together with a monthly list of employed students showing what the students are doing and what you can do.

**NOTICE TO EMPLOYERS**—Concerns desirous of engaging competent advertisement writers at a salary of \$25 to \$100 per week are requested to communicate with us. This service is gratis.

**Page-Davis Company**  
"The School That Graduates Experts"

Address: Dept. 19, 90 Wabash Ave., Chicago  
Either Office: Dept. 19, 150 Nassau St., New York

We are Proud of this Cup  
This Loving Cup was given to The Page-Davis Company by their students. It stands eighteen inches high and fifteen inches in diameter. It is the sealed approval of the value of the thorough and practical instruction.

**60,000 SURE HATCH INCUBATORS**

Working satisfactorily night and day. No "over-heat" in the poultry world while **SURE HATCHES** are busy. Hatch every fertile egg. Lead because of exclusive patented design. \$100.000, 5-year guarantee. Price of 150-egg machine, freight prepaid out of the Rocky Mountains. \$10

60 days' trial. Catalog free.  
Address: **SURE HATCH INCUBATOR CO.**  
Box 2011, Clay Center, Neb. Box 15011, Indianapolis, Ind.

**Straight Legs**

If yours are not so, they will appear straight and trim if you wear our **Patented** or **Castor-Oil** Leggings. Adjusted instantly, impossible to detect, easy as a game. Highly recommended by army and navy officers, actors, tailors, physicians and men of fashion. Write for full account, send as a plain mailed letter.

**The Allison Co., Desk T, Buffalo, N.Y.**

**"Elastic" Book-cases**

are made only by **The Globe-Wernicke Co.** and only in **CINCINNATI.**

**Livingston's TRUE BLUE Seeds**

Send us a silver dime. We then mail you 1 packet each Livingston's New Marquis Tomato, Livingston's Ideal Cabbage, Livingston's Emerald Cucumber, New Crosby's Egyptian Beet and New Wonderful Lettuce, and our 104 page Seed Annual. Send us back the empty bags and we will accept them at 5 cts. each on any order amounting to 50 cents or over.

**THE LIVINGSTON SEED CO. Box 112 COLUMBUS, OHIO**

the two *chi-looks* who, it was supposed by the police, had been hired to kill one Mock Duck of the Hip Sing Tong, were found after arrest to be mere perambulating arsenals, being loaded with .44 calibre revolvers and great heavy coats of linked mail and bullet-proof cloth. The approaching trials of Wing Sing and the six prisoners taken in the last ruction are nearly certain to be fraught with bloodshed. It might be interesting to some well-meaning people to know that participating in these fracas were numbers of the zealous young Chinese who have cut their queues and are attending Sunday-school uptown. A cruel and hideous result of the company system, combined with transplanted geomancy, is the practical murder of very sick Chinese by their company associates. Five-sixths of the Chinese who die in this country have "consumption" assigned in the death certificate as the cause. It is invariably what is called "opium consumption," though often disease resulting from dissipation of other sorts is as responsible as opium. The sick man stays at work until too weak to be of any value; he then becomes an object of the charity of his company, and when he is at last barely able to crawl around a council of three Chinese geomancers is held. Powdered dragons' teeth, dried toad warts, and other staple remedies having failed, the council "condemns" him. The company rents a bare room as far as possible from the company headquarters, there being rooms in Chinese settlements that are empty except when tenanted by dying men, and the *chi-looks* of the company carry the sick man thither. He is laid on a piece of matting, a cup of water is placed at his side, a lighted candle is stuck in a bottle, and a guard is set. Never for an instant is the sick man left alone, but the attendant shows him no attention more than a careful watching of his breathing. Perhaps the sick man, with no food or stimulants, with his supply of opium cut off, and no heat in the room if it is winter or fresh air if it is hot summer, may survive twenty-four hours, may last fifty. Usually he dies the second night. The instant he ceases to breathe the attendant blows out the candle, steps forward on one foot and backward on the other, till, having eluded the demons that caused death, he reaches the door and escapes to inform the company that their burdensome charge is dead. Then there is great ceremony and mourning such as has been described. Not long since the Philadelphia police by chance rescued a beast-like wreck from a room in Chinatown with frightful chain-scars on his neck, wrists, and ankles. The wretch was insane, had at some time bitten pieces from his own body, and, as the investigation showed, had absolutely refused to die under conditions that would have killed any white man in a short time.

Philadelphia officers frequently develop cases of the slavery of white women, and it has even been said in court that there is a syndicate of Chinese and American scoundrels who supply girls to the Chinese settlements. There are several cases on record where semi-idiotic or densely ignorant girls from the Slav, Hungarian, and Italian mining towns in Pennsylvania have disappeared and have later been discovered in raids, having long been held captives by being kept under the influence of opium year in and year out. No conviction has ever been secured of which I have been able to learn, all cases falling through because the victims when rescued were unable to give testimony that could convince a jury. Six months under opium will make the victim unwilling to exert the moral force to tell a convincing story. I have a list of eighty-two crimes or attempted crimes in which children sent to laundries or lured there were victims. Every American mother should think twice before she allows a child to go to a Chinese laundry. Facts are facts, and the police of every city with a number of Chinese will bear out this warning.

**What Should Be Done**

But taken as a whole, the criminals among the Chinese in this country—for there are many very decent Chinese—are more interesting than dangerous. The part they play in the spreading of the use of opium is the one real danger point to us as a people. If the gates were wide open to Chinese it would be different. As it is, all Chinese except travelers and students should, I believe, be excluded. The number of "merchants" and "actors" admitted has been and is entirely too large. The two classes admitted should be examined in China, as the several American consuls in China have suggested. Smuggling must be stopped also. There is at this writing a band of twelve Chinese in jail at San Diego, Cal. They were caught in two groups of six. Each had a leader, in whose pockets were found contracts to show that these were a part of a consignment of one hundred and eighty shipped by the Chinese agents of the Smuggling Tong, and maps showing how the groups were to make their way through Mexico to the border and over the California line. Great vigilance on the part of the immigration officials has failed to catch the one hundred and sixty-eight others. It is presumed that they are safely in the Chinatowns of the country, equipped with the certificates of Chinese who have made their fortunes and returned. Finger prints to secure identity should be taken, as the California savings banks do. The average return is about four thousand per year. The death rate in the States being exceedingly high, and there being very few Chinese wives and a proportionately small number of native Chinese children, the number of Chinese in the United States is decreasing very rapidly. Thirty years ago there were nearly 200,000 Chinese in America. In 1890 there were 126,778, and in 1900 only 119,000, including 26,767 in Hawaii and 3,116 in Alaska. Forty years more of the closed door ought practically to eliminate the Chinese among us.

# Listening Machines for the Deaf

## Sound Magnifiers Invented by a Kentuckian

### Invisible, When Worn, but Act Like Eye-Glasses

Ever see a pair of Listening Machines? They are so soft in the ears one can't tell they are wearing them.

And, no one else can tell either, because they are out of sight when worn. Wilson's Ear Drums are so weak hearing what spectacles are to weak sight. Because, they are sound-magnifiers, just as glasses are sight-magnifiers.

They rest the Ear Nerves by taking the strain of them—the strain of trying to hear dim sounds. They can be put into the ears, or taken out, in a minute, just as comfortably as spectacles can be put on and off.

And, they can be worn for weeks at a time, because they are ventilated, and so soft in the ear holes they are not felt even when the head rests on the pillow. They also protect any raw inner parts of the ear from wind, or cold, dust, or sudden and piercing sounds.

The principle of these little telephones is to make it as practical for a deaf person to hear weak sounds as spectacles make it easy to read fine print. And, the longer one wears them the better his hearing grows, because they rest up, and strengthen, the ear nerves. To rest a weak ear from straining is like resting a strained wrist from working.

Wilson's Ear Drums rest the Ear Nerves by making the sounds louder, so it is easy to understand without trying and straining. They make deaf people cheerful and comfortable, because such people can talk with their friends without the friends having to shout back at them. They can hear without straining. It is the straining that puts such a queer, anxious look on the face of a deaf person.

Wilson's Ear Drums make all the sound strike hard on the center of the human ear drum, instead of spreading it weakly all over the surface. It thus makes the center of the human ear drum vibrate ten times as much as if the same sound struck the whole drum head. It is this vibration of the ear drum that carries sound to the hearing Nerves. When we make the drum vibrate ten times as much we make the sound ten times as loud and ten times as easy to understand.

This is why in many cases people who have not in years heard a clock strike can now hear that same clock tick anywhere in the room, while wearing Wilson's Ear Drums.

Deafness, from any cause, ear-ache, buzzing noises in the head, raw and running ears, broken eardrums, and other ear troubles, are relieved and cured (even after Ear Doctors have given up the case), by the use of these comfortable little ear-resters and sound-magnifiers.

A sensible book, about Deafness, tells how they are made, and has printed in it letters from hundreds of people who are using them.

Clergymen, Lawyers, Physicians, Telegraph Operators, Trainmen, Workers in Boiler Shops and Foundries—four hundred people of all ranks who were Deaf, tell their experience in this free book. They tell how their hearing was brought back to them almost instantly, by the proper use of Wilson's Ear Drums.

Some of these very people may live near you, and be well known to you. What they have to say is mighty strong proof.

This book has been the means of relieving 326,000 deaf people. It will be mailed free to you if you merely write a post card for it today. Don't put off getting back your hearing. Write now, while you think of it. Get the free book of proof.

Write for it today to the Wilson Ear Drum Co., 2115 Todd Building, Louisville, Ky.

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# HAND

# SAPOLIO



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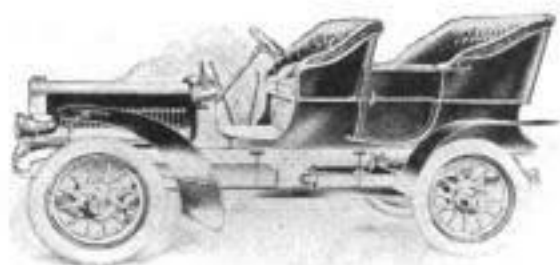
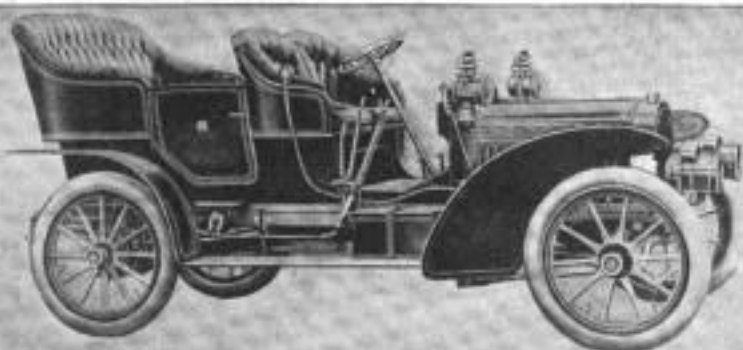
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The success of the four-cylinder Packard during 1904 bespeaks how well we planned. Instead of scattering our energies over a line of different cars, we have concentrated everything on this one type and in presenting it again in our Model "N," we offer a car that has graduated from the school of hard knocks, that has no single piece in it but has stood the test of at least a year's use in the hands of the public. In other words—a car refined and beautifully seasoned and, because we are specialists in this one thing, better than anything else of its kind in the world.

The price of the Model "N" (with standard equipment) is \$3,500.00 f. o. b. factory.

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PACKARD MOTOR CAR CO., Dept. F  
Member of A. L. A. M. DETROIT, MICH.  
New York Branch, 1540 Broadway



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# CADILLAC

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Model D—Four-Cylinder Car, shown above, \$2680.  
Model E—Touring Car, with detachable tonneau, \$2980.  
Model F—Side-entrance Touring Car, \$3530.  
Model L—Light, stylish, powerful runabout, divided seat, \$1750.  
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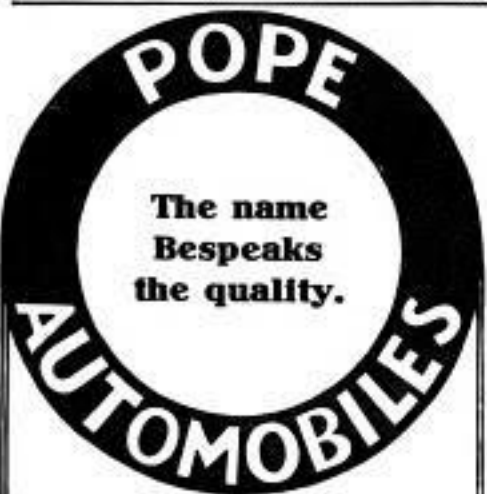




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POPE-HARTFORD MODEL D \$1600

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Champlain Building Chicago, Ill.

# Collier's

## THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

### FEBRUARY FICTION NUMBER

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NEW YORK, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 11, 1905

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Over six thousand amateurs successfully built boats by the Brooks System last year. Fifty per cent. of them have built their second boat. Many have established themselves in the boat manufacturing business.

Patterns of all kinds and sizes from 12 to 55 ft. Prices from \$2.50 up—Catalogue and particulars FREE. For the 100 page catalogue containing valuable information for the amateur yachtsman, showing several working illustrations of each boat, and a full set for one boat. Full line of knock-downs and completed boats. When so ordered—Patterns are expressed, charges prepaid, C. O. D. to allow examination.

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"WITH THE CHARACTER OF THE MAN"

Do Your Shoes Satisfy You?

Satisfy means to give Comfort—Style—Wear. If your shoe is stylish it may hurt you; most men have "shoe troubles," and to the man who wants perfect shoe satisfaction there is one shoe which will please—the

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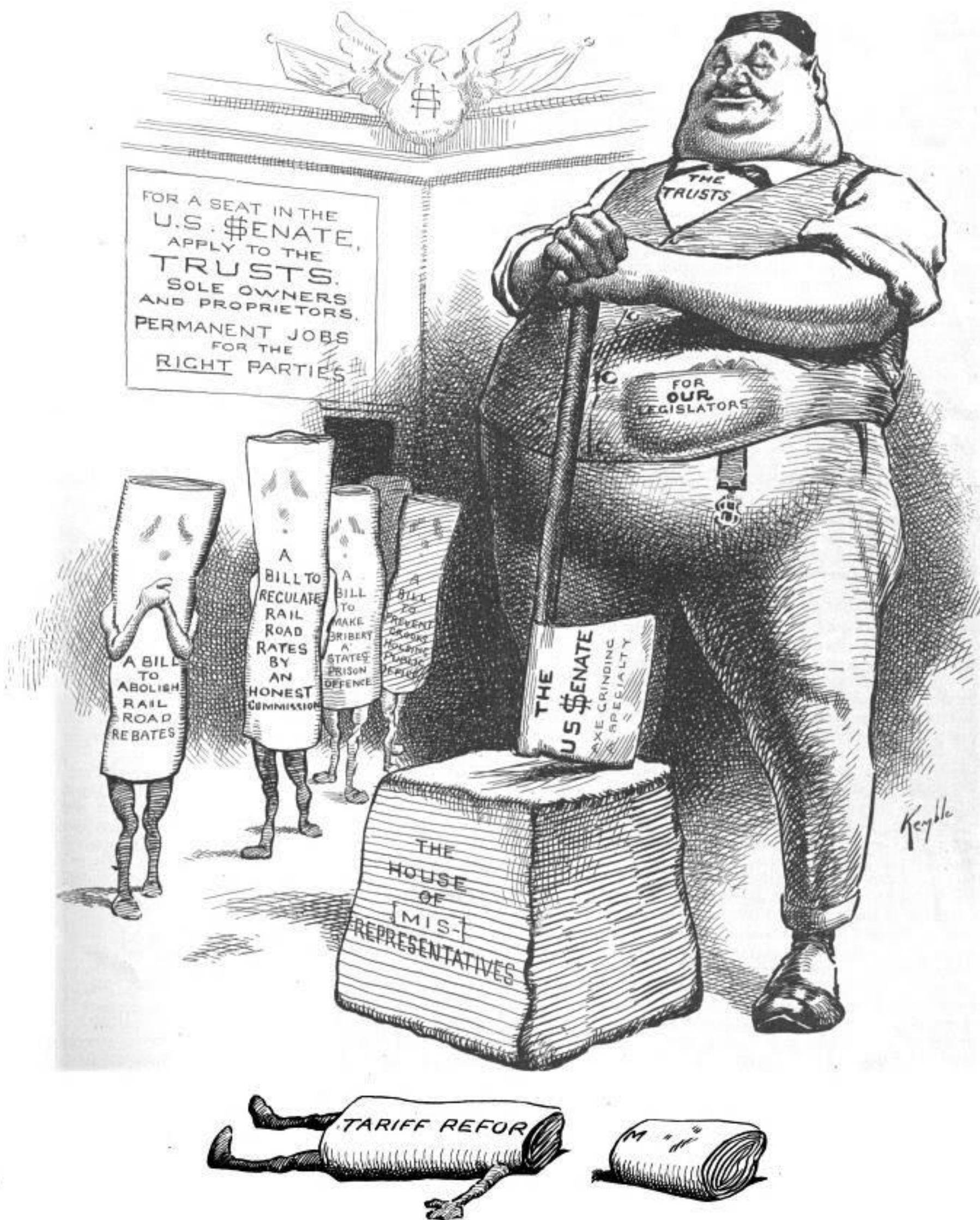
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## THE NATIONAL WEEKLY



"NEXT!"

DRAWN BY E. W. KEMBLE





**T**HE DISCONTENT IN RUSSIA is economic and political, and a weakness of rebellion against the present system is that the classes of discontented subjects have almost no ground in common. The factory workers have no interest in principles of government. What they want is larger pay for shorter hours. The Zemstvos movement, on the other hand, was an expression of liberalism of the milder kind. Beyond that comes the violent radicalism, with its belief in miscellaneous dynamite. The progress made in economic demands in factories is due largely to the influx of workmen from other countries. As to the peasantry, they are of three distinct species—northern, Scandinavian in character, probably the brightest in natural quality; middle or Slavic; and Oriental. The peasants are almost as ignorant as it is possible to be, but the most intelligent Russians believe that education is all that the peasant needs to make him the best man in the world. The situation is complicated, of course, by the bitterness of special classes, like the Poles, Finns, and Jews. That strong but heterogeneous discontent can do little until the army is broken in its loyalty is everywhere acknowledged, but that the army will feel the pressure of opinion there have already been indications. It is necessary to distrust news against Russia that comes through England and English correspondents, but, even making this allowance, there is evidence enough that the forces working constantly and studiously to awaken the nation reach further every year. Whether changes can be made with the empire remaining geographically as it is, or only after convulsions which will separate its artificially connected parts, depends upon the behavior of the autocracy.

RUSSIAN  
FORCES

**A** CHILD FOUR YEARS OLD earned nineteen cents in one afternoon, and the mother said, "I am so sorry Will isn't here. He is seven, but he gets tired. I left him home sick." This was in a factory in New York, the State where in one factory, by the foreman's own estimate, there were three hundred children under fourteen—the State where children work until two and three o'clock in the morning. Such is the human meaning of political customs by which offices are handed over to men like Commissioner McMACKIN. A child works sixty-eight hours a week, or over eleven hours a day, and receives \$3. The gains are small for which parents and employers are willing to ruin the lives of babies. Mr. Cook, of Erie, not long ago fathered a bill to amend the factory laws so as to have no limit to the youth of children employed in canning factories, and other Assemblymen owned by the canners worked strenuously with him. Taking New York for 1902 and Illinois for 1900, we get the following comparisons: New York's thirty-eight inspectors secured nine convictions, to the six hundred and seventy-six secured by the eleven inspectors of Illinois. The fines in New York were \$215, in Illinois \$9,950. Illinois has established a respect for the law. The manufacturers in New York become more and more lawless every year. Is it any wonder? In the first eleven months of last year Illinois had secured one thousand three hundred convictions, which is more than ten times as many as the New York commissioner has secured during his entire administration. In other respects, also, the health and safety of the laboring people are respected in the one State and despised in the other. Although a considerable part of the disabling accidents occur in half a dozen big factories in New York, not a single large employer was punished or fined for having dangerous or unguarded machinery during an entire year. Six poor Jews, however, living in the slums, were fearlessly prosecuted in 1903.

ONE OF  
OUR SINS

**C**HILD LABOR IN ENGLAND began when modern machinery brought a demand for cheap operatives. Then, as Dr. FELIX ADLER has said, somebody had the idea of shoveling all the un-owned and unloved children into factories. "Children were fed to machines as literally as in ancient idolatry they were fed to Moloch." They worked for fourteen hours a day and rotted by the thousand. A Parliamentary inquiry showed the case of a seven-year-old boy whose father used to wake him before daybreak, carry him to the mill, and leave him there to tend a machine for sixteen hours a day. Women crawled through two-foot galleries on their hands and knees, dragging by a long chain attached to a leather belt a cart holding three hundred or four hundred pounds of coal. "How

HISTORY

is it," asked the strong Jewish thinker, "that human beings are capable of such brutality? Why is it that in England, an Anglo-Saxon country, where woman is supposed to be a kind of goddess, the womanhood was crushed out of little girls and grown women groveled and dragged carts?" Two years ago there were 20,000 children under twelve years of age at work in our Southern States. Pennsylvania has 40,000 under sixteen, the greater number of them under twelve. ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING once asked of England, "How long, oh cruel nation, will you trample on a child's heart?" "This," says Dr. ADLER, "is not Russia. What do you think of our own Czars of industry?"

**T**HE COURT HAVING DONE ITS PART, the suppression of any monopoly in beef now depends upon the people and their administrative officers. It is well enough to hunt new legislation, as we are now doing in regard to railways. It is more important, however, to give life to statutes which are enacted and judicially approved. The people are sure that they wish no monopoly in such necessities as food, light, and fuel. It is their place to furnish energy and purpose enough to make such monopolies impossible. The trusts are frequently described as hogs. So, perhaps, they are, but we gain nothing by scolding a hog for being a hog. We rather scold the keeper who lets him root where he does harm. In three great cases under the SHERMAN Act the decision was by five to four. It is pleasing to have the Supreme Court unanimous on a matter of such importance. Many of the essential legal points regarding interstate commerce and the trusts may now be taken as beyond dispute. It is pleasing also to see the court, after the manner more frequent in England than with us, brush away technicalities and take a strong grasp of fundamentals. If, with the law so clear, the packers, as they probably will, seek devices for its evasion, they will find no sympathy when the criminal law is applied in actual rigor. The people will demand that it be applied. The President and the Department of Justice will respond to that demand. With no ill feeling for the hog, he will be kept in place, by warning if he can understand it, by force if he can not.

THE PRICE  
OF BEEF

**W**E HAVE RECEIVED A FRIGHT. JAMES L. PENNYPACKER of Haddonfield, New Jersey, writes to us, on stamped note paper, carefully written on one side, as follows: "Your editorial page so much reflects the spirit of the commonest daily newspapers that I am disgusted with it. You will please discontinue to send it to me." If one PENNYPACKER thinks so meanly of our views, we may be in danger of losing the tolerance of the whole PENNYPACKER family. Suppose the Governor of Pennsylvania should cease to read these struggling pages, how should we repair the breach in our circulation and prestige? Mr. PENNYPACKER of New Jersey has inflicted a punishment too momentous to fit the crime. We have written against the Governor, no doubt, but it was in a playful or wayward spirit, with no thought that the tribe of PENNYPACKERS might strike back at us. MOORE, in "Lalla Rookh," thus writing, well describes the Governor's attitude toward the press:

ANOTHER  
PENNYPACKER

"One sole desire, one passion now remains  
To keep life's fever still within his veins.  
Vengeance! dire vengeance on the wretch who cast  
O'er him and all he loved that ruinous blast."

However, it is a comfort to have the PENNYPACKERS so open in their enmities, unlike the lion, who, when about to spring, "constrains his roaring and contracts his paws." Yet, oh PENNYPACKER, how wrong is rage! How opposed it is to all the dictates of morality

**A** CERTAIN BEWILDERMENT afflicts some people when they contemplate the diplomacy of Mr. HAY. They do not see the use of writing notes about matters in regard to which we are unwilling to take any more aggressive action. Criticism of that sort grows from a mental density in regard to the power of public attention. Many things are conveniently done in quiet which are impossible when every one is looking. This principle applies to nations. Mr. HAY decides that a certain country is meditating a move which will be against the interests of the United States. Mr. HAY fixes the world's attention on the situation. An appreciation of what can be done by mere publicity is the most original element in Mr. HAY's diplomacy.

MR. HAY'S  
DIPLOMACY





PROGRESS  
AND POVERTY

**HENRY GEORGE'S FAMOUS BOOK** has now seen five and twenty years of life. His son estimates that some two million copies of it have been sold, in various languages and forms, and its influence has been greater than its circulation. The hold which it has taken upon our time is due much less to the precise doctrine elaborated than to the note of human sympathy which it so sincerely strikes. Universal brotherhood, which we hear so much about, was deeply felt by **HENRY GEORGE**, and expressed by him with a convincingness entirely innocent of any literary art. The book holds and moves readers of every belief as few volumes on political economy can hold them. Count **TOLSTOI**, the greatest literary genius now alive, shares this extreme radicalism of humanity, and has said that **HENRY GEORGE** and the Abolitionist

**GARRISON** were the two Americans who meant most to him. As **HENRY GEORGE** thought that all progress was worthless unless it included the single tax, so

**TOLSTOI** is merely bored by the *Zemstvo* movement, or any other step short of a purely religious and absolute equality. At a **HENRY GEORGE** celebration Mr. **BRYAN** said: "I fear the plutocracy of wealth, I respect the aristocracy of learning, but I thank God for the democracy of the heart." **HENRY GEORGE** had this democracy of the heart, and his spirit lives in many a leader of thought and action to-day. The world moves forward toward more equal opportunity. It moves with caution, taking the truth now from this side, now from that. Great minds and hearts devoted to a single aspect of the truth often do more than the most just and balanced thinker to help the world toward its appointed goal.

**LABOR UNIONS**, with their stirring record of progress wrung from the harsh system of industrial competition, make their errors, like capitalists and the rest of human kind. One of the charges made by railway magnates who are out of sympathy with union labor is that it has made travel more unsafe, by forcing the employment or retention of men not so competent as the best, and by encouraging indifference. The increase in accidents is by some railroad owners charged to the unions as a leading cause. We should be sorry to believe so damaging an assertion, and therefore regret deeply the attempt made by labor leaders

A UNION  
ERROR

in New York to keep subway and elevated officials from discharging motormen for their first accident.

It would not be easy to make a worse impression on the public than by pressing this demand. Faults in plenty are to be charged against these roads. Their faith toward their employees has in many instances seemed as bad as it has been toward the public, but that will be no shield for any wrong by organized labor to the public safety. Organized capital is on trial at the bar of general opinion, and its freedom is likely to be much curtailed; but organized labor is also constantly on trial, and its progress will be checked when it flagrantly prefers the interests of its weaker members to the safety of the public.

ABRAHAM  
LINCOLN

**THE CELEBRATION OF LINCOLN'S BIRTH** has already been suggested. Four years from the present month will complete the century. If any celebration is undertaken by the Government, some thinking will be required about the proper method. Such possible details as the unveiling of a statue at the Capitol, the opening of a park in Kentucky, and ceremonies in Washington, Springfield, and other cities, will be more effective if they are all made part of a general scheme under national supervision. The South will probably be glad to take her part in the celebration, for most Southerners realize that they lost more than

any other part of the country when **LINCOLN** was snatched away and the difficulties of reconstruction were left to men who were stupid where he was wise, or

full of hatred where he was charity itself, or ready to plunder a suffering people whom he would have protected. **LINCOLN'S** birthday every year brings up memories which we all wish to keep alive. February 12, 1909, will intensify these memories. **JEFFERSON** once told **WASHINGTON** that he and **FRANKLIN** would stand forever apart from and above the rest of their countrymen. That place with **WASHINGTON** was never entirely held by **FRANKLIN**. It remained empty until two-thirds of a century after **WASHINGTON** was dead, and then **LINCOLN** was placed by universal feeling beside our first great leader. History, which deals harshly with accidental reputations, is sometimes long busy increasing truly founded ones. The

love and admiration which the American people feel for **LINCOLN** have gone on increasing steadily since his death, and, as far as mere interest goes, he stands ahead of **WASHINGTON**.

**BATTLE AS A SCHOOL** for manners has not stood high. The Japanese have taught us many things, and among them the possibility of combining agreeable demeanor with war. We look upon **GRANT'S** treatment of **LEE** as an exception, and so it was, but the Japanese leaders have not once failed in courtesy since the war began; in courtesy, or in that modesty which is equally necessary to politeness. The Japanese may be the best soldiers in the world. They are certainly the most gracefully polite of races. "When you meet your antagonist," says one of **SHERIDAN'S** characters, "do everything in a mild and agreeable manner. Let your courage be as keen, but at the same time as polished, as your sword." The demeanor of General **NOGI** at Port Arthur might be used as an example in refinement. When he declined congratulations, on the ground that a capture costing so much was no ground for congratulation, he spoke in a spirit which superior men often exhibit in private life, but which it took a Japanese to show in war. When this struggle is at an end we shall hardly witness quarrels in the Japanese press between the admirals and generals, each proclaiming the importance of his own achievements. The Chefoo liar and other liars have played a big part in news and headlines from the beginning. Detailed understanding of the war may come to us slowly, but one among the things of which we may be sure is that the Japanese have carried their wonderful taste into their dealings with the enemy and into their comments on their own prospects and achievements.

MANNERS  
AND WAR

**THE BAYONET'S IMPORTANCE** is recognized all over the world to-day, and this again is a lesson from the Japanese. The Boer War was supposed to be the final one of many demonstrations that this distinguished weapon had become obsolete. Now, however, we read that the issuance to the army of the new model Springfield rifle has been stopped because it is not equipped with a proper bayonet. It had a rod bayonet, which is merely a projecting ramrod. Now it will be provided with a good old fighting piece of steel, ready for some such bloody arbitrament as it has been used for in Manchuria. Experts are interesting citizens, but the disappearance of the bayonet is one of their bad guesses. They reckoned without the knowledge of an artistic race turned into the field of modern destruction. When **NAPOLEON** said that four hostile newspapers were more to be feared than a thousand bayonets, the bayonet was the symbol of military power and the newspaper was only beginning to be appreciated. The Japanese are not without some appreciation of what can be done with the press, but their reliance on bayonet charges is more serious than their interest in pleasing war correspondents.

BAYONETS

**THE MICROBE FLOURISHES** mightily in the attention of the world. Once an obscure worker, he is now one of the most formidable and established perils. He may at any moment cause a change in the conduct of our Government toward its currency, the paper part of which is now allowed to breed disease until it falls to pieces. One thing, however, that even he will fail to do is to change the fashions which apply to women. Nurses may be forced by their employers to drop the long skirt which gathers so many varieties of infection on the street. The mother's concern for her infant's chances may possibly put an end to long skirts in the nursery. But these mothers themselves will not drop the sweeping garment. Such a step is almost as unlikely as a sudden end to kissing. Here and there a spasmodic effort is made to force school teachers into briefer drapery, but we believe these efforts have been without result. "As well be out of the World as out of the Fashion." Many to whom the mode is an evil declare it must be obeyed:

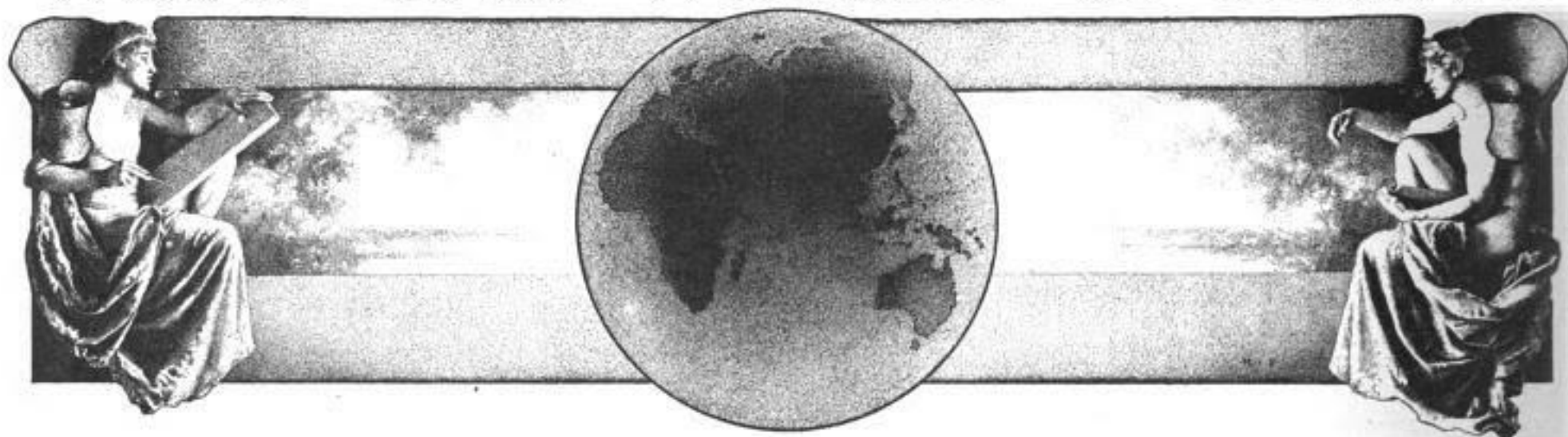
LONG  
SKIRTS

"Nothing exceeds in ridicule, no doubt,  
A fool in fashion, but a fool that's out . . .  
Though wrong the mode, comply; more sense is shown  
In wearing others' follies than our own."

And yet, even while we submit, we often do so with some shame, in agreement with him who called fashionableness "a kind of elevated vulgarity."



# WHAT THE WORLD IS DOING



## RAPID-FIRE DIPLOMACY

THAT "SUDDENNESS" which has been noted so often as one of the many points of resemblance between President Roosevelt and the German Kaiser has produced curious results in the progress of the plan of putting Santo Domingo under an American receivership. This was a most momentous enterprise in itself. It was a complete reversal of the traditional American policy of refusing to accept any European dictation in American affairs. The step was avowedly taken under pressure from European powers, "repeatedly, explicitly, and emphatically" applied. Under similar pressure we might be compelled at any time to take charge of the finances of Colombia, Venezuela, or Argentina, or all of them together, for the benefit of foreign creditors. An innovation of such importance might have been expected to be undertaken with a careful observance of all the forms prescribed by the deliberate gentlemen who framed the Constitution of the United States. One of those formalities is the submission of every treaty to the Senate, which must ratify it by a two-thirds vote before it can go into effect. But when the contract with Santo Domingo was made public it turned out to be not a treaty, but merely a "protocol," or preliminary draft of an agreement to make a treaty later. Senator Bacon of Georgia introduced a resolution asking for information on the subject of this agreement, but on his own motion its consideration was postponed when Mr. Loomis, Assistant Secretary of State, informed the Committee on Foreign Relations, on January 27, that all the documents would be submitted to the Senate as soon as a treaty could be prepared. But the remarkable feature of the situation was that there seemed to be no hurry about the conclusion of the treaty, which, it was intimated, might not be ready for the Senate until the next Congress, while the actual physical enforcement of the receivership was to begin on February 1, just as if a treaty had already been signed and ratified. It was said that it would hardly be possible to draw up a treaty before the adjournment of Congress in March, although one with Panama had been concluded, signed, and sealed within five days after the first envoy of that republic had presented his credentials to the President.

## BRIDLING THE IRON HORSE

THE AGITATION for the national control of railroads is sweeping the West and South like the Granger movement of the early seventies. It has submerged party lines, making the President the leader of the united Mississippi Valley as long as he keeps up the pace he has set. He is like a cowboy riding at the head

## SANTO DOMINGO

**Situation**—Eastern two-thirds of island of Haiti, and the nearest land of importance to the American Territory of Porto Rico.  
**Area**—18,045 square miles, equal to New Hampshire and Vermont.  
**Population**—610,000 (estimated), a little less than Maine.  
**Races**—Mixed, Spanish, Indian, and Negro, with some pure whites and blacks.  
**Language**—Spanish.  
**Debt**—\$32,000,000.  
**Government**—Dictatorships and revolutions, simultaneously or successively. Three revolutions at once in 1903-4.

of a stampeding herd of cattle. He can lead the herd, but not stop it. Thus far, indeed, he has displayed no desire to stop it. In a speech delivered on January 30 before the Union League at Philadelphia, the stronghold of smug, unimaginative, and unscrupulous commercialism, he tried to fire his soggy audience with his own enthusiasm for the principles of the "square deal." He exhorted business men in their own interests not to obstruct the movement for the public control of corporations. He declared the greatest present need to be "an increase in the power of the National Government to keep the great highways of commerce open alike to all on reasonable and equitable terms." He repeated his suggestion, first offered years ago, that if interstate commerce "in all its branches and aspects"

could not be brought under national control with our existing constitutional restrictions, we should have an amendment to the Constitution. This, however, he would treat as a last resort.

## AN ANTI-MONOPOLY COUP

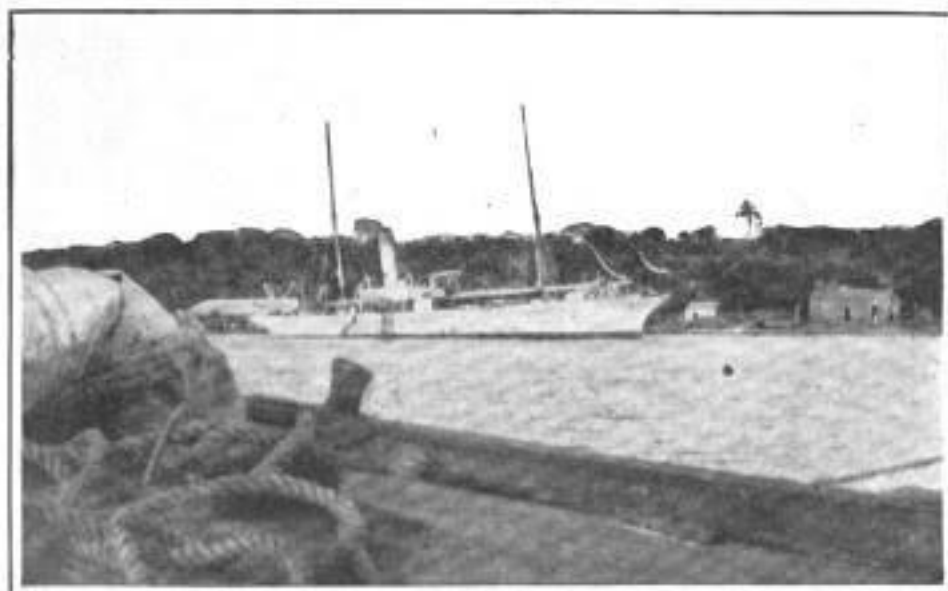
IN WASHINGTON events have moved rapidly. The House Committee on Interstate and Foreign Commerce had under consideration twelve bills regulating railway rates or the conditions of railway traffic. Seven of them had been introduced by Republicans and five by Democrats. Two of the Republicans, Cooper and Esch, are from Wisconsin; two, Hepburn and Haugen, from Iowa; two, Steenerson and Stevens, from Minnesota, and one, Townsend, from Michigan. Two of the Democrats, Russell and Smith, are from Texas; one, Davey, from Louisiana; one, Shackelford, from Missouri, and one, Hearst, from the United States in general, and more particularly from New York, Massachusetts, Illinois, and California. Nobody living exclusively east of the Alleghenies has taken enough interest in the subject to introduce a bill. On January 23 the Democratic representatives resolved in caucus to support the Davey bill, which authorizes the Interstate Commerce Commission to substitute reasonable for unreasonable rates, the rates so fixed to go into effect after twenty days' notice, and to remain in force until set aside by a court of competent jurisdiction.

The Hepburn bill was represented as an Administration measure, but at the same time it attracted a suspicious amount of good-will from the railroads. But on January 30 the younger Republicans from the West executed a coup, overrode Chairman Hepburn in his own committee, and reported a combination of the Esch and Townsend bills to the House for immediate passage. The Esch bill authorized the Interstate Commerce Commission to revise railroad rates, subject to review by a court of transportation, which the Townsend bill created. The consolidated measure increases the number of members of the Interstate Commerce Commission from five to seven, raises their salaries from \$7,500 to \$10,000 a year, establishes a Court of Transportation composed of five Circuit Court Judges, the number of Circuit Judges being increased by five for that purpose, and authorizes the Interstate Commerce Commission to order changes in unreasonable rates, the orders to be in force on thirty days' notice, subject to appeal to the Court of Transportation within sixty days. Provision is made for expediting action in such cases, and a corporation failing to observe the rate fixed by the Commission is to be subject to a fine of \$5,000 per day and costs of collection.



THE CATHEDRAL AT SANTO DOMINGO

The finest building in the capital of our new protectorate. The burial-place of Christopher Columbus and still believed by the Dominicans to contain his bones. In front is the Plaza Colon, with a statue of Columbus.



ONE-THIRD OF THE DOMINICAN NAVY

The fleet of Santo Domingo consists of three small gunboats. This is one of them, the "Presidente." The hill beyond is Pajarito, from which came the shot that killed the engineer of the American cruiser "Yankee."



A SAMPLE OF THE DOMINICAN ARMY

Some of the troops that sustain the power of the President against the danger of revolution. Their uniforms leave something to be desired, but they have won the reputation of being demons in a fight.



## SMASHING THE BEEF TRUST

AS A HAPPY VARIANT on its long line of five-to-four decisions, the Supreme Court of the United States on January 30 handed down a unanimous judgment, sustaining Judge Grosscup's injunction against the Beef Trust. This is the only unanimous decision under the anti-Trust law except that in the Addyston Pipe case. Three of the leading cases—the Joint Traffic Association, the Trans-Missouri, and the Northern Securities—were decided by votes of five to four. In the present instance the court holds that there is a combination to suppress competition in the purchase of cattle and in the sale of meats, and also to obtain discriminatory rates from railroads. All these things are forbidden by Judge Grosscup's injunction, which the court sustains. Any proceedings in violation of this injunction will subject the offenders to imprisonment for contempt of court, and Judge Grosscup's observations, on and off the bench, leave no doubt that the penalty will be rigorously applied. The representatives of the packers say that the decision does not affect them, since they are in active competition and have no mutual understanding about rates, but they do not explain why on that theory they have fought so vigorously up to the highest court against an injunction forbidding them to do something they do not want to do. On the same day on which this decision was rendered, testimony was offered before the Senate Committee on Interstate Commerce, to show that the Beef Trust has such an advantage in its private car lines that the Armour company alone could sell its products at net cost and still clear a profit of \$7,200,000.

## STIMULANTS FOR NEW YORK

IMBUE, PERHAPS, by a desire to raise Eastern interest in the railroad and trust questions to the Western pitch, the Beef Trust and the Pennsylvania Railroad co-operated in stirring up New York in the blizzard week. The trust added half a cent a pound to the wholesale price of meat, and the railroad raised the passenger rates on its Long Island system by twenty per cent. For the latter increase the remarkable explanation is offered that the Long Island system has hitherto been operated on a philanthropic basis, losing seven-tenths of a cent a mile on every commuter carried. As the Long Island rates have always been among the highest in the country, this implies that all the railroad managers in America are running their roads at a loss. A general revolt has broken out among the commuters, who predict that the company will lose twenty thousand patrons. The competing trolley company promptly took advantage of its opportunity by arranging for express schedules and new cars to accommodate the railroad's seceding passengers. As an independent corporation the Long Island Railroad always aimed to charge all the traffic would bear, and the present revolt indicates that it exhausted the possibilities in that respect.

## THE COST OF THE NEW NAVY

ON JANUARY 26 Secretary Morton furnished to the House Naval Committee a statement of the highest interest regarding the cost of the Administration's naval programme. The fact that with only twelve battleships in commission, against thirteen building, and twenty-three more projected, the Secretary has asked for \$114,530,638.34 for the next year of peace, against \$55,953,075 spent on the navy in 1900, during the Philippine War, has led to some apprehensive inquiries as to where the increase might be expected to stop. Mr. Morton now informs the committee that when all the ships under way are finished, the regular annual running expenses of the navy, not including new construction, will be about \$77,000,000. But he intimates that in its requests for new vessels the department is following the plans of the Dewey Board, which called for forty-eight battleships, twenty-four armored cruisers, and various other things. If the annual running expenses of a navy with twenty-five battleships would be \$77,000,000, those of a navy with forty-eight battleships and a proportionate number of other vessels would be presumably in the neighborhood of \$150,000,000. Add to this \$25,000,000 a year as the cost of new ships to replace obsolete vessels, such replacement requiring in normal years two battleships, one armored cruiser, and various smaller craft, and we reach a possible annual limit of \$175,000,000, provided we adopt no new programme of increase. This is probably rather an underestimate, since the British Navy, with forty-seven battleships, cost \$172,000,000 in 1903, and it is run much more cheaply than ours. In view of



J. OGDEN ARMOUR

Ogden Armour, the nearer figure in the car, is the controlling spirit of the Beef Trust, which the Supreme Court of the United States has just declared to be an illegal combination. He is forty-one years old, and already controls half the food supply of the American people.

the demand for retrenchment in Congress, and the imminent danger of a deficit, Secretary Morton has limited his request for new vessels this year to three battleships, letting all the proposed scout cruisers, torpedo-boat destroyers, and other minor craft go for the present. But the committee has scaled down the programme still further, limiting new construction to two battleships, stopping all proposed improvements on shore, and reducing the total appropriation to \$100,070,000. The committee has authorized 3,000 additional seamen and 1,200 more marines, which will give us a trifle over 33,000 bluejackets and 1,500 men in the Marine Corps. If the two new vessels are built we shall have in all 27 battleships of over 10,000 tons each, of which thirteen will approach or exceed 15,000 tons. No other country in the world, except England, can



THE PRESIDENT AT ANNAPOLIS

On January 30 the President delivered diplomas to the 114 members of the graduating class at the Naval Academy, and told them not to be weaklings or boasters, and always to stand by their guns and the Monroe Doctrine. He praised arbitration, but insisted that we must not seem to seek peace through fear of war.

come anywhere near these figures. In addition we shall have thirteen great cruisers, of which at least eight will be fit to lie in any line of battle.

## HOW THE GOVERNMENT DOES BUSINESS

NEXT TO A EULOGY on a deceased member, nothing empties the House so quickly as a debate on the District of Columbia Appropriation bill, but there was a discussion on that arid subject on January 23 that ought to have been of general interest. Mr. Littlefield presented a table showing that the estimates

of expenditures for the next fiscal year, together with the permanent annual appropriations, footed up \$790,260,367.21, and that the revenues for the same year were estimated at \$725,590,515. This left an apparent shortage of nearly \$65,000,000. It further appeared from Mr. Littlefield's table that last year's appropriations, including deficiencies, fell less than \$3,000,000 short of the estimates. If the same proportion should be followed this year the deficit would be about \$62,000,000. Finally, Mr. Littlefield called attention to the fact that the appropriation bills already reported to the House at this session aggregated only about \$4,000,000 less than the bills as finally passed last year, and appropriations traditionally grow in their progress through the Senate. Therefore, if a deficit was to be avoided, one of two things must be done—the appropriations must be cut down or the revenues must be increased. Mr. Littlefield respectfully asked the leaders of the House which plan they intended to adopt. Here came the really interesting part of the incident. The leaders of the House left Mr. Livingston, the ranking minority member of the Committee on Appropriations, to speak for them, and what he said was this: "It is the business of the Committee on Appropriations to appropriate money to meet the expenses of the country, and we have done that to the lowest possible point. It is the business of the Committee on Ways and Means to raise the revenue." That is to say, our national housekeeping is carried on without that prime requisite of civilized finance, a budget of income and expenditure. One committee decides what we shall spend and another goes foraging for the money. The case is really worse than that, for the Appropriations Committee of the House is only one of a dozen committees having something to say about the national expenses, and none of them feeling under any obligation to make those expenses fit the national income.

## SHADOWS ON THE JUDICIARY

BOTH IN THE NATION and in the greatest State of the Union public attention has been forcibly directed to questions of judicial misconduct. For the first time in nearly thirty years the United States Senate is now sitting as a court of impeachment. The trial of Charles Swayne, District Judge for the Northern District of Florida, began on January 24, when the managers on the part of the House exhibited articles charging Judge Swayne with three offences:

1. Charging the full legal limit of \$10 per day for traveling expenses outside of his district when his actual expenses had been less. This is considered a particularly heinous crime in Congress, where any Senator or Representative who collected mileage above the exact cost of his railroad tickets or commuted his stationery allowance for cash would suffer expulsion and social ostracism.

2. Residing outside the limits of his district instead of observing the law, like the Senators from Nevada and Montana, who always "reside" in the States they represent, even when they live in San Francisco or New York.

3. Using without payment a private car belonging to a railroad for which he had appointed a receiver.

Judge Swayne appeared by counsel on the 27th to answer the summons, and it was ordered that the witnesses should be in readiness to give testimony on February 10.

While the Swayne case was pending, certain disappointed litigants called for the impeachment of Circuit Judge E. Henry Lacombe of the New York circuit for alleged favoritism. Judge Lacombe demanded an investigation, but the House Judiciary Committee refused to take the matter up. Six other applications for impeachment are before the committee, which is not inclined to touch any of them.

In the State of New York a grave scandal has developed in the case of Supreme Court Justice Warren B. Hooker, who was accused by the Jamestown Bar Association over a year ago of securing unearned Federal salaries for persons in whom he had a family or financial interest. The Grievance Committee of the State Bar Association made a leisurely investigation

and finally reported that Judge Hooker had used the salary roll of the Post-Office Department in one case to keep a nephew at school and in another to furnish a debtor of his wife's with the means of paying his notes. There were other similar cases, in none of which was any service rendered to the Government for the salaries drawn. At a meeting of the Association, said to have been packed by the friends of Judge Hooker, it was voted by a majority of four to take no further action. But public criticism became so keen that the judge himself felt compelled on January 23 to ask a legislative investigation, and the New York City Bar Association unanimously adopted resolutions four days





WARREN B. HOOKER

Justice of the Supreme Court of New York, and Representative in Congress until 1902. While in Congress Mr. Hooker was an industrious hunter of patronage for his friends, and he continued the practice for some months after his retirement. He has demanded a legislative investigation of the charge, indorsed by the Grievance Committee of the State Bar Association, that he used the national salary list for his private advantage.



MR. L. ROSS'S STEAM RACER AND MR. W. K. VANDERBILT'S MERCEDES AT ORMOND BEACH

Mr. Vanderbilt, who occupies the driver's seat in the car to the right, held the ten-mile straightaway record, which was broken by E. R. Thomas on the morning of January 28. Mr. Ross's car broke the steam record on January 26.



J. PLINY WHITNEY

Leader of the Conservative party in Ontario, which, in the elections of January 25, won control of the provincial government for the first time in thirty-two years. Mr. Whitney, who will be the next Premier of the Province, was the leader in the late Legislature of an Opposition almost as strong as the Government forces. He maintained such a persistent attack on the Ross Ministry that he finally swept it from power.

later, demanding such an investigation and declaring that if the charges were sustained Judge Hooker should be removed or impeached. The Brooklyn Bar Association followed this example by passing similar resolutions with equal unanimity the next day.

#### A DISAPPEARING ISSUE

THE GRADUAL CONVERGENCE of the two parties on all the important questions of national policy was freshly marked on January 28, when Secretary Taft told the House Committee on Ways and Means that it was the Republican policy to give ultimate independence to the Philippines. "Whenever they reach the condition where they have a reasonable public opinion which may be relied upon to restrain radicalism," said Mr. Taft, "when inter-island communication has been established, and when conditions generally have become settled—then, if they desire independence, give it to them." Mr. John Sharp Williams remarked that there was "not so horribly much difference" between the Republican and the Democratic positions. "You believe in granting self-government when the people are ready, and we believe in fixing a date for their independence." Mr. Taft agreed that this was the only difference. A matter of dates in an undisputed policy is obviously not a sufficient issue for a heated party contest.

#### STATISTICS TO PROTECT THE HOME

PURSUIT OF THE corporate octopus has not diverted the President's mind from the great question of the sanctity of the American home, compared with which, as he told Bishop Doane and a church delegation on January 26, such subjects as the tariff and the currency are "of literally no consequence whatsoever." Mr. Roosevelt said at that time that he did not know exactly what his visitors wished him to do, but four days' reflection bore fruit in a special message, sent to Congress on January 30, urging legislation authorizing the Director of the Census to collect statistics of marriage and divorce as a preliminary to the enactment of uniform laws "containing all possible safeguards for the security of the family."

#### THE ROAD TO REVOLUTION

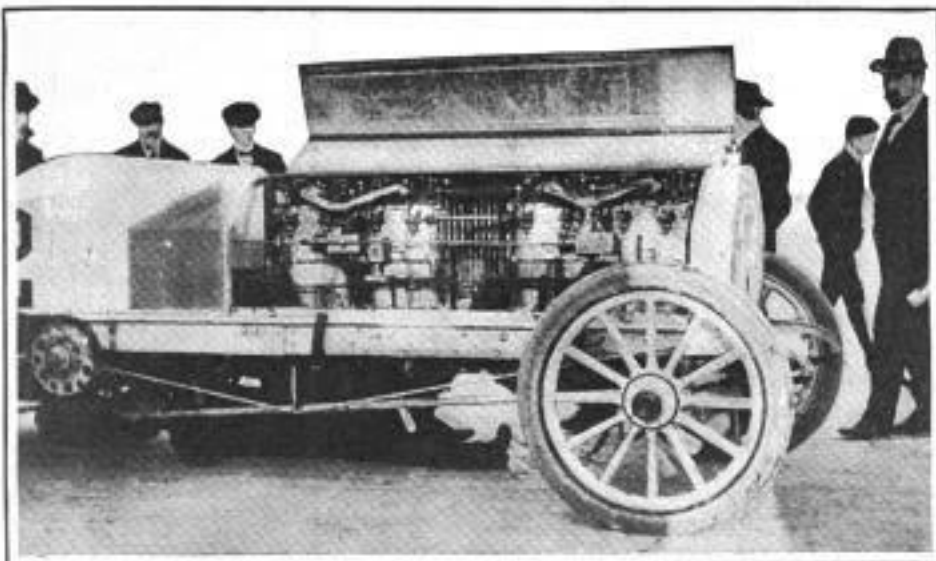
THE ST. PETERSBURG massacres have been succeeded by a Reign of Terror in Russia—a White Terror above ground, a Red Terror below. The feared and hated General Trepoff was made Governor-General of St. Petersburg, with dictatorial powers, on January 24, and since then the Government has been striking fiercely at every manifestation of liberal feeling, especially if intelligently directed. It has restored the censorship of the press, and kidnapped editors, lawyers, doctors, and scientific men, whose families and friends have been able merely to guess at their fate. Among those arrested was Maxim Gorky, the great novelist, whose life was thought to be in such danger that a movement was begun in Berlin to secure the united intercession of the literary world in his behalf. On the other hand, the propaganda of revolution by petroleum and dynamite was never so active. Every Government official feels that he is living over a mine. Overpowering military force restored a semblance of order in St. Petersburg, but the strike fever rapidly spread to other parts of the empire. About twenty thousand men struck at Moscow, but the disturbances there were less serious than had been feared. Bloody rioting occurred at Riga, where twenty-nine men and two women were killed, and thirty-seven civilians and eight soldiers wounded in one day. Disturbances broke out in the principal factory towns throughout Russia, but the storm centre was in Poland, where two hundred thousand workers went out on strike in Warsaw and Lodz. The gas works and water works of Warsaw were operated by soldiers, fighting went on daily in the streets, and for a time the ordinary life of the city was almost suspended. The Government tried to combine conciliation with repression, and on January 25 Governor-General Trepoff of St. Petersburg, and Minister of Finance Kokovsoff, issued a proclamation in the name of the Czar urging the strikers to return to work, and assuring them that their grievances were receiving the imperial attention. The Holy Synod addressed the faithful on the 29th, in a circular denouncing Father Gapon and exhorting the people to obey the authorities. But in the face of the new national spirit many partisans of the old régime admitted that the Czar could not much longer withhold a constitution.

#### A BATTLE AT TWENTY BELOW ZERO

APPARENTLY in a desperate attempt to divert attention from the throes of the autocracy at home, the Russian Second Army in Manchuria, under General Gripenberg, broke out of its icy intrenchments on January 25, and dashed against the Japanese left on the Sha River. The first objective of the Russians was the fortified village of Sandepas, which they professed at first to have captured, but it turned out later that they had only entered the outskirts and had been repulsed in their assault on the main defences. Field Marshal Oyama delivered a counter-attack on the Russian left, but did not push it very far. The Russians abandoned their advance after Generals Mitchenko and Fondratsvitch had been wounded. The net result of the whole operation was a serious reverse for them, their losses being estimated at 10,000 men and those of the Japanese at 5,000.

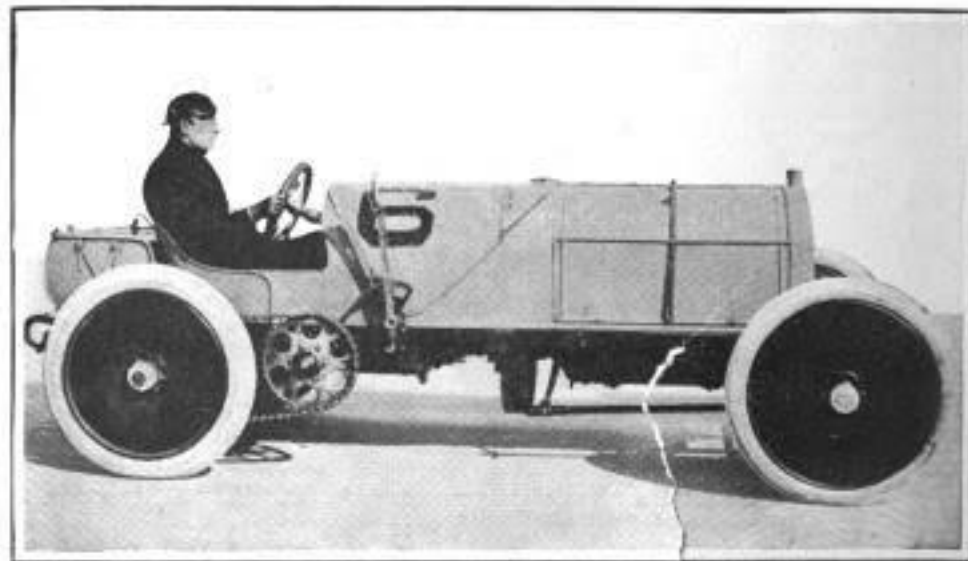
#### CONSERVATIVE TRIUMPH IN ONTARIO

THE ONTARIO provincial elections on January 25 ended in a Liberal rout. The prestige amassed by the party under the leadership of Sir Oliver Mowat had gradually been dissipated, and notwithstanding the appearance of Sir Wilfrid Laurier on the stump in its behalf the Ross Government was submerged under the most tremendous flood of hostile ballots in the history of the province. It was evident that the ministry was far weaker than the Liberal party, and that the scandals industriously exploited by its opponents had produced their effect upon the voters. The new House will contain 70 Conservatives to 28 Liberals—more than a two-thirds majority against a party that has held unbroken power in Ontario for thirty-two years. Ottawa, where Sir Wilfrid Laurier has a voting residence, and where he joined Mr. Ross on the platform at the end of the campaign, went against the tide, electing two Liberals to replace Conservatives. Many issues, such as the liquor traffic, the relations of the government with railroads, and other matters, played a part in the general result, but the subject that seems to have had most influence with the constituencies was the exposure of the frauds in the previous elections. The landslide makes Mr. Whitney the coming man in Ontario politics.



MR. H. L. BOWDEN'S MACHINE, "FLYING DUTCHMAN," SHOWING MECHANISM

This high-powered car is expected to make phenomenal speed under favorable circumstances and will be one of the eight cars selected to enter the one-hundred-mile race in Cuba.



MR. E. R. THOMAS IN HIS NINETY-HORSEPOWER MERCEDES

This racing car, driven by Mr. Thomas himself, covered the Ormond Course of ten miles in six minutes thirty-one and four-fifths seconds, an average speed of about a mile in thirty-nine seconds.



## COLLIER'S SHORT STORY CONTEST

FIRST PRIZE \$5,000

Awarded to "Fagan," by ROWLAND THOMAS, Peabody, Mass.

SECOND PRIZE \$2,000

Awarded to "Many Waters," by MARGARET DELAND, Boston, Mass.

THIRD PRIZE \$1,000

Awarded to "In the Promised Land," by RAYMOND M. ALDEN, Paloalto, Cal.



ON February 1, 1904, Collier's announced that it would give three prizes, one of five thousand, one of two thousand, and one of one thousand dollars, for the best short story submitted under terms which ensured absolute anonymity in a competition to close June 1st. The conditions of the contest were so liberal and the prizes so large that they attracted over twelve thousand stories during the four months in which the contest was open. As it was physically impossible for the three judges—Hon. Henry Cabot Lodge, Mr. Walter H. Page, and Mr. William Allen White—to read all these manuscripts, a corps of thoroughly trained magazine readers was employed to eliminate such stories as were obviously unavailable. Each story was considered by several different readers, and, as a result of this sifting, the total number of manuscripts was reduced to fifteen hundred.

At this point a most difficult step in the contest was reached, and the remaining stories were read not only by those formerly employed for the purpose, but by an entirely different set of readers. Every possible precaution was adopted to prevent the discarding of a really worthy story, and many of the manuscripts were read by eight different persons before the lot of stories which was to go to the judges was finally selected. This lot was divided into three different parcels and forwarded to the three judges in rotation. Each judge selected the stories he preferred in the three parcels, and reported his decisions directly to this office—each judge thus working entirely independent of his confrères. The result of the first

reading of the manuscripts by Messrs. Lodge, Page, and White reduced the stories remaining in the contest to thirty, which, after another reading, were reduced to nine. The titles of the nine stories from which the final award was to be made are as follows:

FAGAN, by Rowland Thomas.

MANY WATERS, by Margaret Deland.

IN THE PROMISED LAND, by Raymond M. Alden.

THE BEST MAN, by Edith Wharton.

THE DISSEMBLER, by Mabel Herbert Usher.

THE GOLDEN AGE OF POINCARRE, by Stanhope Saml.

PARADISE RANCH, by Gouverneur Morris.

RASSELAS IN THE VEGETABLE KINGDOM, by Georgia Wood Pangborn.

THE GOLDEN EGG, by Ellen Duval.

In their ranking of the foregoing stories Messrs. White and Page each placed "Fagan" and "Many Waters" among the first three, and the tie between these two stories for first place was broken by Senator Lodge, who, while he did not place either story on his prize-winning list, gave the preference to "Fagan" over "Many Waters." "In the Promised Land," to which was awarded third prize, was third on Mr. Lodge's list, and had a higher average rank than any other remaining story. While it is to be regretted that the decision could not have been unanimous, the Editors feel that the judges deserve high praise for the amount of time and the conscientious consideration they gave to their difficult task. It gives us pleasure to announce that the above stories, and some thirty others which we have purchased, will appear in Collier's Fiction Numbers during the year.

## THE OPINIONS OF THE JUDGES

By WALTER H. PAGE

I CONSENTED to be one of the judges in this short-story contest to oblige my friends, the editors of Collier's. When they sent the first package of manuscripts to me, I repented of my promise; for it seemed a big task. Besides, how shall one decide which is the best story? But as soon as I began to read them, I found it engaging work, and during the day, I would often become impatient for the evening, when I could put down my own duties and read the stories.

They interested me because good stories interest anybody, but for another reason also. It is a helpful exercise to determine what constitutes a good story, and it was interesting to see what sorts of material these writers selected, and how skilfully they used it. I have not had a pleasanter experience for years.

A good story is—a good story; for there is not room enough in a weekly journal, nor time enough in a well-filled calendar, to undertake definitions. But this much is true—a story must be a succession of events or experiences, and a single picture or a mere description is not a story. It may be material for a story; but good material must be put together well to make a story. There were "strong" manuscripts that failed, for this reason, to commend themselves to me. They were like pieces of good building stone, but they were not put together. So many writers seemed to mistake good material for good stories, that I wonder if this be not a common mistake in our time. Surely it is a fundamental mistake to forget that story-telling is an art, a difficult art, too. A man who has a stirring fact or a thrilling experience has not a story until he has used it in some proper way—has constructed it, has built it.

It indicates, no doubt, one mood of our time and country, that so few of these stories were about life in towns or in cities, or even about indoor life. If our frontier has disappeared in fact, it remains in fiction. The scenes of a very large proportion of them were in the West; few were about life in the Eastern States, and surprisingly few were New England stories. The West (the trans-Mississippi region) and the Southern States were the scenes of most of them.

I do not yet know (and I did not receive the slightest hint from the style or the matter or any other circumstance) who wrote any of the nine stories that any two of the judges mentioned in their reports. "Fagan,"

which seems to me the best, deals with fundamental human passions. It is well and simply constructed, for it is a straight narrative of a man's life; but it is so told as to move naturally to a climax—an inevitable climax. It shows, too, the self-restraint of good story-telling; only the main facts are set down. Conventional "literary" adornment—it has none. It has directness and simplicity and strength—nothing else. There is no fine writing. I imagine that the rhetoricians who



WALTER H. PAGE  
Editor of "The World's Work"

think that verbal felicities are the first quality of good style will think it a plain product. The man who wrote it (it must be a man, for it has a very masculine quality) does need to learn the use of punctuation marks and such things, for his small habits are as vicious as Sir Walter Scott's, whose dashes covered millions of sins. But any man who can build a story as good as this can afford to keep a literary critic in his employment, to do his punctuation and spelling—if he will limit the activities of the critic to these humble

services. May he never listen to any man who preaches fine writing to him! I call "Fagan" a good story. If you or anybody else think I am mistaken, then so far as you are concerned, I am mistaken. But so far as I am concerned, I am still right in my judgment. My compliments to the author of it!

I heartily wish that the other judges had agreed with me that "Rasselas in the Vegetable Kingdom" is the next best story. The woman who wrote it (for it has a manner so charmingly feminine that I am sure a woman wrote it) took a love story for her matter, and used it so gracefully that happy turns of fancy decorate the proper development of it at every stage of the tale.

But my own preference having been thwarted by my associates (I can't for the life of me see why they did not succumb to the grace and beauty of this story!) I am happy to agree with them that "Many Waters" is a very good story indeed—a dramatic use of deeply emotional material, well constructed and well told.

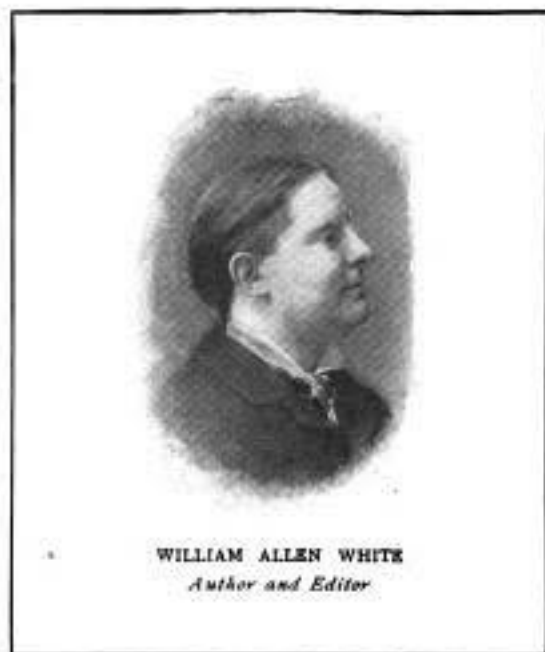
"In the Promised Land" comes so near to the third place in the list of every one of the judges as to show that, with enough practice, Mr. Lodge, Mr. White, and I could find a working basis of agreement. I congratulate myself that about this story, at least, we are not hopelessly apart.

Any judgment of a story is to a great degree a personal preference. There is, practically at least, no such thing as scientific criticism. Three men of very different experiences and points of view and temperaments were asked to act as judges in this contest for the very reason (as I understand it) that they would not be likely to reach their conclusions by the same route. For my part, I feel pleased, and I am surprised, that we came so near to agreeing.

By WILLIAM ALLEN WHITE

CITY editors of great newspapers often like to hire young men from the country who can write—men with what are called fresh country eyes and fresh country legs. For when one discovers a scene or an object one's strongest, though naturally not one's most accurate, impressions of it are made. Therefore one's first peep behind the scenes of literature may be interesting, and the impressions one received may be strong, but not necessarily true; for, of





WILLIAM ALLEN WHITE  
Author and Editor

course, in this case the stage is small, and though many of the actors are stars, they are cast in minor parts. For the short story at its best is a curtain-raiser, and can not give a man a chance to do his best, if his best has in it great power tempered by real art. The miniature painter, the modeler of statuettes, the ballad maker, or the short-story writer may, and frequently does, execute a thing which gives delight—"It is beautiful, but is it art?" But this is debatable ground, and it may be just as well to keep off it.

And yet one who looks for the first time over a load of manuscripts and sees how many people there are in the world who seem to believe that they can write a short story, and then observes how few there are who do write a short story well, one is forced to the conclusion that, in so much as art consists in surmounting difficulty to produce beauty, short-story writing is indeed a fine art. There were twelve thousand stories entered in the Collier's contest. The writer hereof has worked in newspaper offices for nearly twenty years, and probably represents what may be called the average intelligence of the average professional man in this country. It seems therefore fair to say that to the average man who would give the matter of story writing any thought, it would appear that at least a thousand of those twelve thousand stories would be in the list of possible winners. To say that by a casual reading eleven thousand five hundred out of a possible twelve thousand stories would be cast out as utterly unworthy of competition with the five hundred remaining seems preposterous. Yet it is true and more than true.

#### The Wheat and the Chaff

Until one has actually read a number of manuscripts, he can not realize how quickly his judgment rejects the impossible competitor. We have all been guilty of abusing readers for publishing houses for overlooking diamonds in the coal bin. It is possible that readers may be careless or dishonest, though, of course, the probability is strongly against their being either. But unless they are either careless, dishonest, or grossly stupid, the task of finding what is passably good, and rejecting what is unquestionably bad, is not hard. For those stories that are good are comparatively very good, and those that are bad are horrid. It is not a matter of gentle gradation. Of the stories in the Collier's contest, each of the first ninety-five in every hundred could be cast aside with five minutes' reading. One could read the first four pages carefully. If a writer has anything to say he will begin to say it in the first thousand words he writes. But if his language is stilted, his subject inartistic, or his treatment of it bungling, there is just one further chance for him—go after his plot. Then if he lacked dramatic force in handling that, he is hopeless. The naked plot of a five-thousand word story may be uncovered in two minutes. Two minutes more nosing around the cli-

maxes will tell a reader whether the plot has been put together with any artistic judgment, and if the story, lacking style and the niceties of exterior workmanship, is weak at the core, it may be cast aside. It will astonish the reader, as it astonished the deponent, to find that only one story in a hundred of those entered for the Collier's prize contained the rudiments necessary to make a good story—even a passably good story. Of this group of stories, which were found by eliminating those that failed in the fundamentals of good workmanship, probably seventy-five were written by professional writers. The hand of the craftsman is unmistakable. The work of the amateur may hide itself for ten pages, and then stick up like a sore thumb in a trite handling of an excellent situation; but the professional writer, the skilled workman, shows his presence in the first sentence, proves himself in the first paragraph, and establishes himself in the reader's confidence during the first five hundred words.

"Many Waters" seemed to me to be the best story in the contest, because it handled a big universal theme in a strong way, with the dramatic power well in hand, and with the artistic quality always in the foreground. It was entirely because it seemed to me to be artistically perfect that I chose "A Dissembler" for second place. The theme was not large, but it was well handled and true. Also, I liked the realism. "Fagan" I placed third, because it was not so vital a story as either of the other two. It was a biography, and the best short story to my mind is one that handles an incident—a cross-section of life—rather than a story that sketches the whole of a life. But "Fagan" is well done. It is a creditable story to win the prize. If the judges could have met and talked over the stories, undoubtedly "Fagan" and "Many Waters" would have been first and second in the contest, but probably the third place would have been given to some story not mentioned in the first nine that were chosen by the judges by the process of elimination. The third story might have been a tale like "Sailorsmen," a capital, good, humorous story, or an episode like "Keepers of the Gate," or a problem story like "A New Light," or a police court story like "The Chief, the Child, and Mickey Finn." Any of these stories would make a good third in the contest. Each of them is well written, and is an example of the best kind of a short story—much better than the average short story found in the magazines and periodicals to-day.

#### The Kind of Stories That Were Written

Among the twelve thousand stories submitted for competition in this contest, one sees that the time of every story but one is set since the election of President McKinley, and one or two of the best stories come down to the latter half of the present Administration. Civil War stories are missing, the mortgage on the farm, and the wayward daughter are missing. Indian fighting stories are missing, and dialect stories are missing. There is but one doublet and hose in the hundred stories, and not a pair of top-boots and miner's whiskers in the lot. On the other hand, there are two automobiles, a modern battleship, a big prairie-type engine, a pianola, a police scandal, a freak woman reporter, a modern hospital, innumerable trained nurses, five-o'clock commuters' trains whizzing by every ten thousand words, and telephone buzzers zipping on every page. More than this, the whole contest is full of east wind. Forty per cent of the stories are located in and around New York City, and twenty per cent that are located elsewhere concern New Yorkers in exile. And this also is curious: When the New Yorker in these stories has to leave New York he goes straight to the desert west of the Rocky Mountains. The Arizona desert catches six New Yorkers in the hundred stories, the Nevada and California desert catches ten New Yorkers, the Idaho desert two, and if Collier's holds a few more contests, the desert will blossom as the rose, and the Yucca stalks winking with electric signs will coax wayfarers into the haunts of the gila monster and the horned toad. After New York and the desert, the home of true romance, judging from these stories, would seem to be New England. There only do the expense accounts of the heroes and heroines shrink into the background. They live with no visible means of support, except in a few instances the old farm. Following New England, California is the



HENRY CABOT LODGE  
U. S. Senator from Massachusetts

next most popular habitat of the story people. Just one story is located in Chicago, and one in some town like Pittsburg. Three stories are located in the Middle West, one in central Illinois, a second in Indiana, and a third at some Mississippi River town, say Davenport, Iowa. Davenport gets one of the three labor stories. Chicago another, the third being located in the clouds some place. Two of the labor stories are socialistic, and the Davenport story, being of the West Western, is strongly anti-socialistic or individualistic. Alaska comes in for one scene of a telepathic story with the central office down in Italy, and Japan gets all the stage setting of one story and one act in another story. The only war story in the lot is located in the Island of Luzon, and the hero is a black man. The black man and the race question are the themes of four stories. In one the fellow marries an octoroon, in another the girl escapes marrying a mulatto, in the third there is a public burning of the quadroon son of the local district judge for the usual offence. Two of the authors of the three stories concerned with miscegenation are opposed to it, and one author seems to be in doubt. It is interesting to observe that this topic, which has scarcely any place in the discussion of intelligent people north of the black belt, should dominate three per cent of these stories, or as much attention as the labor question. There is but one political story and one temperance story in the hundred—which, considering that the stories were sent in during a political campaign, and at a time when railroads and insurance companies are bringing the question of temperance forward, is rather odd.

None of the better writers in the contest put in too much local color, yet all of them used it—even those who preached and were improbable—and used it with discrimination. And the hopeful thing for real literature in this country is this: That only four writers wrote what might be called foreign stories.

#### By SENATOR LODGE

I REGRET that I am obliged to dissent from the decision of my associates in regard to the stories entitled to prizes. I agree with them as to the story entitled "In the Promised Land." I think that that story was entitled to the third prize, but I disagree entirely as to the other two stories. In my opinion the story entitled "The Best Man" was by far the best story offered, and I would have given it first place. I consider "The Golden Age of Poincaré" the next best story and entitled to the second prize, and I regard these two stories as so distinctly the best stories offered that there was no question in my mind that they ought to be ranked as first and second. Therefore, as I have already said, I am obliged reluctantly to dissent from the award which, except in so far as "In the Promised Land" is concerned, does not at all represent my opinion.

#### ROWLAND THOMAS, son of the Rev.

Lewis J. Thomas, a Congregational minister, was born at Castine, Me., in 1879, and prepared for college at Auburn, in the same State. He graduated from Harvard University, *summa cum laude*, in 1901, and immediately went to the Philippines. There he spent two years, during which time he traveled extensively in the archipelago, carefully studying the condition of the



natives, as well as that of our own troops. Having gathered the material desired, he returned to his home at Peabody, Mass., where he now lives, and is engaged in writing for various newspapers and magazines. How well Mr. Thomas understands the various phases of life in the Philippines is shown in his "Fagan," as well as in another story, "The Valley of Sunshine and Shadow," which he also contributed to the contest, and which will appear in COLLIER'S some time during the coming year.

"Fagan" will be published in the April Fiction Number.

#### MARGARET DELAND, née

Campbell, was born at Alleghany, Penn., in 1857, and received her education at private schools. In 1880 Mrs. Deland married and settled in Boston, where she now resides. She showed no disposition to write in her early youth, but suddenly became famous on the publication of her novel, "John Ward, Preacher," and since that time has held an enviable



place in the first rank of American authors. Although Mrs. Deland has written a number of poems and a volume of travels, she is best known to-day as the author of a charming series of stories called "Old Chester Tales." As a central figure for these stories Mrs. Deland created the now well-known character in fiction, Dr. Lavender, and it is largely through him and his good deeds that she has reached her present high position in American literature.

"Many Waters" will be published in the May Fiction Number.

#### RAYMOND M. ALDEN, son

of the Rev. G. R. Alden, a Presbyterian minister, and Isabella M. Alden, author of the "Pansy Books," was born in 1873 at New Hartford, N. Y. He was educated at Rollins College, a preparatory school in Florida, the University of Pennsylvania, and Harvard University, from which he graduated in 1896. After his graduation Mr. Alden



occupied the post of instructor in English at Columbia University, Harvard, University of Pennsylvania, and later, Assistant Professor of English Literature at Leland Stanford University, California. While still an undergraduate, Mr. Alden contributed some verse and fiction to various periodicals. Since leaving college, however, he has devoted most of his time to works of a more serious nature, and is the author and editor of various educational works.

"In the Promised Land" will appear in the June Fiction Number.



# THE SITUATION AND PROSPECT IN RUSSIA

By ANDREW D. WHITE



Andrew D. White is probably a higher authority on European affairs than any other man in America. He has studied at Paris and Berlin, holds degrees from eleven universities here and abroad, and has held diplomatic posts in several countries, including two terms in Russia, first as attache fifty years ago and second as Minister from 1892 to 1894. He was once Minister and once Ambassador to Germany

THE immediate train of causes which has led to the present condition of things can be easily followed. In 1855 Alexander II came to the throne. The failure of Russian absolutism in the Crimean War had deeply impressed him. He, like his father, was of the big Romanoff breed, but with less strength and more kindness. Ever generous, save when depressed by failure, he became the "Czar Emancipator," who freed twenty millions of serfs and did his best to make every serf eventually a landed proprietor. He decreed trial by jury, endeavored to establish various safeguards for individual liberty, and sought to institute every reform which he thought his country could bear. But, constantly thwarted and hampered by extreme reactionaries on one side and extreme revolutionists on the other, he yielded to discouragement, and finally, broken hearted and prematurely old, he was assassinated by young political fanatics exasperated at not gathering fruit on the day the tree was planted.

Then came, in 1881, Alexander III, another man of the big Romanoff build, but abhorring every constitutional idea. The assassination of his father had thrown him into the hands of the reactionaries, who led him to consider every concession of liberty as an incentive to treason and assassination. Casting aside the moderate and progressive advisers of his father, and, above all, Loris Melikoff, he took as his mentor Pobedonostzeff, a Moscow professor, a scholar, a man of genius, a patriot, but conservative to the point of fanaticism, reactionary in his theories beyond any other of modern times, and with mental and moral strength to carry out his theories. To him, autocracy was the providentially ordained government of Russia. He gloried in the doctrine that Russia alone had preserved what he called the "divine principle of authority"—the idea of a monarch receiving his power directly from the Almighty and responsible to God alone. He believed that all other existing nations, with their theories of constitutional government, had renounced this "divine principle of authority," and were virtually given over to Satan. To him the autocracy was the divinely appointed means of making Russia the greatest empire in the world, and the church was, as the present writer has more than once heard him phrase it, "the cementing power of the empire." Therefore it is that, although by no means cruel at heart, he has never hesitated to persecute, impoverish, imprison, and even to shoot down Catholics, Protestants, Jews, Armenians, Musselmans, idolaters, who in any way endanger the supremacy or even the progress of the church. His sincerity was evident; his conscientiousness made him the power behind the throne—the main agent in bringing to a head all the evils which have been fermenting since the accession of Nicholas I, and of which we now see the outcome. The Emperor Alexander III had been a pupil of this Moscow professor, and thus had become a determined, straightforward, honest bigot. On the moral side, Pobedonostzeff had trained him to be not only an honest man, but clean and strict in his ideas of morality beyond any other monarch Russia had ever seen. But he made the young emperor in mind after his own image—a fanatical devotee of autocracy as a blessing bestowed upon Russia by the Grace of God.

## Czar Alexander and Official Corruption

Thus trained, Alexander looked upon the world outside Russia with distrust and dislike. As to political ideas, he shunned more and more all tendencies to constitutional monarchy. As to religious ideas, he yielded fully to the famous doctrine that the Russo-Greek Church is "the cementing power of the empire," and he favored the sternest measures for extending it—no matter at what cost to other religious bodies. One thing more must be said of him. Honest, narrow-minded, determined, he was the first Russian emperor since Peter the Great who was able to cope in any considerable degree with official corruption. In this respect he reformed the administration at St. Petersburg, surrounded himself with honest men, thwarted innumerable swindlers, and cleaned out a mass of time-honored frauds.

Alexander III, having conscientiously done Russia vast political harm by stopping or blocking the reforms introduced by his father, died in 1894, and was succeeded by his son, Nicholas II. The new Czar was a young man, kindly, courteous, speaking English like an Englishman and French like a Frenchman, but with no other qualifications to rule his empire. To begin

with, he differs physically from any of his predecessors since Peter the Great, save possibly the wretched Emperor Paul. He is slight in build, short in stature, undignified in manner. Probably no man ever came to a throne with a greater dislike for all that reigning implies. Those who have had the best opportunities to observe him agree that he has no ambition, no real knowledge of his empire, no acquaintance with men, no ideas of any value regarding the world at large; that he dislikes all official business and is indifferent to all human beings save his family and a few friends of no moral or intellectual force.

Being thus constituted, he at once fell under the sway of the old reactionary influences and especially of Pobedonostzeff, of his mother, the Dowager Empress, and of sundry grand dukes immediately about him. All the evils in progress during the reign of his father now came to a head. The "Russification" of the Baltic provinces, the oppression of the Jews, the massacres of the Chinese upon the Amour and elsewhere, the trampling down of Finland, the plunder of the Armenian Church and the giving up of the Armenians to murder and pillage under Turkish misrule—all went on more gayly than ever.

## Violation of the Pledge to Finland

As to Finland, the four emperors who had preceded him since that grand duchy was brought into the empire had been restrained by the oaths taken on their accession, but this young man, under the influence of counselors fanatical and brutal, violated the imperial pledge and his own oath, and thus turned the most loyal and civilized part of his empire into a hotbed of hatred and treason. Very significant is it to observe that in Finland, which up to his reign had never shown the slightest tendency to anarchism, nihilism, or socialism, the red flag has in these later days been freely displayed.

The present reign has completed the reduction of autocracy to absurdity. For the theory on which autocracy is based is that the monarch, established by divine grace and endowed with divine wisdom, is to do all the thinking for the most enormous empire in the world—for one hundred and forty millions of people of unnumbered races, tongues, religions, institutions, and customs. This is the theory which has now collapsed in the face of the whole world. For the last ten years, this work, which would have tasked the genius of Caesar or Napoleon, has been carried on by a young man of less ability and force than would be required of a clerk in a haberdashery.

One result of the present Emperor's unfitness to rule, and of his consciousness of that unfitness has been that he has sought to throw off upon others the duties which a strong autocrat like Peter the Great or Catherine, or even his own father, would have sought to retain. When, by listlessly yielding to reactionary counsels, he had utterly alienated Finland, he shrank from dealing with the problem himself, but gave that whole people into the hands of Plehve, his Minister of the Interior, and sent among them, with enormous powers, General Bobrikoff, a brutal Russian satrap. The result was that both these agents were murdered, and the problem loomed up more threatening than ever. Again, when the Far Eastern question began to assume dangerous shape, the Czar virtually abdicated in that part of his empire, turned everything over to General Alexieff, and made him virtually emperor in Eastern Asia. Alexieff soon discovered that, while the young Emperor made mild professions of a desire for peace, the real powers at St. Petersburg—the leading grand dukes, women, and generals who frequented the Winter Palace—were for war. Alexieff therefore plunged the country into war. The result thus far, the world knows by heart.

No less fatal has been the influence of autocracy upon Russian finance. After stumbling along for generations with every sort of financial makeshift, and especially with fiat money, Russia at last secured, under the father of the present Czar, a finance minister of some value—De Witte. This minister did indeed keep on borrowing money abroad, but he at least brought in a sound metallic currency and accumulated a large metallic reserve. He was strict in his ideas; he recommended economy. This naturally made him enemies among the pleasure-loving grand dukes and courtiers; it was the old story of Turgot preaching economy to Louis XVI, and to his queen, brothers, and courtiers, and the results thus far are strikingly similar. Louis XVI, yielding to court influences, turned out Turgot

and so brought on the French Revolution of 1789; Nicholas II, yielding to similar influences, turned out De Witte, the result being that the gold reserve which De Witte had accumulated has been thrown into the abyss of war, and that great new loans are making and still more are in sight. The Russian peasantry are already taxed beyond endurance, and now are thrown upon their shoulders a vast volume of new taxes—not to be expended within the empire, but to pay new creditors in France, Germany, England, and possibly the United States. Bankruptcy seems looming up at the end of the perspective. Jean de Bloch, the Russian whose writings led Nicholas II to call The Hague Peace Conference, demonstrated that a great war in Europe would bankrupt every nation concerned in it, and it looks much as if his prophecy is now coming true.

So, too, in regard to natural resources. They seem almost infinitely vast, but the autocracy at St. Petersburg has constantly stood as a barrier to their effective development. For, whereas all other great modern peoples have, by education and some degree of liberty, developed many men of individual initiative, Russia has steadily refused national education, discouraged individual initiative, and sought to keep her whole development centred in the government bureaus at St. Petersburg.

The efforts and wealth of the nation have been directed to the building up of a military force. The Russian armies, stanch and brave though they have been, have of late years been obliged to yield to the armies of other civilized powers.

We hear it said that, because Russia has three times the population of Japan, she must eventually come out of the present struggle victorious. This is, to say the least, far from certain. Possibly if the war were to continue for ten or fifteen years, Russia might wear out Japan; but in less than that time such a wearing-out process can hardly be accomplished. Japan has now obtained such an enormous start in the race that nothing short of a war of ten or fifteen years would enable the greater power to overtake the smaller. The contest at this moment looks very much like the French Revolutionary Government in 1792 beating off the allied forces of Europe, or, to go further back, like Frederick the Great beating off the coalition of France, Austria, and Russia. The Japanese are now in their heroic period—the time when a nation of warriors believes in its cause and rejoices in an opportunity to sacrifice life for it. The great body of Russian soldiers can not believe in their cause or feel devoted to it. There are indeed, no doubt, large bodies of Cossacks and ignorant peasants in the army—"dumb, driven cattle"—who believe that they are fighting for the Almighty against idolaters and miscreants; but the Finns, Poles, Baltic province Germans, and Jews are forced to fight for a cause in which none of them really believe and which most of them hate.

## The Situation in Europe

The great mass of the army is evidently discouraged by defeat, without faith in its leaders, and without devotion to its cause. So much for the general situation in Asia; now as to the situation in Europe.

The uprisings in the cities of European Russia present ominous features never seen in that empire until now. In our own press these are often spoken of as leading to a revolution. Here is a misunderstanding. No revolution in the sense in which that word has been used in our country, in Great Britain, or in France seems at present possible.

For, first of all, there is no great, intelligent, middle class with which to make a revolution. Broadly speaking, Russians are divided into three classes. First of these is what is called "the directing class"—the small fraction of the nation whose interests are attached to those of the emperor and court. This includes the civil, ecclesiastical, and military authorities, with the landed proprietors, the capitalists, the great manufacturers, and all those naturally attached to these. As a second or middle class exists here and there throughout the nation, scattered, confused, with no programme, a small body of exceedingly intelligent men, but all working at cross purposes and with neither the cohesion nor the power required to enforce their ideas upon the empire.

Below these, as the third class, comes the great incoherent mass of peasantry, working men, lower mercantile classes, dependants, and inferior races of every



# THE JAPANESE ARMY IN WINTER QUARTERS

PHOTOGRAPHS BY JAMES H. HARE, COLLIER'S SPECIAL WAR CORRESPONDENT WITH THE JAPANESE ARMY IN MANCHURIA. COPYRIGHT 1905 BY COLLIER'S WEEKLY

THE JAPANESE AND RUSSIAN ARMIES WHICH FOUGHT AT THE GREAT BATTLE OF LIAO-YANG ARE NOW IN WINTER QUARTERS ON THE HUN RIVER, JUST TO THE SOUTHWARD OF MUKDEN. THE TWO LINES FACE EACH OTHER FOR MANY MILES, IN SOME PLACES COMING SO CLOSELY TOGETHER THAT THE SENTRIES CAN CALL OUT TO EACH OTHER

THAT preparedness and wonderful grasp of detail which were characteristic of the Japanese advance through Korea and Manchuria are just as apparent, now that the army is in winter quarters. The Japanese soldier's regard for cleanliness impressed all the correspondents. The Manchurian winter does not appear to have discouraged his enthusiasm for bathing. Earthenware jars about four feet high are sunk in the ground, and stoves built around them with flues to carry the smoke away. In these the soldiers can take warm baths, although they are in the field and the mercury in the neighborhood of zero. In the accompanying photograph, showing the soldier bathing, the chimney of the flues in which the water was heated can be seen in the upper left corner of the picture. The winter houses are dugouts roofed over with kowliang, the dried stalks of the millet found in Manchuria. On the top of this heavy thatch a thick coating of clay is spread



The Guard in Front of an Officer's Quarters

ALTHOUGH the Japanese and Russian armies, facing each other near Mukden, are at present in a state of armed neutrality, owing to the severe weather in that part of Manchuria, their winter quarters are protected by trenches, into which at any time soldiers could be rushed to protect their camp from assault. Having secured official permission to visit one of the advanced trenches, Mr. Hare persuaded the officer in charge to allow some soldiers to stand as they would if attacked. Just as the photographer got his camera ready to make the picture, the Russians noticed the activity in the Japanese trench and some hot sniping ensued. Had the men in this picture discharged their rifles, Collier's photographer would have had the unique experience of personally precipitating a battle. The fur-lined overcoats which the soldiers are wearing suggest something of the temperature of the Manchurian winter and the means taken by the Japanese to withstand it



He's Next!—The Luxury of Bathing at the Front



An Outpost Trench on the Hun River



A Typical Dugout in the Japanese Camp of Field Marshal Oyama's Manchurian Army



# "IF YOUTH BUT KNEW"

By Agnes and Egerton Castle

Authors of "Incomparable Bellairs," "The Bath Comedy," "The Pride of Jennico," Etc.

A Series of Six Tales of Love and Adventure,  
Laid in Westphalia in the Days of King Jerome

## V. THE KING'S MAIL



They went in silence

BETTY, the little Austrian wife of the Burgrave of Wellenshausen—chancellor to his Majesty, King Jerome I of Westphalia—had charming capacities for mischief, but they were sadly undeveloped. Shut up for the three years of her married life by her grossly jealous husband in an inaccessible Burg in the wilds of Thuringia, small chance had she had indeed. The single opportunity which had presented itself, that of separating her husband's niece, Sidonia, from her hour-old bridegroom, she had conscientiously availed herself of. The young man had had the audacity to admire Betty herself first, or so Betty had chosen to think; he was therefore distinctly not to be trusted, and must, moreover, be punished. Morals demanded it. But the business had been a mere trifle, accomplished with disappointing ease. Betty in her consciousness of power yearned for wider scope; and now at last she had attained it.

The Burgrave's very jealousy had delivered him into his wife's hands. From tyrant he was become slave. Betty was mistress, not only of herself, but of the situation.

And therefore it was that she was actually in Cassel—Cassel, the gay, irresponsible capital of the gay, irresponsible Jerome—Cassel, the Mecca of her dreams! And not only was she in Cassel, but she had got rid of her Bluebeard. For what pleasure could a poor little woman expect, I ask you, with the shadow of a huge jealous husband perpetually between her and the sunshine of the most innocent flirtation? Away with Bluebeard to his chancellor apartments at the Palace! Lady Bluebeard preferred the hotel, if you please, and her liberty.

How the monster roared! Yet she had him at her mercy, and for fear of greater scandal he was fain to submit. As for Sidonia, the new Countess Waldorf Kilmansegg (who should not long bear that title if the Burgravine could help it), Betty consented to keep her by her side. The girl made an excellent chaperon. And the sight of the minx's proud, silent sorrow was not altogether disagreeable to her aunt by marriage.

So Betty was in Cassel and Betty was free. A butterfly in a garden, the long summer's day before her, and all the flowers of spring to choose from! And what a charming man was King Jerome! Not a hint of the sort of savage they said those Corsicans all were, much less of the plebeian about him. A real little king after Betty's own heart. She had always had a conviction that they would understand each other. Burgravine Betty had occasion, very soon, to write to this affable sovereign a most delicate little note on pink paper.

It was posted by Mademoiselle Elisa, who might well stare at the superscription, and promise herself that if her lady had such correspondence, the Burgrave's Jaeger would certainly no longer suffice the maid.

There was also, be it said, a trifle of a note to the Burgrave posted at the same occasion. It had cost Countess Betty but a single dash of her pen.

THE spirits of Spring and Autumn are akin, although the one wanders to the fulness of life and the other to the cold sleep—Death. Across the dividing months they seem to meet each other in grace and pathos, in caprice and gentleness. They serve you smiles and tears, skies of a tenderness unknown to summer, huge gales of wind, soft as milk, mighty as love—winds that come chanting with the voices of the Ocean, the Mountain, and the Forest; great songs of glory, that seize you by the way in resistless arms and tell you wondrous things, and set your blood leaping as they pass; set, if Autumn it be, the yellow leaves awirl in a death dance; or if Spring, every baby bud rocking on its sappy spray.

Two travelers, one riding, the other afoot, went side by side along the high imperial road from Göttingen toward Cassel. There was a mighty spring wind which blew into their faces. To the rider, who was young, it spoke mightily of the spring in his blood—spoke spring things of love and budding secrets. The breath of it in his nostrils was full of a scent of growth and yearning that maddened him: for he had fever in his veins, and he was balked in love.

But to the other traveler, whose hair was already

gray, who tramped along at the swing of him who has learned to ignore fatigue, an autumn lament was hidden in the April joy. It told him how all that is born must die, and how the beautiful die first. In the whisper of each infant leaf he heard the coming sigh of inevitable fall; in the fragrance of the striving earth he could smell the bitter

graves of yesteryear. The horseman was clothed in fine and fashionable garments, as became a high-born traveler; he who trudged was but a vagrant player, who made music for his daily bread, and rarely knew in the morning where he would lay his head at night. The hazard of the road had thrown these two strangely together, and Hans, the vagrant, had fiddled joy and sorrow, love and hate, into the life of Steven Lee, Count Waldorf Kilmansegg, almost, it seemed, at his fantastic pleasure. But Steven loved his mad companion. Though peaceful travelers both, they had recently been caught in the whirl of a Cossack raid—for in the death throes of Napoleon's empire even Westphalia was shaken—and at the risk of his own life the Austrian patrician had saved the vagabond from a wanton spear; and, with all the reasonless generosity of youth, he loved him now all the more, for the burning of his own wound.

They went in silence. Steven's heart was heavy: he had been robbed of his bride wellnigh on the altar steps, and was now seeking her, in an impatience which repeated disappointment had fed to frenzy. And Fiddle-Hans was his guide; he had long ceased even to wonder at his own blind confidence in this being of mysterious influence.

At a certain spot the forest began to press upon the imperial road. The overarching boughs flung premature night upon them; and, as the whispered protection of the woodland enfolded them, they drew closer together and their tongues were loosened. It seemed as if nature had drawn them into a green chamber of confidence which made for speech, even as the desert plain for silence. The rider struck his saddle-bow with a passionate hand, at which the plodding gray faintly started.

"To think of her at Cassel, under the devil flicker of that imperial puppet's glance! Sidonia, my wife, at the court of Jerome . . . !"

The countenance of Fiddle-Hans, safely shadowed, was wrinkled by a grin of satisfaction.

"A water lily may defy the ooze," he observed sententiously.

But the simile was hateful to the youth. . . . A water lily, a flower that flourishes, in atrocious beauty, upon the very slime! Then he cursed his wound for its slow healing and his blood for its ill-timed fever,

and the length of the road, and the perversity of women.

"And the wrong-headedness of young men!" added the musician dryly. But thereafter, in tones of consolation, as dudgeon still reigned on the saddle above him, he pointed to a light far off through the dark flicker of leaf and shadowy march of trees:

"See, yonder shall we sup and sleep; and thence, rested, start in the brisk dawn. And to-morrow—"

"To-morrow!" interrupted the bridegroom impatiently. "No, I shall be in Cassel to-night."

"You forget the times we live in, comrade," came the Fiddler's answer. "Our beloved monarch has made a fortress of his capital—breastworks and glacis where of old were orchards and cottage gardens—posterns and *corps de garde* at all road entrances. And everything closed at the setting of the watch, an hour after sundown! No, friend, we enter Cassel to-morrow."

With the ardor that brooks no delay Steven the lover had, in his mind's eye, seen his pilgrimage ended before the fall of the day, seen himself dashed or crowned. . . . Crowned! Upon the latter vision, how the surge would rise in his heart, till he wellnigh swooned from it!

Fiddle-Hans, with his diabolic insight, chose this moment to draw from his fiddle sudden strains of melting sweetness.

"Have done!" panted the bridegroom; "I can not bear it." And the player fell silent, musing upon the ways of men and women and of love. Let a bride but vanish from her lover's embrace, what sure road shall she find to his ardor?

NIGHT had fallen, and a full moon was floating up the sky when the comrades emerged from the woodland and halted before the doorstep of the inn.

"The Three Ways" held, it seemed, merry company on that April night, judging by the medley of shout and song that rang out from its upper windows.

The Fiddler, mounting up the few steps that led to the door, gave a couple of knocks with a peculiar emphasis. To this there was no response. He waited a while, hearkening and silently laughing; then, suddenly he betook himself to his violin, at its highest pitch. Too much engrossed with their own music, the first-floor revelers paid no heed to knocks or notes; but, below, there were immediate stirrings; the bolts screeched under a hasty hand.

"Ach, you! Geigel-Onkel!" cried the hostess, as she stood revealed on the threshold. "You will have your joke! We thought it was the police commissary's rap. . . . Ah, heavens, what times these are! One's heart is in one's throat all day, all night."

She clasped her hands upon her flat bosom, but suddenly catching sight of the rider, forgot to pant that she might the better stare.

"'Tis but a new brother of mine," said the Fiddler carelessly. "Send the kerl for his horse. So you have some of the boys here? Well, I bring news for them! Come, comrade, you must be weary."

In the kitchen, amid otherwise pleasing surroundings, their sense of smell was offended by an extraordinary reek of stale wine, presently traceable, it seemed, to a position in dilapidated uniform, who was ensconced within the glow of the hearth.

The man's high collar and braided jacket were open for the freer intercourse of throat and can; he winked impudently at Fiddle-Hans, and had a truculent roll of the eyes for Steven.

"Interception of the King's Mail—*lèse-majesté*—crime of the first category—punishment capital," observed he, with some pride, in answer to the young man's astonished look.

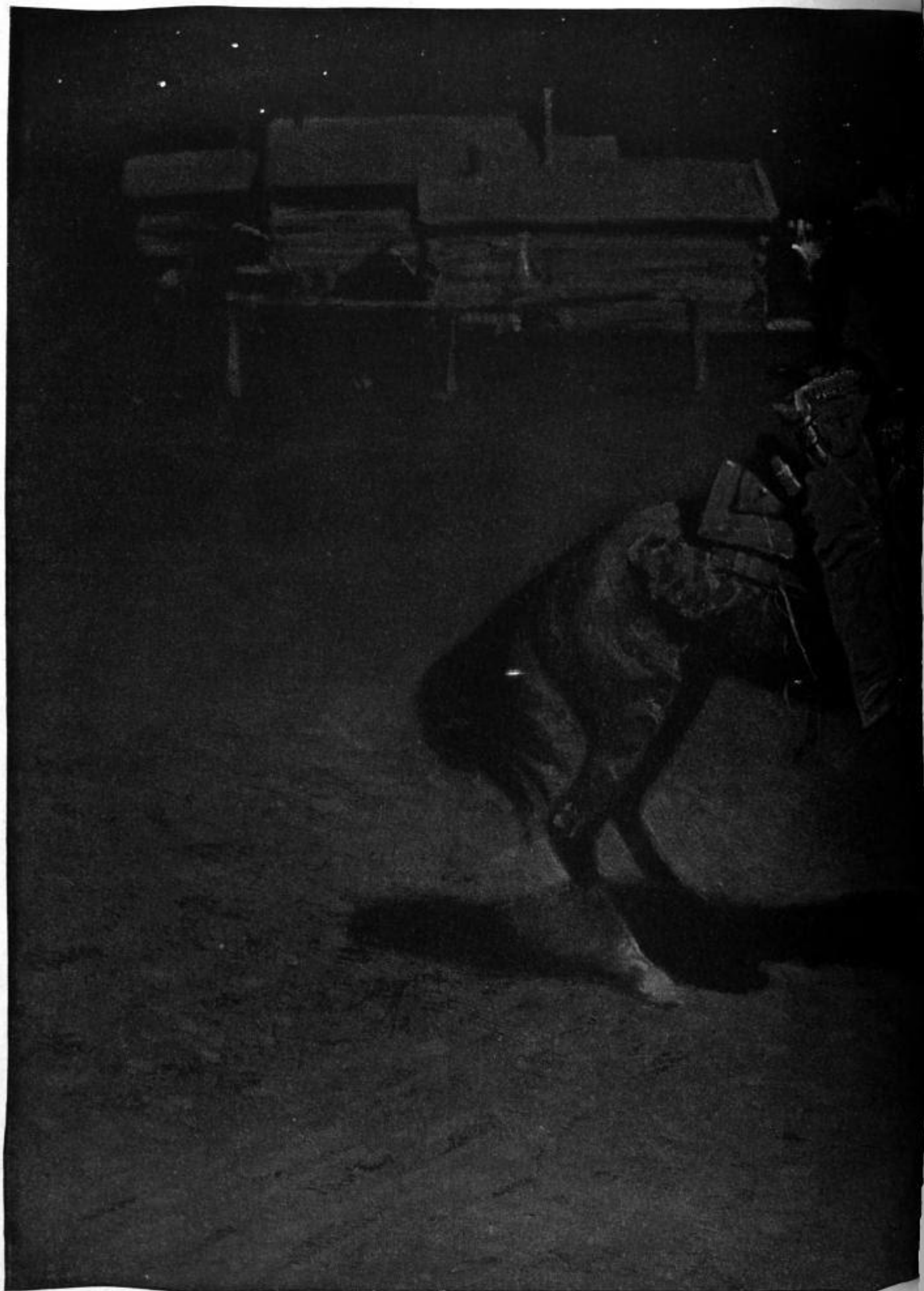
"The punishment includes all accessory to the act," suggested Fiddle-Hans pleasantly.

"Not the victim of coercion," stated the postilion serenely.



"How beautiful it is to see the saviors of their country at work upon her interests!"



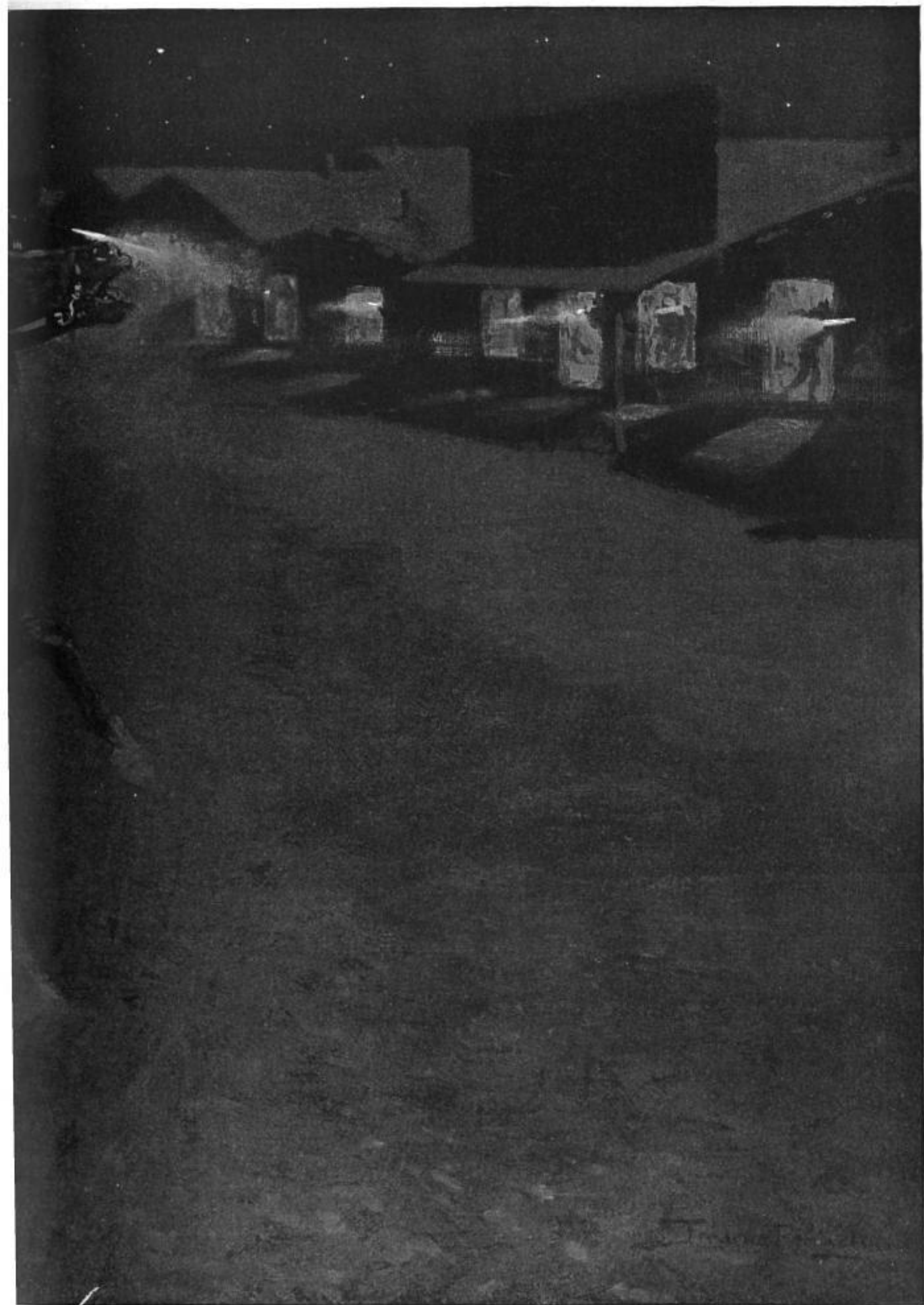


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AN ARGUMENT WITH

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E TOWN MARSHAL

REMINGTON



He turned his tankard upside down as a hint to the hostess. She, poor thing, seemed to regard these doings as a hare may the trap that clutches her pad.

"The gentlemen are upstairs," she said, and wiped the dampness from her lip with the corner of her apron.

The gentlemen upstairs now began again to make their presence uproariously patent.

"The Brotherhood, apparently, are having a little argument," quoth Fiddle-Hans, with a slight smile.

"For God's sake go up and quiet them, if you can: we shall have the gendarmes!" groaned the hostess.

"Now, comrade," said the Fiddler to Steven, one foot upon the narrow stairs, "I will now introduce you into nobler company than ever! I have made you known to the newest King and the oldest Burgrave in the world. To-night you shall become acquainted with the offspring of a nation in chains—heroes, my little count, no less. Patriots of the very first water!"

Count Kilmansegg was conscious that the corners of his high-born lips drooped. The patriotism of this Westphalia, the convulsions of this tin kettle on a mere corner of the vast Napoleonic fire . . . pot-house heroes that roared their enthusiasm into the night to the clink of the can! . . .

There was a twinkle in the musician's eye that seemed to mock his words. He went nimbly up the stair, and his companion followed with the heavy foot of indifference.

A drunken shout greeted the entrance of Fiddle-Hans. Steven stood on the threshold, his disdainful lip curling into ever more open scorn at the sight which greeted them—three disheveled youths, in different humors of intoxication, extravagantly costumed according to the taste of the militant *Studiosus*; tunics of velvet, shabby but much befogged; jack-boots; gigantic spurs that had, probably, never pressed horse's sides; poetically open collars; uncut hair; tobacco pouch and rapier on belt; china pipes, six feet long, tasseled with fatherland colors. A squat individual, exuberantly bearded, sprawled at the head of the table, expostulating with vehemence; he was embracing a can of wine, and defending it with drawn spadron against the other two, who—the one with uproarious laughter, the other with tipsy solemnity—were making futile attempts to wrest it from his possession. The table was strewn with letters and papers.

No sooner did the hirsute Bursch perceive Fiddle-Hans than he abandoned both sword and can, and, staggering to his feet, opened wide his arms.

"Welcome, brother—master, friend!" exclaimed he dithyrambically.

"Salve," then cried the laughing student, pounced upon the abandoned can and, neglecting the glass at his elbow, buried his impertinent sandy face in its depths. Whereupon the melancholy third, whose long black hair fell about a cadaverous countenance, sank into his chair.

"*Vilis est hominis natura . . .*" lamented he; then suddenly broke into the vernacular and shook his fist at the drinker: "Thou rag!"

"Salve, fratres!" said the Fiddler, by no means surprised, it seemed, at his reception, but neatly avoiding the threatened embrace. "How beautiful it is," he went on, "to see the saviors of their country at work upon her interests, even when the rest of the world sleeps!" And he pointed to the letters as he spoke.

An inflamed but exceedingly alert eye was here fixed upon Steven over the rim of the can.

"Prudentia!" the drinker cried, flung down the vessel and ran forward. "A stranger among us!"

With a bellow the bearded one lurched for his weapon: "A stranger? *Pix intrantibus!*"

The weeper profited of the excitement to seize, in his turn, upon the abandoned vessel.

"Nay," said Fiddle-Hans, arresting the double onslaught with outstretched arms. "*Pax intrantibus* be it—we are friends!"

Steven stood in the doorway sneering. In his ill temper he would have found a pungent satisfaction in laying flat the drunken couple—and, no doubt, with the science cultivated in Jackson's London rooms, would, despite his wound, easily have accomplished the thought. He made a movement forward. But the Fiddler held him at arm's-length; held him still more, it seemed, by that strange authority he exercised no less over King Jerome's rebels than over King Jerome himself.

"Peace, brother Peter—peace, most learned doctor in *herbä*: I bring a friend, I say, a new brother, my comrade, a noble Austrian, who, by the way, is half an Englishman, and thus as bitter a foe to the tyrant as your most Germanic selves. I introduce:—Count Waldorf Kilmansegg—Herr Paul Oster, Mossy-head, *emeritus* swordsman—*Senior* of the great Westphalic conspiracy. Behold, Count, the true German garb, the type of manly beauty. Behold this Barbarossa head. Behold the sword, in short (if I may so express myself); of a great patriotic movement. And here," turning, with a fresh gesture of ceremony, "we have the brain, the tongue, the acute eye, in other words: Herr Theophilus Schmeeling, legal doctor, a jurist fresh from all his honors at Göttingen—and the third . . .?" He looked interrogation at the black-haired student, who was slowly discussing the remains of the wine. The jurist, surprisingly alive to the situation, here answered briskly for his melancholic comrade, who was still absorbed and absorbing: "Johannis Stempel, Sanctæ Theologie Studiosus—the moral guide, we may say, of our movement. An ancient house, also a faithful heart—a good laborer in the vineyard—but," he added, chuckling, "apt to be *weinerisch im wein*, whiny over the wine."

He perpetrated his atrocious quip with a wink of the little red eyes.

Count Waldorf Kilmansegg found some pleasure in bowing three times with ironical ceremony. But Fiddle-Hans took up the tale again with a dry disregard of any possibility of humor:

"Here we are, in the heart of a great conspiracy, and not one of us but risks his head by so much as merely looking on!—The Sword, the Law . . . the Church! 'Tis a conspiracy well headed!"

As he waved his hand, Steven's eyes were directed toward the table, and he realized that the papers lying in such disorder were the contents of the mailbag that hung on the theologian's chair. His thoughts went back to the dilapidated courier downstairs. "Crime of the first category," had said that official.

"Bah!" cried the jurist, "Jerome does not kill, he but fleeces his little flock, as all the world knows."

"Your pardon, doctor," retorted the Fiddler, with a fine incisiveness in his tones, "the most paternal government makes an example, now and again. And the head of Carl Schill is now affixed, minus its body, on the tollgate of Helmstadt. But reassure yourselves, the odious French invention of Dr. Guillotin has not yet superseded your old Germanic square sword; your heads would be hacked off in the right heroic style. Immense consolation!"

"Augh!" cried Barbarossa, and sank into his seat at the head of the table, clasping his middle as if a sober sickness had fallen upon him with these tidings. His



Now, at a flash, the situation was laid clear before her

very beard seemed to turn pale. But presently it flamed again with a revulsion of anger.

"What the hangman! How is one to manage these fools? They sit and soak and sop and suck, and enough to twist twenty necks on the table before them. . . . I told them so, just now, when I wished to take the wine away."

"The can is empty," here intoned the theologic studiosus, after the manner of one giving out a psalm. "*Nunc est bibendum—Aut bibe aut abi.*"

The "senior" growled like a dog in his beard, but the jurist intervened. "Content ye," he said softly. "I'll to the letters, and here's a cool head will help me. Will you not, Geigel-Hans—good Geigel-Hans? And we shall but crack a bottle between us, just to clear our brains. Shall we not, musician of my heart?"

"Yes; *aut bibe, aut abi—sauf oder lauf*—drink or slink," asserted the divine afresh.

"Doctorlein," said the musician suavely. "I am with you. And the devil's own head you must have," he pursued, looking at the jurist with a kind of admiration, "for I'll be sworn you've drunk as much as the other two put together—but I pray you, a word first. Wherefore the King's mail?"

"Your request is reasonable," responded the other, in fuddled verbosity: "*Providus, homo sagax*. The defendant's request is allowed, worthy senior. Are you defendant, by the way, or pursuer?"

"Accomplice," said the Fiddler, quietly sitting down and gathering a sheaf of letters into his hand. "To the point again, brother; why the King's mail?"

"A batch of warrants out against the brotherhood. And here," the student slapped his greasy tunic, "you behold equity contravening judgments; legal sagacity

tripping up edicts; the true principle—for if your lawyer is not the antidote to the law, what is he? Answer me that! Ah, here comes the wine. No more cans, but bottles. Our landlady knows how to treat gentlemen. Nay, nay, pastorlein, get you to sleep again and dream of your first sermon. There is work to be accomplished here. Mrs. Hostess, give him small beer in the can—he will never know the difference!"

Fiddle-Hans, who had rapidly sorted the letters in his hand, raised his eyes and cast a look about him. The "senior," sunk in a heap upon his chair, was staring straight before him with a glowering eye, and evidently in the first stage of drunken stupefaction. The aspirant divine was whimpering over the strangely inferior taste of his tipple. Steven, leaning against the white-washed walls with folded arms, stood looking upon the scene, weary, arrogant, detached.

"Hey, Sir Count," said the Fiddler then, with one of his rare sweet smiles, "what say you—a glass of wine? No? Why, then, what will your lordship do while we manipulate affairs of state . . . in this *Cabinet Noir*?"

For the life of him Steven could never display haughtiness to his strange companion, however dubious might seem his proceedings. Too much he knew of him by this time, yet too little.

"Nay," said he, giving him back a faint smile, "I see a couch yonder. I will try a sleep till the State of Westphalia is secured . . . or undone, for I am woefully tired."

"The couch? Right," said the Fiddler, nodding. "Yes, go to sleep, comrade, and dream. Here with that heap, brother conspirer. And now listen: the wise commit no unnecessary crimes. We have no business with the private correspondence of the good folks of Cassel. But here is a document with an official seal, and addressed to the Commissary of Police, Göttingen."

He tossed the letter across the table. There was a shout of triumph from the jurist.

THE couch was clean enough, and Steven had flung himself on it with a whole-souled desire to shut out a sordid, unsatisfactory world. But sleep, the jade, is not to be had for the asking. The maudlin whines of the theologian, the stertorous breathing of Barbarossa, the jurist's ceaseless flow of language, the crackling of the papers, the Fiddler's very mutism, were all as so many goads to drive him into ever more feverish wakefulness. Against the hard hair bolster his heartbeats resounded ever stronger in his ear. "Sidonia, Sidonia!" they said in maddening persistence. And then, as in a sort of vision, he would see the Don Juan, King Jerome, with his flickering eyes, and start with a spasm of anger to the glaring consciousness of the mean room, the guttering lights, the sickening reek of wine and smoke, the insufferable company.

"Hey—Herr Jurist, halt, halt!" came the Fiddler's voice suddenly. "Leave that letter alone; that is, beyond any doubt, a private letter."

"Nay, 'tis addressed to the arch enemy, and no correspondence with tyrants is private. Besides," with a grin, "it is one of those new fashion French envelopes, and the wafer has come unsealed in my very hand. The wise man, hic, neglects no hint of Providence. Hey da, what have we here? Oh, thou little son of Venus, what a sweet slip of rosy paper—what a darling little claw of a hand. . . . (The king has a fine taste in doves . . . I'll grant him that!) Bah, Sardapalus! It is enough to turn any man republican. I am for the rights of man. Tyrants shall have no monopoly of dovescotes. Hum, neither date nor place; a cautious dove! Chirp, chirp!" The creature pressed the sheet to his tipsy lips with disgusting lushness. "Would I held the darling here. Hark! what does she say?—'Sir' (a cold beginning her feathers seem ruffled)—'I ought to be very angry with you; but, alas, anger is not to be commanded any more than love. How well it would be for us women were it otherwise!' (Pretty dear! Ambiguous as a lawyer's statement) 'Yet I feel that you must be forgiven, if but for the sake of duty—for I should be indeed disloyal to persist in rebellion against my lawful lord.—Betty!' (O Betty, I thought better of you! Tamed so suddenly?) 'P. S.' (Aha, now we shall come to the true meaning, to the kernel, *medulla, medullula esculenta* of the rosy note.) 'Understand, I promise nothing. But understand also you are forgiven. You may come and receive your pardon—if no more!'"

The reader's mouth was opened upon a fresh flood of dithyrambics, when the Fiddler's voice rose, with sudden peremptoriness: "Pass me that letter!"

There fell a silence between the two. Fiddle-Hans, his lean jaws propped upon his hands, sat staring at the pink sheet. The lawyer fell upon a fresh pile of letters with monkey-like mischief and activity. The "senior," supposed President of the Cabinet Noir, snored lustily. Its religious guide and philosopher was still pondering over the perversity of his liquor.

"Ha!" cried the jurist with a sudden shout, "another missive from the pink dove; same hand, same paper and cover, and addressed to no less a person than the great Chancellor Wellenshausen! Never draw such angry brows upon me, Minnesinger! mine. I tell you, this woman positively can not seal a letter!"

Steven lifted his head from the pillow. He heard the rustle of the opening sheet in the student's hand; then came another crow: "Excellent, upon *cerevis*, excellent! Listen, man, whatever your faults are, you can laugh. (Continued on page 31)"



# "JUPITER TONANS,"

Ship of the Line, comes out of the Past to give Combat to a Twentieth Century Submarine Boat

By JOHN LUTHER LONG



On the instant the broadside roared. With the accuracy of all their practice this went harmlessly into the sea. When the smoke cleared the green craft was out of sight, but soon the little thing appeared again on the other side of the ship

A slight boom was heard presently from the direction of the tiny boat, though it was now nearly out of sight, and at once a strange missile plowed through the good ship "Tonans" from the stern, and stopped in the middle of the waist

## I.—The Serious Insomnia of Hier Ruhet

THE Spring of The Thousand Years on the Island of Floresnik, in the South Pacific, has now a pink marble panel, with an ornamental border, put up by the Society for the Prevention of Disappointment, warning the traveler in Gothic letters and seven languages that he who drinks of it will sleep unchanged a thousand years.

But no such warning was there on the morning of the 15th of December, 1504, when the *Jupiter Tonans*, seventy-two guns, Admiral Hier Ruhet, from Amsterdam eighty-eight days, bore down upon the little island. The great new battleship had been separated from her consorts by the thick weather following the storm on the 12th of January of that year, and had now been out of her reckoning and without fresh water for twenty-three days.

There was little attempt at discipline as the great ship came to anchor. Indeed, none was needed. From Ruhet down to the ship's boots, jawrge, but one desire prevailed—water.

Nor was there any waiting for boats. The crew waded or swam ashore and drank till they could drink no more. Nicht Wahr, the haughty first officer, dropped to the earth by the side of the third cook and put his face into the enchanting pool.

So that around the great spring, like the fringe on the admiral's cap—which he had taken off to drink—was the crew of the *Tonans*. And when all were satisfied the pool had nearly vanished.

"Ah, Nicht Wahr," said the admiral, to his next in command, "now I am again filled up, thank God!" with which he rolled over on his back and disposed himself to sleep.

But he remembered then how the pool had lowered as they drank and cried out humorously to his men: "On your life, don't no one but me go to sleep till the ship has had her drink. Fill everything!"

Again he turned upon his back, whispering to Nicht Wahr: "You know that my black beast is insomnia, and it has never been worse than recently. Therefore I must snatch my sleep when I can. I never felt so much like it in my life. Keep awake until the ship is filled—excuse me—don't speak to me!—and don't let me sleep after six o'clock."

"Ay, ay, sir," answered Nicht Wahr, though his own eyelids were heavy. "But there will be no need of that, sir. You always wake first. Your sleeplessness is a great misfortune to us all."

Ruhet was already asleep.

However, by threats and persuasion, and even beatings, Wahr kept the men at work until everything on the ship which could hold water was full. Then all dropped to sleep in their tracks.

## II.—And the Polite Cannon of Weiss Nicht

NOW it happened that, by reason of the admiral's recent insomnia, he *did* wake first—having slept but four hundred years and some odd months and weeks and days. And as he woke (the next morning, as he supposed) he swore with ecstasy—so fine did he feel.

"Wake up, you lazy lunkers," he cried gayly to his men, making a prodigious yawn himself. "I feel like fighting cock—" or words to that effect. I am not a nautical person. At all events he went on addressing them: "Unless all signs fail, something will happen this good day. By my bay mare's currycomb, I pity the craft that the *Tonans* falls in with to-day. For, having drunken, we now need to eat, and there is not a rat aboard the *Tonans* that might serve us for food. Up with you!"

A few of the men who, like Ruhet, did not sleep well, struggled to wakefulness at his voice. But, as to the most of them, it required his heavy boot, and his nearly a heavy hand, to kick and cuff them to their senses.

However, at last all were awake, and so good had been the admiral's rest that his temper still kept. And this was saying much for Ruhet.

Weiss Nicht, the second officer, came for orders, scarcely able to conceal his yawn, for he was one of the crew who was never troubled with insomnia, notwithstanding the fact that Ruhet had made it fashionable.

"Up anchor and away, Weiss Nicht. Some ship must furnish us meat to-day, and we will give them water in exchange."

Each took a final drink from the spring, which now flowed full and free once more, and then went to their stations with as good a will as Ruhet himself. And it required this to get the sleepy ship under way.

For, having once drunk of the Spring of The Thousand Years, one is immune; its waters have no more power to cause sleep, but, on the contrary, produce such a delightful state of exhilaration as to approach mild intoxication. It was in this blissful state that they finally set sail.

Now, they were scarce an hour under way when this Weiss Nicht, who was the gunner's mate on board, and many other things at other times and places, sighted, hull down, on the port quarter a small, strange craft painted green and scarcely to be distinguished from the water itself.

This he reported, as was his duty, to his superior, Nicht Wahr.

"Hah!" cried the proud and apparently learned Nicht Wahr, "it is a rowing barge upon which some one has built a small cabin to float about in. It is good for the sun and the rain."

"And the night dews are bad," agreed the gibing Weiss Nicht.

"Go on," commanded Nicht Wahr, who hated the servile but critical second officer and gunner's mate aboard. "They have no food. They can be of no use to us. To your station, Nicht!"

"But it moves, you fools!" thundered Ruhet, who

had come on deck in time to hear the contention. "And it has neither sails like the Egyptian craft nor oars like the Roman. I wish I had it!"

"If your excellency will pardon Nicht Wahr," said the apparently learned one with a great bow, "he begs leave to doubt that it moves—much."

"Hang you! Haven't I got a couple of eyes?"

Now Nicht Wahr only bowed, but as he did so he turned and smiled pityingly to Weiss Nicht, as who should say: "Let him have his way. But, oh! Moves! Like this ship, for instance!"

And perhaps that is the reason he only answered (when Ruhet had said imperiously): "Well, then?"

"Excellency, perhaps they have in the hold little wheels turned by the rowers. There was talk of such a thing in Byzantium last year. Perhaps a knot a day."

Now there had been no such talk at Byzantium. It was the *reductio ad absurdum* of the haughty and apparently learned Wahr. He winked at Nicht.

But Ruhet insisted all the more because of that saying of his: "Ha-a! Is that so? It must be a pretty kind of toy then. I want it."

"So you shall," said the second officer. "For does not the great admiral get everything he wants?"

"I have had no breakfast!"

"But you shall! Ay, before the day is done!"

"Well, stop talking like a dictionary and get the toy for me. Then we'll chase for food. Grace before meat, you know, aha, aha, ha!"

Nicht Wahr cast upon the unhappy Weiss Nicht a look of superior hatred; that he had by his impertinence rushed in where he had feared to tread, and brought forth that bitter humor of Hier Ruhet's.

"I desire, sir, that hereafter you will remain at your station to await my orders, or those of his excellency," he said. "I will get the toy for him."

"Oh, Wahr, tut, tut!" laughed the admiral, in high glee, because of the success of his humor.

"Oh, Nicht, tut, tut! You must live as brothers aboard."

"Sir," said the haughty second in command, "the discipline must be maintained!"

"Well, since I think of it, that is so," admitted Hier Ruhet. "Get along, Nicht!"

Whereupon Nicht Wahr haughtily commanded Weiss Nicht in addition, that a gun be fired as politely as possible across the bows of the little craft, by the way of invitation for her to heave to—since the admiral desired her—

"In case she should be moving," he said, with a great bow to the admiral.

"Politely, hah?" cried Ruhet. "I think that is a mistake. It is always better to skeer 'em. Hang politeness in a cannon!"

"It is not for that purpose, sir," answered that wise mate, "that I do it—to be polite. But in order that we commit no act of piracy on the high seas."

Then Wahr struck an attitude in which his back was very concave and his feet far apart. For he was a sea-lawyer, he said.

## III.—The Soup-Spring

"THUNDER and blazes!" cried Ruhet, looking about, "who will know it? There is not a soul in sight."

"The law of nations first, sir. Second our conscience. Both are everywhere."

"Well, where are they?" and Ruhet looked about again as if they could somewhere be seen. "Hang Bridle," he cried to the gunner, "you just fire and don't bother about being polite."



Wahr struck an attitude in which his back was concave and his feet far apart





with your gun. If conscience and law are anywhere about here they'll let us know."

The gunner did so at once, for he hated the first officer as much as the first officer hated him, when he bothered about hating anybody, and he loved his bluff and straightforward admiral.

At once there broke out from the small craft a multitude of flags.

"I told you so, excellency," said Nicht Wahr.

"Well, tell me again," said Ruhet. "Hanged if I know what it was. I have a short memory."

But the first officer held a haughty silence.

Now the first flags were exchanged for others, nearly all of redder hue.

"By the currycomb of Red Joshua, I think they are poking fun at us. Regular sport! If I were sure of that—"

"Pardon me, they are not, excellency," said Nicht Wahr.

"They are so," cried the savage admiral. "And by the roof of my father's mouth, no one ever poked fun at Hier Ruhet and lived to poke more!"

"Let us have mercy upon them, master," said the hypocritical Nicht Wahr, devoutly crossing his breast. "They are but children. This is but a child's toy, as I told you. We must not kill children." His tenderness appealed strongly to the admiral.

"No, nor cats," answered Ruhet, at once convinced, "for both are unlucky. Especially for the children and cats—ha, ha! And, anyhow, I am getting hungrier every minute. That water is saline, I suppose. It makes one thirst. Go ahead. Hang the toy—I'm done wanting it."

Now the cunning Nicht Wahr noticed that the little craft had broken out several flags of sanguinary red, and he knew that he would be asked what it meant.

To beguile the admiral while he thought of some explanation he said: "Master, I have heard that near this spring of water there is another from which runs soup. Beautiful—thick—soup!"

Ruhet at once turned from the little craft—forgetting all about it—and shouted: "Where?"

But meanwhile the cunning Wahr had whispered to the much less cunning Nicht: "What do you suppose all that red means?"

Now, Nicht was one of those persons who are wiser than they seem. More there be who seem wiser than they are—including the apparently learned Wahr. But not of that sort was Nicht. Nicht was simple, yet learned.

"Sir," he said, saluting, "that is a declaration of war. All savage nations use red to declare war."

"What is all that red?" asked Ruhet at this very moment. At once Wahr turned to Ruhet, as if he had got it all out of himself, and said: "Sire, that means war!"

"War?" cried Ruhet. "A dare? Ho! ho! ho!"

And they fell laughing into each other's arms. When Ruhet could stop laughing he went on: "Well, we'll give 'em some war! Ho! ho! Then we'll look for that soup-spring. Who told you about it, Wahr? Not to hurt, you know, but just to skeer 'em. I like to skeer people. We'll soon be on 'em. We are going a great gait anyhow. What do you suppose it is, Wahr?"

"About six knots, excellency," said the great Wahr.

"Bah! By my mother's wig, we must be doing at least thirty by the way we are approaching the toy!"

"Sire, six is our limit."

Nicht Wahr looked and was puzzled nevertheless. The distance between them was certainly lessening rapidly. As he went to calculate upon the slate their speed, Weiss Nicht stepped up to the admiral and said: "She is approaching us at that rate, excellency."

"Impossible," stormed the admiral. "No ship with sails can go as fast as ours—let alone this little nin-cominny with none at all. The *Tonans* is the limit, sir. But, all the same, I've changed my mind again—I want it. I will have it! Don't go away from it. Port your helm an ell. Weiswasser [to the steersman at the wheel], I really want the thing. For, by the tail of the ship's cat, it gets prettier and prettier as we come nearer to it."

"And so you shall," said the cunning Nicht Wahr, returning, as a slap at the assurance of the impotent Weiss Nicht, in his absence.

Now the craft was near enough to show a gilt name on her bow.

"Nicht Wahr," said Ruhet, "your eyes are better

than mine, and you have swallowed the dictionary, what is she?"

"Can you spell?" whispered Nicht Wahr to Weiss Nicht.

Thereupon Weiss Nicht, who was so much wiser than he seemed, spelled into the ear of Nicht Wahr, who was not: "New Amsterdam."

"Why," said Nicht Wahr, "it has the name of that Dutch place old Columbus discovered some time ago, New Amsterdam. It must be near here—Pooh! I knew it!" He looked all about.

"And the children are adrift and are asking for succor—" cried Ruhet. "That's it. Poor things!"

#### IV.—Knock Wood

AT that moment a deep and terrible bass voice boomed all about them asking: "*Tonans* ahoy!" Ruhet nearly fell to the deck. Then he looked about at the men grouped near in displeasure.

"Who was that?" he demanded. "Let there be no more of it. You all know the state of my nerves. Insomnia is awful on the nerv—"

Again came the voice: "You ignored our signals. Unless you give assurance to the contrary, we will regard you as pirates and take you."

By this time there was no doubt that the voice came from the little boat a mile away.

"Well, what is it?" asked Ruhet of his wise man. "It can not be a human voice."

"It is a machine," said Nicht Wahr. "I heard of it at Byzantium."

(He always spoke of Byzantium when he didn't know.)

"It is English," said Weiss Nicht.

"And what is that?" asked Ruhet.

"A language," answered Nicht Wahr pompously. "Spoken by a machine."

"What does it say?"

"It says 'Good morning,' excellency," answered Nicht Wahr, "and 'How do you do?'"

"It says 'Surrender or I'll shoot,'" said Weiss Nicht, gruffly. "I understand English."

Wahr sulked magnificently.

Ruhet believed Nicht.

"Ha, ha, ha!" he laughed. "That's a good joke. Keep it up. Tell 'em to surrender first and set the example. Give 'em the port broadside. By my mother's lost gold tooth, a good joke—give 'em the whole side."

The broadside was fired and immediately something clipped away the *Tonans*' figurehead.

"Now, who did that?" roared Ruhet. "Nicht, bring the gunner here who was so careless as that, and, by my father's smoke-pipe, I'll teach him a lesson."

But alarm now seized upon Ruhet, and he forgot the figurehead. The little craft was seen to be sinking.

"Wahr," he cried, "you are an infernal blunderer. You have let them hit that little thing, and she is going down. Man a boat and get the youngsters out of her, you land lunkers!"

Before this could be done the boat had entirely disappeared.

"It was Nicht," said Wahr.

"Never mind now," said Ruhet, "it's too late. She's gone and we've lost a fine toy and some children through your thickheadedness. Stand by to pick up the floaters."

But, almost immediately, from the starboard quarter, came the voice they had heard before.

"*Tonans* ahoy! Have you got enough?"

"Well, by the currycomb—" began Ruhet, "how did this ship turn clean about without my noticing it? Look here, Wahr, do you see that hump on her?"

Nicht Wahr said that he did.

"Well, by the crackle of the galley fire, I believe that's a tin gun in there! It's a toy warship. Aha, ha, ha!"

"One gun," laughed the happy Wahr with his admiral. "What luck!"

"Knock wood!" cried Ruhet, who was superstitious. They did this.

"Have—you—got—enough?" cried the great voice.

"What's he saying, Wahr?" asked Ruhet.

But Wahr had gone below to order the boat to pick up the children (for this would show the admiral how little he knew) and had not yet returned, so no one knew—not even Nicht.

"No matter," said Ruhet, "give her the starboard broadside. And be sure that you don't hit her. I don't want her spoiled. Give her fits! Skeer her so terribly that she'll come up like a little man and shake hands with us. Then we'll have her. And don't be too dinked polite!" And the great admiral poked his elbow into the ribs of his great gunner and laughed. "My, but I am hungry!" he went on. "She may have a little luncheon aboard. Enough for one."

Wahr, just arrived on deck, haughtily gave Nicht the already given order to fire. But the impertinent, though accurate, Nicht said: "Our guns are not carrying that far, excellency," ignoring Wahr for his superior.

"What!" cried Ruhet, "you rump of a sacred cow. There is not a gun on this ship that will not shoot half a mile and kill at that, Wahr?"

"Precisely, sire," said Wahr odiously.

"Excellency, you must take my word or his," cried the hot Nicht. "You can not take both. One of us don't know."

"Take your choice," said Wahr to him.

"The little ship is precisely a mile away," said Nicht. "I have a good eye."

"Then," snarled the cunning Wahr, "if that be true your majesty"—he would call the admiral such things sometimes as if by mistake, when he was about to ask for something—or wanted to puff his superior up with pride—"your majesty will be certain to accomplish what you wish—the skeering and not the destruction of the plaything."

"By the curry—fire—we are leaving her behind!"

The thirty-six guns spoke at the same moment with a noise that seemed to rend earth and sky—such was the practice of the gunners of the *Tonans* under the accurate Weiss Nicht.

"Now, then," cried the Wise One, leaping to the bulwarks, "we will see whether I am right—or Nicht."

#### V.—And Shoot to Make Holes

THE little boat had disappeared.

"Aha!" cried Wahr, "aha!" and again "aha!"

Weiss Nicht only turned to port and waited for the smoke to drift away.

"But your dinked being right has lost me my toy. Dink you, Wahr."

From the port bow came the voice of Nicht.

"Here is your toy, all O. K., sir."

True enough, there she was!

"Wahr," thundered Ruhet, "you are sailing this ship. What are you doing to her? Have you got her on a pivot? How does she turn in a second without me knowing anything about it?"

"Excellency, perhaps she has lost her rudder. I will have Weiswasser look. She certainly turns, as you say, without us knowing it."

But the truth was that Wahr was troubled in heart, as he took the wheel while Weiswasser went aft. For unless the wind had changed suddenly the ship could not have veered. He began to think of witchcraft.

"Excellency," said Weiss Nicht, who always had a better chance when Wahr was at the wheel or below "our ship did not turn. That one dived under us."

"What?" roared Ruhet. "By the beard of a turnip, what do you take me for? Wahr, did you hear that? Aha, ha, ha!"

"I saw her sink on the starboard side, sir, and I saw her rise on the port side, sir," said Nicht doggedly. "She is a magical ship."

"Nicht, let me tell you a little secret," said the admiral with a laugh, "when a ship sinks she sinks, and there's an end to her—magic or no magic. The devil himself could not raise her again—let alone herself. But you would have me believe that you have seen this miracle. Well, go forward and tell it in the fo'castle, no one is there!"

"Well, sir, you'll see, sir," said Weiss Nicht. "If I were you I would fly from that craft. There is some magic there. Excellency, I believe it was none of our own gunners who clipped off the figurehead—I don't see how they could—but that magic thing."

"Aha, ha, ha!" laughed Ruhet. "How, Nicht? Did she fire herself at us? (Continued on page 26.)



"Where did that come from?"



## RAILROAD RATES



CHIEF JUSTICE MARSHALL

"The power to regulate, that is, to prescribe the rule by which commerce is governed, like all others vested in Congress, is complete in itself, acknowledging no limitations, and may be exercised to its utmost extent. The sovereignty of Congress is plenary. The power over commerce among the several States is vested in Congress as absolutely as it would be in a single government."



THE INTERSTATE COMMERCE COMMISSION IN SESSION



SENATOR STEPHEN B. ELKINS

"This is a prodigious question. . . . I have been thinking on this subject for ten years and have not got a perfect bill in my head or on paper yet. The Elkins bill represented two years of work and study. . . . Some think I just wrote it off. The fact that I stood up against the railroads for a good long time proved that the thought put into it amounted to something anyway."

A direct, concise, and comprehensive statement of facts showing the arbitrary power which the railroad magnates direct at will, even against the people who, as shareholders, actually own the roads

By FREDERICK PALMER

FOR the average man this is and must be a simple question; as simple as a pure ballot, the value of popular education, or the wisdom of the exclusion of pauper and criminal immigrants. Those who would make it complex prefer to fight in the fog. Have we the right to regulate railroad rates? If we have the right, is its exercise for the good of the country? The right rests with the Constitution and its interpretation by the Supreme Court of the United States. The Constitution, Article I, Section 8, Clause 3, says that "Congress shall have the power to regulate commerce with foreign nations, and among the several States and with the Indian tribes."

The earliest interpretation of this clause was by Chief Justice Marshall. He never enmeshed his ideas in the lawyerly verbiage of these days of the typewriter. He was of the time of the Constitution itself, whose spirit he absorbed. Therefore, he was brief and explicit.

"We are now arrived at the inquiry," he says, in the case of *Gibbons vs. Ogden*, "what is this power? It is the power to regulate; that is, to prescribe the rule by which commerce is governed. This power, like all others vested in Congress, is complete in itself, and may be exercised to its utmost extent, and acknowledges no limitations other than are prescribed by the Constitution. These are explained in plain terms."

In later times, the regulation of rates by Western States has again brought the question before the Supreme Court. Of these States, Texas is the extreme example. The Supreme Court has fully admitted her right to establish rates and regulations, but threw out some she had prescribed as unreasonable. An unreasonable rate is one that does not permit of fair profit. This amounts to taking private property without compensation. On the one hand, then, the Constitution protects the public, and, on the other, protects the railroads. Nothing is clearer than that the Esch-Townsend measure, now before Congress, is, in its spirit, fully constitutional. The danger is that the best legal talent of America which is at command of the railroads may find some verbal loophole that will destroy the force of its application. For honor and big fees go to lawyers in return for destruction of the law.

#### Government Ownership and Control

Regulation of railroad rates is no experiment. The experience of Texas has been satisfactory to Texas, if not to the railroads. There is no thought of changing back to the old days when the Southern Pacific had everything its own way. In two of the leading nations of the world alone, England and America, the railroads are not under the immediate direction of the Government. Casualties, both of passengers and of employees, are far greater in America than in England, and greater in England than on the Continent of Europe.

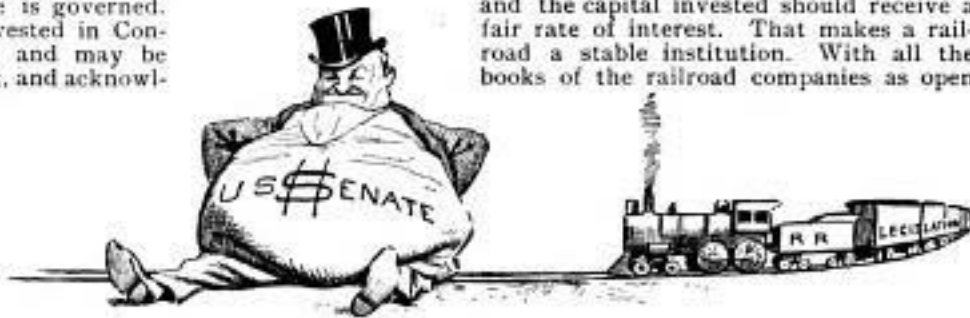
In France the railways are mostly owned by companies. Yet not only are the charges for carrying freight stipulated by the Government, but Government control is far more exacting than anything we have proposed. The public is satisfied and the railroads do not think of complaining, any more than express companies in the United States think of complaining because they do not have charge of the postal business.

Continental countries hold that under modern conditions the railroad is in the same relation to the public as a highway was a century ago. The idea that the macadamized roads of France should be entirely in the control of private companies would be little more ridiculous to a Frenchman than that the railroads should be their own judge of rates.

In the Northeastern States of America we now have much the same conditions as in Europe. Certain railroad systems have settled down to a monopoly as absolute as the privilege of the Government to sell postage stamps. The Pennsylvania Railroad has it in Pennsyl-

vania; the Central has it in New York, while the New England roads practically divide their territory. Parallel competing roads are now out of the question. In the first place, railroad influence in the State Legislature would not permit of concessions. If it would, the waste of energy represents a folly beyond consideration. As no man thinks of driving in a buggy from Albany to New York, or of sending a crate of grapes by cart from Lake Erie to Boston, the public finds itself feudally dependent upon a corporation.

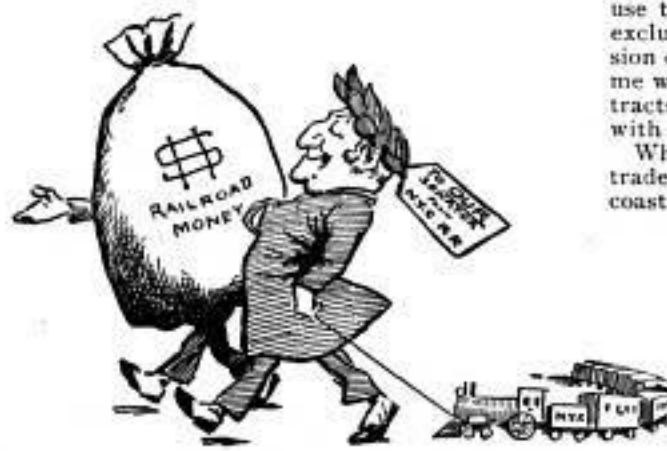
The Constitution expressly provided against imposts being laid on internal commerce by the States. Its authors did not foresee the time when that commerce would be in the hands of a few "kings" of finance. Of course, the railroads charge "what the traffic will bear." That is good business. No one blames them. The blame is on the people for letting them have their own way. The control of the highways, upon which all traffic is dependent, would seem a first principle of well-organized government. A sense of justice would demand, according to the view of the average man, that the employees should be well paid and the capital invested should receive a fair rate of interest. That makes a railroad a stable institution. With all the books of the railroad companies as open



to the public as those of the Treasury Department of the United States, there would be no such leaps in value as that of the Reading from \$45 to \$90 a share. We are told that Mr. Frick made a fortune, and also Mr. Richard Canfield, who has given up roulette for the ticker, by being on the "inside" of this rise. Government control is against speculation and in favor of the small investor. To-day he is chary of putting money into railroad stocks, because he knows that their manipulation is a matter of secrecy.

A vast railroad system owned by a million shareholders is practically a public institution; owned by a group of half a dozen, it is a private institution—an oligarchy, unlimited like the Czar's ownership of Russia. The tendency is toward the group. That the census figures prove. To-day the old ambition of the average American to have a business of his own is dying. We become employees who put our money into savings banks. We have no interest except in the security of the deposit box. Individual enterprise, which is the breath of national life, is stifled; we become stall-fed. Many stockholders mean public interest in the railroads. They take the place of the stage and cart owners of the old days. By increasing the number of stockholders alone will Government ownership be averted. When the one man is always in and ninety-nine are always out, the ninety-nine are likely to take quick action.

A fixed railroad rate means that if John Jones wants



to ship a carload of beef from Chicago to Kansas City he can do so at the same rate as Armour & Company. At present, he is in the position of a man who has to pay four cents on a letter, where Armour & Company have to pay two. It is hopeless for him to enter into competition. When we find that beef is higher than ever in New York, and cattle are plentiful in the West, then either the Beef Trust or the railroads are making an enormous profit at the expense of the people. If railroad rates were the same to everybody, either the trust would have to lower the price of beef or be undersold. The situation is the same as if the delivery wagons of only one butcher shop were allowed in the streets of a town.

#### The Beef Trust and the Rebate System

The Beef Trust is in control of an enormous amount of traffic. It can force exclusive contracts with the railroads. The cheaper rates which it secures through rebates enables it instantly to meet any competition, if competition arises, and when the competition is crushed it can again charge the old price—that is, a price just below the point where the needs of the family stomach must part company with the limitations of the family purse. In rebates, the greatest of all trusts, the Standard Oil, had its origin; and so have most of its imitators. At present, the Beef Trust is in a position to be the worst offender.

In the language of the trusts, laws are made to be evaded. The Interstate Commerce Commission, which was established to meet a condition that Rockefeller originally created, found and finds itself confronted by "gentlemen's agreements" between trusts and railroads. When you can see neither the books of the railroads nor the books of the trusts, the understood rebate may be written off in the form of damages. The Beef Trust overcame the spirit of the Interstate Commerce law by the system of private refrigerator car lines. It has held up the weak railroads and made deals with the strong. Armour will put his cars upon no railroad without an exclusive contract. He handles fruits, potatoes and apples, as well as beef.

"Take, for instance, some shipments to the city of Worcester," said Mr. George F. Mead of the National League of Commission Merchants before the House Committee on Interstate Commerce; "Armour & Company had all the information about those shipments, they knew the time they were shipped and when they were due, and they knew the cost of the car when it was bought in the open market, and if that carload of freight was due on Wednesday, they would put a carload of freight in there on Tuesday and fill the market, and when the carload of freight got in there on Wednesday they found the market cut from underneath them."

#### There is no Show for the Individual Shipper

Mr. Mead showed how Armour can buy a carload of potatoes at the same price as he himself in Michigan, and sell it at \$35 profit in Boston, while Mr. Mead would sell his at a loss of \$35. This is because Armour's tariff for one of his cars from Michigan to Boston to the outsider is \$70.

"There are other refrigerator cars," Mr. Mead says, "that do the work at less cost to the producer, and also with less consumption of ice. Yet the shipper can not use these cars, because the Armour company has an exclusive contract. I wrote to the Railroad Commission of Georgia and asked them if they would furnish me with the names of the roads that had exclusive contracts, and I found that they had exclusive contracts with every railroad bringing peaches out of Georgia."

When there was competition for the California fruit trade a car of fruit used to come through from coast to coast in seven days. Now that Armour with his private car lines is in control, the time is three or four days longer. Simply by a system of rebates, the Beef Trust has in its hands practically all the slaughtering and transportation of meat and transportation of vegetables for long distances. When a Central American State grants a monopoly to any concern, it receives an annuity for the privilege. But the United States gets none from the Beef Trust.

The remedy which the railroads themselves



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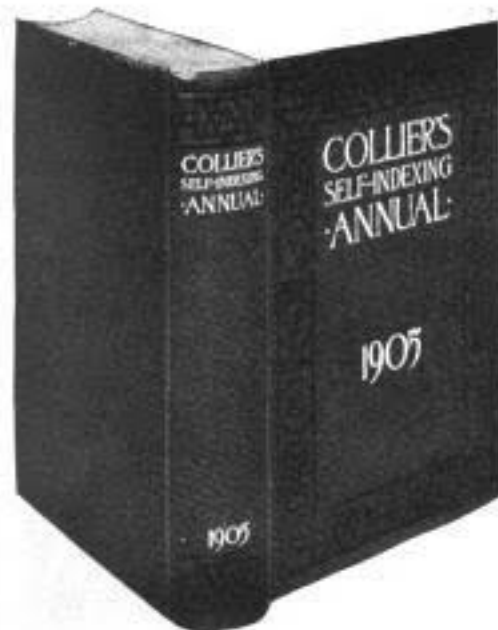
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are in preparation to be published in a few weeks. Among them is "A National Divorce Law," by Robert Grant, author of "The Undercurrents," a striking article on the immigration question, by Frank P. Sargent, Commissioner of Immigration, and "The Life of Women Art Students in New York," by one of them—all strikingly illustrated.

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## RAILROAD RATES

(Continued from page 23)

offer is legalized pooling. That means simply organizing one trust in order that it shall hold its own with another. Pooling would divide the traffic among different railroads and force the Armours and the Swifts and the Hammonds to pay a better rate, which they, in turn, would take out of the public. Most of the railroads say that they favor the abolition of rebates. If so, why do they give them? As a matter of business necessity. Naturally, they would rather have a full rate for a trust's traffic than the cut rate which the power of the big shipper forces. Railroads get moral in this respect as they get strong. Powerful lines which have a monopoly of a certain territory hold up the trust just as the trust holds up the railroads when it has a competitor.

Between Albany and Rochester the New York Central can do pretty well as it pleases; the amount of its rate means a relation between quantity and charges which is most profitable. If it charges too much it may drive business away. Between New York and Chicago it has to consider the competition of the Canadian system and the Erie and the Pennsylvania systems. If you are on the inside of one of the "gentlemen's agreements," you may profit in the fluctuations of the stock of the public highway. By the adjustment of rates to the conditions, a railroad can change the amount of traffic at will. It can boom one section and depress another. It can make one man rich and his competitor fail. Vast are the opportunities for fortune-making in this power.

For many years there has been a national consciousness of this wrong. Congress has recognized it with verbal activities and no results. The railroads watch the results; they do not mind the verbal activities. If the President had not a reputation for following words with deeds, we should still be on a stream of platitudes and investigation. Delay is easy. There is always the excuse of profound and complex thought. Said Senator Elkins, in an interview in the New York "Tribune": "This is a prodigious question, and there are a great many things to be done in the Senate before March 4. I have been thinking on this subject for ten years and have not got a perfect bill in my head or on paper yet. The Elkins bill represented two years of work and study. Those who do not know anything about it have an idea that I just sat down and wrote it off while waiting for the next street car, or something like that. The fact that I stood up against the railroads for a good long time proved that the thought put into it amounted to something, anyway."

### What the Bill Means

As investigations have been going on for years, the President now thinks that the time for action has arrived. The Hepburn bill, framed by the chairman of the House Committee on Interstate Commerce, was a masterpiece of complexity. Well might the friends of rate legislation fear the fate of its phraseology at the hands of the corporation attorneys. The Esch-Townsend bill which will take its place is supposed to represent the President's ideas. It increases the membership of the Interstate Commission from five to seven; it establishes a regular Court of Transportation of five Circuit judges which can compel the attendance of witnesses. Both the complainant and the defendant may have quick action, when a rate or a discrimination is in question. The long delays before the court heretofore have been altogether in favor of the trusts and the railroads. Hitherto, though the shipper might be right, the chances were that he would be crushed before a decision was handed down.

The essential objection which the railroads make to having their rates fixed by a Government agency is that rates are entirely an expert business affair. No commission or court can properly deal with them. They are the product of varying business conditions. Like any other business, the railroads claim the right to adjust their charges in such a way to the needs of the traffic as will produce the most income for their capital. In this we have selfish interest speaking candidly. If the railroads would make a fight on this principle in the open, their chance of public favor would be greater. Thus far their methods of attack have been those of darkness.

It is their insistence on the "expert" argument which demonstrates that their scheme of strategy is to keep the question in the domain of the complex. There is some deep mystery about the making of railroad rates, we know. One would think that only the seventh daughter of a seventh daughter was properly equipped for the task.

If the making of rates is really too expert for a Government to deal with, why should not we put the collecting of our customs and internal revenues into the hands of a corporation? The appraisement of importations is generally considered the work of experts. We have in America a false and shameful idea that our Government does things badly. The United States has built a battleship, the Connecticut, at the Brooklyn Navy Yard, more cheaply than private shipyards are building battleships of the same class. It was *Roosevelt* for the Bureau of Construction and Repair to have issued a telltale bulletin on the subject; for we do suffer from *Roosevelt* to our Great Corporate Interests of Wheat Kings, Railroad Kings, Standard Oil Kings, Beef Trust Kings.

Even so thoroughgoing an American as Senator Lodge in a speech the other day advocated railroad rates, *lest* some time we should own the railroads and be the victims of a terrible bureaucracy. The fact is that

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## (Continued from page 24)

Probably the House will pass the Hepburn bill. Its members are nearer to the people than the Senate. Discussion, whose sole object is delay, can be stopped by the cloture. Those members who, from personal interests or on sheer public grounds, would rather not see any rate legislation rely on the Senate for its defeat. In fact, if the author of the phrase of "standin' pat" on the tariff question were alive, he would say that the House has "passed the buck" to the Senate. The House, which does not love the Senate, is not depressed by the Senate's predicament.

It will not be pleasant, however, for some House members to vote for the bill. The average House member is not looking for trouble, and a railroad rates bill no less than a tariff revision bill places him between the devil of corporate interests and the deep sea of the President and the people. Four out of six House members come from districts which are nominally safe for their party. They are mostly self-made men, lawyers by profession, who, from their school-days, have taken a keen interest in public affairs. They have trained with the party. The party gives them the nomination which ensures election. When the county committee is organizing for a campaign the railroad is in a position to give many favors, if not actual cash.

Every Congressman collects mileage from the Government, and nine out of ten Congressmen ride on passes. Collis P. Huntington used to marvel at the amount of legislative influence that could be bought with a pass. It is quite within the range of human versatility for a member of the House, and, more especially, for a Senator, to make some public manifestation which is contrary to the results of his action, which really serves the interests of the railroads. He finds himself a broker between the people and the corporations; an honest one, frequently, according to his light and to the many demands upon him. How often a long investigation has outlasted public clamor which called for it!

Senator Newlands recently introduced into the Senate a resolution to investigate everything, from fixing railroad rates to pensions for railroad employees and actual Government ownership of the lines. The committee was to consist of fifteen members, some experts and some Congressmen. But all the Congressmen were to be chosen from among members of the next (the Fifty-ninth) Congress, which means that we should not have their report for a year or more. It did not matter that a part of Mr. Newlands's suggestions were unconstitutional.

### Look Out for the Senate!

The railroads are looking to the Senate. They know their men. There is no cloture in the Senate. It is more of a deliberative than a legislative body. A few men who insist on talking can prevent the passage of a measure, or it can be so amended, so involved in clauses and punctuation, that it will be unconstitutional. Not only the attorneys and the retainers of the railroads, but the presidents, the overlords themselves of the great oligarchy, have come to Washington. The sleeping lion is aroused. It enters the halls of the Capitol with the soft approach of padded paws that are conscious of their power. It pleases the railroad men, it pleases the Senators, whose personal interests are such that they prefer no action to have the question made complex.

One little amendment might destroy the effect of the Hepburn bill. The President and his admirers must be hawklike in the scrutiny. The railroad men who visit the White House may seem quite pleased with the bill. Meanwhile, railroads are putting the screws on in many places. Typical of this is the resolution of the representatives of the Eastern railroads in Chicago, on January 25, to "discontinue immediately any and all concessions of every kind or character to steamship agents or companies, including commissions, salaries, side cuts, reduced fare or free tickets, or any form of gratuity whatsoever, for the purpose of controlling or diverting transatlantic travel."

This is done nominally, because, according to the despatch, "the interested lines have agreed to discontinue at once all practices contrary to the Anti-Trust and Interstate Commerce laws." To think that rates should be taken out of the hands of these law-abiding, self-sacrificing men and put in the hands of a dishonest Government commission! But the kernel of this nut is that the forty thousand or more Italians and Scandinavians who go through Chicago to Europe every year will have to pay higher rates. That means public sentiment against the bill. Truly, the President is breaking a lance with a mighty power, old in politics, commanding the best of legal talent. That is, if he may be said to be breaking a lance. The fight is one for the public rather than against the railroads. He has consulted all sides freely.

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Hoosier Kitchen Cabinets are made of solid oak—constructed as well as the china closet in your dining room. The panels are built-up—not the ordinary one-ply kind that warp and split in the heat of the kitchen. The finish is Golden and waxed Weathered Oak.

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## "JUPITER TONANS"

(Continued from page 22)

That's as easy as sinking herself and rising again. And let me tell you another little secret, Nicht. No cannon can be fired without smoke. And we have seen no smoke from her—even if she were big enough to carry a gun that would reach us. Why, Nicht, look at that gun there. With that on the deck of the toy she could not float a minute. Nicht—Nicht—poor chap—you must report to the doctor at once, ah, ha, ha!

Nicht, much hurt, left the deck, and Ruhet laughed until the tears ran down his face.

But he stopped suddenly at last, for the ship trembled for an instant, and then it was known that the rudder post had been clipped away. And Weisswasser had gone with it.

Out on the water the little boat sat as placidly as a swan.

This was so serious that Ruhet would have stormed at the gunners. But he remembered that none of his guns had been fired. Besides, he had no time. Another piece was clipped from the bow. Then, as quickly, another from the stern.

The ship now began to roll backward and forward, like a rocking-horse.

Out on the sea, apparently from the little craft, came the voice, so much greater than she: "Aha, ha, ha! Aha, ha, ha! *Tonans* ahoy! When you have had enough say so, and we'll stop! Otherwise we'll chop you into kindling."

"Well, by my mother's carpet slipper!" cried Ruhet, "it can't be any one on this ship!"

He looked skyward, then over the side, then off at the innocent toy. Nothing seemed to account for it.

Nicht Wahr left the useless wheel and came forward.

"Nicht Wahr," whispered Ruhet, "Nicht thinks that toy has had something to do with this magic?"

"Sire, I told you—"

"Wahr, you're a liar," said the bluff Ruhet wrathfully. "You didn't know anything to tell me. You were never in Byzantium in your dinked life! You said you would get it for me. Well, why don't you do so instead of letting it get us—a little at a time? Now let me see if you are good for anything. I no longer want it. Destroy it. And quickly. Don't be too polite. Shoot to kill—or, at least, to make holes. Push the *Tonans* right up on her—so that you won't miss her!"

### VI.—Who Broke Ruhet's Leg?

THIS, as Wahr now began to suspect only too well, was an impossible commission. But with his well-known sycophancy he said: "So you shall, sire."

All the admiral answered was: "And then we'll try for the soup-spring and have something to eat—where do you suppose it is?—and put new ends on the ship—" forgetting that there was nothing more in sight now than there had been for a long time.

However, while Wahr was maneuvering the ship, in her crippled condition, to bring her broadside to the little craft, the clipping went on at stern and bow until the water began to pour in in a disquieting stream. Ruhet ransacked for the fiftieth time a locker on deck about the mizen-mast for some cake which had once been there. The ship would not come about. Wahr had nearly decided to become sufficiently humble, in the absence of Nicht, to go on his knees and confess his first failure to the admiral, and then his apparent wisdom but real ignorance, when, to his surprise and delight, the little craft, seeming to apprehend his intention, put herself exactly in the best position for the broadside.

"My luck never deserts me," muttered Wahr, "even in such a dinked"—he loved to do and say the things his master did—"distressful time as this. I'll sink her yet. Now," he cried to Weiss Nicht, so that the admiral might hear, "I have made everything ready for you. Get your broadside off!"

"And, on your life, don't miss her!" added Ruhet.

The impudent Weiss Nicht knew Wahr well enough to be ready, and, on the instant, the broadside roared.

When the smoke cleared the green craft had disappeared.

"By my uncle's—"

No one will ever know what wisdom the admiral would have uttered; for, at that moment, the little thing reappeared, as Weiss Nicht had anticipated, on the other side of the ship, and he had made ready for her in order to affront Nicht Wahr.

"The starboard broadside!" he cried impudently, without waiting for Nicht Wahr's order. "Fire!"

With the accuracy of all their practice this one went as the rest had gone—harmlessly into the sea. The boat had dived once more. And Nicht had seen her do it!

This was Weiss Nicht's final test. It had been conceived and executed magnificently and scientifically, and it had failed. He went on deck, and with powder-blackened face made the following report: "Sire, it can not be done. And the sooner we get out of the vicinity of that machine, the more of this ship will be left. I *swear* it *dive*!"

But at that moment he noticed that he was speaking to Wahr and not Ruhet.

"Where is the admiral, sir?" he asked.

"I thought you were he," said Wahr, with the evidence of guilt in his face.

"And I thought you were he," cried the gunner's mate bravely.

"Where can he be?" said Wahr.

Both were answered immediately by a groan from the middle of the ship which sounded profane.

They found Ruhet there with a broken leg.

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## "JUPITER TONANS"

(Continued from page 26)

"Who broke my leg?" demanded Rubet savagely.

"Not I," said Wahr.

"Nor me," said Nicht.

At that moment Wahr picked up the tell-tale object of their unhappy admiral's undoing.

"It is one of our own balls," he said, with an odious glance toward Weiss Nicht. "Here is the name—Tonans."

"Oh, you villain," cried Rubet, shaking his fist at the unhappy gunner's mate. "You shall be hanged at the yard-arm for this. You were always mutinous anyway."

But at that moment, as is the custom of mankind, curiosity overcame pain in Hier Rubet, admiral of the *Jupiter Tonans*.

"How did he get it here, Wahr?"

For a moment—just a moment—Wahr was stalled.

"Sire," he temporized, "I have been thinking—"

"Well, stop it and tell me how he got it here. That is what I want of you. Not reflections. Weren't you looking?"

"Sire," said Wahr hastily, before he had had time to form a real hypothesis, "the poor man fired two broadsides in quick succession. An unfortunate mistake of Weiss Nicht—due to his impudence in not awaiting my order to fire. Undoubtedly one of the cannons was underloaded, and its ball traveled so slowly that the ball from an overloaded cannon of the second broadside overtook it—"

"By my mother's nightcap!" cried Rubet in disdain. "Hah!"

"Then it must have collided with one of the balls from the other—er—ship—"

Hier Rubet actually laughed Wahr to scorn. "That may have happened," said Nicht.

"Our balls travel slowly."

The clipping at bow and stern suddenly recommenced.

"She's at work again!" cried a sailor, in panic.

Indeed, panic was now rife all through the ship.

"Lift me up," said Rubet, "I will study this magic at close quarters if I die for it. Be calm, men! You still have Hier Rubet!"

They lifted him up.

"Men, how did she get there?" asked the admiral now of the common ignorant sailors who came, terrified, and grouped themselves about him as their protector.

One of them said that she had jumped over them.

Another said that she had dived under them.

Yet another contended that she had wings—that she had fins—that she was not a ship, but an apparition.

Now, again, suddenly the little boat began to sink.

"Now I shall see," said the wounded commander doubtfully. "Perhaps, after all, we have punctured her below the water line, and she is a goner. If they call for help have the boats ready. Have them ready anyhow. The fact is, we need a bit of help ourselves."

"And," ventured Nicht Wahr dreamily, in an evil way he had, when he had been too much crossed, "they may have needles and thread."

"Nicht Wahr," said the commander, in ignorance of his irony, "do you know that I think that little thing is made of tin—perhaps several sheets nailed together?"

"Precisely, sire," said Wahr.

"Tin will sink," said the impudent Weiss Nicht, again on deck.

"And," went on Rubet, ignoring the interruption, "the ball that broke my leg might have bounced against it and returned to this ship."

"Undoubtedly, sire," said the odious Wahr, with a triumphant leer at Weiss Nicht, "your great and original mind has reached the correct solution of our trouble, while we of lesser understanding foundered in seas of doubt and—"

"Impossible," cried Weiss Nicht, impudent to the last. "I can prove that the trajectory—"

"What?" cried the commander of the *Tonans*. "This is no time for big words—or narrow jealousies. My leg is broke."

VII.—Pooh!

"I THINK your majesty has exactly defined the cause of your injuries," said the caustic Weiss Nicht, in the style of Wahr.

"That much is settled then," said the admiral, "since you both agree. If it was mended—"

Something tore through the ship. "A hole and nothing else!" sighed Hier Rubet.

"Sire, I think we had better go," said Wahr, "we can do no further good here. And, besides, you may be unfortunate with the other leg—and your majesty's hunger is not being satisfied. I believe the soup-spring lies S. S. W., Nicht."

"Very well, since you are so hungry," acquiesced the admiral with immense testiness, "get what is left of the *Tonans* under way, and, for heaven's sake, don't get skeered! Be calm!"

This, with much distress and profanity by everybody, they endeavored to do. But, inasmuch as the little boat kept up its clipping, it was not easy. However, at length, a bit of sail was rigged, a drag attached for a rudder, and what was left of the *Tonans* stood feebly to the wind. The little craft seemed to wait and look curiously on.

And now and then they heard that huge voice laugh at them: "Ha, ha, ha! Ha, ha, ha!"

Nevertheless they were making headway. For the sails of the *Tonans* had not been clipped.

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## The Situation in Russia

(Continued from page 15)

sort, amounting, in all, probably, to more than ninety per cent of the entire population of the empire. From these the soldiery is mainly drawn, often devoted but always ignorant—in the main religiously attached to the Czar.

As regards the fitness of the main body of uneducated Russians, in the army and out of it, to conduct a revolution and to establish a new government, take what occurred in the attempted revolution under Nicholas I. After that movement had been suppressed, representatives from the regiments engaged in it were asked how they came to cry for a constitution, and what they were thinking of when they hurraed for a constitution ("constitutza")—as they had done so lustily. The general answer from these peasants and peasant soldiers was that they supposed that "constitutza" was the wife of the Grand Duke Constantine. Evidently, with such materials, regular constitutional government in our Western sense of the word is still far off.

Here we approach the fundamental difficulty of the situation. At the turning of the ways, when Nicholas I assumed power in 1825, he might have continued the systematic education of his people begun and partially carried out by his predecessor; but this he did not. He put into force the theory that education should be given to the official and upper classes for their special duties, but that the great mass of his people should have no education at all.

The results of this are seen, on the religious side, in the multitude of absurd and fanatical sects which flourish throughout the empire, and the devotion of Russians generally to fetiches of all sorts.

The political results are no less injurious. The vast mass of the people, unable to read, unaccustomed to any consecutive thinking, are the easy prey of every political theorist, no matter how fanatical, tricky, or absurd. Vague stories of the Czar's wishes or intentions have run through them from time to time, provoking a paralyzing discontent and even plunder and murder.

So much for the mass of the people. As regards the upper and instructed classes, the most noticeable feature is the frequent outcropping of anarchistic thought. This is the result of another feature of autocratic rule—the systematic repression of all public discussion. In Russia one is constantly struck by coming upon brilliant and original thinkers, sometimes almost inspired, sometimes almost idiotic—no two agreeing. One meets them daily, not only in Russian literature but in Russian life. Each one of them has hatched out and coddled his own pet idea until, in the absence of all discussion of it, he has come to believe it as the one saving truth. He has never had an opportunity to compare his ideas with those of other men, because no public discussion is allowed. No newspaper has been permitted to criticize the doings of any official or to discuss really any public question. Everything like a public meeting has been steadily forbidden, and even discussion in private houses, and indeed in families, has, through the adroitness of spies, brought many good people to grief.

As an example of what this produces, take Tolstoi. In an article published some time since, entitled "Walks and Talks with Tolstoi," I gave examples of his utterances, showing the depth of some of his thoughts, the folly of many of them and the brilliancy of all of them. Since that publication, there has occurred a very striking example of his strength and weakness. A short time since, believing himself to be on his deathbed, he wrote a letter to the Emperor revealing to him the wretched condition of his empire and the unfitness of most of the men surrounding him. So far it was worthy of one of the greater prophets of the Old Testament. It seemed in the true sense inspired. But Tolstoi then proceeded to urge upon the Emperor a remedy—the only means of rescue from all this flood of evils. It was simply that the Emperor should confiscate the entire landed property of the empire!

Take another contemporary Russian, as gifted in science as is Tolstoi in literature—Prince Kropotkin. Born of an eminent family, brought up at the court, petted by the Emperor and Empress, his sympathy with the suffering millions led him into conspiracies which finally caused his imprisonment in a dungeon of the fortress of Saints Peter and Paul. Thence, by wonderful ingenuity, he made his escape, both from his prison and from the empire, and has ever since distinguished himself by brilliant contributions to scientific literature. That he is a patriot his whole life shows, that his character is of the noblest has been amply proved, his literary force is seen in all his writings, and yet his prescription for all the evils which afflict Russia is simply—Anarchy—the perpetual abolition of all laws and all government.

With leading thinkers like these, with fanatics of all sorts—nihilist, socialist, anarchist—raising their banners—evidently ready to cut each other's throats just as soon as they shall have overthrown the government, the prospect for any happy outcome of their work is small indeed.

No wonder that the uprising in St. Petersburg has apparently been drowned in blood, and that similar uprisings in other cities seem about to be ended in the same manner. Naturally, after the first outburst of indignation, the people generally, no matter how much they may have desired a change, have begun to see that the new heavens and the new earth which nihilists, anarchists, and socialists offer is the one thing in the world worse than the evils from which the country is already suffering.

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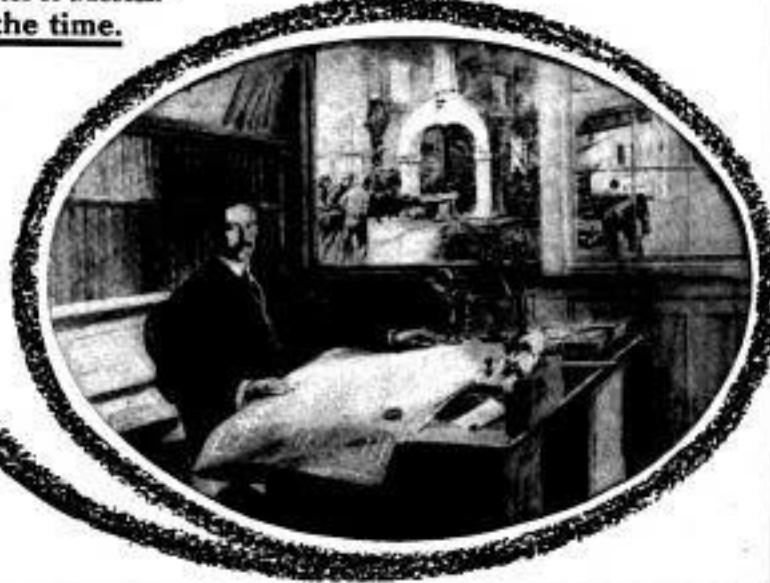
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## The Situation in Russia

(Continued from page 29)

labor troubles. These, too, have their root in autocracy. In other nations, where men are allowed to think and to talk—to publish their grievances and to discuss them—there goes on a steady improvement in the condition of the artisan class. But in Russia all organization and publication and discussion being severely repressed, we see a labor system containing all the evils of slavery and some evils not known under slavery—utter carelessness regarding the welfare of the working class; a working day of eleven hours; cold-blooded harshness and brutality of every sort; the mildest demands repressed by the Cossack's knouts and the rifles of the guards.

There is indeed one possibility of a complete upheaval and overturn. If it should prove true that the disaffection has so permeated the army that the troops in the various cities generally refuse to fire upon the insurgents—as it is reported they have refused at Moscow—then there may come an immediate and bloody revolution, ending in anarchy, with the strong man on horseback marching into power over the struggling, writhing mass—and this man on horseback not unlikely the present Emperor's uncle, Vladimir, who, after the Czar's invalid brother, is the next in succession: a soldier of the big, strong, stern Romanoff sort. He would doubtless be much like the first Nicholas—a despot—but unlike Nicholas, a despot who has learned something.

But such a change is at present unlikely. The religion of the great mass of peasant soldiers teaches them that the Czar is the viceroy of God. The probabilities are rather that all these uprisings, like so many which have preceded them, will be drowned in blood. This seems to me all the more likely, because the insurgents have no common aim. They are sure very soon to distrust each other, and in such a condition of things, organized military control will prevail and the struggling mass be annihilated or at least reduced for a time to silence.

But, despite this apparent crushing out of all efforts for improvement, there will undoubtedly be some important results. The disasters of the Eastern war, the uprisings throughout the empire, and the collapse of the autocratic theory will doubtless lead to heavy pressure for reform. The previous collapses have done so, and we may fairly expect that the present breakdown, military and civil, will give rise to changes, some of them for the better. Just how far these will go, it is hard to say, but we may hope, almost against hope, that they will lead to two things. First, an endeavor to put an end to the Eastern war. This can best be done by the friendly intervention, say, of the United States and France, using the means supplied in the eighth article adopted by the nations which took part in the Peace Conference at The Hague, with Russia at the head. That eighth article provides that, when in any war between two of the signatory powers, the struggle shall have reached a point at which one of these powers is manifestly at a disadvantage as compared with the other—a point where an honorable peace can be made—these "seconding powers," one chosen by each of the warring nations, may come forward and endeavor to settle the difficulty. As regards a settlement of this kind, the present time is favorable, since, though Russia is terribly beaten, she still retains a very formidable army, and, in the defence of Port Arthur, has shown a military determination which redounds to the credit of the Russian name. Whatever else has been lost, the honor of the Russian army was, by that supreme effort, saved.

So much for the military situation. As regards the political and social situation, the only wise course open to the Emperor would seem to be a return to the policy of his grandfather, Alexander II, who, just before his assassination, had determined to adopt a moderate and conservative constitution—a constitution doubtless providing for responsible ministers, and for a national assembly composed of representatives of the Zemstvos, or local councils, throughout the empire. Here is one thing which may do much to open a better future to Russia. For generations past, the vast body of the Russian peasants have had in their communities a system of discussing and deciding upon their little community interests, much like the town-meeting system of New England which has been such a nursery of republican ideas.

Possibly a senate might be added—not the poor, discredited body at St. Petersburg which bears that name at present, but a body representing perhaps the various provinces and composed of men held in honor by thoughtful Russians throughout the empire. Thus might possibly be evolved a Parliament.

Publicity for its meetings would doubtless be insisted upon, but certainly there should be no repetition of the Jacobin Club, no imitation of American political conventions with galleries crowded with men and women, to get between the assembly and the people.

But, first and foremost of all, as a condition precedent to the proper working of any system whatever which can develop the empire, fit it for constitutional government, and restore its prestige, there should be initiated, at any cost, a broad and thorough system of popular education: a system like that with which Turgot would have saved the old French monarchy, like that which brought up Germany after Napoleon crushed Prussia at Jena, like that which has made the Scandinavian countries what they are to-day, like that which France, Italy, and Great Britain are now endeavoring to develop, and like that which, in the United States, is the main bulwark between liberty and anarchy, between civilization and barbarism.

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**"IF YOUTH BUT KNEW"**

(Continued from page 20)

"Hôtel de l'Aigle Impérial."

"NEVER."

"BETTY, Burgravine of Wellenshausen."

"Thunder, 'tis his wife! It is a whole story à la Kotzebue. Do you hear, Fiddle-Hans? 'Tis his wife. 'Never!' she writes to him. Oh, the dove has claws and beak, and she can peck!"

Fiddle-Hans, without betraying any of the exuberant mirth expected from him, leaned over and, with neat decision, plucked the letter from the other's hands. And as the jurist stared, wavering confusedly upon offence:

"Go on with your work, friend," said the musician, smiling. "That second warrant has not yet been discovered. The night is waning, it may be well to be fairly on your road to Göttingen before the hue and cry—"

STEVEN, whose mind had become keenly on the alert at the first mention of Betty's name, had turned again on his hard couch with a general relaxation of mind and body. As soon as the student's indiscretion had made him master of the Burgravine's address, and of the consoling fact that she and Sidonia—for where the Burgravine was, surely also was Sidonia—were not at the Palace, and that it was Betty, frivolous, pretty Betty, who was the prey marked down by the flickering eye of Jerome—there had come a kind of relief. He must have fallen into slumber, for he was suddenly back in the old Burg of Wellenshausen, with Sidonia, his little bride. She was sitting in the high-backed chair, in all her wedding finery, even as he had last seen her. But she was smiling upon him. "Uncle has given me your letter. It was all a mistake, a great mistake," she was saying to him. Then, as he sprang forward to take her in his arms, suddenly, with the fantastic horror of dreams, her face changed, became red, distorted, even as the face of the vinous student who was violating the secrecy of private letters. Her voice changed, too; grew raucous, broken with insupportable laughter. "You never loved me," it said, "that is now clear to me. You meant well with me, I know; but it is not right—such a marriage as ours can not be right, either before God or man. Had I understood before, I should have died rather than consent. But it is not yet too late. Our marriage is no marriage. I have taken advice and very soon we may both be free. No—I will not see you. I will never see you again."

Steven sat up straight; and, even at that moment, there was an uproar. Fiddle-Hans, creeping round the table like a cat, had fallen silently upon the student and was paralyzing, with a grasp of steel, the hand that held the letter.

The jurist bellowed as if the executioner were already upon him, and mossy-head, waking up, shouted treachery; while, as if the clamor had given the finishing touch to his instability, the theologian, clutching the once more empty can, fell, a sodden heap, on the floor. The senior flung his drunken bulk blindly against the Fiddler; Steven, in his turn, leaped from the couch.

Even with one hand (his left arm was still in a sling), anything so intoxicated was easily disposed of. He picked the sword of the conspiracy off Fiddle-Hans, who thereupon, finding himself free to deal with the jurist, possessed himself at once of the letter. His thin cheeks were faintly touched with scarlet, and his fine nostrils worked with quick breathing; otherwise he seemed unmoved. Steven, therefore, was all the more astonished to hear him exclaim with utmost disgust, utmost scorn and anger:

"Palsamblen! but I am weary of this! Drunken, sottish swine! Out with them to some sty! Roll your fellow out, Count, and down the stairs. If your shoulder smarts, you have sound legs at least and riding boots."

The wine, which had seemed so long merely to stimulate him. Here suddenly took violent effect upon the student of law. He twisted in the Fiddler's grasp, flung both his arms round his neck, and embracing him with the ejaculation, "O, thou dear ancient one!" showed an instant inclination to slumber on his shoulder.

"Pah!" cried Fiddle-Hans, and disengaged himself with what seemed to Steven surprising vindictiveness. He then trundled his man into the passage. The door of an empty bedroom, flooded with moonlight, stood suggestively open: here he cast the creature from him and threw sword and scabbard and pipe on top of the grunting body.

Steven, in perfect gravity, followed his friend's example; but, with more mercy, he cast his burden on the pillows of the feather bed.

"There is yet another," quoth the Fiddler, dusting his hands. He also, it seemed, failed to see humor in the situation. Disgust was upon him. He was Fiddle-Hans no longer, but a grand seigneur with a vengeance, offended in all his Versailles refinement. He led Steven back into the room. "We shall have to carry the beast. Take you his feet, while I his greasy poll."

The theologian had not even a grunt. They laid him beside the jurist in the moonlight with a certain effect of symmetry, like fish on a slab.

Fiddle-Hans locked the door on the outside and pocketed the key. A second then, he and Steven stood together in the darkness of the landing. Except for the snores

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## "IF YOUTH BUT KNEW"

(Continued from page 32)

He reread the letter destined to Jerome, and smiled. Then he turned over the other sheet with his forefinger. The pregnant "Never!" sprang again at him out of the page, in Betty's delicate flourish. . . . The Fiddler smiled again.

THROUGH the open window a level shaft of light struck the sleeper's forehead. Fiddle-Hans rose to draw the wooden shutter. But Steven frowned and awoke.

Without, the forest was one green song. It was spring's busiest day! Such chirping and fluttering and matings, such pushing of blades and buds, such strivings of sappy shoots, such buzzings of new-winged flights, such flurry and scurry of soft-furred things were going on in those dappled glades!

It seemed a shame to be so suddenly asleep on such a morning. Steven breathed the bright air sharply, and his ill-humor vanished.

"That is well," said Fiddle-Hans, as if the young man had spoken. "Nature sets us the example: what work she has to do she does happily. Be brisk, comrade: we have also a task before us and an immediate. The mail-bag is ready. We must now start the courier again on his interrupted duty. Heaven knows in what state we shall find the clown. We shall probably have to pump on him. Then, to Cassel."

Melodious snores were yet intercrossing each other in finer rhythm than ever in the locked bedroom as they passed down the stairs. But the postilion was awake, although he still lay full length on the bench, with face upturned to the rafters, staring stupidly at a bunch of herbs immediately above him with an eye totally devoid of speculation.

Early as it was, the thrifty household was already astir. A fire was crackling pleasantly in the huge hearth, and a fresh sound of water running came from an inner room. The host of "The Three Ways" stood in the wide-open house-door looking down the empty road. He turned quickly at the sound of their steps and grinned in jovial greeting as he saw Fiddle-Hans.

"Good-morning, Mr. Host," said Fiddle-Hans. "Fine doings have you had here the night!"

"Students' tricks, students' tricks," said the host, suddenly uncomfortable, and slouching back into the kitchen as he spoke; his small eyes blinked furtively away from the sight of the mail-bag, which Fiddle-Hans now heaved on the table. "Bah," pursued he, "I knew nothing! I busy not my head over gentry's doings, or students' pranks. I go to sleep. They concern me not." Then he burst into a forced chuckle. "Popped him into a wine cask, they did, in the back yard of the Bunch of Grapes, up in Cassel, where the fellow takes his nip before going his round. And they sat on the cask, the three of them, singing and smoking their pipes, as they drove past, with the French soldiers looking on and laughing, out of the town gates, with not a finger lifted to stop them. 'Pon my soul, it was a fine joke! The cart's out yonder, and the cask, too!' he added, and chuckled his thumb over his shoulder in the direction of the sunlit yard, shaking the while with a laugh that might have struck the observer as a trifle forced.

"Your jokers are still enjoying the sleep of a blameless conscience," said Fiddle-Hans. "They lie in your best bedroom, Mr. Landlord. I locked them in, lest your good wine should lead their innocence and light-heartedness into new jokes. . . . that might be less excellent." He took the key from his pocket and tossed it on the table. "Release the birds when you think fit," he added.

The landlord took up the key with some alacrity. Fiddle-Hans remained a while musingly fixing the outstretched form of the postilion; then a faint laugh shook him.

"In a wine cask," commented he. "A right old German jest, not without its gross humor. . . . He did suggest they had kidnapped him: the creature actually spoke truth!"

Mine host almost perpetrated a wink, but checked himself and merely coughed. "Oh, these students!" he reiterated, vaguely.

"No wonder the hog smells like a bottle-brush," cried Steven suddenly, curling his fine nose. Here then was the explanation of that stench of stale wine, which had sickened him in the close room the night before, and which, even now, the sweeping fresh breeze could scarcely conquer.

"The high-born has perfect reason," cried the innkeeper, "for the rascal is sopped, within and without. If you squeezed him he would run vinegar. Well—so long as I am paid," was the philosophic parenthesis. "But the wife has shaken him in vain. There he lies, and it were perhaps as wholesome he should jog." His eye moved uneasily toward the mail-bag. "And what is to be done with that?" it seemed to ask.

"Quite so," said Fiddle-Hans, gravely: "has he not his letters to deliver? They will be one post late; but in Cassel, nowadays, no one is so mighty particular. He must be freshened up, I think. Here, Mr. Landlord, I and my comrade will bring him to the trough, and you shall do the pumping. We'd better off with his jacket first, comrade. Never look so doubtful, Mr. Landlord—if his Majesty hears of it, you may be decorated. Think of that!"

"Saints forbid!" said the host, turning pale, and sketching a cross on his vast apron-bib. "If Jerome heard of it, I might be shot."

"Nay," said Fiddle-Hans, cheerfully, "you may take my word for it, the hours are counted within which there will be

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## "IF YOUTH BUT KNEW"

(Continued from page 21)

either decorations or executions in the name of Jerome. But, meanwhile, to our duty! Never look so disgusted. Little comrade: this is a vile hog, as you said, but in a minute we shall have him purified."

It was, indeed, a purified courier, a chastened and subdued mail-bearer, who trotted his way back to Cassel, astride that self-same horse that had dragged him forth in his reeking prison the night before.

IN the best bedchamber of the *Aisle Imperial* at Cassel, the Burggrave Betty von Wellenshausen awoke, and looked out upon her surroundings with a sleepy smile of complacency.

She yawned and stretched herself deliciously. It was good to wake in Cassel.

Yes, it was *du dernier aerable* in this gay Cassel—Betty's thoughts ran naturally to French—to wake up to the prospect of a day that was likely to hold the most new and diverting experience. . . . Positively Jerome was a charming fellow.

It was perhaps a trifle strange to ask for a secret rendezvous on the strength of one meeting; but Betty did not regret her answer. Without being at all prepared to yield—gracious powers, was one not to enjoy one's self a little . . . after three years of Wellenshausen!

In the midst of these gossamer resolves, the door creaked apart. The Burggrave rubbed her eyes and thought she must be still dreaming; for in the aperture peered the heavy countenance, the bald head of her husband. Yes, actually the Burggrave of Wellenshausen himself!

She sat up, her face as awry upon the starting dark curls, her cherry mouth open, her eyes round and staring, the very image of astonished indignation.

With ponderous tiptoe tread, not unlike that of a wild bear stepping out of covert, the husband entered the room.

"How dare you!" she gasped. "Did I not forbid you—?"

"Oh, come now, Betty, my little wife, my little dove, I've startled you? You were asleep, angel? but when I got your dear little letter—"

"My . . . my dear little letter!" Betty shrieked, eyes rounder, curls more startled than ever. She sat, rigid. He had bombarded her with abject appeals, positive howls on paper; but Betty's reply had been firm—very firm.

"My dear little letter," she repeated under her breath once more. Then, as she recalled the missive in question, she was shaken with an irresistible giggle. Her face dimpled all over. The Burggrave, gazing on her amorously, thought her the most ravishing, the most maddening of beings ever created for the delight or torment of man.

"Your letter, my Betty, of this morning," he murmured, drew a pink sheet, scored with delicate writing, from his breast pocket, and carried it to his lips. "What wonder that, upon receipt of this, I could not delay coming to my sweet Betty a minute longer!" He held the letter at arm's length. "Your wifely, your dutiful words: 'I should indeed be disloyal to persist in rebellion against my lawful lord.'"

Now, at a flash, the situation was laid clear before her: by some inconceivable carelessness she had put her correspondence of two nights ago in the wrong covers. A plague on this new-fangled French invention of envelopes!

She shut her gaoing lips with a snap and swallowed down the cry that rose to them. Rapidly she tried to recall that elegant little epistle which had given her so much satisfaction; and then all other feelings were lost in a gush of gratitude to the Providence that had suggested those delicately ambiguous terms which saved the situation—saved Betty, Burggrave of Wellenshausen, from irreparable disgrace.

She turned and smiled adorably on the Burggrave. "Monster," she cooed, "do you deserve forgiveness?"

THERE was brilliant sunshine as Steven rode in at the gates of Cassel. The Fiddler tramped beside him. But once within the town, he halted, waved his hand and called out: "Good-by."

"How?" cried Steven, drawing rein, his heart suddenly sinking at this unexpected parting.

"Ah, little bridegroom," said Fiddle-Hans, "it is even so. And a pretty figure," he said, "should I be to shadow your lordship's magnificence in this gay Cassel!"

Nevertheless, he stepped across the cobbles, laid his hand on the horse's neck, and looked up at the young man: all mockery was fled out of his tired, kind eyes.

"You are an honest lad," he whispered, "and you love her—go, tell her the naked truth."

AT the Imperial Eagle, Sidonia, in her little gable-room, sat alone according to her wont. She had told her false bridegroom (for, had not Aunt Betty irrefutably demonstrated that he had dared to marry her without love, out of pity?) that she would never see him again, that her marriage was no marriage.

And yet, as she sat, she held her wedding ring close to her finger as though she loved it. And ever she watched the street, almost as if she expected to see some dear one coming.



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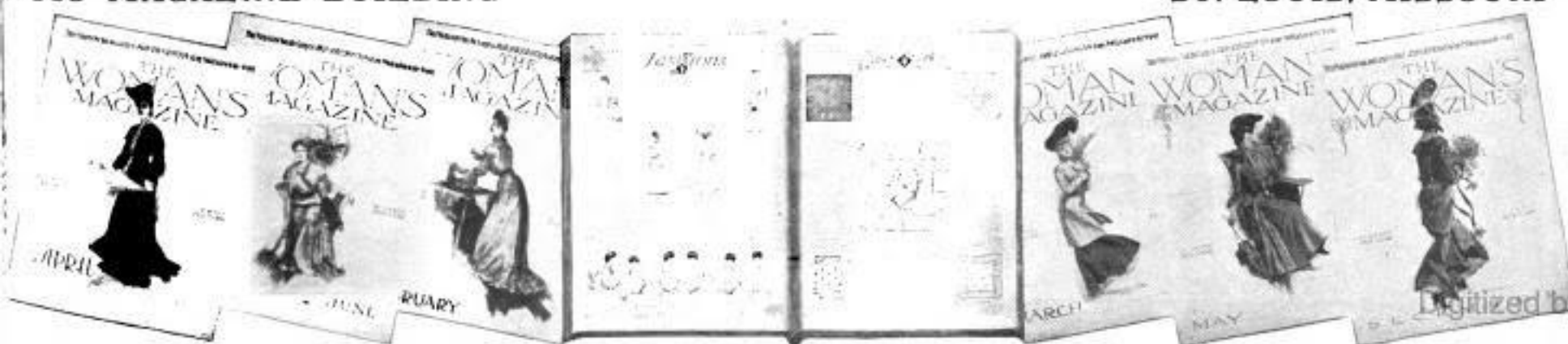
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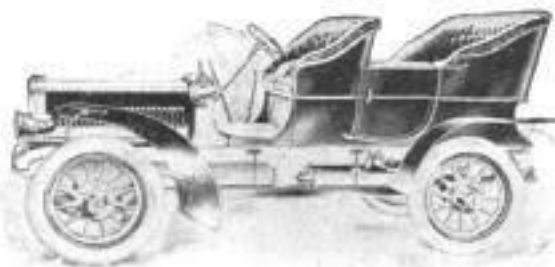
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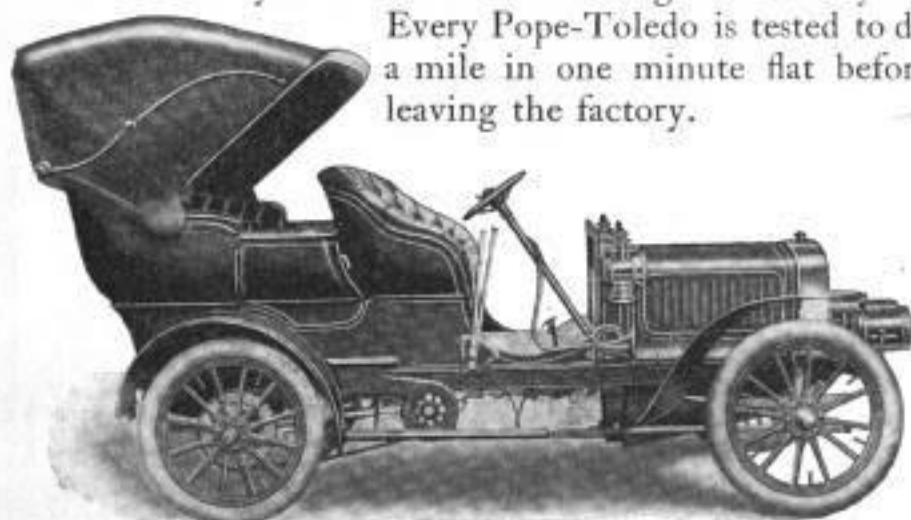
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The Eternal Question



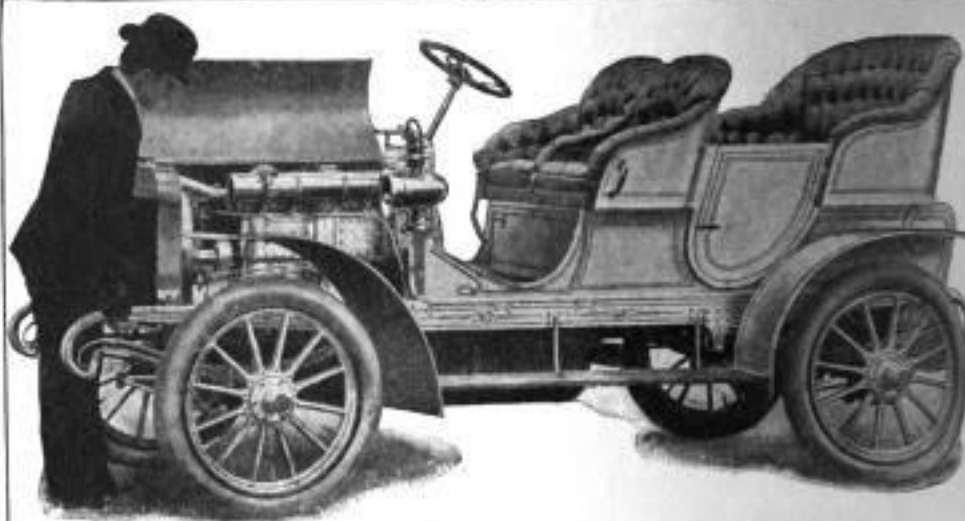
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Model C (Shown Above)	16-20 Horse-power	\$1800
Model B	24-30 Horse-power	\$2500
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**E**ASIEST controlled car in existence! Can be run by a Youth, after one hour's coaching. Automatic "Fool-Proof" Motor. Does its own work infallibly, without "tinkering" or adjusting.

Four upright cylinders, fed by one single Gas-Mixer (Carburetor), and fired by one single Magneto (Electric Sparker). Simplest and best system we ever used.

No Dry Cell Batteries. No Storage Battery. No Multiple Vibrator Coils. No Irregular Ignition. No Gauges to Watch. No Lever-moving necessary, to vary speed in regular running.

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New patented Steering Gear. No "worm" to wear into "lost motion," nor to wedge (when worn), in dangerous places.

Safest, surest, simplest Speed-control. All speeds, graduating from 4 miles an hour to 40 miles an hour, available by merely pressing right foot on pedal.

The \$1800 Winton is shown in above picture. Same Power as last year's \$2500 Winton, but lighter Car.

Note its dashing Style,—its long, graceful lines, and its side-door entrance.

Note its new patented Twin-Springs, that adjust themselves automatically to light or heavy loads, adding ease to the Car, protection to Motor, and longer life to the Tires.

Write today for book on "How to Choose an Automobile."

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## SAVE HALF YOUR CIGAR MONEY

Hundreds of letters and orders reach me addressed "My dear John"—good friends bring me closer together. Architects, lawyers, photographers of celebrities, doctors and business men are about my office—good smokers again. With thousands of people I am on the same friendly footing as if we were tossing our shins or looking out at the same moon together over our good smokes. Although we are great distances apart and have never seen each other, the telepathy and good fellowship created by good smokes has "wireless" links by far and needs no relay station. I have been in one community for over thirty-eight years. My best capital is my standing in my community, and I don't know of any one who is not a first-rate piece by reason of my acquaintance. That is why I insist on featuring

## "Your Money Back"

when I originated the direct—the Rogers idea—in the cigar business. Cigar making is THE BUSINESS of Binghamton, and I claim to know it from "head to back." Outside—from selling to others; inside—from experience and study. I have about me a corps of loyal men; expert to the limit, as anxious to please you as I am, and there is no limit to that. I don't believe in dips and won't have it about the factory. With the million and one good ways of putting tobacco together, why should you smoke doctored cigars?

## Cigars Should be Just as Pure and Clean as Food

A Government Inspector dropped in, unexpected like, the other day—as they will; went through with a fine tooth comb, and said we had the cleanest, most sanitary factory he had ever seen. That's a good deal for a Government Inspector to say. But to the point—I want to tell you your cigars, the kind that makes a fellow tell the story of his life to a ten minutes' acquaintance. You've done it before now and know the hypnosis and friendliness that a good cigar creates. I am selling a fine and variety of cigars, every one of which represent only the cost of the cigars, plus our small margin, so every time you get smokes of us worth just as much as those for which the retail dealer charges twice our price. That's where the old war cry of

## Save Half Your Cigar Money

comes in. If you are not convinced after trying us, it doesn't cost you a cent. How much would it cost you, Mr. Business-man, to keep tabs and collections on about 50,000 customers? We have about that number of customer friends and expect to have over 100,000 before 1905, and while I would never have the slightest fear, it is certain sure that with a credit system, I would have to out-stroke or ask you to pay the other fellow's debts. Our guarantee says this:

All cigars we ship are guaranteed to please you, and if from any cause they should not happen to do so, we will exchange cigars with you or refund your full purchase price, shipping making for them you may have needed if not satisfactory. Transportation each way at our expense.

and is presented to everyone to protect the possible accident but, better still, to be sure of pleasing your taste. Our latest variety is complete, some one of ours of our cigars invariably fills the bill—the question just now is which one—how can we get together? From a variety that has enabled us to please so many thousand customers we have arranged a box of assorted sample boxes. This is to enable you to try the cigars in the quiet of your own home; give them your taste and comparison, then, if not suited, just say so and the amount sent us for an assortment will be sent right back to you, or another doing if you prefer. In short, we are ready, at our own risk, to bring the product of our cleanest of factories to you.

## All Transportation Charges Prepaid

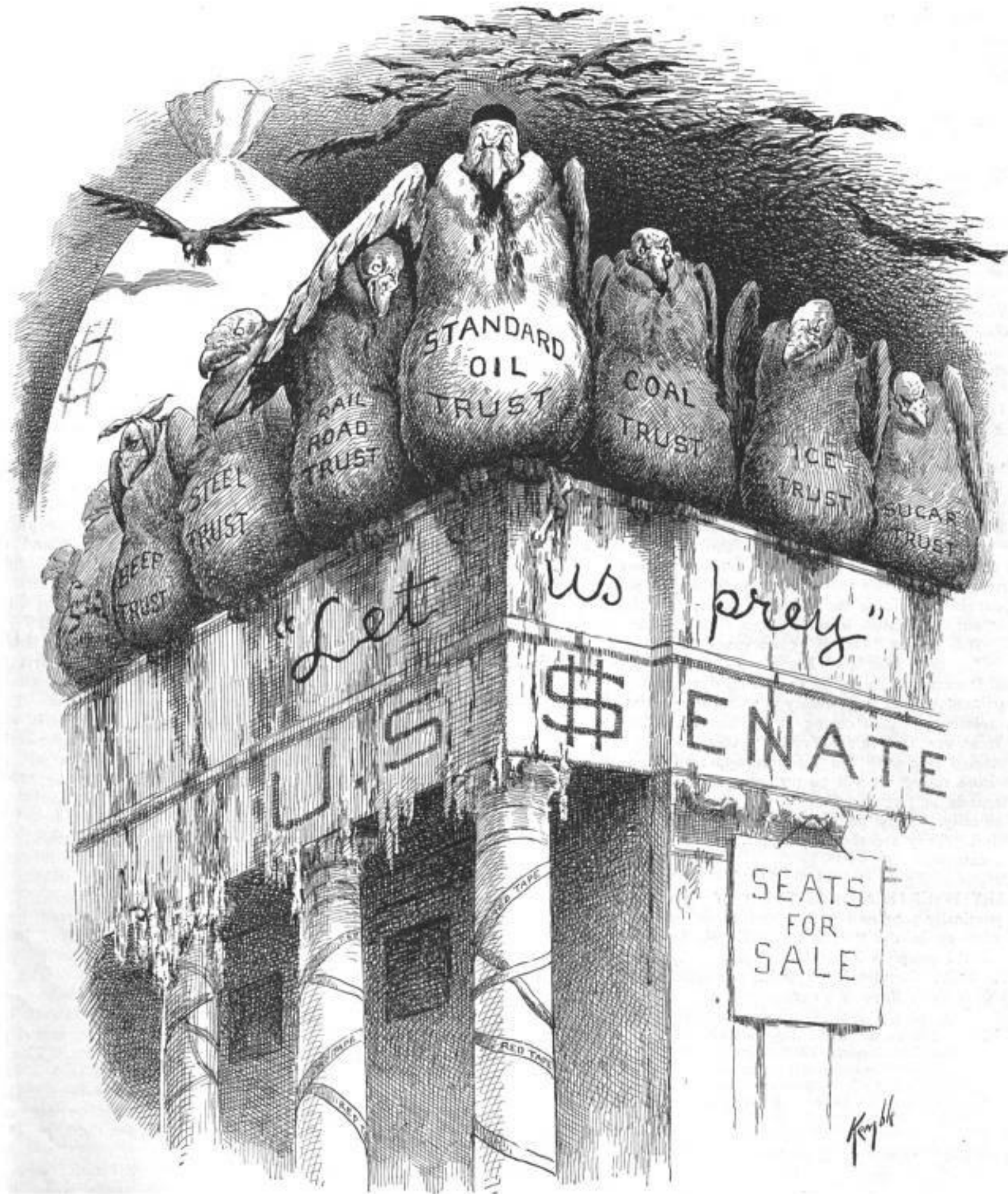
and let you decide whether we can serve you or not. Out of many combinations of samples we suggest our Assortment No. 20, which we send, guaranteed to suit, for 75c, and which consists of:  
 3 PIONCIOS Clear Havana, 4 1/2 in. Conchas at 7c each—a 15c value  
 3 BALMETTO Sumatra wrapper, pure Havana filler, 4 1/2 in. Parittanos at 6 1/2c each—a 12 1/2c value  
 3 EL PROYECTO Sumatra wrapper, pure Havana filler, 4 1/2 in. Perfectos at 6c each—a 12c value  
 3 LA MEDALLA Sumatra wrapper, pure Havana filler, 4 1/2 in. Conchas at 6c each—a 15c value  
 or, if these are too high priced, our Assortment No. 13, for 50c, showing 4 kinds of 5 and 7c cigars, each cigar in all assortments separately wrapped and described. Our object is your permanent patronage, not the 75c or 50c, and one method is sure to get it. Why not order now while you think of it? In any case send for "Billed Brevities," our illustrated catalogue, which tells you all about it.

**JOHN B. ROGERS & CO., "The Pioneers," 141 Jarvis St., Binghamton, N. Y.**



# Collier's

## THE NATIONAL WEEKLY.



THE VULTURES' ROOST

DRAWN BY E. W. KEMBLE





**T**HE RUSSIAN PEOPLE ARE UNHAPPY. They do not have the kind of government they need. On that the best thought of Russia is agreed. On what they do need, and what they want, no such concord has been reached. Many leaders of thought are hopelessly ideal, as is natural in a country where intelligence and education in a few are so far ahead of political conditions. "You require," says Tolstoi to the strikers, "only one thing—a free land upon which you can live and from which you can draw your food. You can acquire the land not by riots, from which God preserve you; not by demonstrations or strikes; not by Socialistic representatives in Parliament, but only by a non-participation in that which you regard as evil."

#### RUSSIAN FACTS AND THEORIES

That is a gospel and not a programme. It is an ethical extreme which is good seed for actual progress, but no help to present amelioration. In all political and economic principles Tolstoi sees good only in HENRY GEORGE. He believes only in religion and abstract morality. And there are many like him. As he deems modern agricultural implements an evil for the peasant, so many other leaders of the great Russian race are untrained in that kind of thought which means fitness for self-government. Before Russia shall enjoy that constitutional government which is inevitable, whether it come gradually or in convulsions, the peasants must be further stirred; the bureaucracy must be educated by misfortune and revolt; the idealists and philosophers must be educated also. No race ever transferred the power from the few to the many save by a long process of experiment. Self-government is a growth. It can not be a sudden birth.

**S**OME GENUINE EXHIBITIONS in living simply are being given by the Japanese. It is not a fad with them. It is conviction and reality. We may argue until the crack of doom about the relative height reached by civilization in Asia and America. The question is too general for absolute decision. But on some specific points no doubt exists, and plain living as an adjunct to high acting is one of them. The record of the Japanese hospitals is the most brilliant of all their accomplishments in this war. They may or may not surpass Europeans in various military attributes. They are, however, as shown by their official reports, just seventy times as proficient as Americans in fighting disease, and the Boer War put the English in this respect about where the Spanish

#### SIMPLE LIFE

War put us. Out of 25,000 cases of serious illness the Japanese lose 40. From typhoid they lose, between May 6 and December 1, 3 out of 133; from dysentery 4 out of 342. It is fair to assume that their ability in preventing disease is at least as great, relatively, as in curing it. When NAPOLEON said that in war sickness was a more dangerous foe than bullets, it was true, and it remained true until the Japanese appeared upon the scene. Can we imitate them? It will be no easy matter, for their medical success depends in large part upon the willingness of soldiers to live hygienically. They do not eat for pleasure. They do not drink for fun. They are the only inspiring examples of what the simple life can do.

**F**EBRUARY FOURTEENTH IS THE DAY on which birds were once poetically supposed in England to choose their mates, as you may observe in the "Midsummer-Night's Dream" and other literature of the people's lore. The climate would be against that habit here. Saint Valentine's Day with our weather would hardly fit exactly into these lines of PRAED:

"Apollo has peeped through the shutter,  
And awaken'd the witty and fair;  
The boarding-school belle's in a flutter,  
The twopenny post's in despair;  
The breath of the morning is flinging  
A magic on blossom and spray,  
And cockneys and sparrows are singing  
In chorus on Valentine's Day."

#### VALENTINES

No doubt Saint Valentine's Day has fallen into poorer ways. Once the friend or lover taxed his own wit to express just the degree of appreciation which he deemed safe. Now the stationer furnishes not only the sentiment, which is usually of the stereotyped kind which helps the world go round, but also the humor, which is of the coarsely exaggerated variety. The comic valentine, which we have developed, is seldom funny and always ugly. The day of elegance, gallantry, and fancy has passed away, and what is left is on a level with the comic supplement.

**O**UR FRIEND THE HOG will be a familiar figure in these pages, for he is a leading actor in the news. It is not easy to keep him from eating any public property that is not strictly guarded. "There are land thieves and water thieves," says Shylock. Land thieves, who are described in Mr. RUHL's article in this issue, seem to have no superior as rapid gulpers of the people's pie. Bad laws, and no execution of the laws there are, have, from the time of JACKSON to the year of our Lord 1905, aroused the wonder of the few people who have known the facts without sharing in the thefts. Great lumber companies have stolen the public domain by having their employees take up "homesteads" by laying down four logs and swearing that timothy and potatoes were growing where the camera shows only a desert forest, which in June is wrapped a foot deep in snow. The man, also, who grazes ten thousand cattle on five hundred thousand acres of public land, drives settlers away from our Rocky Mountain States into Canada. The Senate is inhabited by vultures, but it is not their only roosting place. It passed a bill to repeal the Timber and Stone act, which makes it so easy for all the valuable timber land of the United States to arrive in the hands of speculators. The Public Lands Committee of the House killed this repealing bill. A man who had grown rich in timber lands appeared before this committee and the bill went into retirement. Those who sent it to the pigeon-hole were MONDELL of Wyoming, MARTIN of South Dakota, FORDNEY of Michigan, DIXON of Montana, KNOPP of Illinois, SHIRAS of Pennsylvania, MCCARTHY of Nebraska, GRIFFITH of Indiana, BURNETT of Alabama, FOSTER of Illinois, RUCKER of Missouri, CHANDLER of Mississippi, LIND of Minnesota and RODEY of New Mexico. We should be glad to hear from any of them.

A CERTAIN BREED OF PIG

**S**YDNEY SMITH THOUGHT the duty of a statesman was "to reconcile principles to circumstances, and to be no wiser than the times will permit"—an idea that has echoed down the ages from the earliest republics to our day. Mr. BALFOUR is now illustrating that kind of statesmanship in England and doing it rather well. But there is another kind, of the sort represented by Mr. LA FOLLETTE, who has just fought his way into national politics, after leading the radical forces to a decisive victory in Wisconsin, and by Mr. FOLK, who is carrying out in Jefferson City the principles on which he succeeded in St. Louis. SMITH's remark, taken literally, is always true. It is in the spirit that the difference lies between the floating and the guiding statesmen. A man who leads, like Mr. FOLK, is sure of many enemies. Politicians do not mind patriotic oratory, but they hate to see it acted on. "Patriotism," says Mr. FOLK, "is a higher virtue than partisanship. Some of you are Democrats, some are Republicans, all are Missourians. In the discharge of official duties, let us be Missourians before we are anything else. Do not forget that you will be aiding the party you may belong to, most, by giving the public the highest service. You can not help your party by injuring your State. One may be in private life a Democrat or Republican, but when he steps into public office he becomes a public servant—a servant of all the people." That is the creed of which Mr. ROOSEVELT will feel the need before his troubles in Washington are at an end. Mr. FOLK, in a way, reminds one of CATO, who, unpopular with the classes of privilege, gained by his courage and persistency the adhesion of the common people. CATO was a politician, in a degree, and made some petty concessions to the vanity or interests of the men about him, but in all his main lines he stood conspicuously for moral firmness and so long remained an ideal to a weakening State. The demand for morality in politics must be real indeed when such a statesman as GUMSHOE BILL takes to emitting moral speeches. Hypocrisy is the tribute vice pays to virtue, and GUMSHOE's speeches are as much an index of a growing public spirit as are those of Mr. FOLK.

FOLK, CATO, AND GUMSHOE BILL

**B**EING ALIVE MEANS EXPERIMENT. All times are times of change, and man's adaptation to his needs is an unceasing history of trial, partial success, and failure. But he grows happier from century to century, in the sense, at least, in which SOCRATES was happier than the pig. His wants increase, his standards lift, and all classes and both sexes are considered in the problems of well-being. Just now experiment and flux are more noticeable than they usually are in times of peace. This country is thoroughly aroused; the general mind is fixed intently on





methods which shall come nearer to ideal justice than the present play of competition comes. Practical ethics to-day are a chemical compound of the doctrine of evolution, in which everything is for the strongest, and he that has most takes the rest, and the doctrine of the Mount, in which these cruel natural laws are replaced by mercy. In America this attempt to regulate the individual without emasculating him is especially alive. Mr. ROOSEVELT has a far more trustworthy instinct for the path which leads forward without leading to catastrophes than Mr. BRYAN has. Yet they both seek the same objects, for both wish that every man shall have the fairest opportunity in this life's struggle.

GETTING  
THE RANGE

Other Republicans, like Mr. ALDRICH and his lieutenants, and other Democrats, of which Mr. GORMAN is a type, labor for the special privileges of a few. They are oligarchs, whatever label they may wear. The devices for regulating transportation, for regulating production, for equalizing taxation, for making legislatures representative, are all part of this attempt to make existence more democratic. We do not move faster, because the enemy is entrenched, astute, and powerful, but also because we are cautious, like the race from which we take our stamp, and do not move until we see our landing place. The forces of change will win the approaching battles. They are now occupied in getting the range.

THEATRE MANAGERS ALWAYS PRETEND that they make nothing by giving the best seats to hotels, where \$2.50 is charged for a \$2 seat. These managers observe that they take this step purely for the convenience and general welfare of the people. If your bank account makes fifty cents an item of importance, you may stand in line at an opening sale for several hours and secure a place in the nineteenth row. If you can afford the extra

THEATRE  
SPECULATION

tax you can get aisle seats in the fourth row at a hotel agency. It has now been made matter of court record in New York that this arrangement is not pure philanthropy, but that one-half of the extra amount charged in the hotels goes back to the managers. A deposition to the effect that twenty-five cents is the regular commission has been made in a lawsuit by the President of Tyson & Co., the principal New York dealers in these selected seats. One of the fables fed to the public when it raises a modest wail about theatrical conditions seems to have received a definite quietus.

THE PRESIDENT HAS AN OPPORTUNITY to do another stroke of good by refusing to promote Judge KOHLSAAT from the District to the Circuit Court of the United States. This judge has made himself all right with Senator HOPKINS by the scandalous appointment of the Senator's son to a judicial office, for which he was unfitted, and the Senator will no doubt offer the quid pro quo. It is likely, however, that the President will refuse to accept the responsibility for such a deal. The judiciary has altogether too much hankering after political intrigue in our country. The relation between judges and politicians was the greatest obstacle in the reforms attempted, as Circuit-Attorney, by Mr. FOLK, and the same dishonorable attitude of the bench is too obvious in a large percentage of our States. Chicago, however, seems to be the hotbed of extraneous activity by the judges. Ardent yearning for the limelight is the disease which the Chicago "Tribune" finds in the judiciary, and it well says that judicial

CHANCE FOR  
ROOSEVELT

decorum is a necessity of popular respect, some of which will disappear for every judge who turns gamester or clown. It describes five judges, without giving their names, which are easily surmised. Judge GROSSCUP is pictured as romping up and down the city, inspecting public utility corporations, issuing pronouncements, making speeches, writing inflammatory articles for the magazines, suggesting himself as candidate for Governor, Senator, or Vice-President, and fearing that if he should become immersed in his judicial duties he would be forgotten. Judge TULLY sends out proclamations to the people, suggesting that those who differ with him are somewhat worse than bandits. Judge DUNNE is probably to be the Democratic candidate for the Mayoralty. Judge CARTER races down to the capital of the State to denounce the press and give extrajudicial opinions about measures before the Legislature. The KOHLSAAT case is the one of most immediate bearing on the President's duties. It is a favorable opportunity to give Senator ALBERT J. HOPKINS a turning down.

A CANADIAN WRITES asking us to protest against the petty annoyance which our country inflicts upon him in the matter of Christmas presents. He is full with the bitterness of personal experience. Each year the vigilant customs collectors at Boston, Bangor, etc., hold up hundreds of presents and decide what shall be the fine that we Yankee cousins shall pay for receiving remembrances from relatives or friends in Canada. Our correspondent's wife bought thirty-five cents' worth of goods and made it up into a tie. Her sister was mulcted sixty cents on receiving it at Rockland, Maine. He sent a two-dollar belt buckle to an acquaintance at Dorchester, Massachusetts. She had to deliver seventy-five cents. Another little parcel to a friend in Boston cost the recipient eighty-five cents. Taking such things with our Senate's action on the treaties, it is no wonder it wears a Canadian to hear us talk of reciprocity. We have personally received small gifts from Mexico and Europe that were taxed considerably beyond their entire value. The tariff, like any law which does good to some people and injury to others, naturally arouses strong passions at certain times. The subject slumbered for a while, as we were so prosperous and as everybody knew it was useless to talk about reforms while the Senate remained under its present ownership. It seems to be waking up a little now, although not enough to give much meaning to the Republican party's pledge. One queer thing about it is that in petty ways, like this of the Christmas gifts, and like the treatment of returning Americans on the dock, the Customs Department seems to possess a positive genius for making itself as obnoxious as the law allows.

TARIFF  
TRIFLES

THE NEW PENSION COMMISSIONER is not going to make trouble. Arrived in Washington, he announced his policy at once. First, he would inflict no poetry on the public or his clerks. This was a brilliant and exceedingly tasteful fling at his predecessor. Then VESPASIAN observed that it was not his intention to promote clerks because they were not freakish enough to take vacations. Another happy gibe at Mr. WARE. Then comes a part of the interview which requires literal quotation: "The Commissioner of Pensions has always been treated badly by the newspapers. Now, I am going to invoke the aid of the newspapers. Nobody ever saw anything about me in the newspapers. I have always been treated well by them. That is because I have never done anything good, bad, or indifferent in Congress." If Mr. WARNER used those words he at least has fulfilled the law, "Know thyself." If he gets through his career without arousing hostility, which is his avowed intention, it will be because his love of popularity is greater than his sense of duty.

TAKING  
IT EASY

HUSBANDS ARE OF MANY SORTS. The American variety is supposed to be the best. Although the American man is not sought by foreigners as much as the American woman, he is thought at home to be the best domestic investment in the world. No other is so ready to treat his wife as plenarily inspired.

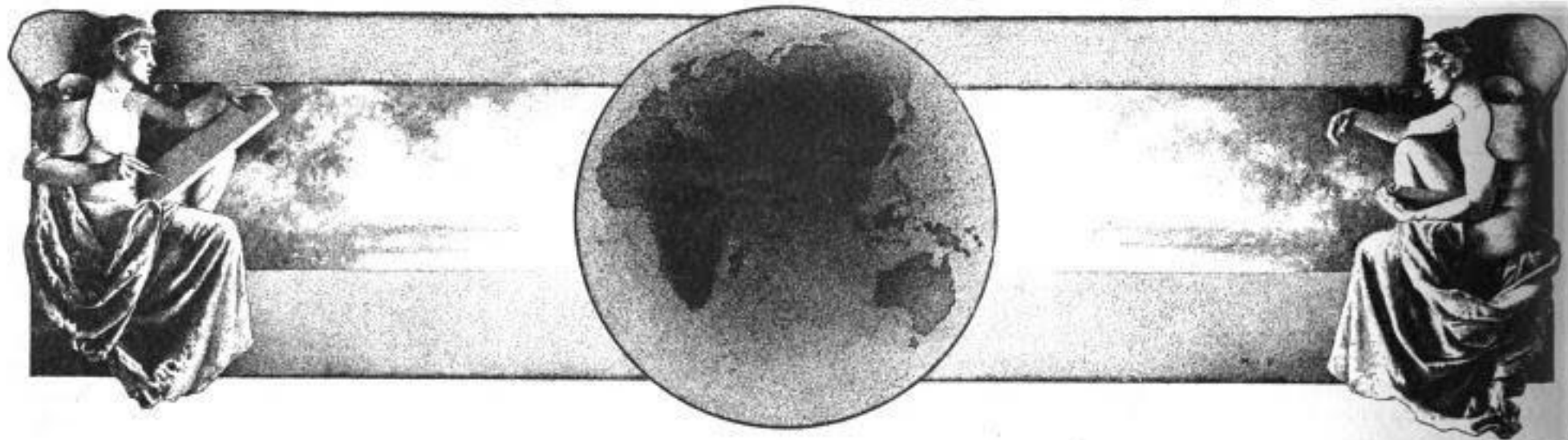
"Husbands are like lots in  
The lottery. You may draw forty blanks  
Before you find one that has any prize  
In him."

You do not, as a rule, have forty trials. The American husband averages better than the poet MARSTON's computation. At a rough guess, half the marriages in this country are fairly happy, partly because American men are kindly, sociable, and good tempered, partly because American women are free and interesting. ADDISON is one among the many who have said that after treating woman like a goddess, man marries her and treats her like a slave, the most abject flatterers changing into the worst of tyrants. In recent times, and especially in America, we indulge less in the goddess fancy and naturally less in tyranny afterward. "I have hardly ever observed the married condition unhappy," writes RICHARD STEELE, "but from want of judgment or temper in the man." One quality that no one denies Americans is good temper. An American man frequently reflects, with SOCRATES, that troubles at home are a good preparation for a philosophic tolerance of the world. The viper, according to the Latin saying, casts all his poison when he marries his female, and the great Latin emperor made it part of his philosophy that the human being ought to do as well as the viper husband.

HUSBANDS



# WHAT THE WORLD IS DOING



## THE DOMINICAN MYSTIC MAZE

THE PROGRESS of our adventure in Santo Domingo is full of surprises that make it one of the most extraordinary episodes of our diplomatic history. When the first announcement of the receivership was made, it was stated, apparently by authority, that the protocol was complete in itself, not requiring submission to the Senate, and that it would go into effect on February 1. Symptoms of Senatorial revolt led to a prompt abandonment of this position. It was then announced that the protocol was only a memorandum of a proposed agreement, and that in due time a treaty would be negotiated for submission to the Senate. The next development was the arrival of the "Official Gazette" of Santo Domingo, containing the full text of the document in Spanish and English. A glance at this made it manifest that it was no protocol, no memorandum, but a formal treaty, complete in itself, between the Dominican Republic and the "American Government." It had no word about submission to the Senate or an exchange of ratifications, but, on the contrary, it contained a provision that it should go into effect on February 1, a date before which ratification would be manifestly impossible. When February 1 came, despatches from Santo Domingo announced that the execution of the treaty was already in progress, and that the representatives of the "American Government" had taken possession of certain custom houses. Senatorial dignity began to stir again, when it was quieted by a new explanation from the inexhaustible laboratory at the White House. It now appeared that the protocol, memorandum, convention, or whatever one chooses to call it, was dead, that its terms were not approved by the Supreme Power, that Minister Dawson and Commander Dillingham had taken the place of Secretary Loeb as Presidential whipping boys, and that the Dominican custom houses had been seized, not under the terms of the new agreement, but by virtue of an old arbitral award that gave the United States the right to take that action for the collection of some of its own claims. Meanwhile American warships were stationed in Dominican waters to keep the people contented with whatever theory we might decide to maintain.

## THE RAILROAD ROUND-UP

BY A MIXTURE of conciliation and menace, President Roosevelt has been trying to disarm the various elements of opposition to his railroad policy. Just after the radicals executed their successful stroke in reporting the Esch-Townsend bill, there was a brief flare of opposition on the Republican side of the House, led by the Pennsylvania delegation, but it disappeared when Speaker Cannon told the Republican caucus or "conference," on February 3, that if Congress did not heed the popular demand for railroad legislation now there might be more drastic work later, with some new men to carry it out. It being evident that the House was safe, the President turned his attention to the Senate. It was manifestly impossible to do anything there against the opposition of the railroad forces. The Swayne impeachment, the Smoot case, and the regular appropriation bills could easily be made to fill the limited time to the 4th of March. The only hope of accomplishing anything was to do it by general consent—to convince the railroad men themselves that it was better to accept a little regulation now than to face a great deal more later. This work the President undertook to accomplish by consultations with the representatives of railway interests in and out of the Senate. The heads of some of the principal railroad systems took the public into their confidence to an unprecedented extent, some opposing any Government interference with their business, and others expressing a willingness to submit to regulation if they could have some assurance of fair treatment. President A. B. Stickney of the Chicago Great Western Railway, addressing the Washington Economic Society on Febru-

ary 3, offered the revolutionary suggestion that Mr. Roosevelt, like King Edward in England, should furnish a signal example of a law-abiding spirit by ceasing to violate the law against free transportation. "The law which makes it a misdemeanor for any individual not an officer of a railway company to use a pass," said Mr. Stickney, "was enacted by Congress and approved by the President fifteen years ago, and as an individual rule of action it was ignored by the Congressmen who passed it and by the President who approved it, and subsequent Congressmen and Presidents, with rare exceptions, have ignored its provisions." President Roosevelt is said to have done more free traveling than any of his predecessors, but Mr. Stickney's exhortation to him to obey the law was "made the subject of semi-humorous comment among those who called at the White House" the next day. The humorous aspect of law-breaking had another exemplification on the 3d when the Interstate Commerce Commission promulgated a decision, holding the Santa Fe Railroad guilty of "flagrant, wilful, and continuous violations" of the



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## THE NEW AND THE OLD

Father Gapon, the leader of the Russian workmen's movement for liberty, and General Fyodor, late Governor of St. Petersburg, who represented the Czar's authority until he was superseded by the merciless Trepoff

laws. It declared that the corporation had "wilfully and continuously violated" the anti-rebate provisions of the Interstate Commerce Act, that it had "systematically and continuously violated" the Elkins uniform rate law from the day of its passage until the end of 1904, and that for nearly three years it had ignored an injunction obtained from a United States Circuit Court at the instance of the Commission. During most of this

time Mr. Paul Morton, now Secretary of the Navy, had charge of the Santa Fe's traffic arrangements. The Commission's presentment leaves the Attorney-General no choice but to institute a vigorous prosecution of the Santa Fe Railroad, and of the Colorado Fuel & Iron Company, which was its accomplice in its transgressions, but it is understood that this attack will not be extended from the corporations to their individual officers, and that Mr. Morton's position in the Cabinet will not be endangered.

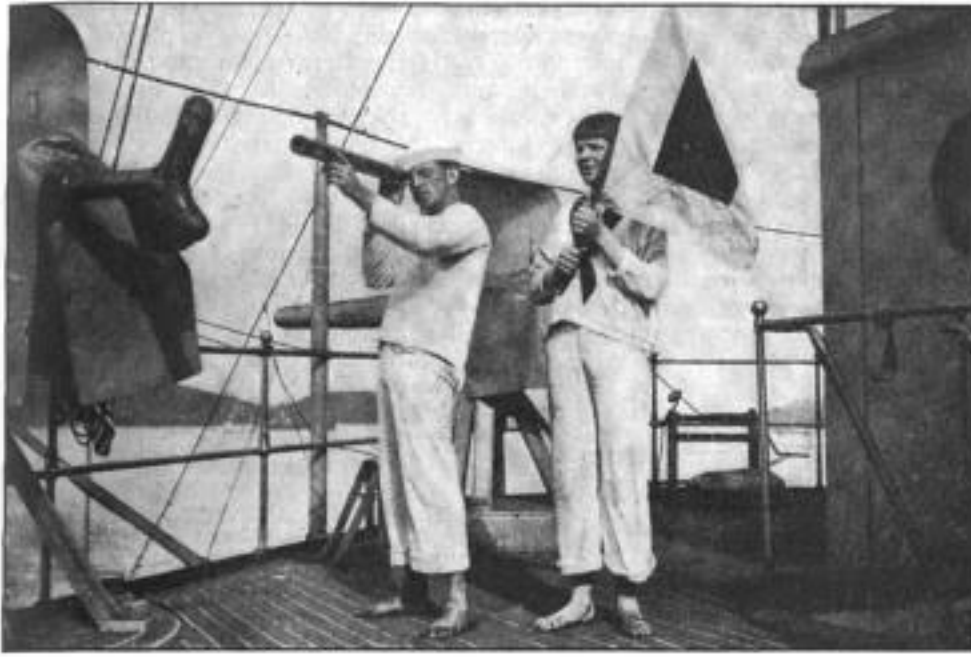
## NIBBLING AT THE TARIFF

IN THE ABSENCE of any probability of tariff revision by Congress in the near future, the friends of reform are looking hopefully to the inexhaustible storehouse of Presidential powers. The Dingley law provides that when imported materials are used in manufactured goods and exported, the exporter may recover ninety-nine per cent of the duties paid. Hitherto this drawback has not been available except when the materials in question could be distinctly identified as those on which the duty was originally paid, and the difficulty of such identification has greatly curtailed the value of the privilege. Probably the principal beneficiary of the system has been the Standard Oil Company, which has been able to make its cans for export entirely of imported tin plates, practically duty free. But at the request of the Northwestern millers, Attorney-General Moody filed an opinion holding that the full drawback might be paid on Canadian wheat mixed with American wheat in the manufacture of flour for the foreign trade, and on February 4 Secretary Shaw issued a circular to collectors of customs, putting this ruling into effect. The same principle applies to all other materials, so that, as the "Tribune's" Washington despatches put it, "free hides, free wool, free lumber—in a word, free raw and partially manufactured materials of every sort and description—are now at the disposal of American manufacturers engaged in the export trade." This promises a marked stimulus to our foreign commerce, although, of course, it offers no relief to the American consumer. He will continue to pay the highest prices for everything, while the manufacturer's practice of selling cheaper to foreigners than to Americans will be still further encouraged.

## THE FALLING BALKAN BAROMETER

PRINCE GHICA of Roumania, who has been elected by the Albanian Committee "Supreme Head for Albanian Independence," has added a new complication to the already tangled Balkan situation by announcing that he will lead a general Albanian revolution, aided by twelve thousand European volunteers. Hitherto the Albanians have been one of the bulwarks of Turkish rule in Europe, although their turbulence has caused the Sultan a good many agitated moments. A majority of them are Mohammedans, of such a bigoted type that they rose in bloody riots to express their disapproval of the introduction of even nominal reforms in Macedonia. If they begin a genuine revolution the expected Macedonian rising in the spring will have enormously increased chances of success. More than half of the Sultan's six million European subjects will then be in revolt, and should Bulgaria and Serbia, not to speak of Greece, be able to agree upon a scheme of joint action in their behalf, the Sultan would find himself confronted by a situation that would strain all his strength. The bloodshed and misery that such a struggle would cause could be prevented by a prompt intervention of the Western Powers to substitute genuine civilized government for the sham Austro-Russian reforms in Macedonia, which have abjectly collapsed, and some earnest voices, such as that of the London "Spectator," have been raised in England in favor of that course. It is stated that Lord Lansdowne has definitely proposed the appointment of a Christian Governor-General for Macedonia.





Signalling from the Battleship "Alabama"



A landing party of marines about to go ashore

## THE NAVY'S WINTER MANEUVERS IN THE CARIBBEAN SEA

with authority similar to that of Prince George in Crete, but that most of the powers have received the project coldly. The only one that has given it full approval is Italy, which is substantially an ally of England, beside having reasons of her own for wishing to diminish Austro-Russian influence in the Balkans.

## NORTHWESTERN EMPIRE-BUILDING

THE CHIEF ARGUMENT against the admission of Arizona and New Mexico as one State has been the unwieldy size of the empire so created—a region nearly twice as extensive as the British Islands. But some of the plans for the Canadian Northwest now before the Dominion Parliament throw the enlarged Arizona into the shade. One of them proposes to create a new province composed of the present districts of Assiniboia, Saskatchewan, and Alberta, with all that part of Athabasca lying south of the fifty-seventh degree of latitude. That region covers 404,000 square miles—about as much as France and Germany combined—and would form the largest self-governing province in the Dominion. It is nearly nine hundred miles long and six hundred miles wide. It could hold the entire population of the United States without being as densely populated as the State of New Jersey is today. The time might come when it would occupy to the Dominion such a relation as Prussia occupies to the German Empire.

## MODEST PUBLIC BENEFACTORS

IT APPEARS that even in this commercial age there are still some men who, like Agassiz, have "not time to make money." The Department of Agriculture has found some of them. The method of soil inoculation by bacteria which extract the free nitrogen from the air is perhaps the greatest gift that science has ever bestowed upon agriculture. It means in time an increase of uncounted millions in the annual value of the crops of the United States. But Dr. George T. Moore, the man who discovered the processes that make these results possible, and who could easily have made

himself a multi-millionaire by their exploitation, has deeded his patent to the Department of Agriculture, to be held in trust for the public, and remains a simple salaried employee of the Government. And Luther T. Burbank of California, the producer of the everlasting star-flower, the spineless cactus, and so many other miracles of horticulture, is working for the common benefit under an allowance of \$10,000 a year from the Carnegie Institution for the cost of his experiments. These men have rendered services to the community that fairly match those of some trust organizers who have been rewarded with hundreds of millions.

## A CRISIS IN HUNGARY

A NEW POLITICAL ERA has begun in Hungary. When the system of the dual monarchy was created in 1867, the more ardent patriots refused to be reconciled to the new order, and Kossuth lived in exile until his death at Turin. His son stayed in Hungary and took part in politics, but maintained an attitude of uncompromising hostility to the Hapsburg dynasty. The Liberal party has remained in power ever since the adoption of the "Ausgleich," or dual arrangement, in 1867, but in the recent elections the Liberal Ministry of Premier Tisza was overthrown, and the Radicals and Independents secured control of the new Parliament. In this crisis the Emperor-King has created a sensation by inviting Kossuth, the leader of the Independence party, to meet him either at Vienna or Budapest. This effort at reconciliation is apparently the prelude either to the final healing of the old breach, or to a total rupture which may end in the dissolution of the Austro-Hungarian monarchy.

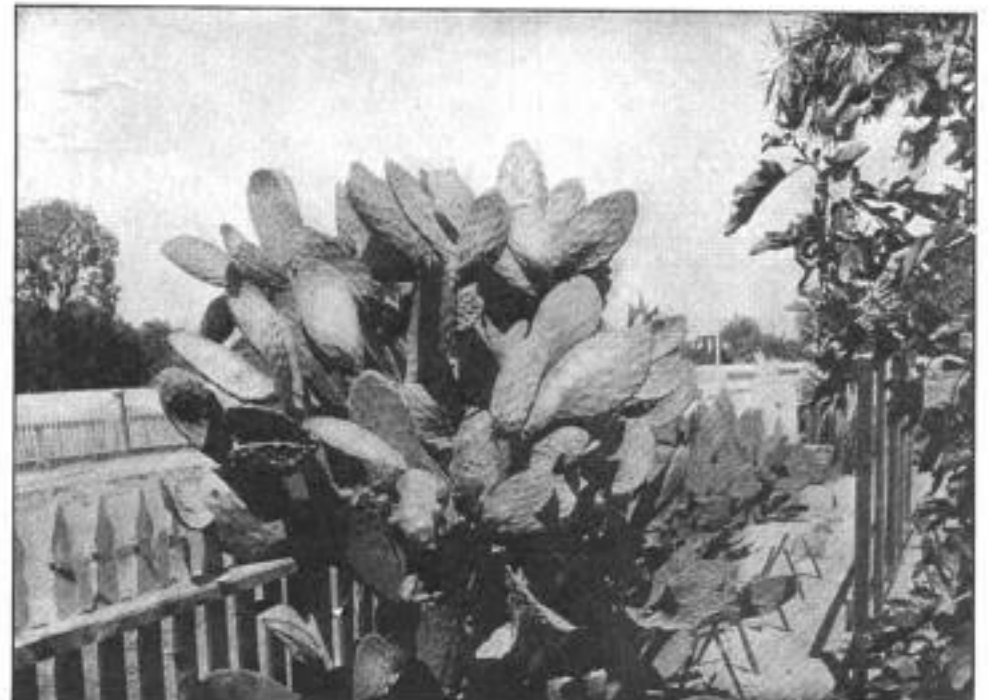
## WHAT A YEAR HAS BROUGHT FORTH

ON FEBRUARY 8 the war had been in progress just one year. When it began the Russians announced their intention of dictating peace in Tokio. At that time Japan held not a foot of ground on the mainland of Asia. After a year of fighting she held all of Korea, all the seacoast of Manchuria, and the whole

country as far north as the outskirts of Mukden, including Port Arthur, the chief Russian fortress and naval base on the Pacific, Dalny, the wonderful new commercial entrepôt, and a considerable part of the Russian railroad. She had destroyed the Russian Pacific fleet, originally a fair match on paper for her entire navy, and reduced the Czar's empire from the rank of the third naval power in the world to a position among the minor maritime nations. She had won every battle fought by land or sea. But all this was of minor importance. In this year of victory Japan rendered a service to Russia that overbalanced all the injuries inflicted by her arms. She loosed the bonds of the Russian people. She shook the corrupt fabric of Russian despotism from cornice to foundation. In shattering the prestige of the army that had held the Czar's subjects enslaved, she gave the nation courage to demand freedom. The massacre in St. Petersburg did not intimidate the people or reassure the governing clique. The Czar has been in a pitiable state of irresolution and anxiety ever since. On February 1 he received a carefully picked delegation of workmen and told them of his benevolent sentiments. Instead of producing the desired effect, this action increased the resentment of the great body of the workers, who said that the members of the deputation represented the employers who had selected them, not the men. Prince Sviatopolk-Mirsky, the reforming Minister of the Interior, was snubbed on his retirement from office, but for a moment M. Witte and M. Yermoloff, the Minister of Agriculture, gained the ear of the Czar, and it was said that they even obtained from him his signature to a manifesto substantially promising a constitution. Then the grand ducal coterie obtained the ascendancy again and the project was shelved. The Czar was persuaded that soft words, with a little charitable dole for the victims of the massacres, would soothe the discontent of the populace and be accepted as a substitute for liberty. Thus the history runs on, with everything in flux, the Czar not knowing his own mind from day to day, rival factions struggling for his vacillating favor, and Russia practically without a government. Only the deep current of popular aspiration flows on, unchanged, conscious of its purpose, and gathering strength with every hour.



The everlasting Australian star flower, which keeps its color and fragrance for an indefinite time after cutting



The thornless cactus, which promises to make the deserts productive feeding grounds for domestic animals

## TWO OF LUTHER T. BURBANK'S TRIUMPHS OF PLANT CREATION



## ALL THE RUSSIAS

IN THE DISCUSSIONS of the kind of government that shall replace the Russian autocracy, the bulk of opinion favors a federal system. A glance at the map on this page will make the reason clear. It would be hard enough to work a centralized government in a country as vast as Russia, even if it were all inhabited by one people. But in reality the empire of the Romanoffs is a complex aggregation of peoples, held together thus far by force, and not to be held together at all in the future without concessions to the spirit of local self-government. It is not without reason that the Czar calls himself "Autocrat of All the Russias." Of the whole population of the empire only about two-thirds are Russians of any kind, and these are divided into three main branches. The Great Russians, the nucleus and the dominating element of the nation, comprise considerably less than half of the population. There are about 60,000,000 of them all told. The Little Russians, including the Cossacks, number about 18,000,000. The White Russians amount to 5,000,000. There are nearly 10,000,000 Poles, over 5,000,000 Jews, about 2,500,000 Finns, 3,000,000 Lithuanians, 1,000,000 Roumanians, 13,000,000 Turco-Tartars, and other elements in infinite variety. Heretofore the Government has played off one race against another, using troops from each to keep the others down. Such a system is manifestly destructive of national patriotism, and it helps to explain the spectacle of Russians rejoicing in the defeats of their armies by a foreign enemy. Those defeats are regarded as victories for Russian liberty. The Japanese are fighting the common oppressor whom the people of the separated and unorganized Russian provinces have not yet been able to fight for themselves. The Czar does not think it safe to keep his Polish levies in Poland, but it was Polish soldiers, sent to Manchuria because they could not be trusted at home, who were said to have betrayed Kuropatkin's dispositions to Oyama and so prepared the way for the Japanese victory on the Hun River.

## MONARCHY AT PANAMA

A NEW STEP in the development of the Presidential dictatorship was taken on January 31, when the House Committee on Interstate and Foreign Commerce authorized a favorable report on the Mann bill, giving the President supreme power over the construction of the Panama Canal. This measure makes Mr. Roosevelt an absolute monarch in the Canal Zone. It vests in him "all the military, civil, and judicial powers of the United States" in that region, "including the power to make all rules and regulations necessary for the government of the canal zone," with the sole proviso that he is to protect the inhabitants in the free enjoyment of their liberty, property, and religion. He is further authorized, through one of the executive departments, to construct the canal, to employ such persons as may be needed, and to fix their compensation. No such wholesale abdication of power in favor of one man was ever before witnessed in this country, for even when Lincoln was wielding the national forces in the Civil War, Congress regulated the rank and pay of the officers he employed. But the Roosevelt dictatorship will doubtless be found the most expeditious means of getting the canal built.

## TO ENCOURAGE THRIFT

DURING THE CONSIDERATION of the Post-Office Appropriation bill in the House, Mr. Hitchcock of Nebraska tried to gain some attention for a proposition to establish postal savings banks. He presented a most impressive array of facts, which were buried in the "Congressional Record" because the newspapers did not consider them important enough to report. He showed that postal savings banks had been officially recommended by six Postmasters-General of the United States, and that our consuls abroad "without number and without exception" had testified to the "great success of Government savings banks in foreign countries, and the enormous

benefits they have bestowed upon the industrial masses of those lands." Every important country in the world except our own offers security for the earnings of its people. Even Japan has nearly three million depositors in her postal banks, which have existed for thirty years. England has nearly ten millions—forty per cent more than we have in our private savings banks, with twice her population. Even poor little Italy, with a large proportion of her people always on the verge of starvation, has more than two-thirds as many depositors as we. In this country, with enormous deposits in the aggregate, many of them made by capitalists, we find that two-thirds of our entire population have no savings bank facilities at all. In three-fourths of the

So eager is the desire in this country to find some safe place to deposit earnings, that the people are actually forcing the Post-Office Department into the position of a savings bank against its will. They do it by buying money orders payable to themselves. Instead of receiving interest on their money they pay the Government for taking care of it. The postmaster of a little hamlet in Texas wrote to Mr. Hitchcock that the farmers who patronized his office had made him their banker in this way to the extent of \$1,604 in the last year. "These deposits," he added, "would be many times larger were it not that the farmers had to pay the regular fee upon their deposits." Yet our Government not only does nothing to encourage thrift itself, but when it annexed an established and perfectly working postal savings bank system in Hawaii it forthwith abolished it.



## THE MANY RACES THAT CONSTITUTE RUSSIA

Russia, usually represented as a great uniform splotch on the map, presents a very different appearance when it is represented according to the peoples that inhabit it. Its unity is then seen to be an entirely artificial as that of the French empire of Napoleon, which stretched from Holland to Rome.

States "private banks, capitalized savings banks, trust companies, and loan and building associations, with little or no regulation, form a crazy patchwork quilt of savings institutions, useful enough in their way, but utterly inadequate." What the lack of a sound savings bank system means is illustrated in Iowa, where last year "ten cashiers of little banks committed suicide, and forty private banks closed their doors." For a poor family to lose the savings of several years is, as Mr. Hitchcock says, "a tragedy." "It may mean pauperization in old age or inability to pay a mortgage or to send children to school. It is a blight on thrift."

97,156 immigrants from Austria-Hungary, 113,296 from Italy, and 65,141 from Russia. It would also have had the rather surprising effect of shutting out 7,590 persons from the United Kingdom. Had it been applied in the thirteen years from 1880 to 1892 inclusive, it would have barred the gates to over 750,000 Germans. The total number of immigrants from all countries that would have been excluded last year by the rule of the Adams bill is 273,183. An illiteracy test would have shut out 172,856. The number would have been less, but it would probably have included more of the undesirable elements than would

have been excluded by the subway-crush plan of letting in everybody, good or bad, up to 80,000, and then shutting out all late comers, not excepting the Teslas, Liebers, Schurzes, Marconis, and Modjeskas.

## WHO PAYS THE DUTY?

A FIRM OF DEALERS in scientific instruments has published an advertisement which throws some light upon the question whether tariff duties are paid by the foreigner or by the domestic consumer. After describing a certain instrument it proceeds:

This spectrometer can be shipped from stock, or imported duty free for schools and colleges, at the following net prices:

	Duty Free	From Stock
Student's spectrometer	\$38.00	\$55.00
Dense flint glass prism	3.50	5.00
Hollow prism for liquids	3.75	5.45
Collimating attachment	1.75	2.55

The difference in each case is almost precisely forty-five per cent, which, by a curious coincidence, is exactly the amount of the duty.



## THE RUSSIAN IMPERIAL PALACE AT TSARSKOE-SELO

Tsarskoe-Selo is the Czar's summer capital, a species of Russian Versailles. It is about fifteen miles from St. Petersburg, and the railroad that joins the two places was the first built in Russia. The splendid imperial retreats and the beautiful villas of the aristocracy form the nucleus of a town of about 25,000 inhabitants. The principal palace has a superb picture gallery and a famous amber room. Whenever things become stormy at St. Petersburg the Czar betakes himself to his hiding-place at Tsarskoe-Selo.



# WALKING OFF WITH THE U. S.

A Story of Our Western Land Frauds, Showing How the Greatest Heritage a Nation Ever Had is being Squandered, while Ridiculous Laws and Organized Greed are Completing the Raid on the Remnant of the Public Domain

A MOUNTAINEER went into the great forest of eastern Oregon in 1902 and acquired title to a one hundred and sixty acre timber claim. The timber alone was worth at least \$15 an acre. Under the timber-and-stone act, this man got the tract of land, timber and all, by the mere payment to the Government of \$2.50 an acre. This did not satisfy him. He wanted more timber, or rather the lumber company that employed him as a "dummy" did. As he was entitled to but one hundred and sixty acres under the timber-and-stone act, he took up one hundred and sixty more acres, adjoining the first tract, under the homestead law. To do this, he was obliged to swear that the second tract was more valuable for farming purposes than for its timber, that he resided and intended to reside on his "farm" for the purpose of cultivating crops; that he was, in fact, a bona fide farmer. He was compelled, of course, to lie. The land was on the top of a mountain, covered with deep snow until June, making it impossible to cultivate anything but timothy and a few hardy vegetables, even if the land was cleared. The extent to which it was "farmed" may be gathered from the accompanying photograph. This man never lived on the land and never intended to do so. The only pretence he made of complying with any part of the law was to pile together a few logs into a rough shack, which he called a house. In plain words, he and his witnesses were guilty of perjury, of conspiracy to defraud the United States Government, and what he actually did was to steal one hundred and sixty acres of valuable land from his benevolent country.

## It Is All Right to Cheat the Government

We mention the case of this mountaineer not because it is isolated or unusual, but merely because it is typical of the methods and the attitude of those who are now gobbling up the remnant of our public lands in the far West—an attitude which you must reckon with before you can understand the magnitude and apparent shamelessness of the raids upon the public domain. This mountaineer violated the letter of the law, but he probably is no less patriotic than the hundreds of his fellow Oregonians who have violated and are violating the spirit of it. If an invading army should land on the Pacific Coast, or, for the matter of that, at Boston or New York, he would probably be as eager as the next one to enlist in the First Oregon Volunteers. He merely regarded the public domain as a large proportion of people in certain sections of the country do regard it—as the property of those who have the courage or good fortune to push their way into it and grab it, and that all Government laws that in any way hinder their convenience in taking possession of whatever they want—even our absurdly inadequate laws—are to be evaded instead of obeyed. He regarded the Government, in other words, precisely as eminently respectable Eastern people regard the Government when they are returning from a summer in Europe and wish to get dutiable finery through the Custom House.

More than three millions of acres of timber land, the greater part of it the magnificent timber land of the Northwest, has been practically given away by the Government in the past two years. Probably nine-tenths of this was grabbed either by actual fraud or by violating the spirit of an absurd and impotent law. There is nothing particularly new in this except that the land grabbed has been particularly valuable, the destruction of timber particularly ruthless. Respectable



By ARTHUR RUHL

citizens have always thought it proper to cheat the Government. Were it not that such men as Senator Mitchell, Congressman Binger Hermann, Surveyor-General Meldrum of Oregon, and Frederick Hyde, President of the San Francisco School Board, are under indictment, the blast East would not even now take any interest. The West takes land grabbing for granted. The whole history of our public lands is one of ruthless grabbing, and still more of idiotic laws and farcical attempts to enforce them. The manner in which the Government has given away its public lands makes the dealings of Mrs. Chadwick's bankers look like the apex of conservative and astute finance. We have thrown away and are throwing away such an empire as was never given to any other nation under the sun. Under the altruistic theory that the public land should be given to the people for homesteads and farms, domains vast enough to constitute separate States have been tossed away to speculators, railroads, ranchmen, and lumber corporations. To the States, for the avowed purpose of providing for education, we once gave thirty thousand acres of land for each Senator and Representative in Congress. The States which had no public land received scrip which eventually found its way into the open market. Wall Street speculators at one time advertised the college scrip of nine States. The entire scrip of one university was offered at one time for thirty-seven and a half cents an acre. The greater part of this land, the income of which was intended to be used for education, has long since been squandered and lost forever. Under the old Swamp Lands act thousands of acres in the Sierra Nevada Mountains were seized as swamp—lands five thousand feet above the level of the sea, actually requiring irrigation to make anything grow on them. Vast areas were surveyed when flooded and grabbed or included, because some far-off corner of them had a mud hole in it. They tell a story of a man who put a boat on a wagon and had his mule draw him across a stretch of fertile prairie. Then he went to the land office and entered his claim for swamp land, producing several witnesses who were quite willing to swear, orally, that he rowed over the claim in a boat. Railroads, by juggling the "alternate sections" they received when first running their lines through new country, have acquired tracts of twenty or even fifty miles, which they have held unimproved, waiting for values to rise, while the homesteaders beyond these belts were driven back, compelled to content themselves with the imaginary advantages of a railroad perhaps fifty miles distant. The Government has not always even kept faith with its own children. It has invited settlers into a country, and after they had built houses and started farms in good faith, has sold out the whole area to a railroad or speculative corporation at, for example, \$1 an acre. The homesteaders were then ejected or obliged to buy back their own land from their new masters at, for instance, \$6 an acre, paying for the improvements that they themselves had made. And so on, and so on. It's an old story now—one that makes appear respectable the average performances of pickpockets and thieves.

## The Fault Lies in the Foolish Laws

Wailing about the land that is gone comes now merely as a tardy locking of the barn door after the horse is stolen. It is to save the remnant of the public domain that the President and the Secretary of the Interior are conducting the present investigation and running the guilty to earth wherever the cleverness of speculators and the opposition of public prejudice are not too much for them. There are three acts under which the greater part of our public land is nowadays acquired—the timber-and-stone, supposed to apply to land not available for agriculture; the homestead, supposed to apply to farming land, and the desert land act, supposed to apply to land useless for agriculture without irrigation. As a matter of fact, thousands of acres of fertile land are fraudulently acquired every year as "desert land," and mountainside after mountainside of superb timber is gobbled up by those who pose as farmers and homesteaders.

A primary objection to all these laws is that conditions to which they might have applied in the prairie country of the Middle West are utterly changed in the mountain country of Oregon or the vast ranges of Montana. Distances are so great and traveling so

difficult that personal inspection of claims by the Land Office agents is often impossible. The word of the lumberman or ranchman must be taken for what it is worth. Men may take up a timber claim under a homestead entry, and before the inspector has visited it have cut down all the trees and skipped away. Even were there enough inspectors to keep tab on every claim, the timber-and-stone law is so faulty that the destruction of the forests would be little lessened. This law does not require residence and improvements like the homestead law. All that the lumberman has to do is to "prove" his entry and buy land worth anywhere from \$15 to \$100 an acre for \$2.50. Although the assumption is that this land is intended for the individual, there is no law that can prevent him from selling it immediately after he has bought it. In this way, it is a simple matter for a lumber corporation to send a whole trainload of employees, clerks, workmen, telephone girls—any one that they can rake and scrape together—into the public domain, and acquire title in a short space of time to a timber area that might support a principality.

There is another feature of the timber-and-stone law which has been almost as disastrous as this business of the dummy settler. When the Government adopted the policy of creating forest reserves, it provided that any settler who had a homestead within the reserve previous to its occupation by the Government would receive scrip which he could exchange for other land outside of the reserve. There is no provision in the law which compels the settler to receive in exchange land of the same value as that which he surrendered. The result has been that speculators and land-grabbers have learned in advance of the proposed boundaries of forest reserves, taken up claims within them, perhaps of utterly valueless land on the tops of mountains covered with snow, so steep that nothing but a mountain goat could live upon them, and have exchanged this for timber land outside of the reserve covered with finest timber. By making their original entries upon land of little or no value, the grabbers escaped all danger of competing claims. It is in this part of the recent land grabbing that most of the actual crime has been committed. In order to find out the probable boundaries of proposed reserves, and to rush claims through the land office, the grabbers have resorted to forgery, perjury, bribery, and systematic corruption of public officials. Entries are filed in the names of persons who never existed; men are hired to impersonate others and to file proofs upon lands they have never seen.

## Squeezing the Small Farmer Out

What happens in the forests of Oregon and California happens in another way in the grazing country of Montana, under the desert land act. Here whole counties are gobbled up by ranchmen, who send their cowboys, or any one that they can get hold of, into the land to take it up under supposed settlers' claims. The Easterner wonders why the bona fide individual settler does not complain. He does not, because he is as helpless on his little farm, surrounded by the vast domains of the big ranchmen, as a sheep among a pack of wolves. If he does protest, he is lucky oftentimes to escape with his life or to be tied to a tree while he watches his herd of sheep shot down. Under the desert land act, by which the settler is enabled to acquire 320 acres—until recently 640 acres—by agreeing to reclaim it by irrigation, thousands and thousands of acres have been taken up by ranchmen, with scarcely a pretence of irrigation, for grazing purposes, while in other instances



"FARMHOUSE" ON A "HOMESTEAD" CLAIM

The entryman for this claim swore that he lived on his farm, had cleared four acres, and had two acres in potatoes and two in timothy. These statements were wholly false. By filing his entry under the homestead laws he was able to cut all the timber he wanted without paying anything unless discovered by the Government inspectors



"FARMING" LANDSCAPE IN EASTERN OREGON

Except in front of this log hut, in which the entryman slept only once in six months, there was scarcely enough light in the forest to take a photograph. The applicant swore that he was farming the land and raising crops of potatoes and timothy. He was the "dummy" for a lumber company whose sawmill was near by





IRRIGATION "RESERVOIR," IN GREAT FALLS DISTRICT, MONTANA

With this "reservoir," dry as a bone, the holder of the land said he irrigated his 320-acre claim. The furrow in the gully side in the foreground of the picture is his irrigating "canal." In a neighboring district a land company owns and uses for grazing purposes 23,000 acres of similarly acquired land.



WHERE THE CATTLEMEN GOBBLE UP VAST DOMAINS

This picture represents a claim in northern Montana. The pond in the middle distance is the entryman's "reservoir." The narrow furrow to be seen on the side of the slope in the distance is the "irrigating ditch." It is considerably above the level of the pond. The land is used for grazing.

settlers have acquired whole sections of fertile land on which irrigation was not necessary by entering it as desert land, calling a sink-hole a reservoir and a meandering plow furrow an irrigating ditch.

Such fraud may be the result of the laxity of the Land Office officials, or it may be brought about by actual perjury on the part of the entrymen and the impossibility, because of the enormous areas to be covered, of personally and properly inspecting every claim. As if not enough land had been given away under the general desert land law, two bills are now before Congress which, if passed, would allow any one who has a 160-acre homestead entry in South Dakota or Colorado to take up 480 acres adjoining it. The alleged justification for this bill is that a farmer in this neighborhood can not make a living from a 160-acre farm. Having already received 160 acres for nothing, it is assumed that the settler is entitled to a whole square mile. With the privilege of "commuting"—that is to say, the privilege of purchasing the land for \$1.25 an acre, after having lived on it supposedly for fourteen months—the settler can turn over his claim to his employer, ranchman, speculator, or what not, and he can not be legally attacked. Even as applied to the 160-acre homestead claim, the commutation clause is disastrous enough. This new bill would merely make its disastrous effects four times as great.

#### The Benson-Hyde Ring

The game of exchanging poor land of the forest reserves for good land outside was developed to the point of fine art in the operations of the Benson and Hyde ring of San Francisco, the leading spirits of which are now under indictment. They have fought bringing the case to trial through every court, and been defeated in all, until they are driven at last to the United States Supreme Court, where their case is soon to be heard. Frederick A. Hyde, the principal defendant, is President of the Board of Education in San Francisco, and has been a well-known citizen of that city for the past thirty years. John A. Benson, his partner, is a wealthy man who was indicted in another lot of land frauds, some years ago, but escaped conviction. Diamond, a well-known attorney, their lawyer; one Joost H. Schneider of Tucson, Arizona, their practical man in the field, and several implicated with them, are also under indictment. Hyde and Benson with the assistance of Diamond and Schneider, it is alleged, acquired 300,000 acres of forest reserve land in California and Oregon, by the use of dummy settlers, by employing fictitious names, and by securing the signatures of bootblacks, laborers, and other unsuspecting persons to applications and affidavits, and by manipulating persons in the Land Office. Their interest in the land was purely speculative. Having obtained it, they exchanged their scrip for better land outside of the forest reserves. It has been asserted by the prosecution that not a single acre of their enormous holdings was honestly obtained.

Senator Mitchell and Congressman Hermann, whose indictment has fluttered a bit the bored indifference of the East to the land frauds, are accused of having accepted bribes to secure the issuance of patents to land. Senator Mitchell is seventy years old, his repu-

tation in Oregon and in the Senate has been good, and whether guilty or not of the specific charge brought against him, his individual rôle is of trifling importance in comparison with the vast business of land frauds itself. Binger Hermann, however, was Commissioner of the Land Office for six years. He was appointed by President McKinley in 1897, and served until February, 1903, when, under the pressure of considerable condemnatory gossip, he resigned, having served, as he demurely remarks in his Congressional biography, "a longer continuous period as commissioner than any of his predecessors except two." Having resigned, he ran for Congress to "vindicate" himself, and the Republican machine of Oregon, apparently to show Western disapproval of the agitation against land frauds, obediently elected him. In the Senate, recently, Senator Mitchell denied with tears that he was guilty. Mr. Hermann made similarly strenuous denials without the tears.

As Commissioner of the Land Office it was Hermann's duty to pass upon the validity of claims. As a citizen

none of the land being cultivable. Some was covered with snow all the year round, and much of it was so precipitous that nothing but a Rocky Mountain goat could find footing thereon. Puter alleges that after the claim had been held up for some time, he paid Mitchell two thousand dollars, and that the next day Hermann told him that he "thought the matter could be fixed up." Three days later, he alleges, patents were issued. Puter and his accomplices were tried in Portland in November. Heidecke, a mountaineer who was employed to accompany the Government inspectors to the Puter claims, confessed he had been bribed by Puter; that neither he nor the agent had ever gone near the claims, and that he finally perjured himself and filed false affidavits, which were attached to the reports of the two inspectors. Puter and his accomplices were convicted, and their confessions, made after their conviction, formed the evidence on which the Government is now proceeding in its further investigation of the frauds. Surveyor-General Henry Meldrum, who is among the others who have been involved in the Oregon land frauds, was convicted three months ago of having manufactured numerous affidavits purporting to be signed by the settlers. These were made the basis of contracts for surveying large tracts of land, authority for the surveys having been obtained from Binger Hermann. The surveying contracts were let to relatives of Meldrum.

#### Congress Slumbers

Two years ago the President called the attention of Congress, in the strongest possible terms, to the necessity of doing something to stop the depredations on public lands under the timber-and-stone act. The Secretary of the Interior said, at that time, in his annual report: "The timber-and-stone act will, if not repealed or radically amended, result ultimately in the complete destruction of the timber on the unappropriated and unreserved public lands." The Senate Committee on Public Lands, reporting soon afterward, said: "All the available timber lands of the United States will be owned by speculators within three years if the opportunity to acquire them at \$2.50 an acre is continued." President Roosevelt and his Secretary of the Interior reiterated their demands in 1903.

and in the last session of Congress the Senate actually passed a bill repealing this ridiculous law. The bill went to the Public Lands Committee of the House. Mr. F. B. Walker, among others, appeared before that committee. Mr. Walker is a Minnesota man, who is said to be the largest individual owner of timber in the country. Mr. Walker has not been accused of any fraud. He has not been indicted, nor has Smith, the millionaire lumberman of Minneapolis, nor Senator Clark, nor many other men of great wealth, who have been astute enough to take full advantage of the incompetency of the men who have framed our land laws. The House, after considering what Mr. Walker and others had to say, pigeonholed the bill, and at this writing it is still lying in that committee, in spite of the President's earnest efforts to have something done and in spite of the indictments which the Oregon grand jury continues to bring in. (Continued on page 15)



INACCESSIBLE MOUNTAIN PEAK ON WHICH FAKE TIMBER CLAIMS WERE LOCATED

Many of the "homesteads" of the Oregon land grabbers who have recently been indicted were taken up on sides of the snow-capped peaks in the background. When the district was made a forest reserve these worthless tracts were exchanged for valuable timber land outside. The Government inspectors originally sent to examine these claims never went near them.

of Oregon it was naturally his pleasure, and that of Senator Mitchell, to expedite the claims of his own friends and fellow-citizens. The Government alleges that this process of expediting reached the point of bribery. The investigation which resulted in their indictment, after those who accuse them of bribery had been convicted, shows hundreds, perhaps thousands, of Oregon men were implicated in frauds, the chief beneficiaries of which were the lumber kings of Minnesota, Michigan, Wisconsin, and other Central-Western States. One of the agents of these lumber kings is said to have obtained three hundred thousand acres of timber land for his principals within the last three years. The case which was immediately instrumental in bringing about the indictment of Mitchell and Hermann was that in which the principal was S. A. Puter. Puter and his accomplices filed a dozen homestead claims, covering mountain lands in the Cascade Forest Reserve,





THE LITTLE DEALER

DRAWN BY CHARLES DANA GIBSON

# LAWYERS AS PUBLIC ENEMIES

By SAMUEL E. MOFFETT

THE fact that a packed meeting of the State Bar Association has held that petty "graft" at the expense of the United States Government does not affect a man's fitness for the position of a Justice of the Supreme Court of New York, has shocked some high-minded lawyers. Mr. William B. Hornblower thinks it "disastrous to the profession." But why? What is there in the record of the legal profession in general, or of the Bar Association in particular, to indicate that one little spot more or less will make any difference in the public estimate of it?

Justice Hooker is charged with thriftily quartering some of his relatives and dependants on the public service in low-salaried sinecures. That is one of the time-honored perquisites of statesmanship, ranking with the practice of franking one's laundry to the wash as public documents, and not rising, at the most serious estimate, above the dignity of petty larceny. But what of the gigantic schemes of public plunder, whose conception and execution confer the blue ribbon of honor in the modern practice of the law?

## The Men Who Argue for Hire

The standard of legal ethics has always been deplorably low, and there has always been great difficulty in reconciling it with the common, unsophisticated conscience. "It shall be a base and vile thing to plead for money or reward," said John Locke in his "Fundamental Constitutions of Carolina." The idea of a man's arguing for hire that right is wrong and wrong right, has always been repugnant to the crude mind of the untrained person in the street. But by long habit and the constant reiteration of sophistical excuses the public has become in a measure reconciled to the spectacle of criminals turned loose by legal ingenuity to prey upon the community, and justice denied to litigants without the means to match counsel fees with their opponents. These things are as old as the legal profession itself, but the conditions we are confronting now are something new. Formerly the very liberal code of legal ethics drew the line at complicity in the commission of a crime. The lawyer might become an accomplice after the fact, but not before it. He could help a thief to keep out of jail, but he could not directly help him to pick a pocket. Probably that is still the rule with regard to picking pockets. The methods of crime have advanced, and lawyers have advanced with them. The modern Captain of Criminal Industry robs the

public instead of an individual, and he takes every step under the advice of his attorney. A corporation would no more think of trying to buy a Legislature or steal a street without the assistance of a high-salaried legal bureau than a burglar would think of trying to crack a safe without his jimmy and his bottle of nitro-glycerine.

And the accomplices in this sort of work are always the ablest and the most respected members of the legal profession—the leading citizens who ornament reform movements when their own clients are not among the things to be reformed, who hold the decorative positions at political conventions, and deliver commencement addresses telling young men how to succeed in life. On one occasion there was a great lawyer—one of transcendent ability—who held the position of general counsel for a corporation that had long been one of the most corrupting influences in the life of New York, and which then held and still holds, millions of dollars' worth of property rightfully belonging to the people of the city. He had long been known as the special representative of the interests that thrived upon franchises and other forms of public privilege. As a trusted member of a Constitutional Convention he had worked to intrench these privileges in the fundamental law of his State. This eminent jurist was appointed to a high position in the National Government. When he took it he announced that he would consider the Government as his client, and would work for it as faithfully as he had worked for his previous employers. He did so, and the record of his achievements in that office is a splendid, and at the same time, a depressing indication of what he might have accomplished for the public good if his whole career had been governed by the conception of citizenship instead of by that of employer and employee. When he resumed the practice of the law he was hired by certain interests to try to thwart the will of a popular majority of nearly 300,000 in the State by furnishing an "opinion" that the expression of that will was unconstitutional. Immediately afterward he was elected President of the New York City Bar Association. Daniel Webster was a lawyer, but imagine Webster hired to give an "opinion" in favor of nullification! Imagine a clergyman hired to preach a sermon against the inspiration of the Bible, or Mr. Bryan presenting a purchased opinion in favor of the gold standard! The able lawyer whose costly views were enlisted against the people's desire for an independent waterway was also employed by the

public dis-service corporations he represented to try to deprive the public of over \$25,000,000 due to it in franchise taxes, after which he became a prominent member of a committee of leading citizens appointed to reform the police force.

As every animal is said to have its own particular variety of fleas, so every class of criminals has its own particular variety of lawyers, from the unspeakable creatures who share the profits of the East Side "cadets," to the high-minded gentlemen who participate in the proceeds of gas-grabs, street-railroad raids, and electrical conduit monopolies. Reformers have been fighting corruption in America for forty years, and they are just beginning to learn where their real enemies are. They started with the idea that the trouble was with the politicians. A few years ago they began to realize that the politicians were only the small end of the evil, and that for every corrupt alderman or boss who sold there was an equally corrupt and more dangerous business man who bought. They have still to learn that the corrupt business man would be comparatively harmless if he could not hire a legal expert to teach him how to buy safely. No stolen franchise could be held; no criminal trust could stand, if legal talent had not cunningly fashioned a charter and studied out the loopholes in a law. It is easy enough to pass a reform law—the trouble is to enforce it, and that trouble is wholly due to the fact that the best brains of the profession that ought to be the priesthood of the law's temple are in the market to betray it.

## The Ethics of Financial Return

Under the code of ethics by which a lawyer is held justified in hiring out his brains and his conscience to the highest bidder, the public must always suffer, because predatory private interests can always outbid it. A corporation that is trying to steal ten millions of public property can afford to pay a million to the lawyers that plan and execute the job, but what machinery could be devised by which a community could offer a similar bribe for its defence? The greatest moral need of our time is a revision of the standard of legal ethics. Reform work will be an uphill undertaking until the profession that absorbs the best minds of American youth is purified by the formation of a class sentiment in the law schools which shall hold it as disgraceful to sell out the public as it is now held to sell out a client.



# ON THE JAPANESE SIDE OF THE HUN RIVER



A COMPANY KITCHEN: SOLDIER COOKS PREPARING THE RICE AND FISH FOR THE MIDDAY MEAL.



OFFICERS' QUARTERS IN THE JAPANESE CAMP: A DUGOUT BUILT OF MILLET STALKS AND CLAY, WITH A CHIMNEY THAT ONCE FORMED PART OF A CHINESE TEMPLE.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY JAMES H. HARE, COLLIER'S SPECIAL WAR CORRESPONDENT WITH THE JAPANESE ARMY IN MANCHURIA. COPYRIGHT 1905 BY COLLIER'S WEEKLY.



# THE RUSSIAN DEFENCE OF MUKDEN



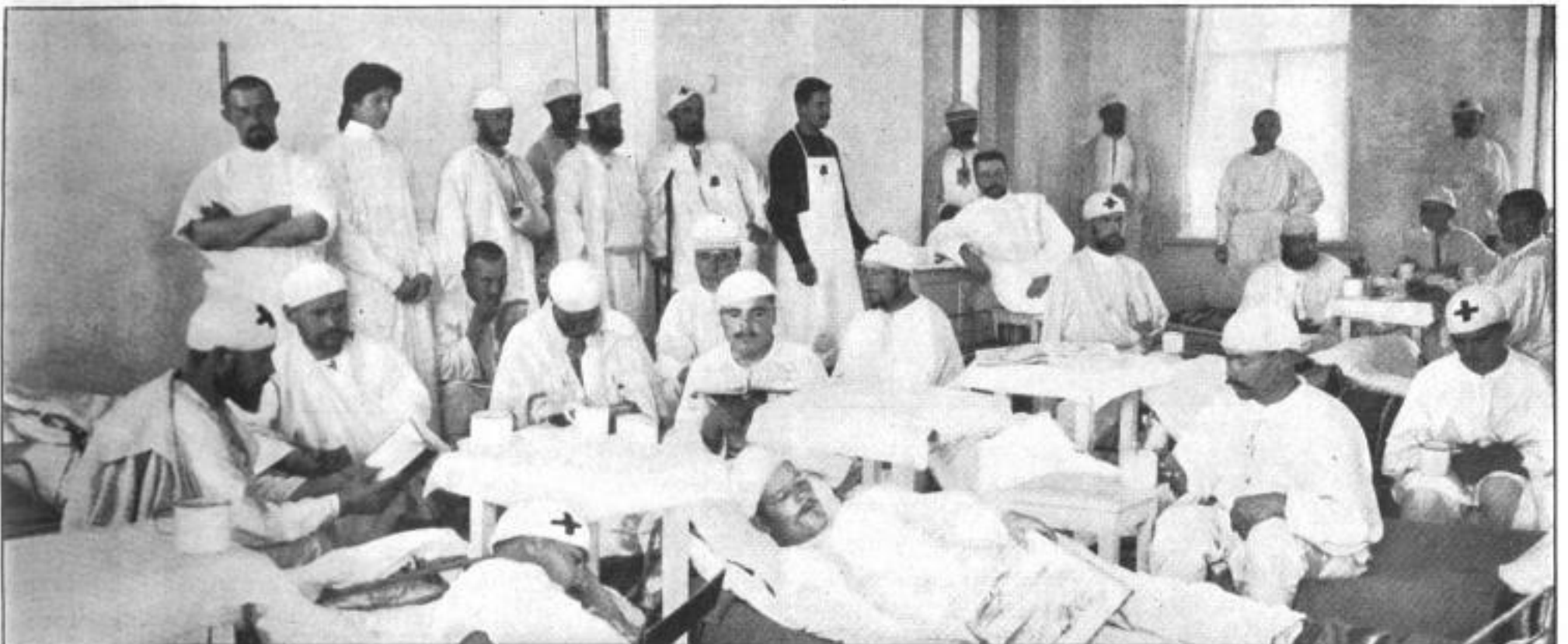
A RUSSIAN ENGINEER BATTALION CONSTRUCTING SEMI-PERMANENT FORTIFICATIONS FOR THE DEFENCE OF MUKDEN



A SHALLOW INFANTRY TRENCH ON A HILLTOP NEAR MUKDEN



ERECTING WIRE ENTANGLEMENTS AT EDAGAU



CONVALESCENT SOLDIERS IN THE RED CROSS HOSPITAL AT MUKDEN

PHOTOGRAPHS BY VICTOR K. BULLA, COLLIER'S SPECIAL WAR PHOTOGRAPHER WITH THE RUSSIAN ARMY IN MANCHURIA. COPYRIGHT 1905 BY COLLIER'S WEEKLY



## GENERAL KUROPATKIN, WITH HIS STAFF, IN

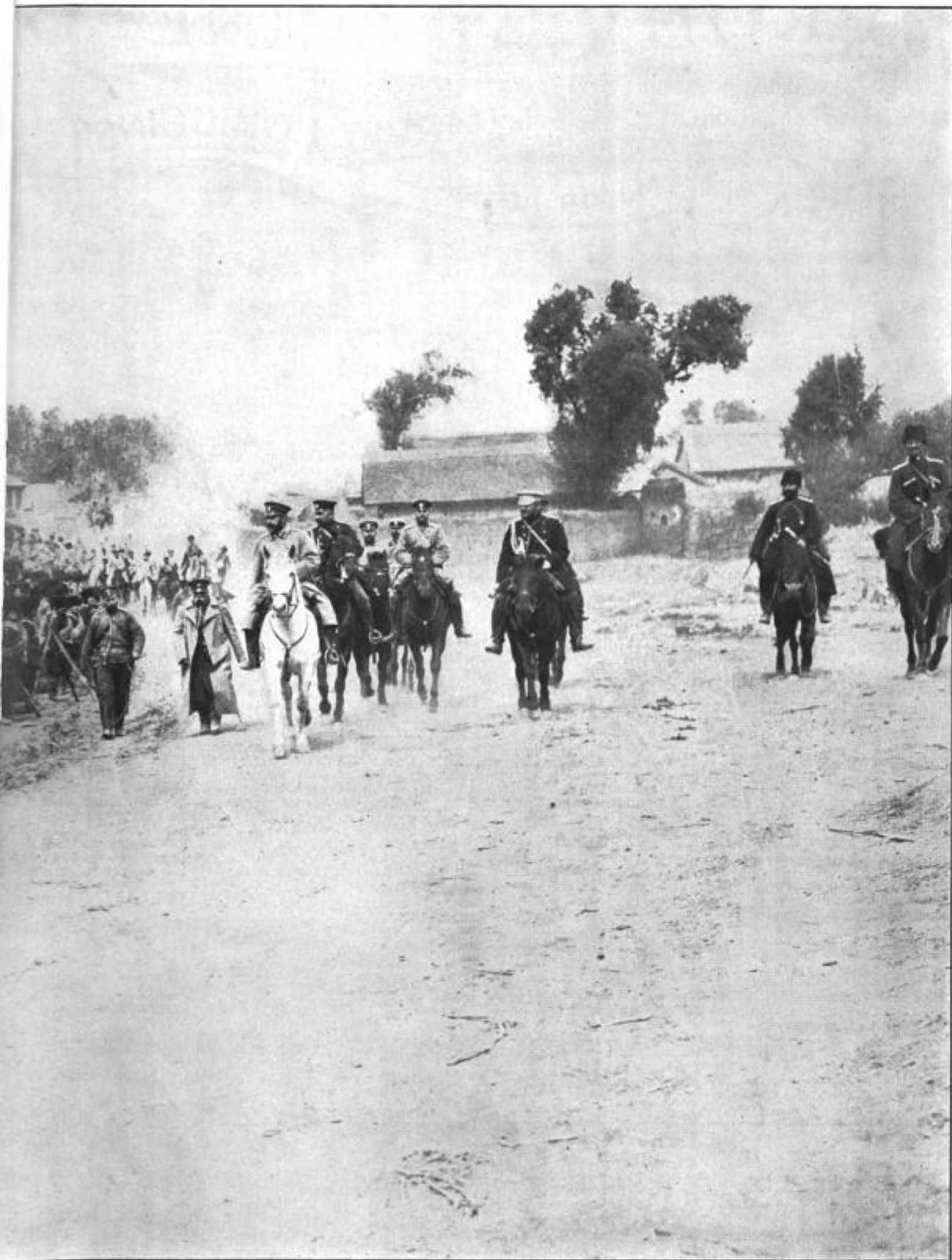


General Kuropatkin's army, apparently sealed up for the winter in its intrenchments on the Hun River, surprised the world on January 25 by beginning a vigorous offensive movement. General Gripenberg, who had been sent out from Russia as an associate, and, as some thought, an understudy and destined successor of Kuropatkin, was in immediate command of this operation, whose object was to capture the village of Sandepas and so gain a position from which it would be possible to turn the Japanese left. The Japanese had strongly fortified

PHOTOGRAPH BY VICTOR K. BULLA, COLLIER'S SPECIAL WAR PHOTOGRAPHER

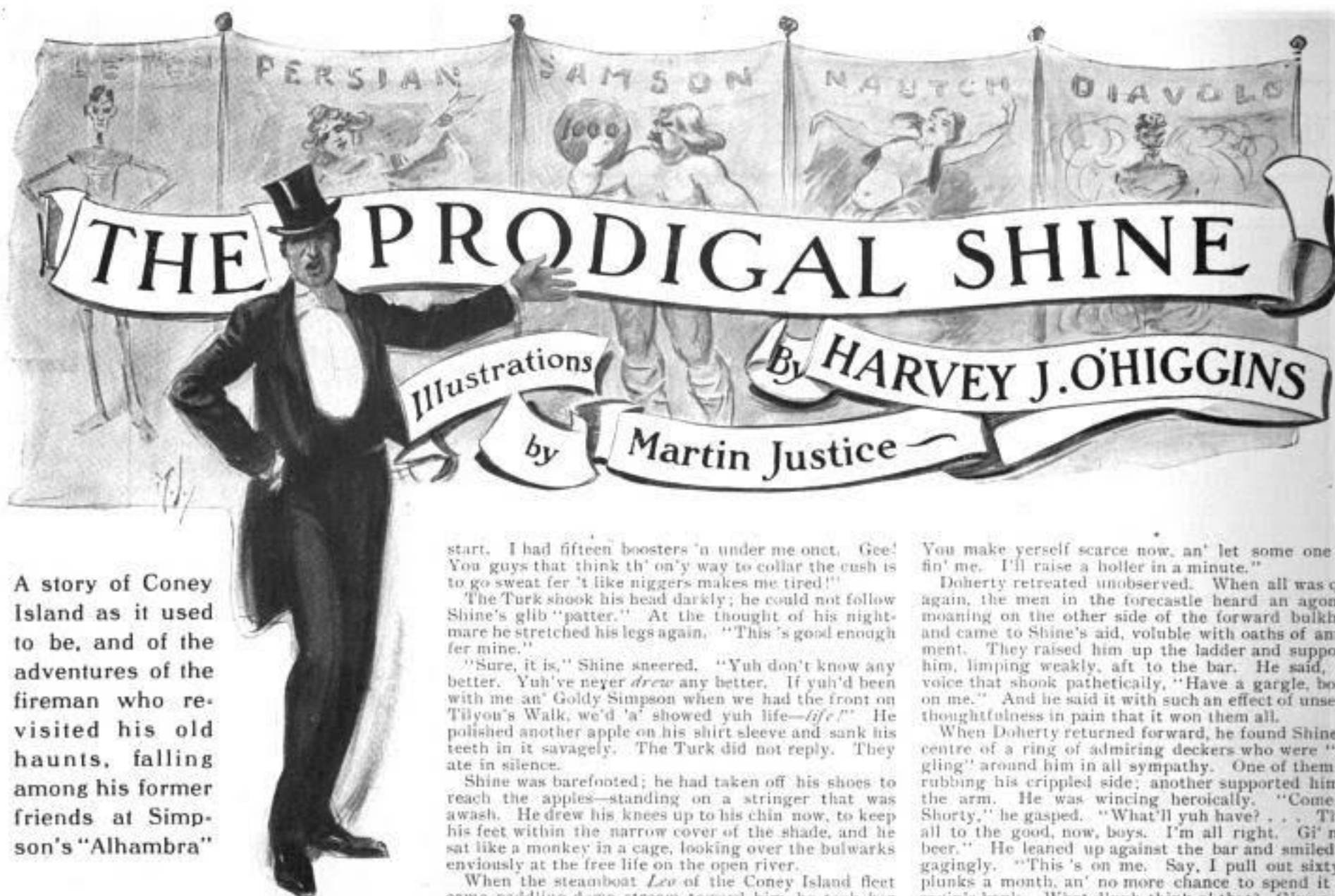


ING TROOPS IN A VILLAGE NEAR MUKDEN



and the attack was a complete failure. A counter-attack by the Japanese right was equally futile. The series of actions, collectively known as the Battle of the Hun River, lasted for five days, and involved losses of ten thousand men to the Russians and five thousand to the Japanese. With a temperature of twenty degrees below zero the sufferings of the soldiers, especially of the wounded, were frightful, artillery and cavalry were immobilized, and the solidly frozen intrenchments were as impenetrable to gunfire as if they had been armored.





A story of Coney Island as it used to be, and of the adventures of the fireman who revisited his old haunts, falling among his former friends at Simpson's "Alhambra"

THEY were sitting side by side on the deck of the fireboat *Manhattan*, in the shade of the wheelhouse, eating some apples which they had picked out of the scum of chips and driftwood under the boat's quarter. She was as hot as an ironclad with her metal fittings and cement deck, but if they went into the cooler pierhouse with their fruit, they would have to climb down the timbers of the wharf and gather apples for themselves.

"I'm sick o' this," Shine said suddenly.

The Turk looked around at him in slow surprise. "Sick o' what?"

Shine's cheek bulged with an unswallowed bite; he blinked sulkily at the far shores rising blue in the mist of a humid morning. "Sick o' the whole rotten bus'ness," he replied. "Sick o' doin' time in this dang pen, like a convic'."

The Turk—who was Nicholas Sturton, fireman of the first grade, nicknamed "The Terrible Turk" on account of his placidity—knuckled the end of his crooked nose, turned over his apple with deliberation, and crunched off a fresh bite. "Whasmatterith it?" he asked thickly.

"It's rotten!" Shine growled. "Rotten! That's what's the matter with it. 'It's too much scrubbin' brasses—an' stan'in' watches—an' playin' footy dom'noes—an' havin' nothin' to do."

"It's better than truckin'," The Turk said. (He had come to the fire department from the hard labor of hooking packing cases and hoisting bales.) "It's the easiest money I ever made."

"Money! What's the use o' money when yuh can't blow 't in? I'd sooner be deckin' on three a week." (He—in the course of a varied career as bootblack, wharf-rat, Bowery boy, and member of the "Con. Scully Association"—had once held a spring line on a Coney Island excursion boat.) He remembered the cool breeze that had blown in a porthole of the forward cabin when the deckhands sat playing Pedro there of an afternoon. He remembered midnights on the Bowery, when the boat had been tied up to her pier, and he had been free ashore with his month's wages in his pocket. "Yuh weren't chaine l up to a dog-house like this all day an' all night," he said.

The Turk grunted, unconvinced.

Shine chewed and swallowed sullenly, until his little puckered eyes set in the open stare of a cow revolving its cud. He smiled. He followed that expression with a scowl and bit into his apple, and the memory of strong drink being a thirst in his mouth, the mild cider-juice of the bruised fruit came as an insipid aggravation to a longing palate. He flung the apple overboard. "F it wasn't fer th' ol' woman," he said, "I'd chuck the — job."

Sturton's jaw stopped. When he had a nightmare, he dreamed that he was discharged from the department. "What'd yuh do?"

"Do?" Shine cried. "I'd do anythin'. I'd go an' make a pitch on Coney fer the summer—"

"Make a what?"

"Take a front—set up a show—fake 'em, fake 'em! All the suckers ain't been stung yet. . . . An' if I didn't have the money fer that, I'd go boostin' fer a

start. I had fifteen boosters 'n under me onct. Gee! You guys that think th' on'y way to collar the cuss is to go sweat fer 't like niggers makes me tired!"

The Turk shook his head darkly; he could not follow Shine's glib "patter." At the thought of his nightmare he stretched his legs again. "This 's good enough fer mine."

"Sure, it is," Shine sneered. "Yuh don't know any better. Yuh've neyer *drew* any better. If yuh'd been with me an' Goldy Simpson when we had the front on Tilyon's Walk, we'd 'a' showed yuh life—*life!*" He polished another apple on his shirt sleeve and sank his teeth in it savagely. The Turk did not reply. They ate in silence.

Shine was barefooted; he had taken off his shoes to reach the apples—standing on a stringer that was awash. He drew his knees up to his chin now, to keep his feet within the narrow cover of the shade, and he sat like a monkey in a cage, looking over the bulwarks enviously at the free life on the open river.

When the steamboat *Leo* of the Coney Island fleet came paddling down stream toward him, he took her appearance at that moment as a particular sign of fate. The captain was at a window of the pilot house; the first mate was standing over a group of deckmen who were hauling on the rope that raised a fender; a waiter leaned on the shutter of the forward gangway, idle. And Shine saw his past float by him, in the sunlight, like a vision.

He watched it biliously. From a port of the forward cabin a thin curl of smoke was drifting out, and he imagined a contented stoker lolling on the warm deck within, sucking the reed stem of a corncob. He remembered a boat that had been set afire by the butt of a cigarette thrown overboard from an upper deck and carried by the wind, through that very port, into the ropes and rags and paint-pots of that cabin. He hoped the smoker in there, now, would start a blaze. He hoped the old tub would burn before his eyes.

"Gee!" he said to The Turk. "He must be smokin' a Dutchman's pipe."

When the steamer was abreast of them, The Turk suddenly jumped up. "That's fire, ain't it?"

It was, and Shine came to his feet as if lifted by the yell of derision with which he greeted that fact. "Hi-yi! *Ca-a-af!* Mucka-hi! Ain't y' afire forrard?" He waved his arms and pointed. "Yuh're smokin' in the peak!" The Turk put his hands to his cheeks and bellowed, "Smoke up in front!"

Their voices drew the other firemen from the pierhouse in a rush, and while these shouted questions and Shine bawled replies, a cry was raised on the *Leo* and the passengers started a panic across her decks. Almost immediately her whistle shrilled the repeated signal of distress; Captain Keighley of the fireboat ordered "Cast off, boys," and Shine ran, barefoot, to his duty.

It proved to be a small fire in the stores, and the *Manhattan* doused it out with a single line of hose. But there was much smoke and more confusion in the bow of the steamboat, and when the *Manhattan* drew off and left the crew of the *Leo* to swab down the wet decks, Shine was hidden in the forepeak of the steamer—behind a pile of cut steel rails that were used to ballast the nose of the boat—listening to the noises overhead like a boy playing truant.

No one knew he was there, excepting his friend of other days, "Shorty" Doherty, an ex-fireman from the *Manhattan's* crew, who was now a deckhand on the *Leo*. "S all right, Shorty," Shine whispered. "I been knocked out by the smudge, see? I fell down the hatch here, an' was bumped stiff.

You make yerself scarce now, an' let some one else fin' me. I'll raise a holler in a minute."

Doherty retreated unobserved. When all was quiet again, the men in the forecabin heard an agonized moaning on the other side of the forward bulkhead, and came to Shine's aid, voluble with oaths of amazement. They raised him up the ladder and supported him, limping weakly, aft to the bar. He said, in a voice that shook pathetically, "Have a gargle, boys—on me." And he said it with such an effect of unselfish thoughtfulness in pain that it won them all.

When Doherty returned forward, he found Shine the centre of a ring of admiring deckers who were "gargling" around him in all sympathy. One of them was rubbing his crippled side; another supported him by the arm. He was wincing heroically. "Come in, Shorty," he gasped. "What'll yuh have? . . . That's all to the good, now, boys. I'm all right. Gi' me a beer." He leaned up against the bar and smiled engagingly. "This 's on me. Say, I pull out sixty-six plunks a month, an' no more chance to spend it 'n a savin' bank. What d'yuh think o' that? Give a man the hottest job in little ol' N' York, an' want to keep him on the dry! What's yours?"

They received his delicate witticisms with appreciative guffaws, and he beamed with the cordiality of his invitations to drink. He was flushed with the pride of the native who has returned to his old haunts, rich with the loot of the alien. "This 's on me," he kept repeating. "What'll yuh have?"

Soda fizzes, beer frothed, whiskey clucked in the neck of the bottle. The brown hands went over the bar in an eager scramble, and the fat barkkeeper juggled with glasses, bottles, siphons, and boxes of cigars like a stage magician. "Sure. . . . On the spring line. . . . Th' ol' *Cyrus*. . . . Have a cigar then. . . . This 's on me."

Doherty, in the background, listened sourly to the crackling laughter of his fellow deckmen, until he saw the size of the roll of greenbacks which Shine drew from his trousers pocket. Then he took a last hasty gulp of liquor and stood looking fixedly at the bottom of his empty glass. He put it down on the bar and elbowed his way to Shine. "Have another, Shorty?"

"Naw. I've had enough," He touched Shine's



"Those 's a gang o' strong arms," he explained, under his breath



elbow significantly and slid his eyes around in a side-wise stealthiness without moving his head. "Nittsy!" he said, out of the corner of his mouth.

Shine finished his glass, shook hands with the circle, and followed his friend to the gangway. "What's up?"

Doherty seemed embarrassed. "Well, say," he explained, under his breath, "those 's a gang o' strong arms. I was scared they'd get yuh loaded an' shove yuh fer yer wad."

Shine laughed. "I guess there's no one in that bunch o' 'bos could frisk me any."

Doherty wriggled and grinned. "What're yuh goin' to do?"

"Me?" Shine leaned on the shutter of the gangway and spat at the water. "I'm goin' to Coney an' back. Comin'?"

## II

THE smell of the past was sweet in his nostrils—that indescribable smell of an excursion steamboat's lower deck—the bilgy smell of chill dampness, soiled paint, and stale humanity. The churn of the paddle-wheels and the swish of water under the guard filled his ears with a remembered music. Hatless, coatless, and in his bare feet, he took the sunshine on a guileless smile and watched the shores of Long Island gliding past in their old familiar way.

If he had not been blinded by the light and by his own generous emotions, he might have seen something suspicious below the manner of his former messmate—in the blue roundabout and peaked cap of a decker—who peered at nothing with shaded eyes that shifted cunningly, and a smile that came and went. But Doherty talked in the voice of friendship, eagerly, and Shine listened, without looking, basking in his own good nature.

What had Shorty been doing with himself since he "lef" the department?

Oh, he had been knocking about. He had been "cappin' fer a con man that was workin' the hucks"—which is to say, he had been the confederate in a shell game. He had been two weeks "grindin' fer a tooth graft"—which is standing before the door of a "painless" dentist making a continuous announcement to the passers-by. He was down on his luck. He had hoped to start a "graft" of some sort at Coney, but—as he put it plaintively—"a dip went through me fer all I'd put down, one night when I was paddin' it in a doss-house on the Bow'ry."

Shine laughed good-naturedly at this tale of another man's misfortunes, as tickled with the sound of his Coney thieves' slang as an exiled Highlander who hears his native Scotch.

Doherty slyly licked his lips. "D'yuh remember Goldy Simpson?"

"Do I?" Shine cried. "Me an' Pikey Moffatt—"

"Goldy's back at Coney."

"No!"

"Sure. He was aboard here yesterday, goin' up town to look fer a ballyhoo man."

"No!" Shine laughed immensely. "By —, I'd like to see him. I'd like t'ask him if he remembers the time me an' Pikey Moffatt—"

Doherty nodded and grinned. "Why don't yuh?" he cut in. "Yuh c'd go back by trolley just's well's not."

Shine looked doubtfully at his feet.

"I can lend yuh a pair o' kicks. An' I got 'nother hat in the foc'sle. Eh?"

Shine hesitated.

Doherty glanced back over his shoulder. "Look-a-here," he confided hoarsely. "I been goin' to fly this coop anyways. What d'yuh say to blowin' off up the island together? Len' me a couple o' plunks fer a starter. I can get a job boostin' er ballyhooin' er somethin' else."

It was the voice of temptation sweetly tuned to Shine's own inclination. He could, in fact, get back to the fireboat more quickly by rail than by water, and even if he did not—if he "stopped over" long enough to call on "Goldy" and the "gang"—the *Leo* would carry word of his accident in the forepeak, and he could himself invent more excuses to explain his further delay.

If he had been alone he might not have dared it, but, like the boy who "miches" from school, he found that a companion in truancy divided the feeling of guilt. He said, "Let's see the boots."

And when the steamboat tied up at her pier on the Coney Island beach, he was helped ashore by a deck-hand who passed the mate at the gangway, without being challenged, and went to help his limping friend as far as the gate.

The Coney Island that they landed on is gone now. It was a shouting gypsy fair of side-shows, beer gardens, dance halls, chowder tents, shooting galleries, and unsavory "joints." It was not a sweet resort, but

Shine walked through it, like an old graduate through the corridors of his college, fondly reminiscent. He laughed at the "ballyhoo man" drawing the crowd to a booth with his sword-swallowing and his fire-eating; he listened appreciatively to the art of the "spieler" praising the performance inside—or, as Shine himself would have put it, "stringin' the push," and he turned to smile on the "booster" who put a shoulder behind him and gently impelled him toward the ticket office. He sniffed the odor of steaming frankfurters and fried crabs. He stood in a daze of pleasure before a merry-go-round that ground out a deafening cacophony from a German organ, and Doherty, beside him, had to stand and listen, grin, and comment with a hypocritical pretence of delight—working his toes secretly in his broken shoes, meanwhile, to ease the itch of his impatience to get on.

They got on, at last, to a saloon which Doherty had been heading for; it was a pine "front" with a sign that pictured a beer glass as big as a pail, marked "My Size! Five Cents!" They went past the bar to the deserted little drinking room beyond it, and sat down at a table beside a door which Shine did not notice and Doherty did. The walls were covered with colored tissue papers, cut and folded in fans and circles, and



In another minute the whole front of the "Alhambra" was shaking with the uproar of a riot

with printed invitations to the public not to forget the "receptions" of some half-dozen "associations." They were a "Welcome Home" to Shine; he read them almost sentimentally while Doherty was gone to speak to the "barkeep," who was a "friend" of his. And when the deckhand came back with the two glasses of beer, Shine took his with a "Here's lookin' at yuh" that was warm.

He drank a deep libation, open-throated, without tasting. He put the glass down and laughed. "Bum booze," he said, clucking over a bitterness that burned his tongue.

Doherty kept his snub nose in his "schooner."

Shine looked up at an "invitation" above him, smiled thoughtfully, and drank again to quench a sudden heat in his mouth.

He was still smiling when he became conscious of a great lapse of time; it seemed to him that he had put down his glass an hour before, and that he had been silent ever since. He felt strange. He blinked at Doherty and grinned foolishly to cover the fact that he could not think of what he had intended to say.

"How d'yuh like yer beer?" Doherty asked in a voice that came to Shine as a thin rustle of hoarse sound. . . . The air thickened with a pallid smoke. The wall wavered and bellied like a curtain in a draught. . . . The room had begun to swim around him; it revolved faster and faster, until his head, spinning dizzily, was suddenly overweighted with a dark oppression and fell on the table with the sickening lurch of a spent top. He felt it roll over, released from his shoulders by a stabbing pain in his neck.

That was his last rememberable sensation until he woke again, four hours later, to feel some one kicking the soles of his bare feet. Then, he was lying on the floor of a strange room, robbed of hat, coat, shoes, and

money, and it was "Goldy" Simpson who was saying "Look-a-here, Shine! There was a pardner o' yours in to me this mornin' said yuh wanted a job ballyhooin'—said yuh'd do me a barefoot dance fer the price of a pair o' boots. Is that right?"

## III

AT SIX o'clock that evening, a dazed and sullen fireman sat down to supper with the costumed staff of "Goldy" Simpson's "Alhambra of Mystic Marvels and Persian Beauty Show." He was dressed to represent a Hindoo snake-charmer, in a white cotton undershirt, baggy cotton trousers, Turkish bath slippers, and a greasy turban. His head was still ringing from Doherty's "knockout drops," as well as from the liquor with which the grinning Simpson had been supplying him as an antidote to the "dope."

He had been promised that if he assisted the "show" for the afternoon, he would be paid with a pair of shoes, a cap, and a coat in which to return to town. And he had been sitting on his platform, like a man in a dream, hearing muffled voices around him, seeing upturned faces below him in a crowded nightmare, going out into the sunlight and coming back into the dark without understanding the orders he obeyed, and all the time groping in the uproar of a drugged brain for the thought which moved somewhere in obscurity every time the face of Doherty flashed across his memory.

He had had nothing to do. Simpson's "Alhambra" had a large and gaudy entrance on one of the island's "avenues" and an inconspicuous exit on a neighboring walk; its promises of entertainment were as lavish as the paint on its front canvas, and its fulfillment of them as shabby as the bleached pine of its back door. Its whole staff was employed in drawing the public past the ticket office. Inside, three scrawny "Persian Beauties" posed on a curtained stage; the eloquent Simpson made more promises of what was to be seen for another payment, still further in, where the police could not interfere, and the "boosters," belling the flock of the credulous, led them through a guarded door down a dark passage to the exit, and laughed at them in the street.

This "grind" had stopped, now, for supper. At the table in the back room, with Shine, sat Simpson himself, his wife—who was the cashier of the ticket office—a boy called "Butts," who turned the crank of the mechanical piano and smoked miserly cigarettes, and the three flaxen-wigged "Queens of the Harem" wrapped in faded dressing robes. Frankfurters and beer had been brought in from a neighboring "New England Kitchen," and laid out like a picnic on a trestle table of rough boards. In the dim light that filtered through a dirty skylight overhead, the powdered shoulders of the women were wanly white, and their unpowdered hands were not. The boy chewed rhythmically, his head still turning tunes. Simpson, every time he looked at Shine, showed the gleaming gold teeth that had given him his nickname; he, too, had once been "grinding fer a tooth graft."

Shine had sat hanging his head, unable to eat. Several times he had looked up with a momentary blink of intelligence and then frowned about him in a helpless return of his stupor. Once he had put his hand to his forehead and cleared his throat. Suddenly he said, in a husky and uncertain voice, without raising his head, "Where's . . . Shorty . . . Doherty?"

Simpson laughed. "I guess he blowed. I ain't seen him since mornin'."

"What—what'd he tell yuh?" He was looking up under his eyebrows with a bloodshot glower.

"He said yuh were over at Timmins's lookin' fer a job."

Shine swallowed slowly. "He sloughed me fer everythin' he could carry . . . didn't he?"

"I guess yuh've called the turn," Simpson said. "He looked like it."

Shine put his elbows on the table and rested his head in his hands. Simpson winked at his wife. The Queens of the Harem smiled appreciatively, but with care—on account of their "make-up." The boy felt in his pocket for a butt.

After a long silence, Shine said weakly: "I'm—I got to get back to the boat. I'm off without leave. . . . Gi' me a pair o' boots an' let me go."

"Sure thing," Simpson promised. "There's a fellah promised he'd be here t'night. I'll let yuh go soon's he comes."

"I got to go now."

Simpson laughed. "Long way to walk—in bare hoofs too. Better work out yer contrac'."

Shine tried to focus a wavering eye on him. "Yuh—double-crosser," he muttered. "Yuh dirty back-capper."

Simpson replied, with a malicious grin: "D'yuh mind the time yuh handed me over to Pikey Moffatt? Think



about it." He got up from the table. "Think about it," he said as he went out.

His wife brushed the crumbs from the lap of her flowered satin evening gown and followed him. The beauties in the bath-robe trailed off to their dressing-room. The boy began to gather up the beer mugs.

He looked commiseratingly at Shine. "Wish yuh had my job," he said, to console the Hindoo. "I dreamt I was a music-box las' night, an' they wound me up by the arm. . . . I got a cramp in't this mornin', an' he says he'll dock me ten cents fer slowin' down to rub it." Shine did not speak. The boy looked after the Queens of the Harem. "Wish I was a woman," he said plaintively, "an' didn't have nothin' to do but look picturesque. . . . Well—"

He sighed. He pinched out his inch of cigarette, put it back in his pocket, and went out, grumbling, with the beer mugs. Shine remained hunched over the table, staring at nothing.

"Ladies an' gen'lemen," Simpson announced, "I'm from Texas." He leaned forward to smile benevolently. "I'm from Texas, where they val-yue frien'ship more than money. An' what I'm goin' to tell yuh is between *man an' man*." He straightened up with dignity. "I'm the proprietor o' this show. I'm monarch of all I survey." He waved his hand from the display of his wife's shoulders in the ticket office—past the oil canvases of the Indian nautch girls, the skeleton man, the "Wizard of the West," the "Demon Diavolo" eating fire, and the "Modern Samson" lifting ton weights—past the three Queens of the Harem, sitting on the platform with Shine, under the flare of a gasoline "torch"—to the curtained door that led into the "Alhambra of Mystic Marvels and Persian Beauty Show." He screamed: "I don't hire men to come out here an' lie to yuh! No! I'm tryin' to make an' honest livin' fer myself, an' the fines' comp'ny of performers that ever appeared together under one management on Coney Island!" He wiped his forehead. He lowered his voice. "An' to tell yuh the truth, boys, it's the toughest proposition I ever went up against!"

It was a Saturday night, and the Island walks were crowded. Shine was looking down on a throng of white faces and eyes that shone in the light. They laughed.

"I know!" Simpson cried. "Yuh've been faked. Yuh've been payin' good money to see a lot o' ham-fatters an' chair-warmers—a lot o' stiffs that couldn't get hired fer a supper show up in the city. Ain't that right?"

One of his "boosters" in the back of the crowd shouted, "That's what's the matter!"

Simpson raised a passionate hand. "That's it! That's it! An' because I don't come out here an' promise to give yuh more'n I got, yuh don't believe me. An' I got the bes' show on the Island, barrin' an' exceptin' none! A show that on'y costs one dime to witness—an' it's worth a dollar if it's worth a cent!"

He made a sign to the platform. Shine and the three beauties in tights and tinsel stood up. One of the latter was chewing gum with a thoughtful lateral movement of the under jaw. "First an' foremost let me tell yuh, I got Kulder, the Hindoo snake-charmer, sword-swallower, an' fire-eater." He pointed triumphantly at Shine. "A native of Calcutta, where he was employed by the Hindoo fire brigade, he was discharged three years ago by the Rajah because he wouldn't turn water on a blaze. No! He wanted t'eat the flames! T'eat them!" The crowd laughed. Shine scowled. Simpson smiled with an impudent cheerfulness.

"He'll drink anythin' from boiled bay rum to knock-out drops. He'll walk barefoot from here to Brooklyn. He's the simplest an' sulkiest an' most treacherous darn fool of a Hindoo that ever put up a game on a pardner. An' he don't understan' a word of English!"

Shine muttered to himself and glared impotently at the upturned grins. Simpson launched out in a glowing description of the Beauties of his Persian Harem. He could not bring them all out on the platform there. The police, he whispered, would not let him. But excepting the secret palace of the Sultan of Turkey, there was nothing to equal it on this side of Madagascar! Nothin'!

As for the canvases overhead, they "spoke for themselves." They represented "truthfully an' without exaggeration" a small part of the mystic marvels that were to be seen on the inside for the small price of a dime, ten cents. "A dime! A dime!" he cried. "All free fer a dime!"

The boy struck up a staggering melody on the mechanical piano. Shine and the Beauties retreated

through the curtains. The "boosters" began to shove the crowd in toward the ticket office in a pretence of eagerness to get good seats themselves. They confided to their neighbors that they had heard it was "the goods, all right, inside." They paid and passed in. At least a score of gulls followed them with more or less doubtfulness.

That was the first "take," and it was Simpson's habit to make three "takes" before he gave his performance.

While he was inside, waiting for a new audience to gather out in front, Shine accosted him again. "Are yuh goin' to gi' me them boots?" he demanded.

"Sure thing," he replied airily. "Soon's I get good an' ready."

Shine nodded and went back to his place behind the curtains. Simpson saw nothing new in his manner. He had been taunting Shine all afternoon with platform insults which the drugged fireman had endured in silence—because he had not heard them. Simpson had mistaken stupor for meekness.

The net was spread for the second "take" in the

kind! On the inside we have no less than twenty-seven—

"Yuh're a liar!" Shine screamed. "He's a liar! He's got nothin' at all inside. He's a liar an' a fakir!"

Simpson jumped down from his box beside the ticket office and charged through the entrance. "He promised me a pair o' boots!" Shine shouted to the roaring public. "He's a liar an' a fakir! He's—"

Simpson threw aside the curtains and leaped on his Hindoo, throttling him from behind. The three frightened Beauties jumped screaming into the arms of the crowd. In another minute, the whole front of the "Alhambra" was shaking with the uproar of a riot.

Shine was a Bowery fighter. He turned in Simpson's clutch and threw him, and while the "boosters" were forcing their way to the platform through the press of hooting spectators, he pounded the proprietor in a fury. When they got to him, they could not separate him from the struggling Simpson, so they dragged him from the platform, and Simpson with him, and then some of the roughs of the crowd raised a cry of "Fair fight there! Fair fight!" and attacked the attackers. In the midst of it a gang of Coney thieves made a raid on the ticket office, and Mrs. Simpson's wild yells rose above the tumult in a shrill appeal for help. There followed a free fight and a general scramble for the gate receipts.

It lasted until the policeman on that beat called out the reserves to clear the street with their nightsticks, and when these turned their attention to the cause of the disorder, a solitary gasoline torch above the "ballyhoo" platform shone on the deserted wreck of the "Alhambra" front. The "boosters" had made their escape by the back way. "Butts" had deserted his piano, and was sitting in the next-door restaurant greedily inhaling the smoke of a cigarette. The Beauties of the Harem were whispering together in their dressing-room, huddled in their bath-robe, and one of them had an air of inward apprehension natural to a young woman who had swallowed her chewing gum. Mrs. Simpson was in the back room, bathing her husband's face, and Shine, alone in the Hall of Mystic Marvels, dressed in his own trousers and a coat and cap that belonged to "Butts," received the sergeant with a battered grin. "S all right," he said. "A gang o' strong-arms tried to rush the ticket office. I guess they got away with everythin' but this." He showed a torn five-dollar bill. "The boss's in the back."

He pointed the way to them. When they came out again, with another version of the trouble, he had disappeared.

The rest was an interview with Captain Keighley, the foreman of the *Manhattan's* crew.

When Shine had first been missed, on the return of the fire-boat to her berth, The Turk had dropped a hint of his conversation in the shade of the wheel-house; that hint reached Captain Keighley; he summoned The Turk to his office, and when the *Leo* tied up to her pier again a fireman was waiting for her to make inquiries. He brought back to Captain Keighley the news of Shine's accident in the forepeak. Keighley nodded grimly and said nothing. But at ten o'clock that night, when lieutenant Moore was making out his day's papers, he asked what he would report of the affair, and Keighley said, "Report nothin'. He'll be back. An' he'll be—glad to get back. . . . Send 'm to me when he comes in."

He came in, at last, his head in a bandage, his arm in a sling, looking very meek and sickly. The man on watch grinned. "Ol' Clinkers wants to see you."

He creaked and squeaked across the floor obediently in a new pair of shoes. He paused on the threshold of the captain's office. Keighley looked him over. "Come in. . . . Shut that door. . . . Sit down there."

He sat down on the edge of a chair guiltily.

"Take that thing off yer arm."

He took it off.

"Now, don't try no games on me. Yuh needn't tell me yuh fell down a hatch. What 've yuh been doin'?"

He shifted on his chair.

"Out with it!"

And Shine out with it.

"Well," Keighley said to his lieutenant, "I guess Shine's had his lesson. He's been too long a fireman to be any good fer anythin' else—an' he pretty near knows it now. He'll stick to his business after this. . . . I know. I been there." He wagged his head reflectively. "They played me fer a sucker, too. . . . We won't report him, Moore."

## Haven't You Felt That Way?

By MAURICE SMILEY

HAVEN'T you often worn goggles of blue,  
And seeing Life's sham and its shame,  
Felt it was all a big scramble, and you  
Might as well get into the game?  
That nothing much mattered but a big bunch of cash,  
And the man who was good was a jay,  
And the whole blooming country was going to smash:  
Haven't you, haven't you felt that way?

Haven't you felt it was hardly worth while  
To try to live up to your best?  
And haven't you smiled a cynical smile—  
And something way down in your breast  
Whispered Life had a prize that was higher than gold  
And sweeter than fame or display?  
And the faith that had slipped took a brand-new hold:  
Haven't you, haven't you felt that way?

And didn't a peace come near that was far  
And urge you to strive toward it still?  
And didn't you turn your face to a star,  
And didn't you say: "I will!"  
And weren't you stronger, and didn't you find  
The world was better, and didn't it pay  
To be brave and patient and cheery and kind:  
Haven't you, haven't you felt that way?

same manner as for the first, though in briefer language; for there was now an impatient roomful inside, listening.

"An' here we have the famous Hindoo snake charmer," Simpson cried. "A pure Brahma—look at his feet. This man, ladies an' gen'lemen, lives on dope! He wears no socks. Why? Why does he wear no socks? Be-cause he swapped them this mornin' fer a quart o' knockout drops! While 'n under th' influence o' that noxious drug, he'll swally anythin'—live fire, nails, carpet tacks, jollies, or anythin' else yuh throw into him. He—"

"Are yuh goin' to give me them boots?" Shine growled.

The crowd heard him and drew in closer, scenting trouble. Simpson heard him and veered off, on the same scent. "An' next we have three o' the ladies of . . . the Imperial Harem of Bokhara—"

"Are yuh goin' to give me them boots?"

Simpson raised his voice to drown the laughter:

"Three o' the fairest flower in Eastern women—"



# TARIFF REVISION

By FREDERICK PALMER

WHEN the President was pressing for tariff revision, and Uncle Joe Cannon was reasoning with him and marshaling the House against it, a revisionist member said to a "stand-patter": "Of course, it's as plain as day that the President's 2,500,000 plurality was altogether due to the satisfaction of the country at large with the tariff." And the revisionist winked. "With Republican policies generally," observed the "stand-patter," with official solemnity.

"Well, how would you like to go before the people in an election without changing a single schedule?"

"Can't say that I would. But the next Congressional election is two years distant. Suppose we think the matter over a little first. Our troubles are coming thick enough without courting them. If you give that fellow over in the White House his tariff and his railroad rates, you'll find that he's got some other poser up his sleeve. There's no keeping him quiet. He's the political Oliver Twist."

It is human to postpone the evil day; and Congress is always human.

The poll of the House on the question of taking up revision at this session showed once more that the tariff is a local issue. If a member's district wants revision, he is for it. If the district has no decided opinion one way or the other, then the member looks at the matter from a political or a public viewpoint. The man whose district is divided in opinion is disinclined to have the issue forced to the test where he must take one side or the other. It was this element which made the counting of the noses in favor of the Speaker and against the President.

## Many Men of Many Minds

Mr. Tawney of Minnesota is for revision; Minnesota is a strong revisionist State. Mr. Dalzell of Pennsylvania is a protectionist; Pennsylvania is a protectionist State. The Iowa men, with strong demands from both sides, want to be happy while they may. A strictly agricultural district will take a wholly different view from a strictly manufacturing district that is its neighbor. A Democratic member from the South Carolina or Georgia cotton factory region, or the Alabama iron and steel region, is a better tariff Republican than a member from the Dakotas. Texas could sell her cotton and her corn under free trade, which would give her clothing and all manufactured goods cheaper, but she would like a tariff that would keep out Mexican cattle.

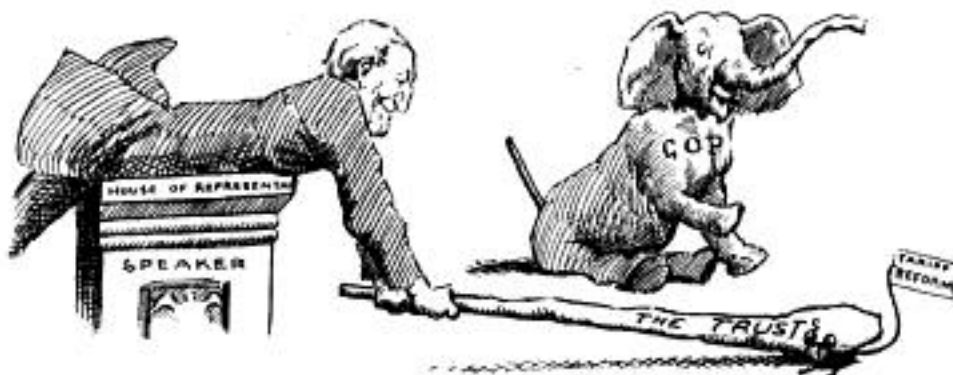
New York wants her beef as cheap as possible, and that all foreign manufactures should be kept out of the Texas market. New England is not as protectionist as she was. She needs reciprocity with Canada, which interests a man from Florida about as much as the price of moccasins in Nome, Alaska. The Pacific coast, having first-hand trade relations with the Far East, would like to help the poor Filipino by getting cheap Manila cigars, and reciprocally enlarging its trans-Pacific market. American tobacco raisers will not stand for that. Why, in Connecticut tobacco raising is only a baby industry.

The old complication of sectional disagreements is increased by that of the new attitude of some sections of the South. Four Southern States, at least, are protectionist at heart. They are so interested in the negro question, however, that they do not realize the fact.

"This is a question where if you want peace of mind you must be an extremist," said an astute member of the House. "Free trade leaves every interest out, and so every interest is about equally displeased. A high tariff passes protection around to every baby industry, and so all the interests are uniformly happy. The Dingley tariff was of this order. Try to split the difference and you have both the high tariff and the low tariff men on your back."

It was this same man who said that reforming a tariff at the hands of its friends was as impracticable as to have the owner of a building damaged by fire adjust the insurance. There are farseeing men in the House and the Senate who think that the present discontent with the Dingley schedules is nothing beside the discontent that will follow a revision by the authors of the Dingley tariff. The tariff is not now a subject of discussion before the House; it can not be one without the Republicans make it so. A majority in committee is required to bring the question to the floor. The Senate must be silent until the House sends it a bill. No Democratic member of the House can talk on the tariff until a majority of the Ways and Means Committee has reported a measure that relates to the tariff.

But once the Republicans have set their stamp on a



Cartoon by E. W. Kemble

not know how the reform will be worked out in detail, but he none the less believes in it. This the Republican party recognized in the St. Louis platform. Of course, the political idea may have been to meet the view of the revisionists by a public declaration, while the high protectionists were expected to understand on the quiet that their interests were not to be disturbed. But the voters knew that the President was for revision. He was elected on a revisionist programme. Honesty demands its fulfilment. When

the point is pressed and the protectionists turn to their final argument, it becomes one of necessity and not of good policy.

"We have reached a point where we must have this high tariff in order to pay Government expenses," they say, and then they pass a "What are you going to do about it?" wink to the revisionists.

For the thing which the "stand-patters" longed for and foretold has come to pass. They have so legislated that the cry of reducing the surplus may never be heard again in the land.

The increase of our pension list, the growth of our army and navy, the general expansion of our governmental budget has left us with a deficit of from \$40,000,000 to \$50,000,000 a year. Out of our total income of \$540,000,000 for the fiscal year ending June 30, 1904, \$261,000,000 came from the customs. Of the remainder, \$279,000,000 was from internal revenues. Any new tariff bill can not well calculate for a decrease in the customs revenue. If it does, we must put back the tax on checks or increase the tax on malt and spirituous liquors and tobacco. There is no possible chance of a reduction of our annual expenditures; they have grown with the nation. The \$142,000,000 for pensions is an increase of \$4,000,000 over the previous year.

"The Democrats have always been calling for a tariff for revenue only," say the "stand-patters"; "we have one now."

## A Tariff That Destroys Its Purpose

That sounds impressive. It is not based on fact, however. We can really increase our revenue by cutting our tariff, if we choose. A tariff that is so high that it keeps foreign competition out altogether destroys its purpose, if it is for revenue. Applying a lower schedule to woollens and cottons would bring an increase of \$15,000,000 to \$20,000,000 a year in revenue. An adjustment all along the line with a view to eliminating the most artificial instances of protection would make up the deficit. The whole question is, Shall we sacrifice certain special interests for the sake of consumers as a whole? Shall we not more than make it up by our exportation of things which are in our natural domain of production?

Speaker Cannon's insistence that business interests would be disturbed by revision of the tariff has its basis of reason. Our protected interests would immediately make a shout which might result in loss of confidence by capital which would be felt in every avenue of trade. Some Republicans maintain that even if the party does not touch the schedules, a Republican House will be re-elected. For the President is a Republican and he must have a Republican Congress in order to get action. So he will pull the party through, as he did last election. But the President's name will not be on the ballot. The shrewder Republicans foresee that 1906 will give the public an opportunity to punish the Republicans without in any way compromising its admiration for the President.

At the last moment before the next Congressional election we shall have at least a feint by the Republican leaders to meet the demand of millions of voters. It is against all reason that a patchwork tariff, which has stood for eight years of rapid national growth, should still be equitable. The House will acquit itself of a bill of sorts which it will lay on the doorstep of the Senate, perhaps expecting the Senate never to pass it. Then the President will have another battle to wage. He may find himself in the position of Secretary Taft toward the Philippine tariff. "This is what is just," said the Secretary, "but I will take the best I can get."

Our fiscal treatment of the Filipino has been monstrous. The islands are worse off than under Spanish rule. We give them the benefit of armed protection and a school system, and forget their stomachs. Free trade with us, which is their moral right, would make a market for our products in return for the market we gave them. It is "give and take," which means business and development; and the United States, of all nations, fails to appreciate this simple principle.

new set of schedules, then the country at large and the Democrats in the House and Senate will have their day. Nothing is so difficult of construction, nothing so easy of destruction, as a tariff schedule.

Members of the Ways and Means Committee have not forgotten the miseries and worries of Nelson Dingley, who labored over the present tariff in the summer of '97. If you lower the tariff on wool, the woolen manufacturers will say, "That will ruin us. Cut it on linen!" The linen men will pass it on to steel; the steel men will pass it on to crockery. Each interest will say, "What do you mean by the revision of the tariff by its friends? Aren't we its friends?" That is their polite way of putting the fact that the tariff is their friend.

And the "friends" must be heard. They have been great contributors to national campaign funds. Many a Congressman knows that the factories of his own district have helped him to his nomination and election. But the sympathies of the public are not with the friends, but with those who have suffered from the glaring inequalities of the Dingley law. Last December a man brought a number of small tin disks to the White House to show to the President. They were the refuse of tin manufacture. He had made a profitable business out of this by-product until the trust kept the refuse for themselves. Then he went to Canada for his supply, and was still able to make a profit until the trust closed that avenue by the alteration of the tariff.

He is one of many. This class of small competitors when driven out of business have accepted the inevitable and turned to something else for a livelihood. Once the question is before the House their stories will be heard. The aggregate of their complaints will be astounding. The most somnolent of Democratic minorities can not fail to awaken to the use of an argument literally thrust into their hands. The Republican leaders will be facing an actual deluge of criticism, on the one hand, and, on the other, will feel the pressure of the "friends."

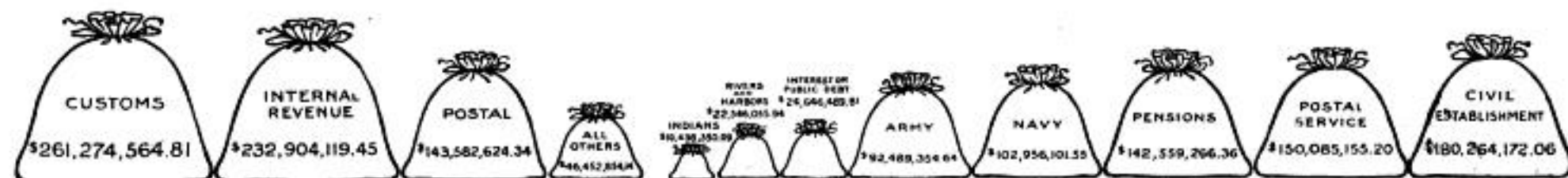
When the present law was passed it had become a sorry thing of compromises. The original bill was as spotted with amendments as Joseph's coat with patches. Mr. Dingley, honest and indefatigable, saw the product of his studies mutilated by certain Senators, who also worked hard—strictly in behalf of certain special interests. One trust had millions put in its fat purse by the shade of a per cent on the product which it controlled.

## The Highwaymen of the Senate

Bring the old question before the Senate again, and some of its masterful highwaymen will demand their price. It seems feasible enough—to the uninitiated—to lay out a plan of tariff reform. A practical economist can tell you which schedules, with revenue in view, should be cut and which should not. But only a Czar could carry out his ideas. Great Grosvenor! It is quite likely that revision by the friends of the tariff would lead to increases on many things. There are scores of manufacturers who do not think that they now get enough protection. They never will. That is only natural. Manufacturers are not in business for their health any more than bankers or brokers.

The truth is that the Republican is the protectionist, the Democratic the tariff reformer, party. That was the main issue between them until Bryan precipitated the silver question. Twice in forty-four years the Democrats have elected a President. On both occasions the tariff was their main argument, although "Turn the rascals out," in '84, and "Four years more of Grover," in '92, played a sentimental part. The Wilson bill was, in every respect, a Democratic party measure. The Dingley bill was, in every respect, a Republican party measure.

How far the public disapproved of the Wilson bill or approved of the Dingley bill no election has shown. The election which substituted a high tariff for a low tariff was won on the issue of Sound Money. The priests of protection, however, were in the honest money party. Hundreds of thousands who voted for McKinley held extreme low tariff views. No doubt to-day the average man is for tariff revision. He does



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**THE RESTORATION  
OF DIANA**

By GARRETT P. SERVISS

THERE is something much more sur-  
prising than the majority of readers are  
aware of in Professor William H. Pick-  
ering's recent discoveries on the moon. He  
may fairly be called the restorer of a world,  
for he is making it appear probable that the  
earth's satellite is, after all, still the abode  
of life. Astronomers have so long accepted  
the evidence of superficial appearances  
which seem to show the face of the moon  
as nothing but a mass of volcanic scars,  
lifeless, motionless, changeless, that the op-  
posite proposition, averring that things are  
still as they were, excites first incredulity and  
then amazement.

What could be more thrilling than the  
knowledge that life yet clings to the silvery  
globe which once every month circles among  
the stars over our heads, and sends down  
its mild radiance to relieve the gloom of  
night? There is nothing in the heavens so  
poetic in its suggestions as that apparently  
inanimate symbol of Diana:

**A Busy Man's Brain Box**

This is the most complete device ever  
invented for filing and classifying clip-  
pings, illustrations, manuscripts and all  
miscellaneous matters which some time  
or other you will want without a  
minute's delay.

It keeps your pockets and  
your desk clean and saves  
memoranda that would  
otherwise be lost. It  
affords you instant access  
to everything you file in it.  
It is a savings bank for in-  
formation—worth 40 scrap  
books and any number of  
pigeon-holes. It consists  
of a number of specially  
made holders arranged in a  
substantial airtight, dust-  
proof box. Each one of  
these holders not only  
shows what is contained  
in it, but by an ingenious  
indexing system shows  
just where everything else  
referring to its contents  
may be found. Especially  
useful to business men be-  
cause it fits conveniently  
on your desk and takes  
care absolutely of all the  
papers and data that you  
might otherwise lose or  
forget—perhaps throw in  
a waste basket for want  
of a better place to put it.  
The Brain Box is a con-  
venient Library Filing Cabinet  
never before made in desk  
size and has sold from  
\$15.00 to \$50.00 in large  
size. Is equal in every  
respect to the expensive kind except the size and the woodwork.

**FREE** For a limited time we will  
give these Brain Boxes free  
with subscriptions to System

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LITHIA WATER**

A Natural Spring Water. Has been before the  
public for thirty years. It has been tested by lead-  
ing physicians at home and abroad. We would  
like to send you a pamphlet giving the experience  
of these physicians with its use in BRIGHT'S  
DISEASE, ALBUMINURIA, GOUT, RHEU-  
MATISM and all URIC ACID TROUBLES.

For sale by the general drug and mineral water trade.

PROPRIETOR BUFFALO LITHIA SPRINGS, VIRGINIA

"Queen and Huntress, chaste and fair,  
Now the sun is laid to sleep,  
Seated in thy silver chair  
State in wonted manner keep;  
Hesperus entreats thy light,  
Goddess excellently bright."

But how much more captivating must not  
this fair face of a world be when we no  
longer regard it as an image of death! Such  
knowledge, if once established as a  
virtual certainty, can not but lead to the  
most fascinating efforts to improve the  
telescope and to penetrate the secrets of  
another world that astronomers have ever  
engaged in. And Professor Pickering's  
latest discovery, announced in a recent bul-  
letin from the Echo Mountain observatory  
in California, where he has gone to study  
the moon amid the exceptional advantages  
afforded by the pellucid atmosphere of the  
Pacific Coast, goes far toward establishing  
this certainty.

**The Snow on the Moon**

A few months ago I described briefly in  
Collier's Professor Pickering's observations  
of what he takes to be areas of snow on the  
moon. Of course, there can not be snow  
there, appearing and disappearing as these  
patches discovered by the Harvard astron-  
omer do, without the presence of water,  
or watery vapor. But water in its various  
forms is, as our terrestrial experience  
teaches, one of the indispensable requisites  
for the existence of living creatures, plant  
and animal. Thus snow on the moon may  
in itself mean the possibility of life there.

Professor Pickering's later observations,  
to which reference has just been made,  
have been concentrated upon a certain small  
district on the moon, a very remarkable  
locality, which for many years has excited  
the curiosity and aroused the suspicions of  
selenographers—a ring-bordered valley  
named Plato. It is not difficult for any one  
who chooses to look to see Plato. After the  
broad gray expanses of the "seas," so strik-  
ing to the naked eye, and the bright masses  
of the highlands and mountains, Plato is  
one of the most conspicuous objects on the  
lunar disk, although it does not exceed  
sixty miles in diameter. A good field-glass  
suffices to show it as a unique oval dark  
spot, high in the north, lying in an elevated  
region, not far from the gracefully curved  
shore of the "Bay of Rainbows" on one  
side and the vast bulk of the lofty lunar  
"Alps" on the other. Viewed with a power-  
ful telescope it makes, with its surround-  
ings, a scene from which it is difficult to  
withdraw the eyes, so strange, unearthly,  
and yet startlingly realistic—a true look  
into another world—is its appearance.  
Especially when using a "prism eyepiece,"  
whereby the eye of the observer may be di-  
rected downward upon the telescopic image,  
one seems to be peering through a hole in  
the floor of the car of a balloon suspended  
at an immeasurable height in the ether,  
spying out scenes forbidden to the normal  
vision of mortals.

**A Fearful Lunar Landscape**

The floor of this singular lunar valley is  
perfectly flat, at first glance as level as the  
surface of a body of water, whence the  
name that the Eighteenth Century astron-  
omers gave it of the "Black Lake." The  
perfect ring encircling it consists of an un-  
broken mountain chain with sharp peaks  
all around, some of them seven or eight  
thousand feet high. The inner slopes of the  
mountain ring are very steep, with tremen-  
dous cliffs and precipices, and in places  
there are immense landslips whose debris  
can plainly be seen heaped high on the bor-  
ders of the plain. Apparently a person  
placed in that valley would be a prisoner  
for whom escape would be impossible up  
those fearful walls and over those jagged  
peaks. For days during the long lunar  
mornings and evenings the whole valley  
lies buried in the vast shadow of the in-  
closing mountains, and in the rising sun  
the retreating border of the shadow shows

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total of \$100,000 in four years. McCutcheon, the  
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receive salaries almost princely in their liberality.  
Publishers of Magazines, Newspapers and Books,  
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Good artists earn from \$25 to \$100 a week.  
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Publishers of Magazines, Newspapers and Books,  
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Good artists earn from \$25 to \$100 a week.  
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# You are Sure to Succeed in the Southwest

**A** FAIR field and no favor is all any man asks—an opportunity to show what is in him. A chance to work for himself and to enjoy the benefits of his labor. Many a man today is drudging his life away in a position and amid surroundings that cramp and hinder his development. Does the reader know of such a case?

## Slim Chance in the Masses

Steadily for a quarter of a century, the chance for a young man in the older states has been rapidly decreasing.

The farm is run by a board of trade broker who controls the production and regulates the price. What little remains of our virgin forests is measured by square feet and probably is already figured in the



A Stretch of Oklahoma Sky and a Wheat-field

estimates of some new gigantic piece of carpentry which, when once started, will sweep the timber land like a forest fire.

Our forefathers had their start at a time and amid surroundings that are radically different from those in which the present day young man is toiling. To get up in the world now is to climb the tall ladder of salary one round at a time with the lower rounds distressingly close together.

## What Shall be Done?

What shall be done by the young man who finds himself smothered beneath the weight of adverse circumstances, handicapped by an overwhelming competition, and confronted by the impossibility of success amid these surroundings? The answer is simple and yet of vital moment. It is contained in the four words "Migrate to the Southwest."

## Go Southwest, Young Man!

There is a great, wide glorious country in the Southwest awaiting young men of ability. The need is so great for active progressive citizens that those well advanced in years will find equal chance with the younger generation. Is the term "Southwest" indefinite? Is its meaning vague to you? Then get an atlas and study the map of Southwestern United States. Take a pencil and enclose the following territory in a heavy black mark: Arkansas, Oklahoma, Missouri, Kansas, Indian Territory, Texas, Colorado and New Mexico.

## These Have Succeeded—So Could You

"I have been in a great many States and have never seen any place I thought healthier than Arkansas. I know of no State in the Union where better opportunities are offered for a poor man to procure a home. An investment in Arkansas lands properly managed, will, in my judgment, yield a better income from the amount invested than in any other section of the country known to me. Our seasons are so long that the farmer who pushes his business and plants in the different seasons will be rewarded for his labors."  
W. H. EAGLE, Lonoke, Arkansas."

"I came to this country a few years ago, having \$2,000 to start with, bought a section of land and went to work. I raised two extra good crops of Irish potatoes on new ground the first year—have raised successfully cabbage, tomatoes, turnips, beans, in fact all kinds of vegetables I have tried. My main crops have been macaroni wheat, oats, corn, millet, sorghum and kafir corn."

"I now have a residence and two rent houses on my place; also a town residence. My property may be easily valued at \$22,000. We have better health here than we ever had before."

"I think this section of Texas, from the very nature of her resources, is destined and is already taking her place in the foremost ranks of the great Southwest."  
W. H. BRADLEY, Shamrock, Texas."

## Plenty of Room There

Say over to yourself the names of these states and territories and as you repeat them let your mind dwell upon their size. There are 768,000 square miles of land enclosed in your pencil marking.

Wouldn't you trade your present surroundings for a generous slice of such country, with a wide, open horizon stretching around you and a clear, bright sky spreading over you? That is the way your Maker intended you to live, and a few months of such life will convince you of the error of staying "cooped up" back East.

## Are You Ambitious?

If your ambition is to be free—to live out-doors, to be healthy, happy and prosperous—this message is to you.

Go into partnership with the Southwest, you will never regret it. The only capital absolutely required is pluck coupled with perseverance, ambition coupled with willingness, a firm determination to succeed and an unbounded faith in self.

## Specific Openings

There are splendid openings for mechanics, merchants, manufacturers, farmers, orchardists, and cattle men. Men are wanted to develop the resources and establish the industrial plants required in the towns and cities,—electric light

and gas plants, telephone exchanges, ice plants, broom factories, oil mills, brick and pottery plants, creameries, canning factories and hotels.

But land values are increasing. In six months the number of these opportunities will be less by some hundreds. In a year they will be fewer. You must grasp the opportunity now. Villages are becoming towns, and towns cities, as the vacant lands are occupied and brought under cultivation. There are excellent railroad facilities and good markets. Raw material is abundant.

## The Land Works With You

The soil of the Southwest is extremely fertile, the natural resources are many and varied, the winters are open. If you decide to go to farming, you will find that you can work out-doors there nearly all the year round, and the best part of it is — *the land works with you.*

The growing season is longer than in the East, the crops greater in number and more diversified and the profits correspondingly increased. The country is a long way from the zenith of its development, and the influx of population means creation of opportunity for others—up to a certain limit. Those who come first get the choicest locations, the best business openings, the land nearest to the railroad, the most favorable opportunity to make a success of it.

## Many Have Succeeded

In the last few years thousands have found new homes in this great empire. Some located on homestead lands, of which there are still thousands of acres. Others have purchased improved or unimproved farms on favorable terms.

Many had little capital beyond willing hands, but they had the courage to break away from conditions that bound them. The favorable environment is making them strong, hopeful men. They are succeeding and building independence for themselves, their sons and daughters.

## Where the Best Opportunities Are

The best opportunities are along the new lines of the Rock Island, which has long been known as "*the line of opportunity.*" The reason for this is that the

land is well chosen and well investigated before road-building is begun. To be a Rock Island country, whether in Missouri or Texas, is to be a country of possibilities,—a country where things can be done. The developed portions of the territory reached by Rock Island lines serve to show what can be done with the undeveloped resources.

## Where to Locate

Where to locate is a question that we do not attempt to answer for you, but we will put you in possession of facts which will enable you to make an intelligent choice. The best way to go about the matter is to visit the country and look it over in person. Ask questions, weigh the answers—then decide what to do. But you should have some objective and right here is where

## We Can Help You

We have collected valuable data about all the districts along our lines,—soils, climatic conditions, minerals, live stock, business openings in towns and cities and the amount of capital necessary, farm lands, improved and unimproved, prices, etc. This information is carefully kept up to date, arranged, tabulated and classified. If you will tell us the part of the country which most interests you, business you propose to engage in, and amount of capital you have to invest, we will tell you the most favorable opportunities for YOU. In some sections cotton and tobacco are profitable products. Other sections possess some of the finest fruit lands in the world. Corn, oats, wheat, potatoes and all grains, vegetables and grasses of the north and temperate zones grow luxuriously almost everywhere in the Southwest. Poultry, stock and dairying bring big returns.

We will tell you where you can select just the occupation desired. The Rock Island has no land to sell, but is deeply interested in inducing a desirable class of people to locate in territory tributary to its lines. We will tell you where the openings are and about the very low railroad rate made to enable you to look over the country and see for yourself its possibilities. Specific and detailed information is yours for the asking.



Home, Sweet Home in Indian Territory

We will also send you illustrated pamphlets containing facts about each of the Southwestern States and Territories worth a lot of money to know. Act today. Cut out this coupon, fill in the blanks and mail it to the undersigned. It costs you nothing to do this and may make your fortune.

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Die in open air seeking water

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Two Journal states that Mr. Castle paid \$4400 for a single stamp, and the Globe that a Galveston man found a coin worth \$5000. If you are interested in large legitimate profits send 2 stamps for 4-page Ill. Circular and make a few thousand quickly. W. Van Bergen, Seelye Bldg., C.W. Boston, Mass.

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Dept. A

## RESTORATION OF DIANA

(Continued from page 24)

like a row of huge black teeth—the shadowy silhouettes of the needle-like Alps—a spectacle of unmatchable magnificence, a true telescopic wonder such as the non-astronomical reader has never dreamed of.

Such is the theatre of Professor Pickering's latest discoveries. Of the real significance of these discoveries I can scarcely hope to convey a clear idea to the reader unfamiliar with selenographic observations. Boldly stated, they may fail to impress him as they would do if he were accustomed to read between the lines of such announcements. In short, they amount to this: In the valley of Plato, during July and August of last year, sudden changes occurred, some of which, if they had happened on a similar scale on any inhabited part of the earth, would have caused the greatest consternation. They seem to have been partly of a volcanic nature. In other respects they suggested the agency of an atmosphere spreading clouds of vapor subsequently deposited in the form of snow or hoar frost. At one point a bright object suddenly appeared. Soon afterward this object changed to a black elliptical spot, apparently a new crater three miles in diameter. Around it was a broad white area which had not been there before. After a while the whiteness disappeared, but the crater remained, and its true character became more evident. Three or four other new craterlets, in different parts of the valley, made their appearance.

Now, it should not be forgotten that for many years the occurrence of any change whatever on the face of the moon has been persistently denied. Its volcanic forces have been regarded as absolutely extinct and dead. But here we have evidence, good as far as it goes, that the valley of Plato is the scene of volcanic activity greater perhaps than exists anywhere on the earth. The formation of a crater three miles across implies a vastly more extensive catastrophe than the disastrous explosion of Mont Pelée in Martinique.

But, it may be asked, how does volcanic action indicate the existence of life upon the moon? It does not indicate it directly, but, taken in connection with other observations, which seem best explained by the presence of vegetation, it shows that natural processes, which we know on the earth are connected with the existence of living forms, are still active in the lunar world. These discoveries are, then, a promising beginning toward the rehabilitation of the moon in the opinion of thinking men as a world where things are going on. This, in itself, is an immense advance. At the best, life on the moon, if any exists, must be widely different from life on our planet, but that fact can only add zest to the search.

## THE SONG OF AN EXILE

By FELICIA GODDARD

NEW YORK, New York, I read your name  
Upon a battered magazine  
The owner's not come back to claim—  
Perhaps he likes his reading clean.  
The little train goes rocking on  
Between the mangoes and the palms,  
A-broiling in the tropic sun,  
A-stopping at banana-farms.  
I only have to read your name—  
It almost seems I'm back again;  
Broadway is looking much the same,  
The snow is turning into rain,  
The uptown cars creep slow as snails,  
With one unbroken grinding sound  
Of freighted wheels on frozen rails—  
And now they have the Underground.  
The Underground and bridges new,  
Towers and tunnels, I shall not see.  
I read your papers through and through,  
To see how changed the town must be.  
I've not the price to take me home,  
I've not the grit to up and walk,  
Yet when men ask me where I'm from,  
It tickles me to say New York.

## TIME FLIES

JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY says that he was summoned as a witness in a case tried in an Indiana court where one of the witnesses before him evinced some disinclination to state her age.

"Is it very necessary?" coyly asked the witness, a spinster of uncertain age.

"It is absolutely necessary, madam," interposed the judge.

"Well," sighed the maiden, "if I must, I suppose I must. I didn't see how it could possibly affect the case, for, you see—"

"Madam," observed the judge, with some asperity, "I must ask you not to further waste the time of this court. Kindly state your age."

Whereupon the spinster showed signs of hysterics.

"I am, that is, I was—"

"Madam, hurry, hurry up!" exclaimed the judge, now thoroughly impatient. "Every minute makes it worse, you know!"

## Nov. 18th, 1904.

MR. HERBERT D. SHIVERS, Philadelphia, Pa.

Dear Sir:—For the past two years I have been hunting for the brand of cigars that was distinctively my smoke, but failed to find it. Last winter I did find a cigar that suited me perfectly in every particular except the price, which for me was prohibitive. Now I do not know how your Panetela is going to wear, but it starts in with a rush, and each cigar that I smoke tastes better than the one before. It is lucky for me that the price is so moderate or I should certainly have to go to the poor house. Every one I have met so far accuses me of getting reckless and smoking 15c. cigars.

Yours truly,

The above letter is from a professor in a prominent New England College, and whilst I am aware that testimonials published without their signatures are open to suspicion, it would be manifestly not generous for me to give the professor's name and address to the public.

I am sure, however, that he would consent to my giving his name confidentially to any "doubting Thomas" who questions the authenticity of this letter. The best of it is he continues to order my cigars, and I haven't the slightest doubt in the world that he will continue to do so for years to come.

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I repeat—that no other cigar in the world so good as mine is sold to the consumer at less than nearly double its price.

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In ordering, please use business letter-head, or enclose business card, and state whether strong, medium or mild cigars are preferred.

Think a moment what this offer means—you get the cigars without advancing a penny. You are at liberty to give them a thorough trial, smoking ten (one a day if you so please), comparing them with your favorite cigar, and then if not satisfied, you are at liberty to return the remaining cigars at my expense. The only possible risk that you run, is that you may smoke ten cigars that possibly may not altogether please you—if they don't, we have no quarrel whatever. If they do, you are getting a much better cigar than you have ever bought before for the same money and I have made a customer, so we are both benefited.

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## Good English Pays



Nowadays when billions of dollars' worth of business is transacted by mail, the ability to write a strong, convincing business letter is an *imperative* business requirement. No man can hope to reach the highest place in business if he is unable to express himself clearly and forcefully. The language you use in correspondence—or even in speech—must help you to sell goods, win customers, collect debts, even secure the positions you hold, but it cannot do these things if weak, clumsy and half intelligible. The success of an idea or plan—often of a business itself—depends upon the way it is presented.

## How is Your English?

Are slips of speech habitual with you? Are your letters dry and poorly worded? Do they lack the snap, the tone of words that win? Get out of this rut—master the principles of smooth, easy fluent expression—of crisp, powerful, straightforward business English. Tighten your grasp on the English language—it pays.

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## RUSSIA'S GOLD RESERVE

By J. C. O'LAUGHLIN

Collier's Correspondent in St. Petersburg

RUSSIA'S gold reserve is made up of gold. There are many who say it is composed of bags of sand, or lead, or some other heavy metal, with a single covering of sacks containing gold, so craftily placed by the officials as to deceive the Emperor and his subordinates when they make inspections. But I have taken bags from the bottom tier, from the middle tier, and the top tier. I have had them opened, and I have run my hand through the yellow shining metal, have felt its weight, and tested it with my teeth. I have taken gold bars from the cases lining the walls and found them so heavy that I could hardly hold them in my hands. And I say again that every ruble that Russia has in the vault underneath her Bank of State is gold, nothing else than gold.

Never in my life have I seen so much of the priceless metal gathered in one place. I have been in the vault in the Treasury Department at Washington, in the vault where the Bank of England keeps its gold reserve, in the vault where France guards her supply of the basic metal, but in none of these was there row after row of golden money of all the important countries of the world; in none of them was there rack after rack of gold bars, such as I found in St. Petersburg. When I left the Russian Bank of State, I was dazzled at the vast sum which I had inspected. Before I saw it, I confess that I had doubts myself as to its amount. The official figures had said there were 977,000,000 rubles lying there. But I recalled that official figures easily lie. And then I examined it, and I was convinced that Russia's statement was absolutely correct. Through my mind, as I went to inspect the gold, ran the saying of an old dandy, "Seein' is believin', but feelin' am de naked truf." And I saw and felt and thus was I satisfied.

Because of my suspicion that the Russian gold reserve was not all the officials said it was—a suspicion based upon foreign reports, emanating, it may be stated, from sound financial institutions—I asked the Minister of Finance for permission to inspect it. This permission had been given to Henry Norman, the well-known English publicist, at the beginning of the war, but since that time Russia has disbursed more than 300,000,000 rubles. There were during the summer the usual charges of speculation, and it was to be supposed, taking all reports into consideration, that more than 300,000,000 rubles had been withdrawn or had disappeared from the vault. The official figures showed the remarkable fact that the gold reserve had increased since the outbreak of the war by 70,000,000 rubles. Even Russians who, however, were not acquainted with their country's finance or the ability of the minister of this department, were inclined to think the statement exaggerated. How could the Government obtain more gold, they asked, when it had floated only one loan, which remained in Paris, and had made large payments for goods bought abroad? This is a question of Russian finance, which the Russian Minister himself will answer for readers of Collier's. But the fact remains that there were 70,000,000 rubles in gold in the bank when I saw it more than there was when Mr. Norman paid his visit to that institution.

### Russia's Bank of State

The Minister gave me no time to reconsider my request to see the reserve. "Certainly," he said, "I shall telephone for the Governor to admit you to the vault." "Now," I thought, "he wants to make preparations for my coming, but I will give him no time." So I said, "I shall go at once, if your Excellency will permit." I hastened back to my hotel, changed my clothes—you call upon a Minister in evening clothes in Russia—jumped into an izvostchick, and was driven rapidly to the bank.

It was a huge, round, ochre-colored building, with barred windows, like the castle on Governor's Island, before which my carriage stopped. It overlooked the inevitable canal, and was almost dwarfed by the Kazan Cathedral, a poor replica of St. Peter's at Rome. I was referred by one messenger to another, then to the cashier, who told a clerk to conduct me to the office of the Governor of the Bank. A moment later and I was ushered into the office of the Governor, who introduced me to Mr. Sergai Hahn, the Director of the Bank. Mr. Hahn had a formidable bunch of keys in his hand. "Simply say what you want to see, Mr. O'Laughlin," the Governor said, "and the doors will be opened." Then we four, the Governor, the Director, the Governor's private secretary, and myself, took up our march.

I seemed to be lost in a maze. We finally approached two huge steel doors, before which stood three messengers. They were the geni guarding the treasure. Mr. Hahn inserted the key, the lock turned with a click, the ponderous doors swung open, and we stepped into a corridor, probably one hundred and fifty feet long, which was at once flooded with electric light, an illumination sufficient to scare a Russian burglar out of his Russian boots. The gold vault was as dark, almost, as the mines from which the virgin

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## Russia's Gold Reserve

(Continued from page 27)

ore had been wrested. The latticed steel doors, which aided in its protection, were immediately opened, and we walked into a close atmosphere which, to my excited imagination, smelled of gold, and gold has no smell, of course. A messenger hastened to the windows and slowly hauled back the ponderous steel shutters. Cautiously, the light of day stole in, letting its hand fall softly upon a yellowish brown sack, then upon another and another. Soon it had wrenched the darkness from the long rows of bags and began to touch the walls, bringing before my astonished eyes hundreds of bars of gold, each shimmering with the soft yellow color of the pure metal. I thought of Hood's lines:

"Gold, gold, gold,  
Bright, yellow, hard and cold,  
Easy to get and hard to hold,  
Gold, gold, gold."

"You are at liberty," the Governor said, "to select any bag or bags that you may desire; to have them opened and to examine for yourself their contents; you are also at liberty to take the bars from any shelf you designate and examine them." I touched a bag halfway from the top which was marked thus:

13,078,500 RS  
44 sacks  
5 RS

This row was third from the window, and the sacks which formed it were piled eight deep. The messenger, who had followed us into the vault, at once took hold of the bag I indicated—I watched him narrowly to see that he did not substitute another bag—and carried it, still under my eyes, to the small table—it looked like a kitchen table—in the centre of the chamber. He broke the seal and delivered the little leaden disk to the Director of the Bank, who would later register it, and took from the bag four smaller bags, each of which he opened. Then upon the table he poured 5,890 golden pieces, valued at five rubles each, each piece being slightly larger than our \$2.50 gold pieces. I ran my hand luxuriously through the pile, thinking of the immense amount of good it would do a certain gentleman of my acquaintance if he owned it all. When these pieces were gathered up, rebagged, and put aside for another seal, I walked along the fifth row from the window, until I reached the middle. Then I selected a sack which was resting upon the floor. It took considerable work for the messenger to haul this sack out, but it was finally accomplished, I watching him all the time in a manner that probably made the officials have a very low idea of my trust in my fellow creatures. He handed it to me to convey to the table. I positively staggered under the burden. "A thief could not get very far with our gold reserve," smilingly remarked the Governor. The sack was finally gotten to the table, and out were dumped four small bags, and when they were opened, a pile of yellow disks flowed out until the very sight was satiated. The pile that was finally heaped up contained a little more than twenty thousand rubles. When I had satisfied myself of their purity, they were put away and sealed. Then I thought, and here it seemed to me that I was about to probe the depth of Russian guile: "Of course, they wouldn't put their sand at the bottom or in the middle. They would put the bags on the top, because nobody would look at them." So I stepped to the fourth row and pointed to the first sack. The messenger lifted it up and conveyed it to the table. Out rolled the gold, after he had broken the seal. My theories were being gradually destroyed.

## Russia's Hoard of American Gold

Then I commenced a campaign without a plan. I selected bag after bag at random; each one was opened, the golden rubles poured out. The Governor, who had watched me with some amusement, now sought to revive my interest.

"Behind that railing," he said, pointing to an iron fence about four feet high, which separated the vault into two parts, "we keep the foreign gold we have accumulated. Fifteen million dollars in American eagles are there at this moment." I jumped at the suggestion. They may fool me on their rubles, I thought, but they can't do it on our gold coin. He did not wait for me to make any request. "Select your bag or bags," he said, "and we will open them." I approached the long row, where the American stamped coin was stacked, and found it marked as follows:

30,000,000 RS  
202 sacks  
\$20 pieces

It was good to look upon—something American in Russia's dark money vault. I went down the line, and pointed to a bag, in the second tier from the top. It was as heavy as gold. The messenger took it in his arms and carried it to the table. He cut the seal, out popped the usual four bags, and when they were opened, my eyes were gladdened by the sight of our own big twenty-dollar gold pieces. I had no doubt as to their character. I handled a few, and knew them as well as I did our greasy dollar bills. I had another bag opened, this time at the end of the row and at the bottom. More twenty-dollar gold pieces. Then, when I had said I had had enough, the Governor wanted to open bags filled with British gold, bags filled with French gold, bags filled with German gold, and he did it until I got sick of seeing so much of the treasure. There was foreign gold in the vault valued at 140,000,000 rubles. I now had time to devote my attention to the gold bars, which luxuriously rested upon shelves built around three sides of the vault,

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Reader, don't buy a suit or overcoat anywhere, at any price, until after you cut this ad. out and mail to us and get all we will send you free by return mail, postpaid. Address:

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was conspicuously honored at the St. Louis Exposition by the award of the

## GRAND PRIZE

which was the highest award (this being higher than the gold medal prizes), because of its superior quality, purity, flavor as compared with all other brands exhibited.

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508 Madison Ave., Toledo, O.



## LIFE'S LITTLE PLEASANTRIES

A JAP REVERSE

**MR. IVAN KSLUGSKI**, late of Russia, paused in front of the Tokio Trading Company's store, on Fourteenth Street, New York, and looked inside.

There was a red auction flag hanging on its door and above a card which said the company was closing out its entire stock at a great sacrifice. This announcement did not awaken the interest of the regular passers-by, however, for the company had been closing out its stock in that manner for the past two years and had never quite succeeded in doing so.

Ivan spied a small and delicately carved vase; and it occurred to him that this would be a nice gift for Belka Razzinoff, whom he had met in the steerage coming over. So he entered the store.

At that moment, Mr. Ikko Matsumoto of Tokio and New York was auctioneering off a stein; but he paused as the Muscovite entered.

"Does any one in here feel a draught?" he inquired, sizing up Ivan's whiskers. No one did.

Ivan made a gesture that could have meant anything and pointed at the vase he admired.

Ikko reached for it, and then held it against the electric light bulb to show its thinness of quality.

"Reg'lar King Kusan!" said he. "What you give?"

"Whizkleellxtyrn," gurgled Ivan, promptly. A royal Satsuma tea-set toppled forward, and an Empress Eugénie clock wheeled suddenly around and began to strike itself on the back with both hands.

"How much?" repeated Ikko, putting his hand to his ear.

"Whizkleellxtyrn!" said Ivan, blandly. Four yards of plaster fell from the ceiling and the floor began to buckle upward. At the same time, a hand-carved hall-tree elbowed its way through the crowd and fell, rustling.

"You'll have to sneak plainer," said Ikko, still on the firing line, but very red.

"I say whizkleellxtyrn!" bellowed Ivan. The show-case sank wearily upon its side and a Chinese Joss climbed out on the fire escape.

"Here, take it!" cried Ikko. "No, don't thank me, or I'll be ruined." And Ivan departed, much pleased.

That night Ikko sent the following cable-gram:

New York, Sept. —, '04.

Field Marshal Oyama,  
Left wing, Liao-Yang.

DEAR MARSH:

Order ear muffs, and teach the boys to shoot for the neck.

**WORSE STILL**

"SO the specialist said you'd have to give up smoking for a while, eh?"

"Yes, and he also said I'd have to give up fifteen dollars for good."

**ROLLO AND HIS UNCLE**

"AND now, Rollo," said his uncle, "what shall we see to-day?"

Rollo clapped his hands in glee.

"Don't let's see anything," he exclaimed. "The time has gone by for seeing things. Let's get on your new auto and go a hundred miles as fast as we can."

So Rollo's uncle led the way to the repair shop.

"There!" said the repair man, "everything is all right now. You can start right off."

So Rollo's uncle got in the front seat and Rollo in the back, and they started off.

"This is certainly much better than seeing things," said Rollo, as they whizzed along at about forty miles an hour. "Say, uncle—"

The machine suddenly stopped.

"I guess," said Rollo's uncle, "that the spark plug is clogged up."

He got out, and after working on the machine fifteen minutes got it to go again.

"You know a lot about machinery, don't you, uncle?" said Rollo admiringly.

"I should say I did," replied Rollo's uncle. "Why, I have had this car for three weeks now and have been studying it every minute since. Hello! That must be the carburetor."

He got out again, and after working for about an hour, once more they started off.

"Is your machine the best one?" asked Rollo.

"Yes, Rollo," replied his uncle, "the very best that money can buy. It has all the latest improvements."

Just then there was a loud report and the northwest tire collapsed.

"What does that mean?" asked Rollo.

"That means," said Rollo's uncle, as he put on a corduroy batting suit and got a road pillow to sit on, "that we are up

# Listening Machines for the Deaf

## Sound Magnifiers Invented by a Kentuckian

### Invisible, When Worn, but Act Like Eye-Glasses

Ever see a pair of Listening Machines? They are so soft in the ears one can't tell they are wearing them.

And, no one else can tell either, because they are out of sight when worn. Wilson's Ear Drums are to weak hearing what spectacles are to weak sight.

Because, they are sound-magnifiers, just as glasses are sight-magnifiers.

They rest the Ear Nerves by taking the strain off them—the strain of trying to hear dim sounds. They can be put into the ears, or taken out, in a minute, just as comfortably as spectacles can be put on and off.

And, they can be worn for weeks at a time, because they are ventilated, and so soft in the ear holes they are not felt even when the head rests on the pillow. They also protect any raw inner parts of the ear from wind, or cold, dust, or sudden and piercing sounds.

The principle of these little telephones is to make it as practical for a deaf person to hear weak sounds as spectacles make it easy to read fine print. And, the longer one wears them the better his hearing grows, because they rest up, and strengthen, the ear nerves. To rest a weak ear from straining is like resting a strained wrist from working.

Wilson's Ear Drums rest the Ear Nerves by making the sounds louder, so it is easy to understand without trying and straining. They make deaf people cheerful and comfortable, because such people can talk with their friends without the friends having to shout back at them. They can hear without straining. It is the straining that puts such a queer, anxious look on the face of a deaf person.

Wilson's Ear Drums make all the sound strike hard on the center of the human ear drum, instead of spreading it weakly all over the surface. It thus makes the center of the human ear drum vibrate ten times as much as if the same sound struck the whole drum head. It is this vibration of the ear drum that carries sound to the hearing Nerves. When we make the drum vibrate ten times as much we make the sound ten times as loud and ten times as easy to understand.

This is why in many cases people who have not in years heard a clock strike can now hear that same clock tick anywhere in the room, while wearing Wilson's Ear Drums.

Deafness, from any cause, ear-ache, buzzing noises in the head, raw and running ears, broken ear-drums, and other ear troubles, are relieved and cured (even after Ear Doctors have given up the cases), by the use of these comfortable little ear-resters and sound-magnifiers.

A sensible book, about Deafness, tells how they are made, and has printed in it letters from hundreds of people who are using them.

Clergymen, Lawyers, Physicians, Telegraph Operators, Trainmen, Workers in Boiler Shops and Foundries—four hundred people of all ranks who were Deaf, tell their experience in this free book. They tell how their hearing was brought back to them almost instantly, by the proper use of Wilson's Ear Drums.

Some of these very people may live near you, and be well known to you. What they have to say is mighty strong proof.

This book has been the means of relieving 324,000 Deaf people. It will be mailed free to you if you merely write a post card for it today. Don't put off getting back your hearing. Write now, while you think of it. Get the free book of proof.

Write for it today to the Wilson Ear Drum Co., 2136 Todd Building, Louisville, Ky.

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**PETALUMA INCUBATOR CO.**  
Box 513, Petaluma, Cal., or Box 513, Indianapolis, Ind.



## (Continued from page 20)

"I merely remarked," he said, "that an automobile is a nuisance when you have it, and when you haven't it you're miserable."

**P**UBLIC men have many interesting experiences in traveling about from place to place. The man who is in politics and who is called upon to address public gatherings runs up against presiding officers, good, bad, and indifferent. The late Governor Wolcott of Massachusetts was a man of delightful personality. He came from one of the old Puritan families and was brought up in a literary atmosphere. He was a handsome man, and possessed a dignified kindness of manner that won for him many admirers. At one time he was in the western part of his State attending a cattle

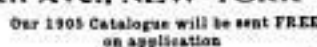
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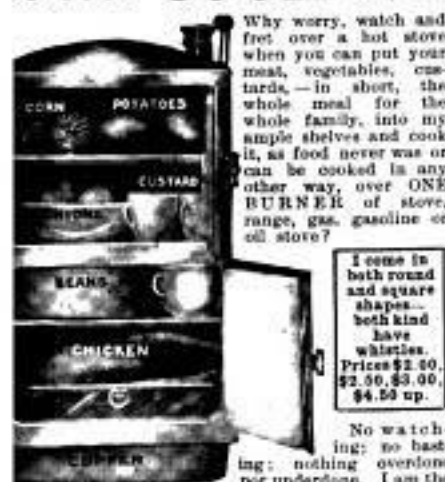
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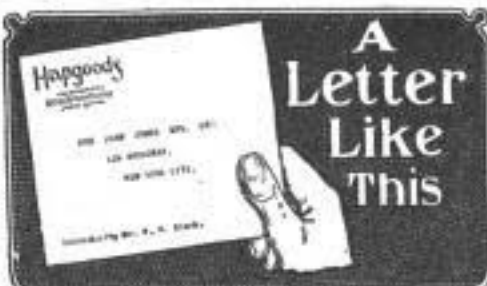


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## Life's Little Pleasantries

(Continued from page 31)

show. He was ushered on the ground with a band and the party marched to the grandstand where seats had been reserved in pen-like arrangements called the grandstand boxes. The president of the society, a blunt but well-meaning man, made a few opening remarks and then proceeded as follows:

"You did not come here to hear me speak. There are other calves in this pen that want to blat, and I take great pleasure in introducing to you Governor Wolcott."

Some of the people were too dumfounded at the introduction to even greet the Governor with applause. The Governor, however, was not offended. He knew that the president did not actually intend to call him a calf. It really struck him as a funny incident of his political career.

## SATISFACTORY

Clevertown: "Do you think these summer engagements amount to much as a rule?"  
Dasherway: "Well, mine amounted to nearly four hundred."

## A RAY OF LIGHT

"WHAT hope is there?"  
As she looked up from the plans of the house they had started to build so many years ago the young wife gazed anxiously and questioningly at her husband. "Last week," she said, "I thought I saw a mason cross the premises. Perhaps—"

Her husband stopped her with an involuntary gesture.  
"There has been," he said sternly, "a strike among the gravel-pit men. The Bricklayers' Union, as you know, has boycotted me because I made the children a toy house out of bricks made in Germany. The carpenters will not yield. But I have good news for you. The sexton of the church has volunteered his help."

"And what does that mean?" asked the young wife.  
"It means," replied her husband hopefully, "that if he lives up to his word, the foundation of that house ought to be ready by year after next."

## A FREAK OF NATURE

By W. T. LARNED

This is Spring the poets sing  
When the bird is on the wing.  
Seems to me 'twere less absurd  
If the wing were on the bird.

## THE LANGUAGE OF TO-DAY

"I AM going to use good plain English to my wife hereafter," he remarked over the second glass. "It's me to the well of pure English undefiled in the future."  
"What happened?" asked his friend.  
"Well, you know my wife is one of the most obedient little creatures living. The other day she struck me for a tenner for a new dress, said she could make it herself and save half. I was a little shy just then and told her to forget it, pass it up, cut it out. She obeyed. When I got home last night she was cutting it out."

## ENTIRELY UNWARRANTED

"HE says he is a victim of misplaced confidence."  
"Yes. He thought that he could dodge an automobile."

## SHE WAS NOT GOING TO EAT THE LADY

A LADY who intended to give a dinner to some friends at which the pièce de résistance was to be duck shot by her husband on the shores of eastern Maryland, decided that none but the very best jelly should be served as an accompaniment to the dainty fare.  
So she proceeded to a gorgeous Broadway establishment, a place where one pays a quarter apiece for tomatoes and a dollar a stalk for asparagus at certain seasons of the year. The jelly the clerk offered her did not appear to be just what she wanted, so she suggested another variety.

"But, madam," said the clerk, haughtily, "this is the very best jelly you can buy. It is made by Mrs. McGuggin of Brooklyn." And he pointed to the label on the jar.  
"I've never heard of it," meekly suggested the lady. "Are you sure it's all right? Do you guarantee it?"

Seeing that his customer was extremely mild of manner and perhaps to be easily rattled, the clerk smiled in a patronizing way. "Guarantee!" repeated he, more haughtily than ever. "Madam, we don't have to guarantee Mrs. McGuggin's jelly. Her name is enough. This lady, madam, has a reputation!"

"Oh, I have no doubt of that, I'm sure," broke in the mild-mannered lady, with a heightened color. "I'm not questioning the lady's reputation; it was the jelly, I assure you!"



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## NOTES OF PROGRESS IN SCIENCE AND INVENTION

### Poisons as Plant Stimulants

It is a more or less well-known fact that the greater number of our medicines are poisons. Strychnine is an excellent example of this fact: in very small doses it is an extremely valuable stimulant, in larger quantities it is a violent poison. It appears to be a biological law of rather wide application that poisons in doses too small to be harmful may act as stimulants. This fact was well brought out several years ago by Dr. Richards, who, while a student in Germany, showed that small quantities of several poisonous salts were capable of greatly stimulating the growth of a fungus which he was cultivating in the laboratory. Not only did the plant grow more rapidly, but the total growth was heavier.

Within the last two years the idea that traces of poisons may act as plant stimulants has served as the basis for considerable investigation at the Agricultural College at Tokio. The researches there have had for their object the study of the action of various salts upon several economic plants of that country, especially on rice. These Japanese investigators have had the most success with the use of small quantities of manganese. An application of 22 pounds of the oxide of manganese per acre gave a yield of rice one-third greater than that obtained from the control field where no stimulant was used. A similar effect followed the use of manganese on the soil where flax was grown. This line of experimentation is being followed up, and it will be of interest to see if these investigators will be able to find a commercially profitable method of forcing greater crops from a given area of land.

### Sleep Induced by Water

ACCORDING to Capt. J. H. Anderson, the Hindoo mothers in the Simla district of the Himalayas have a novel method of putting their children to sleep. A place is leveled off in the neighborhood of some spring and a bed made of leaves or matting. Water is brought from the spring through a hollow bamboo stick so arranged that the water, flowing out of the end of the tube with a fall of a foot or so, strikes near one end of the prepared bed. The child is placed on the bed in such a way that the water as it flows from the bamboo tube strikes against his head. After ten or fifteen minutes the child falls asleep. The slumber induced in this artificial way lasts for two or three hours, and this long nap is given the child in the forenoon and again in the afternoon. The natives believe that children who do not have this novel water cure will become diseased and die. So far as known, no physiological explanation has been made of the reason why the falling water striking against the child's head causes sleep.

### The Mummies of Venzone

MUMMIES have been found at various times in the tombs connected with some of the old European churches, their formation being due to natural processes and not to any methods of embalming. By far the most notable place in this respect is the old parish church at Venzone in the northern part of Italy. In this church there are thirteen tombs which appear to have the power of mummifying the bodies placed in them. These mummies seem to be the dried residues of the original bodies with all their organs in place. They are very light, weighing from 6 1/2 to 13 pounds. Various attempts have been made to give some adequate explanation of the cause of this unusual process, explanations which took into account the possible desiccating action of the mineral constituents of the earth around the tombs. The true reason appears to be the activity of a certain fungus (*Hypha bombastica*) which is always found growing upon the bodies and forming dense dark yellow masses on the surface. It has been found possible to induce mummification of various animals by inoculating their dead bodies with this fungus. The process is analogous to the so-called calcification of the silkworms in the disease to which they are subject caused by a fungus pest of the genus *Botrytis*.

### Photographs Without Light

It has recently been found that if sections of wood are placed in contact with a photographic plate and both are kept in absolute darkness a picture of the wood is obtained. These photographs usually show the annual rings of the stem section; sometimes it is the spring growth which is most active on the plate and sometimes it is the denser autumn growth which has the greater effect. The wood of all trees does not show the same degree of activity, some woods being nearly inert; thus the wood of oak or beech is active, that of elm or horse-chestnut comparatively inactive. The

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## SCIENCE NOTES

(Continued from page 22)

wood seems to be the only part of the tree which has this peculiar power, since no pictures are given by the bark and stem.

Experiments have shown that it is the resinous principles of the wood which are the effective agents in this phenomenon. The common resins are all active on the photographic plate in the dark, although the true gums, like gum-arabic or cherry gum, are quite inactive. It is also said that if resins be dissolved in alcohol and the alcoholic solution be painted on to paper, the paper will be active on the sensitive plate.

If a section of wood is exposed to bright sunlight for five or ten minutes and then allowed to act on a plate its power is found to be greatly increased. This increase in power persists for several days and even weeks. An artificial light has the same effect to a smaller extent. If the wood is exposed to sunlight which has passed through colored glass instead of to the full white light, the results obtained differ with the different colors. Red light has no activating power on the wood, green light but little, whereas blue light is but little less effective than white light. It is worth noticing that the colors which are inactive on the photographic plate are the ones which have little or no power to increase the picture-making power of wood.

## Nerve Rays

PROFESSOR CHARPENTIER has demonstrated that the so-called N-rays are emitted by the human body, and are the concomitants of the vital activity, either muscular or nervous. The apparatus used to show the presence of the rays consists of a small lead tube about three inches long, having a screen of paper or silk at the end covered with phosphorescent calcium sulphate. The nervous or muscular action is associated with the giving off of N-rays which cause variations in the brilliancy of the phosphorescence of the salt on the screen. Using this method it is possible to locate the parts of the cerebral cortex which are concerned in carrying out various mental acts. The previous methods used to locate the different centres in the brain have been indirect and difficult of application; the new discovery should furnish an easy method of making observations of nervous activity.

## The Vitality of Ants

SOME experiments were carried out last summer by Miss Fielde at Wood's Hole to determine the effects of water and temperature on various species of ants. She found that ants are particularly sensitive to variations in temperature; cold, even when long continued, appears not to have a killing effect, although the ants cease all active life; temperatures as high as 50 degrees C. cause death almost immediately.

In water ants will struggle a short time and then sink and act as if dead. It has been shown, however, that even after many hours the majority of the ants will survive, and, after removal from the water, will recover again. There is a practical importance to these experiments, since they teach how ants may readily be killed in places where their nests are an agricultural pest. In the early summer the ants are near the surface and may readily be killed by heat. The heat may be applied dry or as heated water. In the one case the nests, ants, eggs and all may be shoveled into a portable oven and killed, or else hot water may be poured into the nests and the same result obtained.

## The Food Experiments at Yale

THE final results of the extensive nutrition investigation carried on at the Sheffield Scientific School of Yale University last year have recently been made public. The research was not undertaken in the interests of any preconceived theory of the advantages of any system of eating, but to find, if possible, the minimum amount of albuminous foods necessary to maintain a maximum of bodily health and efficiency.

In a general way we may speak of foods as of three classes, fats, carbohydrates (starch, sugar, etc.), and proteins or albuminous substances. These serve essentially two purposes: first, a supply of fuel or energy for the body, and second, to replace the materials of the body structure which are constantly wasting away as long as life goes on. Under normal conditions the fats and carbohydrates are used as physiological fuel, although the proteins may also serve in this capacity; to replace the body waste only proteins can be utilized, and in consequence they are absolutely essential for life. An excess of fats or carbohydrates in the diet may cause a laying on of fat, but, aside from possible digestive troubles, can produce no harmful effects. An excess of protein food may, and often does, prove harmful because of the physiological effects of certain of the proteid decomposition products which float around in the system before being excreted. A number of dietaries are to be found in the literature of nutrition, expressing the amounts of the various classes of foods which go to make up a well-balanced ration. In these dietaries the quantities of fuel furnishing foods are always made dependent upon the amount of exercise which the individual is accustomed to take, just as in any machine the more work, the more fuel.

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**"Rose o' the River"**

By **KATE DOUGLAS WIGGIN**  
Author of "Rebecca"

BEGINS IN THE

**March Number**

OF THE

**CENTURY MAGAZINE**

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This is also only one feature of a remarkably strong March number.

**RICHARD BARRY** contributes an article about the siege of Port Arthur and **DAVID BELL MACGOWAN** one on The Outlook for Reform in Russia.

**FIVE SHORT STORIES**, etc., etc.

**ALL NEWS-STANDS**

**Collier's**

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

HOUSEHOLD NUMBER FOR MARCH

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# Collier's

## THE NATIONAL WEEKLY



THE NARVA GATE, ST. PETERSBURG, WHERE HUNDREDS OF WORKMEN WERE SHOT DOWN

This is the point at which the massacres of January 22 began. Twelve thousand strikers from the Putiloff Iron Works, headed by Father Gapon in his priestly vestments, and accompanied in many cases by their wives and children, tried to reach the Winter Palace to present a petition to the Czar. When they came to the Narva Gate they found the way blocked by the regiment of the Ismailovsky Guards. Father Gapon, holding one of the sacred icons in one hand and the appeal of the workers in the other, announced: "We are going to present a petition

to the Emperor." Disregarding the Colonel's statement that the road was barred, he gave the order to advance. The marchers were met by a blank volley, but when they still pressed on the soldiers fired with ball cartridges. There was a brief struggle, and then the unarmed strikers, decimated by a succession of deadly volleys, turned and fled, leaving the ground strewn with bodies. The first estimates were that three hundred people had been killed at this point and five hundred wounded, but it is impossible to be certain of the exact extent of the carnage





**P**UBLIC EMOTION is not always worthy to be called public opinion. Congressman McCALL, speaking against increased government power, made that point among many others in his clear and enlightened protest. Mr. McCALL is a Republican in name and by inheritance, but we are not able to see any difference between him and a Jeffersonian Democrat. He believes that danger of future despotism lies in the Government's authority to fix railway rates, which will in practice give to the Executive power over new hundreds of thousands of people, and which will probably lead rapidly to Government operation of the railways. The people want it, he admits, but he remembers when the people wanted greenbacks, and when they wanted silver purchase. He admits the evils of the roads, but thinks we are mixing dangerous drugs in the remedies we provide. Why talk about favoritism and discrimination, rebates and all the rest of it, when we already have a criminal law against those practices which we do not enforce? Regulation of rates has nothing to do with the killing of discrimination. In Judge COOLEY's opinion a construction of the law which required a commission to fix railroad rates "would render the due performance of the law altogether impractical." What gave Mr. McCALL's defence of this view such dramatic effectiveness was its fearlessness. We are not accustomed to seeing a man speak ably and vote bravely against an almost universal enthusiasm. Right or wrong in his contention, Mr. McCALL was so profoundly right in his spirit of independence that only admiration was returned to him from a press which did not share his views. And it is fair to say that the desire to have the Commission fix rates is less strong to-day than it was when Mr. McCALL's protest was delivered.

ONE KIND OF  
LEGISLATOR

**F**OR OUR PART, we do not feel any overpowering fear of the Central Government's developing into an autocracy, although we agree that enforcement of the law we have is infinitely more important and clearly more desirable than any experiment in fixing rates. The railroads have built up trusts, in coal, in oil, in beef, in other necessities of life, not by high rates but by unequal ones. They could go behind a rate fixed by the Government as well as behind one fixed and published by themselves. Two Democrats of legal eminence have been appointed to probe the Santa Fe rebate matter and to begin criminal proceedings if they deem the evidence sufficient. The choice of Democrats shows the President's sincerity. He leads the movement to escape from the present autocracy, founded on corruption. Perhaps we can do that without making the Central Government more autocratic. The anti-pass movement, now headed by Mr. FOLK, and spreading all over the country, is one in which Mr. ROOSEVELT should take an interest, as his personal breaches of the anti-pass law heretofore have weakened his position. A new Senator from California announces that he will resign the attorneyship of all corporations for which he is counsel, and accept no employment from railways or other corporations while he is in the Senate. If all Senators and other Government officials acted as Mr. FLINT declares he intends to act, the people's demand for Government interference with private enterprises might be less extreme. It might then be possible to extirpate abuses without stepping toward Socialism. It may be possible, even under conditions as they are, to make the conduct of railroads satisfactory to reasonable people without removing them from the field of private enterprise.

GOVERNMENT  
AND FREEDOM

**A**NY RICH MAN CAN AFFORD to own at least one Senator; any man who is rich as we reckon wealth in our day, although, of course, it takes more than is required to run an automobile. A Michigan manufacturer has petitioned the Senate to expel Senator PLATT of New York, on the ground that, as President of the United States Express Company, he is in a conspiracy to defeat all bills intended for the establishment of a parcels post.

OUR SENATE

Conspiracy would be hard to prove, but that no parcels post system will be established as long as express companies have their Senators, and swap favors with other business corporations who also have Senators to use and to exchange, we are all placidly and patiently convinced. When the movement for an international parcels post acquired some quiet headway, a few years since, the foreign officials who were working for the plan were naturally rather astonished to learn that the Government of the United States consisted not only of the executive, the legislative, and the judicial branches, but of the express

companies as well. The spirit which has done so much to bring our Senate under suspicion in almost everything it does is the general mercenary spirit which was thus racily described by HOSEA BIGLOW some half a century ago:

"I du believe in bein' this  
Or that, ez it may happen  
One way or t'other hendiest is  
To ketch the people nappin';  
It ain't by princerples nor men  
My preudent course is steadied—  
I scent w'ich pays the best, an' then  
Go into it baldheaded."

If the Senate were not so full of jobbery, on all matters where money is concerned, its opinions on other topics would enjoy more confidence. Public sympathy went strongly to the President and against the Senate in the treaty controversy, not on the merits of the question, but from the general habit of looking to Mr. ROOSEVELT for integrity and to our higher chamber for sale and bargain. The President's impetuosity, and lack of interest in legal barriers which he deems technical, have undoubtedly aroused in many Senators a disinterested distrust, notably in the case of Santo Domingo, and this distrust influenced their decision not to give him powers for arbitration which he might abuse. It is a difficult question, with a good deal to be said on the Senate's side, and we regret that the august body's general record has not put it in a condition to be heard with greater reverence.

**M**ONEY BIAS IS NOT CONFINED entirely to any one branch of government. The Lower Chamber also has sins enough in that regard to answer for, as witness the still standing outrage of coining dollars for ourselves at the cost of impoverishing a poor and struggling people whom we have undertaken to control against their desire. The American people as a whole wish to continue governing the Philippines, but they would not be mean enough, if they had the decision, to refuse to the islands as decent treatment as Secretary TAFT is pleading for. This is an instance of where the House refuses to respond to the best sentiment of the people because it has a better ear for the sharp pecuniary interests of a few. There are times when it responds too readily, in order to retain popularity for the individual members. The vote on the railway legislation does not, we believe, quite accurately express the convictions of the members. A number of them voted affirmatively because of the confidence they felt that the Senate would provide a quiet and painless death for any railroad measure which might pass the Lower House this season. This kind of voting is common to both Houses, each of which likes to make as popular a record as it can when nothing is at stake. Each Chamber has its merits and its faults, and over a hundred years of experience have borne out the wisdom of our early statesmen, who, in providing two Houses, counted more on checking evil measures than on making it easy to enact good ones. The result is not ideal, but it is satisfactory as compared with legislation elsewhere. It would not be easy to find men who favored abolishing either Chamber, although there is a strong and growing body of opinion in favor of electing Senators by a method which will give us fewer men who are little better than lobbyists, and also fewer who are merely local bosses.

THE LOWER  
CHAMBER

**T**HE AMERICAN PROTECTIVE TARIFF LEAGUE has emitted a cry of terror. Nothing is more solemn than property when it howls. The more fattened the property the more serious its wail. Our views about the tariff are not extreme. We see no clear and absolute moral principle or economic law involved. It is a matter of conflicting interests and of experience. The country seems to us in the same state of philosophic doubt, but it would like to have a few of the grosser favors cut away just to see whether or not heaven would fall when the sacred edifice was touched. This "appeal in behalf of tariff stability" begins by admitting the size of "the agitation for tariff revision which began almost directly following the Presidential election of 1904." It is very much puzzled by this ferment, which Uncle JOE and the Senate oligarchy have so easily reduced to impotence. The League calls it "one of the most extraordinary episodes in connection with American politics." No wonder, since it regards our "restored prosperity" as "resulting almost wholly from the operations of a Tariff law affording needful

PROTECTIVE  
ELOQUENCE





and adequate Protection to industry." The capital letters are the League's, as is, of course, the theory that our material prosperity is due to legislation—a legislation so earnestly approved by trusts and other favored industries. The League asserts that the agitation for a change is "the more astonishing in view of the fact that it is shared to a considerable extent by those who are identified with the party of Protection and Prosperity." In other words, it is astonishing that individual Republicans think for themselves instead of merely yelling for the capital letters of party history. People who think like the League control both the Senate and the House, and we need not expect the terrible ills that would follow from Republican fulfilled promises for at least two years, and probably for many years to come.

WE READ "THE COMMONER" with constancy and some pleasure. Our subscription having expired, we have received an appeal for renewal, signed W. J. BRYAN, and containing this authoritative although fairly vague pronouncement: "It is apparent to all that the Democratic masses who constitute the bone and sinew of the party will not consent to another retreat from the high ground taken by the party in 1896 and 1900. The influence of the paper will be used to help the friends of reform to retain the position occupied in those campaigns, and I will discuss through its columns the new issues outlined in recent editorials. Your influence and support are needed. A prompt renewal of your subscription will be assurance that you approve of 'The Commoner's' course, and that I may depend upon your support

in the work of education and organization needed to bring about the triumph of Democratic principles."

We have renewed our subscription, without, however, letting the renewal mean quite so much as Mr. BRYAN assumes. He is just now giving Mr. ROOSEVELT a fair amount of worry by approving of his course. The President is eager to remedy certain evils, but he has no wish to earn the reputation of standing for all the long-haired isms that Mr. BRYAN still clings to. He is a level-headed statesman, as well as a reformer, and Mr. BRYAN is a vivid radical, without deep judgment, and with a prevailing tone that is half ethics and half rhetoric. This new statement about the "high ground" of 1896 shows how incorrigible he is. What is good in him is shared by ROOSEVELT, LA FOLLETTE, FOLK, and other Democrats and Republicans. His dogged adherence to any errors that are conspicuously connected with his own career is a personal attribute of himself, not shared to-day by one other influential Democratic statesman.

RACE HATRED, one of the most persistent passions, exists with peculiar virulence toward the Jews in many countries. In this country it is rather a prejudice than a fierce hostility. The Russian peasant absolutely believes that the Jews kill Christian children. An American entirely insane on this topic is so rare that we were rather violently impressed to receive a letter, obviously sincere, from Henderson, Kentucky, full of the weirdest dreams about the Jews. It is signed "GEORGE WILSON, author of 'ROOSEVELT'S Insult to the Memory of JACKSON and LAFAYETTE,' etc., etc.," and it traces the President's crimes to his Hebrew origin.

The author deems us liars because we refer to Mr. ROOSEVELT's Dutch blood. His mother may have been of "the white race," but on his paternal side his origin is pure Hebrew. Not only that, but the tragedy by which he became President is traceable to the same plotting people. "ROOSEVELT, or ROSENFELD, is an exclusively Jew name, and he is as much a Jew as any member of the syndicate of Jew bankers who backed the Jew who killed McKINLEY, in order to make a Jew President of the U. S." Nothing that Mr. DOOLEY could imagine about President ROSENFELD could surpass the earnest convictions of this correspondent. Of all forms of madness none is more persistent than belief in the machinations of a hated race, though this perverse credulity is not often virulent in a country so fully educated as our own.

A MAN WHO BELIEVED that kissing dogs was detrimental to human welfare supported his opinion with a wager. His feminine opponents were to salute the animals daily upon the mouth, immediately after breakfasting, for a considerable length of time. Some of the women became seriously and some slightly ill. The dogs acted queerly and some died. The authenticity of this story,

which we have not scrutinized minutely, receives some shadow from its likeness to a poem by GOLDSMITH. It is one of the many anecdotes which are born weekly in an age of germs and publication. Waistcoats for men have received their first blow as an incident to the general pursuit of health. Of this last remaining ornament of the male, one physician says that it restricts the development of the chest, induces pulmonary disease, is most illogical in its build, covering the strongest part of the frame, while the region of the back that lies between the shoulder-blades, and is most susceptible to cold, is unprotected. It is hard to change fashion, however, with any arguments about health. This paper's onslaughts on the corset have done no perceptible damage to the industry.

Behold another tale about the modes of life. One ROGER CRAB, of England, wagered \$5,000 that he would live one year upon eighty-four cents. At the end he had saved six cents out of the eighty-four, and gained some pounds, in addition to the \$5,000.06. The people who are noted for voluntary frugality and simple living in the Occident seem to be largely cranks. This country is now dotted with individuals seeking long life and health by eating little biscuits, although they are not as many as those who court gloom and dissolution by ladling themselves full of excessive and ill-chewed food. Perhaps it is better to die than to think of germs and indigestion at every turn, but a better way than either of our extremes would be to imitate the Japs and live simply without crankiness or worry. Will they be able to do it when the development of industry has made them rich?

ANOTHER FIERCE GRAB at an asset of the people has been started by one of the corporation legislators of New York. Senator CASSIDY has nothing small in his proposals. The bill of which he is nominally the parent excepts one park, but otherwise provides that any company incorporated for the purpose of manufacturing electricity for producing light, heat, or power, and which is actually engaged in supplying electricity which is used, or is to be used, for lighting the streets and public and private buildings of any city, village, or town of the State, or any corporation which is producing electrical energy which is used, or is to be used, for operating any trolley line or public railroad, shall have full powers of condemnation. That is frank, thorough-going hoggery. It is worse than the similar bill which failed last year. If this bill passes, the corporations now engaged in destroying Niagara could go into any city in the State and proceed to dig and build at will, either for lighting or for locomotion, without any further fracas. If there is anything else these gentlemen can think of that they would like to have taken from the public and handed on a platter to them, they will doubtless insert it by amendment in the bill.

ENGLISH IDEAS OF GENTILITY are more definite than ours. In America, a gentleman is a man who commits no unfashionable crime, or wears the proper kind of cuffs, or behaves with ease amid social forms. The word, in short, is almost meaningless. Cardinal NEWMAN observed: "The true gentleman carefully avoids whatever may cause a jar or jolt in the minds of those with whom he is cast; all clashing of opinion, all collision of feeling, his great concern being to make every one at his ease and at home. He guards against unreasonable allusions or topics which may irritate. He never speaks of himself except when compelled, never defends himself by a mere retort; he is scrupulous in imputing motives to those who interfere with him, and interprets everything for the best. He is never mean or little in his disputes, never takes an unfair advantage, never mistakes personalities or sharp sayings for arguments." The great essayist's view is not the one accepted by the English law. The courts have decided that a buyer of silks, a solicitor's clerk out of regular work, a commission agent, and an audit office clerk, are not gentlemen. On the other hand, one who is engaged in country pursuits and is a sleeping partner in some business, a medical student, a dismissed coal agent out of work, and a person living on a parent's allowance, have been declared gentlemen. A recent decision is that school teachers are not gentlemen. It is easy, taking the English premises, to understand all these decisions except the one about the dismissed coal agent out of work. We have not seen the text of the decision. It probably implies that as soon as the coal agent gets another job he will cease to be a gentleman.

HERE AND THERE WITH DEATH

NIAGARA SHARKS AGAIN

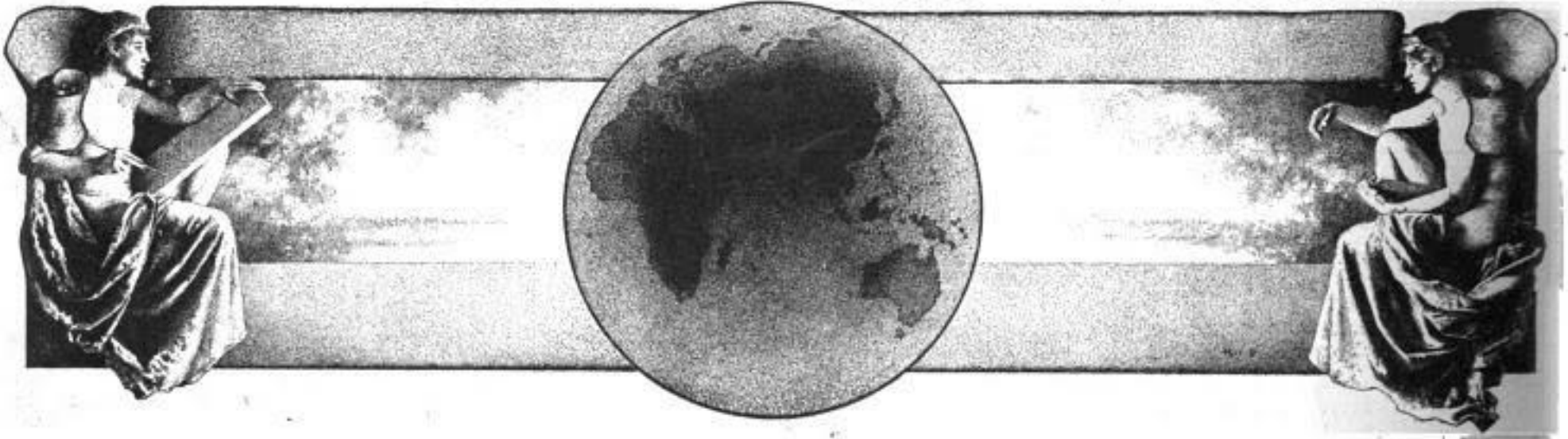
WHAT MAKES A GENTLEMAN?

MR BRYAN'S RADICALISM

ONE KIND OF MANIAC



# WHAT THE WORLD IS DOING



## MAKING A "RECORD"

THE HOUSE passed the Esch-Townsend Railroad Rate bill on February 9, by a vote of 326 to 17. This approach to unanimity was far from indicating any general agreement on the merits of the bill. It was obtained by virtue of that almost complete abdication of all the functions of a parliament in which the late "Czar" Reed exulted when he thanked God that the House of Representatives was no longer a deliberative body. Both parties desired to go on record in favor of rate legislation. The Republican leaders adopted a rule under which only two propositions could be voted upon, the Esch-Townsend bill, which had been adopted by a Republican caucus, and the Davey bill, which had been adopted by a Democratic caucus. No amendment offered by any individual member was allowed to come to a vote. Both caucus measures were admittedly imperfect, but no attempt to improve either of them was tolerated. The Democrats were allowed to vote for their own bill, just as it stood, and when that was beaten they had the choice of voting for the Republican measure or of going on record as opposed to any railroad legislation at all. Naturally most of them voted for the Republican bill. Few on either side expected their course to have any practical results, for there was every prospect that the Senate would refuse to take any action during the life of this Congress. But if the Senate should take action it was certain to alter the bill beyond recognition, so that the form in which it happened to leave the House was a matter of minor consequence. The great vote in the House could not be expected to have even a moral effect on the Senate, since so much of it was manifestly insincere. Almost the solid Pennsylvania delegation, for instance, was recorded in favor of the Esch-Townsend bill, after its members had furiously denounced it as a menace to the four billions of railroad property held by the horny-handed workmen of their State.

## PRESIDENT AND SENATE AT ODDS

BEFORE LAST year's election it was known that the affection entertained for the President by the leaders of his own party in the Senate was well under control. Mr. Roosevelt's Senatorial friends saw that his nomination could not be prevented, and for the sake of the party they avoided an open breach during the campaign, but they allowed it to be understood that at the proper time a curb bit would be applied to the untamed mustang of the White House. That time has arrived this month. The electoral votes were counted on February 8, and Theodore Roosevelt was declared President-elect for the term ending March 4, 1909. The very same day the Senate Committee on Foreign Relations unanimously voted to amend the eight pending arbitration treaties by substituting the word "treaty" for the word "agreement" in the clause providing that a special agreement should be made in each individual case before appealing to the Permanent Court of Arbitration. The effect of this would be to make a two-thirds vote of the Senate necessary before submitting any particular case to arbitration, just as if no general arbitration treaty existed. Two days later the President wrote to Senator Cullom, chairman of the Foreign Relations Committee, telling him that in his opinion this change would make the treaties worse than useless, turning them into actual obstacles to arbitration. He added that while he recognized the right of the Senate to do as it pleased, he would not feel justified in asking the other powers to exchange ratifications if the committee's amendment should be adopted. When Mr. Cullom read this letter to the Senate the next day, the President had already made it public. The Senators did not accept the Executive admonition in a chastened spirit. They determined not to let the sun go down upon their wrath, and abandoning their usual habit of dignified leisure they remained in executive session until they had ratified

the treaties in precisely the form the President had warned them to avoid. They did this by a vote of 50 to 9, both parties joining enthusiastically in their declaration of independence. Even the President's closest friends, Lodge, Spooner, and Foraker, voted with the majority. The determination of the Senate to make a stand for its share in the management of our foreign affairs was strengthened by the Santo Domingo object lesson, which showed how far an "agreement" might stretch. Although some of the most active friends of arbitration in the country, including Mr. John W. Foster, President of the National Arbitration Conference; Mr. Andrew Carnegie, donor of the Peace Palace at The Hague, and Mr. Wayne MacVeagh, Attorney-General under Garfield, at once expressed the opinion that the Senate was in the right, the Administration refused to recede. On the 13th Secretary Hay announced that the President, believing that the treaties in their amended form constituted a step backward, would carry out his threat to refuse to transmit them to the other powers. From Mr. Hay's statement it was clear that the Administration still clung to the theory that there were some kinds of "agreements" which the President could conclude without the advice and consent of the Senate. In this belief lay the certainty of an early collision between these two strenuous branches of the Government. No time was lost by the Senate in taking the aggressive. A resolution was introduced by Senator Bacon asking for information about the arbitral arrangement under which the President was alleged to be acting in Santo Domingo, and which had never been submitted to the Senate. Preparations were made to issue an address giving the Senatorial side of the controversy. Going on to still other matters in dispute, the Judiciary Committee decided to report that appointments based on the theory of a "constructive recess" between two sessions of Congress that actually merged into each other were illegal.

## THE THROES OF RUSSIA

DISORDERS have continued in Russia, especially in Poland, but they have been gradually giving way to a peaceful advance toward liberal institutions. On the 9th the Czar received the son of Tolstoi, who submitted to him his father's plan for a "people's assembly." The Emperor was reported to have told his visitor that he had already decided to call a "Zemsky Sobor," or Old Land Parliament, one of the traditional institutions of Russia before Peter the Great completed the fabric of despotism. This report aroused intense enthusiasm, and the Russian papers were filled with descriptions of the old national assembly. Meanwhile the military situation in Manchuria became disquieting. The disagreement between Generals Kuropatkin and Gripenberg grew acute. Stories were put afloat to the effect that Kuropatkin was suffering from a form of brain fog which destroyed his efficiency. Nevertheless, he prevailed against Gripenberg, who had to return to Russia, being succeeded in the command of the Second Army by General Kaulbars. An attaché returning from the front reports that the Russian army is in fine condition and numbers nearly 400,000 men. But the fact that General Kuropatkin has made his headquarters in a railway train has created apprehension in Mukden, where it is thought to indicate lack of confidence in the ability of the army to hold the place.

## THE SECULAR REPUBLIC IN FRANCE

THE SECULARIZATION of the French Government is almost complete. On February 9 the Minister of Public Instruction introduced the Cabinet bill abolishing the Concordat. By the terms of this measure the State ceases to recognize or subsidize any form of worship. The actual incumbents of positions in churches are to receive life pensions of one-half or two-thirds their present salaries, with an annual minimum of \$80. Church property is to be transferred to

societies, which may join with others in unions embracing ten departments. These societies may hire the buildings now devoted to worship from the departments and communes that own them. The Government will not interfere with the nomination of bishops and curés, which will be left entirely to the Pope and the religious societies. On the day after the introduction of the bill the Chamber of Deputies, by a majority of 275, adopted resolutions declaring that the attitude of the Vatican had rendered the separation of Church and State inevitable, and expressing confidence that the Government would carry the measure as soon as the budget and military service bills should be disposed of.

## A SAD CASE OF DESTITUTION

A PATHETIC SITUATION has been revealed by recent incidents in Kansas. That State had been producing more petroleum than the Standard Oil Company found it convenient to handle. The company tried to check the production by reducing the price by rapid stages from \$1.05 to 47.5 cents per barrel. Instead of submitting gracefully to the inevitable, the producers rebelled and invoked the power of the State. They demanded that the Legislature establish a public refinery, operated by convict labor, and that it declare pipe lines common carriers. While the Refinery bill was pending in the House, after having passed the Senate, the Standard attempted to intimidate the Legislature by blacklisting Kansas oil. The effect was the reverse of that desired. But the pathetic feature of the incident came out in the letter of the Standard Oil manager ordering the cessation of operations in the Kansas field. "On account of the present agitation," he said, "our credit is being injured, and we are unable to secure loans which are necessary for our company to get in order to carry out the work we have contemplated." This sad situation of the Standard Oil Company, begging vainly for a small loan, has not touched the hearts of the Kansas legislators as it should, although it is understood to have drawn tears from the eyes of Mr. John D. Rockefeller.

## OREGON'S REMARKABLE DELEGATION

THERE IS STILL one member of the Oregon delegation at Washington, Senator Fulton, who is not under indictment for land frauds. Representative John N. Williamson was indicted on February 11, joining his colleague Binger Hermann and Senator Mitchell in the dock. On the same day Senator Mitchell's law partner, ex-Judge Tanner of Portland, confessed in court that he had committed perjury in an attempt to prevent Mitchell's indictment, and stated that he expected to be called as a witness against Mitchell on his trial. This confession caused a revulsion of feeling among the Senator's political friends, most of whom ceased asserting his innocence, and Mr. Mitchell himself, who left Washington at once for Oregon, was unable to offer any satisfactory explanation of it. The indictments which have bowled over three-fourths of the Oregon delegation in Congress have also cut a wide swath among prominent Oregonians at home. Representative Williamson's partner is one victim, and A. R. Biggs, Land Commissioner at Prineville, is another. The indictment against Williamson alleges that he and his partner entered into a conspiracy to obtain a hundred persons to make fraudulent land entries for their benefit.

## TO FILL SOUTHERN WASTE PLACES

THE NORTH GERMAN LLOYD STEAMSHIP COMPANY has decided to establish a new emigrant line between Bremen and Galveston, with a view to dividing the stream of immigration that is now congesting New York and Chicago. This is in accordance with the views of Commissioner-General Sargent, who



# THE DAY OF RUSSIA'S AWAKENING

WORKERS IN SEETHING ST. PETERSBURG AND THE TROOPS THAT HOLD THEM DOWN



A CAVALRY PATROL ON THE NEVSKY PROSPECT



A CORDON OF COSSACKS BARRING THE ENTRANCE TO THE PALACE SQUARE



OFFICERS AND MEN OF THE CHEVALIER GUARDS REGIMENT ON GUARD IN FRONT OF THE WINTER PALACE



GATHERING OF WORKMEN IN FRONT OF THE PUTILOFF IRON WORKS



A FUNERAL OF ONE OF THE VICTIMS OF THE SUNDAY MASSACRE



has urged that every effort should be made to distribute the European arrivals over the country. Texas alone has room for more than the entire population of Germany. The attractions of the South are beginning to be appreciated by American homeseekers as well. One line of railroad took 487 of them from Chicago to a single county of Alabama within six weeks. More new settlers are entering Texas now than for years past, and Oklahoma, Mississippi, and Alabama are receiving substantial additions to their population. The railroad agents in the Northwestern States report that the migration from that region to the British possessions has subsided, and that the stream is running toward the Southwest. During the Statehood debate in the Senate it was asserted that Oklahoma and the Indian Territory, which had 790,391 inhabitants in 1900, had grown since the census to nearly 1,500,000.

#### DRYING UP NIAGARA

QUEEN VICTORIA PARK, on the Canadian side of the Niagara River, was set aside to preserve the beauty of the Falls. It is now being rapidly transformed into an agency for the cataract's destruction. Under a contract with the commissioners the Ontario Power Company is carrying flumes across the park for the diversion of twelve thousand cubic feet of water per second, or over four per cent of the entire volume of the river. The authorities have weakly pandered to the prejudices of impractical idealists by requiring the flumes to be covered over. For allowing Victoria Park to be used in this way the Government of Ontario will receive \$30,000 a year to start with, increasing to a possible limit of \$117,500, when all the power authorized by the franchise is developed. The three Canadian power companies now at work are to have in all 415,000 horsepower, which will require the diversion of more water than passes over the American Falls. The Niagara Falls Power Company on the American side takes out over a third as much besides. There are several other companies on the American side that have the right to deplete the river still further, and the New York Legislature is now considering plans for giving away anything that may be left.

#### TRYING AGAIN IN SANTO DOMINGO

THE NEW "PROTOCOL" with Santo Domingo, to replace the one that so suddenly came to grief, was arranged with remarkable energy and signed on February 7. It was considerably simplified, omitting the guaranties of Dominican integrity and of a certain minimum revenue, but specifically affirming the Monroe Doctrine. Now that this doctrine has the joint sanction of the United States and of Santo Domingo, it may be considered safe. The negotiators did not repeat their former mistake of providing that their agreement should go into effect without waiting for the approval of the Senate, but specifically made that approval necessary. The convention is to remain in effect only until the Dominican debt is paid off, which might be accomplished in fifty years if nothing unfavorable should happen. But the arrival at New York of Judge John T. Abbott, who for three months has been in charge of the customs revenues at Puerto Plata, has brought out a statement that notwithstanding the semi-official denials from Washington the Dominican custom houses were actually seized by our representatives under the terms of the original protocol, and not, as the Administration's explanation would have had it, under the arbitral award of last summer. When Judge Abbott was asked whether that award had anything to do with the acts of our officials he replied: "Nothing whatever. All the Dominican ports [except Puerto Plata and Monte Cristi] were taken in charge by Minister Dawson on the 1st of February, under and by authority of the Dillingham-Sanchez protocol of January 20, 1905. . . . I mean the original protocol of January 20, and not the amended one. The amended protocol is something that has developed since I left there." It appeared from this that the afterthought that granted the Senate a share in Dominican treaty-making did not reach as far as the actual soil of Santo Domingo. But Judge Abbott's assertions were promptly denied by Commander Dillingham, one of the negotiators of the protocol, who announced, after a conference with the President, that no custom houses had been occupied under that agreement, and that the only ports whose revenues had been taken over by our officials were Puerto Plata and Monte Cristi, where the authority was derived from the arbitral award.

#### SQUEEZING PENNIES IN THE SENATE

PAROCHIAL POLITICS won a triumph in the Senate on February 8, when the Hay-Bond reciprocity treaty with Newfoundland was amended to death. This treaty was a measure of high world-strategy. It would have detached Newfoundland from the British imperial commercial system and bound it with the closest business ties to the United States. By thus thrusting a wedge of American influence directly across the trade-route between Great Britain and Canada, it would have promoted the economic independence of this continent

and immensely strengthened the position of the United States, both politically and industrially. But most of the Senators could see nothing beyond the immediate dollar floating before the noses of their constituents. Senator Scott of West Virginia, who owns coal mines, insisted on striking out that clause of the treaty which would have allowed the infant coal industry of Newfoundland a chance to warm a few houses in Boston. Senator Proctor of Vermont, who owns quarries, demanded the exclusion of Newfoundland slates. Democratic Senators seemed as fearful of a breath of free competition as Republicans. And so the poor little treaty was mutilated, the long-suffering good-will of Newfoundland toward the United States was chilled, and the greatest opportunity of extending American influence since the same sort of politics killed the old Canadian desire for reciprocity was thrown away. The fate of the Newfoundland agreement is taken in Washington to mean the end of any hope of modifying our tariff by treaties. Reciprocity is likely to be sought hereafter through the agency of maximum and minimum schedules.

#### TO EXPLORE THE PHILIPPINES

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT sent to Congress, on February 7, a special message urging a scientific survey of the Philippines on a scale never yet attempted anywhere. This exploration would take eight or ten years, and it would settle "many interesting and novel questions" with respect to the ethnology of the islands, their fauna and flora, their geology and their mineral resources. It would form an important item on the



AMERICAN TREATY-MAKERS AT SANTO DOMINGO

Minister Thomas C. Dawson and Commander Albert C. Dillingham, the President's Special Commissioner, on the porch of the American Legation. Minister Dawson and Commander Dillingham negotiated the two protocols under which we were to take charge of the customs revenues of Santo Domingo for the benefit of her creditors.

credit side of our account with the Philippines if we should eventually verify Secretary Taft's forecast and abandon the islands. The Coast and Geodetic Survey is now making the first accurate charts the archipelago has ever had. We have given to the people their first general system of free education and their first taste of local self-government. We have begun to develop their agricultural and mineral resources and to open the islands with new roads and railways. If we finally give the Filipinos independence some of these things will remain to help them to remember and perhaps to regret us.

#### CLEANING OUT THE FORESTS

A DELEGATION of lumbermen, principally from British Columbia, waited on Sir Wilfrid Laurier on February 7, and asked for a duty of two dollars per thousand on rough lumber from the United States. They said that American competition compelled them to keep their mills closed for three months in the year. On a similar plea the lumbermen of the United States have secured the imposition of a corresponding duty on lumber from Canada. It seems to be the object of each country to exhaust its forest resources as quickly as possible. If we could imagine enlightened statesmanship having a part in law-making, the United States would naturally try to get as much as possible of its lumber supply from Canada, and Canada would try to get as much as possible from the United States. The same principle would apply to coal, oil, gas, and all other limited natural resources. But the only thought on each side of the line is apparently to treat the bounty of nature as a pocket mine, to be cleaned out with the least possible delay.

#### A BLOCKADE OF JUSTICE BROKEN

ON FEBRUARY 8 the Judicial Committee of the British Privy Council ended an international scandal by setting in motion the locked wheels of justice in the cases of Benjamin D. Greene and John F. Gaynor, who for three years have successfully resisted the efforts of the United States to extradite them from Canada for complicity in the Savannah harbor frauds. These men were indicted over five years ago, and Captain Oberlin M. Carter, who was implicated in their transactions, has already served a five-year term of imprisonment. But Greene and Gaynor fled to Canada, forfeiting their bail in New York, and there they found a remarkable judge who interrupted the extradition proceedings in another court, took the defendants from Montreal to Quebec on a writ of habeas corpus, and gave them the freedom of the province. The Judicial Committee of the Privy Council has severely rebuked this performance, and it is likely to remain unique. The five-year fight of Greene and Gaynor in the courts has resulted merely in putting them in a position now to look forward to a punishment upon which Captain Carter can look back. They are said to have spent \$100,000 on their legal campaign, they have been in effect enduring their penalty through all this period of exile, and the only effect of it all has been practically to double their sentence. But they are still defiant and threaten more delay.

#### NORWAY AND SWEDEN DRIFTING APART

THE NORWEGIAN Prime Minister announced, on February 8, that the negotiations between Norway and Sweden on the subject of separate consular representation had failed, and that a critical situation had followed. He added that the conditions of union with Sweden were indefensible, and concluded with the ominous intimation: "More free working forms of co-operation must be considered if the existing bonds of union between Sweden and Norway are to continue." The conditions of co-operation between Sweden and Norway are already looser than between any other countries that profess to have any union at all—looser by far even than those between Austria and Hungary. Norway has her own flag, her own army, her own navy, her own Parliament, her own tariff, her own government railroads and telegraphs, her own post-office, and everything else except a separate diplomatic and consular system. The demand for Norwegian consuls has kept the union strained to the breaking point for many years. It has taken all the tact, popularity, and statesmanship of King Oscar to prevent an open rupture, but on the very day on which the Norwegian Premier made his statement, the King, seventy-six years old and broken in health, announced his retirement for an indefinite time, and named Crown Prince Gustaf as Regent.

#### THE RELIGIOUS AWAKENING

THE WORLD has been compelled to take notice of a wave of religious revival which recalls the "Great Awakening" that shook this country in 1858. It rose two years ago in Australia, and, rolling over that continent, spread to Wales last year. There a young coal miner, Evan Roberts, was disclosed as one of the great evangelists of history. He took the whole principality by storm. The theatres were emptied and their audiences flocked to the churches. Profanity disappeared from the streets, and even from the coal pits, where the mules, missing the stimulus of the language to which they had been accustomed, sometimes refused to work. Prayer meetings were held in the depths of the mines. Hundreds of homes wrecked by liquor were restored. Old debts, long outlawed, were paid. Gamblers, atheists, drunkards, and prize-fighters knelt in the meetings. The influence of the Welsh awakening was soon felt in England, where the American evangelists Torrey and Alexander leased the Royal Albert Hall, seating six thousand people, for five months. Then the movement spread to the United States. For weeks Schenectady thought and talked nothing but religion. Nearly fifty churches were crowded at once, and hundreds were turned away from union meetings to which people came from Troy, Albany, and Saratoga. Eight hundred children, representing forty schools and fourteen denominations, marched singing through the streets. In Denver the ministers headed processions which paraded through the Tenderloin and marched into saloons inviting sinners to the meetings. The city offices were closed, and even the Legislature was affected to the extent of adjourning. Ten thousand people crowded the noon meetings in the theatres, some coming a thousand miles. At Los Angeles and Pomona Catholics and Episcopalians worked on parallel lines with the evangelistic revivalists, although not in the same meetings. The movement is now extending to New York, the hardest place in America to stir with a religious appeal, and a representative of the ministers there has been sent to Wales to study the methods that have produced such astonishing results in that country and report upon the prospects of successfully transplanting them to the American metropolis.



# IF GEORGE WASHINGTON SHOULD COME BACK

The Capitol would not look the same as it did in his time



The Skyscrapers might interest him for a while



The Flatiron corner in New York would raise his spirits somewhat,

and

Dear old Wall Street might give him a few jolts



Niagara's glories might depress him



WASHINGTON CROSSING THE BOULEVARD



A little spin through the suburbs would show him the national gait



A slight eclipse





# The Trans-Siberian Railroad

By His Excellency PRINCE KHILKOFF

Russian Secretary of State and Minister of Ways and Communications



THE Trans-Siberian Railroad has successfully met the severe strain which the war has imposed upon it, and it will continue to do so. At the outset of the war, many of our foreign critics predicted that it would break down; that it could not possibly transport the troops, their impedimenta and supplies, which would be necessary to enable us to defeat our enemy. How their prediction has been fulfilled is shown by the result. We have transported to Manchuria up to this time about three hundred thousand men; we are now transporting about four hundred thousand more. We have been sending hundreds of guns, thousands of horses, and countless tons of ammunition and supplies. We have conveyed all the Red Cross offerings, hospital equipment, lumber for barracks—everything in fact that an army requires. At the same time we have carried freight for the inhabitants of Siberia, to whom the railroad is a vital artery.

## The Road Has Stood the Test of War

How has this been accomplished? Many who knew that we had only a one-track line, eight thousand kilometres in length, were astounded. This single steel rail, that binds the Russian force in the Far East to the parent country, seems the weakest link in our armor. But I believe that those who look for Russia's discomfiture because of inability to get men to the front and to supply them will be disappointed. When I built the railroad, I thought: "We may have need for this some day." People said that there would be little traffic upon it. I thought differently. I felt that the railroad would develop the country; that the commerce which a vast and growing country demanded, and which only a railroad could handle, would steadily develop, and that a constant and increasing strain would be put upon the line.

When war came near we appreciated in St. Petersburg that the railroad would be put to a very severe test. We did not have enough sidings to ensure the prompt passage of trains. It was, of course, important that the cars should come back from the East, for they were needed not only for the wounded and to bring supplies waiting along the route to European Russia,

but to return with reinforcements and supplies. So I started for Siberia last winter, impressed with the necessity of building additional sidings immediately. In the first nine months of the war we built and put into operation two hundred of these sidings. The magnitude of this work will appeal to any engineer. Besides constructing these sidings, I hastened the completion of the railroad around the great Lake Baikal. Personally I did not see the need of this branch. We had on the lake two ice breakers, one of which is American in thought, in design, in everything, in fact, save construction, for it was built in England. It is similar to some of the big steamers you have on the Great Lakes. It can make four round trips a day. On the lower deck on each trip it can carry twenty-eight wagonloads of supplies; on the main deck two thousand men, and on the upper deck three hundred horses. The other ice breaker is smaller and is used as an auxiliary. For five years these ice breakers have handled the traffic of the railroad without a hitch. They could have continued to do so without difficulty. But the military thought it advisable that there should be not a single break in the line, and to meet their wishes I built the circum-Baikal branch. The distance across the lake is only forty kilometres; the length of the circum-Baikal line is two hundred kilometres. It was a difficult work. We had to build forty tunnels; we had to cut the rock down in some places in order to form the roadbed. It was a hard job, but we finished it, and the road is now in operation.

The railroad was originally built for seven trains each way per day. The roadbed and the rails could have stood a heavier traffic, but the comparatively few sidings limited the number of trains. Every siding added to the transportation capacity of the road.

would be solved. The expense of operation would be materially reduced also. For instance, on one section of the line we have to use to-day twelve hundred and fifty engines. If a double track existed we would need only eight hundred engines. One difficulty we have had arose through lack of trained engineers and firemen. The experience the men have been getting since the war began has resulted in an increased force, and now we will soon have enough men to meet the situation. We have had to increase the rolling stock of the Trans-Siberian line. This has been done by requisitioning engines and cars from European Russia. About ten per cent has been taken.

## There Is Plenty of Fuel at Hand

We have an ample quantity of fuel. At first we used wood, but now we burn coal. A large quantity of the coal is brought from Newcastle. We are getting some poor coal along the line. In addition we are getting a large quantity of lignite. Of course, there is an immense amount of wood, and we will not suffer from lack of fuel.

No one appreciates more than I do the value of the training I received in America. I worked hard in your country, learning all I could, and it has been a great help to me here. I made many friends there, one of whom is Mr. Cramp, the head of your great shipbuilding works in Philadelphia. He sent me a letter five years ago. "Take care of your fleet," he said. "Look out for it." Now we know what he meant.

I believe firmly in General Kuropatkin. It is only those in the rear, who know little about his difficulties, that criticise him. Kuropatkin is a strong man and an able leader. There is no doubt in my mind of our ultimate victory. Russia will not for an instant accept defeat.

# The Recent Success of Women Fiction Writers

By ROBERT BRIDGES

SURELY the women novelists have attained their share of the plums, and a few more! For the current year most of the magazines have announced their leading serials to be by women. The "Atlantic" has Margaret Sherwood and Mary Austin; the "Century," Mrs. Humphry Ward, Alice Hegan Rice, and Kate Douglas Wiggin; "Harper's" continues Mrs. Ward, and "Scribner's" begins Edith Wharton. That leaves scarcely a foothold for the men—except that the most important serial fiction of the year is contributed to "Everybody's" by Thomas W. Lawson, who, after several decades, has restored the "literary centre" to Boston, and redeemed for it the proud place it once held in the days of Lowell, Emerson, Longfellow, and Holmes. With Boston once more a literary centre, Indianapolis and Chicago will begin to show signs of envy and malice.

It must be frankly admitted that the women writers have won their place through no favoritism, but because they do extremely good work. Miss Sherwood has achieved a style of rare beauty and finish, and has made of it a ready instrument for her delicate fancy, and humor that is never boisterous, but always spontaneous. Her "Daphne" was a charming conceit, evolved with delightful sentiment. She has worked for her success, which is the result of study and travel and much practice of the art of fiction, as shown by four published novels.

Mrs. Ward, as everybody knows, has also worked assiduously at her craft. She had written much, including one unsuccessful novel, before "Elsmere" brought her great fame. Since then all that she has published shows great industry and careful work, added to her exceptional equipment of scholarship. The gods and her own industry have given her a great deal, but one casket was entirely empty—Humor sent only regrets. It is a pity, for she has a true conception of the irony of life, of its biting inconsistencies, but she elaborates them with the solemnity of a biologist. In her most

painful moments the reader sighs for just one touch of Mrs. Poyser. Erudition, insight, and technical skill she has, however, in abundance, and they have brought their reward.

Mrs. Wharton has the scholarly equipment of Mrs. Ward, but the gods were very kind and gave her also wit. It is often subtle and generally satirical—but there is a smile in it. It humanizes her most remorseless dissections of character. It is, in its essence, what George Meredith calls the Comic Spirit, that laughs at the foibles of mankind, but includes itself in the laughter. Mrs. Wharton, also, has been persistently an artist—developing her skill for more than a decade.

Mrs. Wiggin is a veteran at the craft. Her great gift from the gods was spontaneous humor, and then she learned to write. Her early success has not made her careless. The style that reads so glibly is evidently the result of careful selection and omission.

## Work is the Keynote of Success

The newcomers among these writers, Mrs. Rice and Mary Austin, have nevertheless served their apprenticeship. Mrs. Rice was a happy accident, and is not a literary artist as the others are. But she has humorous insight and is clever enough to be simple and direct in her style. Her new serial will be her third book.

Miss Austin has many short stories and a book already to her credit, and is therefore far away from being a beginner.

The ambitious beginner may study the record of these writers who have succeeded with much profit. They do not "dash off" their inspirations and whine because they are not appreciated. Every one of them works at her craft with industry, illuminated by intelligence. The most notable of them have studied and

traveled, and known interesting men and women; they have persistently trained their minds and their observation—so that to-day these are better instruments than when they began. When the craftsman gets command of his medium he has arrived at the fullest joy of the artist. Neither fame nor money brings it. Some one recently quoted Homer Martin as having said at the end of his life, when nearly blind, "At last I have learned to paint." That is the true spirit of the craftsman in every art.

Any one who has closely observed the writings of women in the past twenty years will have noticed a distinct broadening of the sphere in which they have excelled. There is more fibre, a keener knowledge of more things worth knowing, a better appreciation, not only of the position of women in our social system, but a clearer understanding of the place of men. A "woman's hero" has ceased to be a term of reproach or food for laughter by other men. The current hero (as drawn by women writers) is even allowed to earn his living, to have a profession or some other visible means of support. Of old he was an elegant creature who floated through the pages as a fairy prince or a villain. A very interesting comparison could be made between a Jane Austen hero and a Mrs. Ward hero.

The higher education and the more sensible freedom of women is back of all this progress of the women who write. Their minds have been better trained and they have a surer grasp of the work of the world which is mostly carried on by men. The biographies of women writers show a remarkable number of graduates of Wellesley, Vassar, and Smith (and Mrs. Ward had all the advantages of an Oxford education through her associations).

If the women have come into their kingdom, it is because of intelligent and persistent work added to natural aptitude. And that is the only royal road for any writer, man or woman.



# Brother Rabbit and Miss Nancy

AN UNCLE REMUS STORY

By Joel Chandler Harris

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ONE day, when Uncle Remus had told one of the stories that have already been set forth, the little boy was unusually thoughtful. He had asked his mother whether there was ever a time when the animals acted and talked like people, and she, without reflecting, being a young and an impulsive woman, had answered most emphatically in the negative. Now, this little boy was shrewder than he was given credit for being, and he knew that neither his grandmother nor Uncle Remus would set great store by what his mother said. How he knew this would be difficult to explain, but he knew it all the same. Therefore, when he interjected a doubt as to the truth of the tales, he kept the name of his authority to himself.

"Uncle Remus," said the little boy, "how do you know that the tales you tell are true? Couldn't somebody make them up?"

The old man looked at the little child, and knew who had sown the seeds of doubt in his mind, and the knowledge made him groan and shake his head. "Maybe you think I done it, honey, but ef you does, de sooner you fergit it off'n yo' min', de better fer you, kaze I'd set here an' dry up an' blow way fo' I kin tell a tale er my own make up; an' ef dey's anybody deze days what kin make um up, I'd like fer ter snuggle up ter 'im, an' ax 'im ter l'arn me how."

"Do you really believe the animals could talk?" asked the child.

"What diffunce do it make what I b'lieve, honey? Ef dey kin talk in dem days, er ef dey can't, b'lievin' er not b'lievin' ain't gwineter he'p matters. Ol' folks what live in dem times, dey say de creeturs kin talk,

fetch up bresh-wood, an' split de kin'lin', an' do right smart.

"He say ter hissef, Brer Rabbit did, dat ef he ain't gittin' no money an' mighty few cloze, he boun' he'd have a plenty vittles. De fust week er two, he ain't cut up no shines; he wuz gittin' usen ter de place. He stuck ter his work right straight 'long twel Mr. Man say he on er de bes' han's on de whole place, an' he tell his daughter dat she better set 'er cap fer Brer Rabbit. De gal she toss her head an' make a mouf, but all de samey she 'gun ter cas' sheep eyes at 'im.

"One fine day, when de sun shinin' mighty hot, Brer Rabbit 'gun ter git mighty hongry. He say he want some water. Mr. Man say, 'Dar de bucket, an' yan' de spring. Eve'ything fix so you kin git water monstous easy.' Brer Rabbit git de water, but still dey wuz a gnyawin' in his stomach, an' bimeby he say he want some bread. Mr. Man say, 'Tain't been so mighty long sence you had brekkus, but no matter 'bout dat. Yan's de house, in de house you'll fin' my daughter, an' she'll gi' you what bread you want.'

"Wid dat Brer Rabbit put out fer de house, an' dar he fin' de gal. She say, 'La, Brer Rabbit! you oughter be at work, but stidder dat here you is at de house. I hear pap say dat youer mighty good worker, but ef dis de way you does yo' work, I dunner what make 'im sesso.' Brer Rabbit say, 'I'm here, Miss Nancy, kaze yo' daddy sont me.' Miss Nancy 'low, 'Ain't you 'shame er yosef' fer ter talk dat away? You know pap ain't sont you.' Brer Rabbit say, 'Yassum, he did,' an' dem he smole one er deze yer lop-sided smiles. Miss Nancy kinder bang 'er head an' 'low, 'Stop lookin' at me so brazen.' Brer Rabbit stood dar wid his eyes shot, an' he ain't say nothin'. Miss Nancy say, 'Is you gone ter sleep? You oughter be 'shame fer ter drap off dat-away whar dey's ladies.'

"Brer Rabbit make a bow, he did, an' 'low, 'You tol' me not ter look at you, an' ef I ain't ter look at you, I des ez well ter keep my eyes shot.' De gal she giggle an' say Brer Rabbit oughtn't ter make fun er her right befo' her face an' eyes. She ax what her pap sont 'im fer, an' he 'low dat Mr. Man sont 'im for a dollar an' a half,

an' some bread an' butter. Miss Nancy say she don't b'lieve 'im, an' wid dat she run down todes de fiel' whar her pa wuz workin' an' holler at 'im—'Pap! Oh, pap! Mr. Man make answer, 'Hey?' an' de gal say, 'Is you say what Brer Rabbit say you say?' Mr. Man he holler back dat dat's des what he say, an' Miss Nancy she run back ter de house, an' gi' Brer Rabbit a dollar an' a half an' some bread an' butter.

"Time passed, an' eve'y once in a while Brer Rabbit 'd go ter de house endurin' de day, an' tell Miss Nancy dat her daddy say fer ter gi' 'im money an' some bread an' butter. An' de gal, she'd go part er de way ter whar Mr. Man is workin', an' holler an' ax ef he sesso, an' Mr. Man'd holler back, 'Yes, honey, dat what I say.' It got so atter while dat dey ain't so mighty much money in de house, an' 'bout dat time, Miss Nancy, she had a beau, which he useter come ter see her eve'y Sunday, an' sometimes Sat'day, an' it got so, atter while, dat she won't skaucely look at Brer Rabbit.

"Dis make 'im laugh, an' he kinder studied how he gwineter git even wid um, kaze de beau got ter flingin' his sass roun' Brer Rabbit, an' de gal, she'd giggle, ez gals will. But Brer Rabbit des sot dar, he did, an' chaw his terbacker, an' spit in de fier. But one day Mr. Man hear 'im talkin' ter hissef whiles deyer workin' in de same fiel', an' he ax Brer Rabbit what he say. Brer Rabbit 'low dat he des tryin' fer ter l'arn a speech what he hear a little bird say, an' wid 'at he went on diggin' in de groun' des 'at he don't keer whedder anything happen er not. But dis don't satchify Mr.



"Brer Rabbit make a bow"

PICTURES BY FRANK VER BECK

Man, an' he ax Brer Rabbit what de speech is. Brer Rabbit 'low dat de way de little bird say it dey ain't no sense ter it fur ez he kin see. But Mr. Man keep on axin' 'im what 'tis, an' bimeby he up an' 'low, 'De beau kiss de gal an' call her honey; den he kiss her ag'in, an' she gi' 'im de money.'

"Mr. Man say, 'Which money?' Brer Rabbit 'low, 'Youer too much fer me. Dey tells me dat money's money, no matter whar you git it, er how you git it. Ef de little bird wa'n't singin' a song, den I'm mighty much mistaken.' But dis don't make Mr. Man feel no better dan what he been feelin'. He went on workin', but all de time de speech dat de little bird made wuz runnin' in his min'.

"De beau kiss de gal, an' call her honey; Den he kiss her ag'in, an' she gi' 'im de money.'

"He keep on sayin' it over in his min', an' de mo' he say it de mo' it worry him. Dat night when he went home, de beau wuz dar, an' he wuz mo' gayly dan ever. He flung sass at Brer Rabbit, an' Brer Rabbit des sot dar an' chaw his terbacker, an' spit in de fier. Den Mr. Man went ter de place whar he keep his money, an' he fin' it mos' all gone. He come back, he did, an' he say, 'Whar my money?' De gal, she ain't wanten have no words 'fo' her beau, an' 'spon', 'You know whar 'tis des ez well ez I does,' an' de man say, 'I speck you er right 'bout dat, an' sence I does, I want you ter pack up an' git right out er dis house an' take yo' beau wid you.' An' so dar 'twuz.

"De gal, she cry some, but de beau muched her up, an' dey went off an' got married, an' Mr. Man tuck all his things an' move off somers, I dunner whar, an' dey wa'n't nobody lef' in dem neighborhoods but me an' Brer Rabbit."

"You and Brother Rabbit?" cried the little boy. "Dat's what I said," replied Uncle Remus. "Me an' Brer Rabbit. De gal, she tol' her chillun 'bout how Brer Rabbit had done her an' der pa, an' fum 'at time on, deyer been persoon' on atter him."



"De beau got ter flingin' his sass roun' Brer Rabbit"

kaze dey done talk wid um, an' dey tell it ter der chillun an' der chillun tell it ter der chillun right on down ter deze days. So den what you gwineter do 'bout it—b'lieve dem what had it fum de ol' folks dat know'd, er dem what ain't never hear nothin' 'tall about it twel dey git it second han' fum a ol' nigger man?"

The child perceived that Uncle Remus was hitting pretty close to home, as the saying is, and he said nothing for a while. "I haven't said that I don't believe them," he remarked presently.

"Ef you said it, honey, you ain't say it whar I kin hear you, but I take notice dat you hol' yo' head on one side an' kinder wrinkle yo' face up when I tell deze tales. Ef you don't b'lieve um, tain't no mo' use fer me ter tell um dan 'tis fer me ter fly."

"My face always wrinkles when I laugh, Uncle Remus."

"An' when you cry," responded the old man so promptly that the child laughed, though he hardly knew what he was laughing at.

"I'm gwineter tell you one now," remarked Uncle Remus, wiping a smile from his face with the back of his hand, "an' you kin take it er leave it, des ez you please. Ef you see anything wrong in it anyhow, you kin p'int it out ez we go 'long. I been tellin' you dat Brer Rabbit wuz a heap bigger in dem days dan what he is now. It look like de fambly done run ter seed, an' I bet you dat ninety-nine thousan' year fum dis ve'y day, de Rabbit-tum-a-hash crowd won't be bigger dan fiel'-mices—I bet you dat. He wa'n't only bigger, but he wuz mighty handy 'bout a farm, when he tuck a notion, speshually ef Mr. Man had any greens in his truck-patch. Well, one time, times wuz so hard dat he hatter hire out fer his vittles an' cloze. He had de idee dat he wuz gittin' a mighty heap fer de work he done, an' Mr. Man tell his daughter dat he gittin' Brer Rabbit mighty cheap. Dey wuz bofe satchified, an' when dat's de case, eve'ybody else oughter be satchified. Brer Rabbit kin hoe taters, an' chop cotton, an'



"De gal, she cry some, but dey went off an' got married"





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# ABOUT "JIMMY" HARE

A Personal Sketch of Collier's War Photographer with the Japanese Army, by Frederick Palmer



COL. E. H. CROWDER, U.S.A., AND "JIMMY" HARE

They are examining the breech of a Russian field-gun that had been dismounted by Japanese artillery fire at the battle of Tientsin. These Russian guns were greatly superior to those possessed by the Japanese.



"JIMMY" HARE AT LIAO-YANG

He does not usually wear the beard, which was the admiration and envy of all unshaven members of the correspondents' corps. "Jimmy" picked up the little dog on the field after the battle of the Sha River.



DEVELOPING PHOTOGRAPHS IN KOREA

In front of his official tent, after the battle of the Yalu, "Jimmy's" servant assists in the operation. The placid Korean who looks on with highly honored to being an occasional pail of water for the magician.

IN ENGLAND, France, and Germany, as well as in America, many millions of people have seen the war on the Japanese side through the lens of James H. Hare's camera. I want them to know "Jimmy" himself. Let me introduce him on the old Peking Road. The Koreans have made no repairs to the old Peking Road for thousands of years, except to travel on it. And the season was spring.

Jimmy's cameras and his bundles permitted the observer to see portions of him and of his pony, Canary. He was just behind me when I crossed over a bridge hastily made by the engineers. The turf had worn through between the saplings, leaving holes. Now, some horses are born fools and nothing can change them. Jimmy had one of the fools. Canary balked at the holes; I heard a shout, and looked around to see Jimmy holding on tight, while Canary clung for a second's space by his front feet to the bridge's edge. Then he and his rider turned a backward somersault and disappeared. The drop was about sixteen feet.

## "Never Mind Me, Save My Camera"

Before I could reach the spot a figure shot up, dripping with mud and water. Jimmy waved his hand and sputtered, "I'm all right."

For the instant he was cheerful. Then he was in a panic of fear and worry.

"My camera! My camera!" He would not even receive that "First Aid" which a flask supplies till he was sure that his machine was all right.

Canary went to grazing. But he had received a bad cut in the abdomen. We left Jimmy behind at one of the army stations waiting for the cut to heal.

I had been in Wiju two days when, on returning to camp, I saw Jimmy outside the door of our Korean house, smilingly washing a mud-covered bicycle. He had no blanket and no food, but he had his camera, and he was "on the spot."

"A Japanese soldier had an extra one bringing it up to the front," said Jimmy. "He didn't speak any English, and I didn't speak any Japanese. I made his photograph and told him it was all right. I told him I was doing him a good turn. Not every correspondent turned in and helped the commissariat that way. I don't know as he quite understood. I'm making his 'bike' clean as new, and I'll send it back with the photograph."

By birth Jimmy is a cockney. He knows how to "jolly," if he does not know how to "blarney." When he tells you he is going to make your photograph he makes you feel as proud as if Sargent offered to paint your picture out of enthusiasm for the subject. In that way he has won generals to his side.

It developed early in our association with the First Army that the unfavorable aspect of modern war for photographic illustration was not bettered by the Japanese regulations. When we stood on the heights of Wiju, and saw the deployment and advance of the army on the sands of the river bed, and the storming of Chiu-Lien-Cheng, the soldiers appeared only the veriest specks to a camera lens. Jimmy wanted to see the charge as much as the rest of us. However, that was allowing pleasure to interfere with business. No one realized photographic limitation better than he. Only the detail can be shown; and the photographer

must be near the detail. So Jimmy slipped away when the censor was not looking.

I wonder if those who saw the realistic pictures of the groups of wounded around the hospital tents at the Yalu realized at all what they cost this little man, who is nearing his fiftieth year. He was the first of the correspondents' corps to cross the river. He trudged through miles of sand up to his knees. His pony was worn out; his weary servant promptly resigned. But Jimmy himself was up the next morning at daybreak, ill and pale, developing the first photographs of the army at the front to be published.

I should have said at the outset—and if I say it late, I do not say it incidentally—Jimmy is not in any sense a "button pusher." Therein lies the keynote of his character. He is a specialist. His father before him, in England, made cameras. The "button pusher"—and Jimmy introduced the word to me—is an amateur. He is, more particularly, a correspondent who carries a camera incidentally to his work as a chronicler by cable or mail of the progress of the war. The "button pushers" were forever taking their cameras to Jimmy to be fixed.

## Not Competing with "Button Pushers"

"You don't compete with me," he said. "You button pushers couldn't make a real photograph, anyway. I'll fix your cameras, of course."

That is, he would if he were not too busy with his "panoram." Jimmy worked at that "panoram" like a medical scientist trying to perfect a cure for consump-

tion; though I should say that asthma was the trouble with the "panoram" from the sound of its shutter.

All the panoramic cameras offered for sale in shops were playthings that belonged in the province of the "button pushers," but not in the province of the "real thing," which is the only field that Jimmy cultivates. His own "panoram" was a creature of his own invention. It took most remarkable photographs, but not photographs that ever satisfied Jimmy. Under the awning in front of his tent he would tear the creature to pieces and then build it up again.

"Why don't you have all those appliances patented?" I asked him once.

"Patented!" Jimmy laughed. He had patented things before, and when he sold them the profits were small. They did not sell because they confused the simple-minded "button pushers." "They're just made for me and my way of working," said Jimmy.

## "Out for the Goods"

In the course of time, Jimmy had a new horse and a full growth of whiskers of the cut that Admiral Makarov wore. The acquirement of the beard marked time in the history of Kuroki's army. The most distinctive picture on the march to every correspondent, and to the Japanese staff was Jimmy, who is not more than five feet five, mounted on a big Australian whaler. There was no such beard, there was no such horse, in all the First Army. He looked as if he belonged on the other side of the zone of misunderstanding. He was all Russian. Kobayashi, his man Friday, alone saved the deception. Poor Kobayashi! He carried the mighty "panoram," which was almost as big as a trunk. If the Russians saw Jimmy they would take him for one of their generals, while Kobayashi explained to sceptical Japanese that "Meester Hare" was a friend of Japan. Thus there was method in the madness of the "whiskers" and the giant steed.

In the battle of Liao-Yang they got lost. So they never crossed the river with Kuroki's flanking force, but went straight into the town and arrived there before any other foreigners. They were hard days, weren't they, Jimmy, sleeping on the ground without even green corn to eat?

"Now, what is the use of me sitting back with a pair of field-glasses?" he said. "I'm not sending news and writing articles. My paper expects photographs from me. I might as well be on Broadway as half a mile away. I'm out here to deliver the goods."

That argument meant something to such a soldier as General Fujii. He gave Jimmy. And Jimmy was put in a class by himself.

Now, many men when they are two or three thousand miles away from the home office forget about the "goods." Jimmy is one of the rare beings in the world, a "good worker," with undying enthusiasm for his craft. However tired he was he took the boyish delight of a "button pusher's" first experience in developing his films.

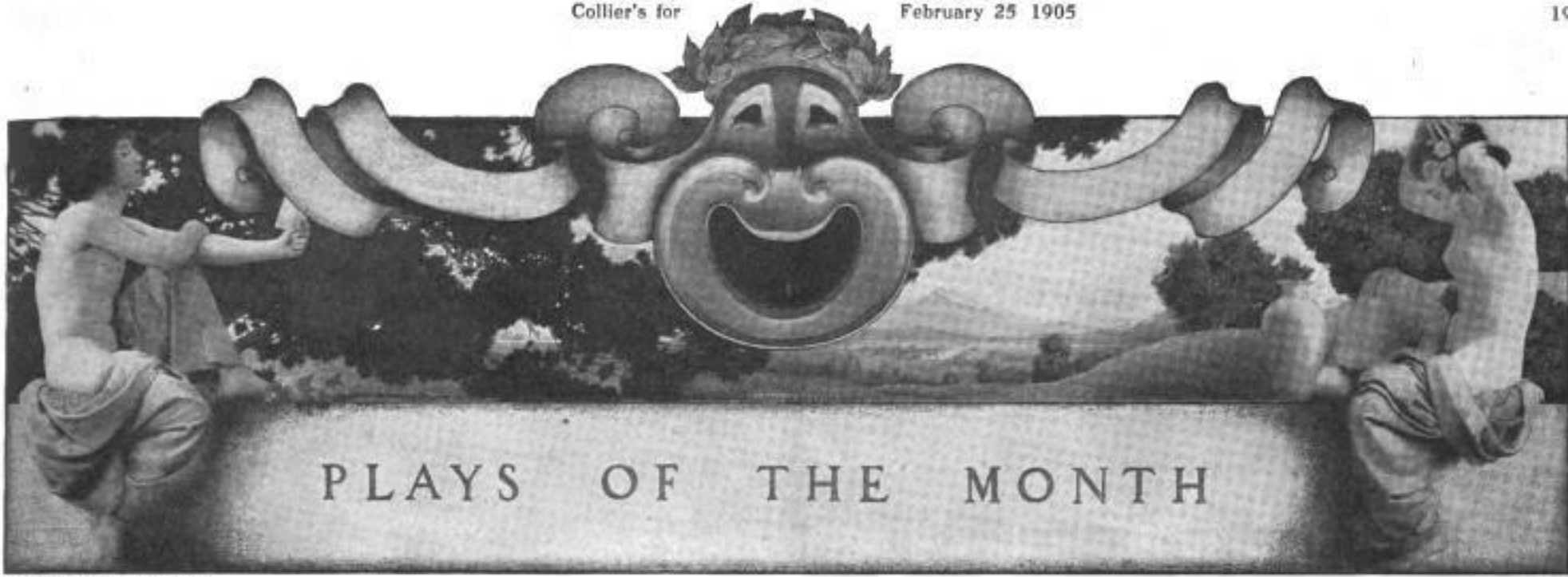
Jimmy wants rewards commensurate with risks.

It was in Cuba just before the charge up San Juan Hill that he said to Stephen Crane: "Is this a real battle? If it is I'll go up and take my chances." It was a real battle, and Jimmy Hare was a real photographer.



What with the biggest horse in the Japanese army and his Slavonic beard "Jimmy" Hare was frequently mistaken for a Russian. When this Japanese gendarme found that the little photographer was pro-Japanese, "Jimmy" clinched their friendship by having their photographs taken together.





## PLAYS OF THE MONTH

HEADPIECE BY MAXFIELD PARRISH



Robert Edson as "Strongheart"

**M**R. ARNOLD DALY, who is busily erecting for himself a reputation as a patron of the fine arts by inducing Americans to swallow with avidity that which the British public declines even to nibble at, might put a gilded lightning-rod on the steeple of his fame by reviving the antique custom of the spoken prologue, and, just as the curtain is about to rise on "You Never Can Tell," sending out to the footlights a capable mummer, dressed in the neat uniform of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Audiences, who would deliver himself of the following words: "Please, ladies and gentlemen, don't try to understand Mr. Shaw. Don't fancy that you can follow, and if quick enough, you can catch him. Mr. Shaw

is an electric eel. You never can catch him, and as he carries a very high intellectual voltage, if you don't watch out you're bound to get stung. Remember that Mr. Shaw, like Mr. Crampton, the man in the play who tries to crack Brazil nuts with his teeth, is the sort of man who says kind things in an unkind way and unkind things in a kind way, and all sorts of things about all sorts of matters in the way of the wittiest man now writing for the English-speaking stage. Some of them he believes and some he doesn't, and some he just says for the fun of saying them—just which are which, you may be sure he will never let you know. Above all don't let yourself go. Like enough, you go to the theatre just because you want to let yourself go, but you dare not do that with Mr. Shaw. You must always be on your guard. You are in precisely the same position as a sentimental young sophomore would be in taking a moonlight stroll with that naughty Mrs. Becky Sharp. Just as things are going fine and the soft music is about to begin to play—Ouch! It's all off and you find you're stung. So button up your hearts under your coats and put a bright steely glitter in your eye, and prepare to watch the ground and lofty tumbling. You're perverse or stupid if you aren't entertained."

### Mr. Shaw Made Easy

This, we think, would remove all difficulties. Sentimentalists who don't like to get hurt would be prepared, and serious theatre-goers who demand that art, first of all, shall be consistent and sincere could get out before the curtain rose. It has often seemed to us that it would be kinder to present Mr. Shaw as part of the after-dinner entertainment at the annual gambols of some society of "littery gents," who were accustomed to differentiating between mere intellectual fireworks and the real thing, than to the general public. The present success of "You Never Can Tell" seems to disprove this. An audience in which the unequal combat between dinner and mentality seems to be more successfully waged than at any other theatre in New York nightly crowds the Garrick and howls its delight. It is difficult to imagine seeing the play better acted. Mr. Daly's success may be somewhat exotic and not accurately indicative of his powers in a "straight" part, but he certainly does the dilettante "gum-architect" down to the ground. The capital work of Miss Jeffreys Lewis as the "rational" matron, of John Findlay as the quintessential waiter, and of Harry Harwood, his son, who had become a barrister, have been sufficiently celebrated. Miss Drina de Wolfe, as the unsentimental young woman who becomes "oxogenated" at last under the adroit wooing of the poetic dentist, is a beautiful and very Shaw-ey Gloria. She might have warmed up a bit more when she surprises the dentist in the last act, for after all Gloria wasn't quite such a cold proposition as she appeared, if one is to believe what her little sister said about the man in Madeira. Still, as William would say, you never can tell. That phrase of Mr. Shaw's promises to reduce as many people to idiocy as Mr. Kipling's fiendish remark about that other story.

### A Tame Indian on Broadway

When Mr. Robert Edson, made up as *Soangataha* in Mr. W. C. De Mille's "Strongheart," with a shiny, rubbery-looking black wig and the complexion of a person in an advanced stage of suffocation, stands near the footlights and rolls his eyes sidewise until one can see nothing but their whites, the sight is calculated to crumple up the nerve of even a Thomas W. Lawson. Had more Indians looked like that in the early days, General Miles would have had to be a braver man than he is to win his reputation.

"He affects me," says that lovelorn maiden, *Miss Molly Livingston* (Louise Compton) in tense tones, pressing her hands to her breast, "as no man ever did before." *Miss Livingston* was in love with the football hero.

Why *Strongheart* didn't become Strongarm when they came to part, and so winsome a young woman told him that she needed him more than his tribe did, is hard to understand. It is doubtful if there is such a thing as an Indian race problem in this country. People who have Indian blood in their veins are as proud of it now as old John Randolph of Roanoke used to be. But for the purposes of the play, *Molly Livingston* had to go away and leave him alone in the city drawing-room. As the curtain went down he stood with his arms aloft calling on the gods of his fathers to help him—"for I am in a great desert—alone." There was inspiration in this and dignity. *Strongheart* got away from Columbia Heights for a minute. He was an Indian again, back in the mystery and loneliness of his plains.

Mr. De Mille tries college football as well as Indians, and his play falls thereby into interesting comparison with "The College Widow." The contrast is all in favor of Mr. Ade. The football game, told in the form of a declamation by *Strongheart*, who views the field from the locker-room window, quite misses the bigness and con-

tagious enthusiasm of the scene in "The College Widow"; and as an attempt to convey something of the charm of undergraduate existence the student tea in the first act is pretty hopeless. So evanescent a thing as the glamour of college days is very difficult to represent tangibly and literally on the stage. It was done appealingly in "Alt Heidelberg," but even that lost a good deal when it was transferred from the sentimental German and acted by so sophisticated an artist as Mr. Mansfield. To try to reproduce by filling up a stage with a lot of Broadway chorus men disguised as "rah-rah boys" in peg-top trousers, bob-tailed coats with pads as big as bread loaves stuck in the shoulders (Kirshbaum Varsity Style No. 7—note the concave shoulder) is almost as criminal as it would have been to try to get the atmosphere of the Highlands by sending Mr. John Drew on in kilts in the last act of "The Duke of Killiecrankie." Mr. De Mille's heroics and melodrama still further remove the picture from the real thing. By avoiding all heroics and treating his subject humorously and even in burlesque, Mr. Ade somehow retained, inferred, so to speak, much of youth's buoyancy and even some of its charm. As an experiment with fresh American material, "Strongheart" is interesting, however, and of promise.

### Sublimated Barnumizing

In a recent interview Mrs. Leslie Carter said that her new play, "Adrea," reminded her of Barnum's circus. Mrs. Carter did not intend to disparage Mr. Belasco by this comparison, but merely that "Adrea" was so many-sided that it was as impossible to grasp it at once as to assimilate the details of a three-ring show. Literally taken, there was much in what Mrs. Carter said. *Adrea* is a blind princess whom a jealous sister marries off to the court jester. He is a sort of dog-faced boy with red stripes across his countenance—most unpleasant. *Kaeso*, who used to like *Adrea* in Arcady, lets this piece of dirty work be done because it's the jealous sister's price for making him emperor. *Adrea* thinks she is marrying *Kaeso* and doesn't find it out until too late. It certainly isn't a very pleasant thing to be married to a dog-faced boy. Nothing could be worse. And it's pretty hard for the play to have the worst thing that could happen over and done in the first act. Mr. Belasco and *Adrea*, however, immediately get busy. *Adrea* goes to the Temple of Forgetfulness, a sort of Prof. Moriarty's cave, where she drinks poison and is loaded down with weights like a deep-sea diver to sink her dead body in the Tiber. Only she doesn't die. They turn a blue light upon her and she comes to, thanks, apparently, to a wonderful digestion acquired during a simple life in Arcady. Lots of things happen after that. You might be able to understand them if it weren't for the fact that just as you think that maybe you do, in come a lot of barbarian soldiers, or black slaves or senators, vestal virgins, wantons, or another dog-faced man with Thracian wild horses to mix you all up. There is much sound and fury, flashes of sunlight, queer music, mysterious voices calling in the distance, and all the wonderful atmosphere and witchery which have given Belasco his name. Through all this dazzling hodge-podge are interspersed "situations"—you can see him sitting before a row of pigeon-holes, so to speak, containing all the regulation theatre situations



Mrs. Leslie Carter and Charles Stevenson in "Adrea"



and dipping into them in turn. Now we get the odd numbers: Nos. 1-3-5-7; now Nos. 2-4-6-8, tacked up and set off as you would tack a pin-wheel to a post, and light it, blazing and fizzing out as dazzlingly and as completely. No wonder Mrs. Carter, in the interview above quoted, said that "Adrea" takes in "all the emotions that have existed in the past, exist to-day, or will exist in the future." So they are all there and with about as much logic and consistency and organic relation to each other as so many words in the dictionary. You can smile at the artificiality of some tank drama; you can forgive Mr. Shaw's paradoxes because he doesn't pretend anything more than pyrotechnic chaffing; but Mr. Belasco is assumed to be serious, living in a purple artistic haze. And it is difficult to forgive faking done in the name of art, to view that mouthing and mugging with equanimity. It is unjust to Mrs. Carter, who, crude though her appeal is, has strength with such a play as "Zaza" behind her, and in this last play suggests now and then that she has acquired a new depth and dignity.

#### A Thriller for the Polite

After the clap-trap of "Adrea," it is comforting to find Clyde Fitch back in form again. "The Woman in the Case" is pretty raw, but, at least, it is real. In one way, it is the best thing that Mr. Fitch has done. He takes a single theme and works it out logically straight to the end. His difficulty has always been his inability to subordinate his accurately observed *genre* pictures to any one organic backbone.

There are two women in this case—one a young wife supremely in love with and confident in her husband, and the other, a woman of the Tenderloin, who, out of revenge, because this husband had prevented her from marrying his best friend, works up a circumstantial case of murder against him. Incriminating letters which he had once indiscreetly written to her are published with forged dates, and the husband is finally dragged off to the Tombs. When the case against him seems conclusive and his lawyer is beginning to lose confidence, the young wife, still firm in her faith, leads a forlorn hope to save him. She goes down into the Tenderloin, takes a flat just over the other woman, and,



Mr. Arnold Daly in "You Never Can Tell"

to gain her confidence, appears to live her life, think her thoughts, and talk her language. The climax comes on the eve of the trial when, after weeks of anguish and despair, during which the other woman has been led a dozen times up to the point of telling the story only to balk at the fence, the wife after drinking with her far into the night and playing on every weakness that she has, wrings the secret from her at last. The bigness of this scene, with the two women fighting it out against each other, soul to soul, perhaps one might more accurately say, nerves to nerves, can not be denied. It is as raw as flesh, but as real.

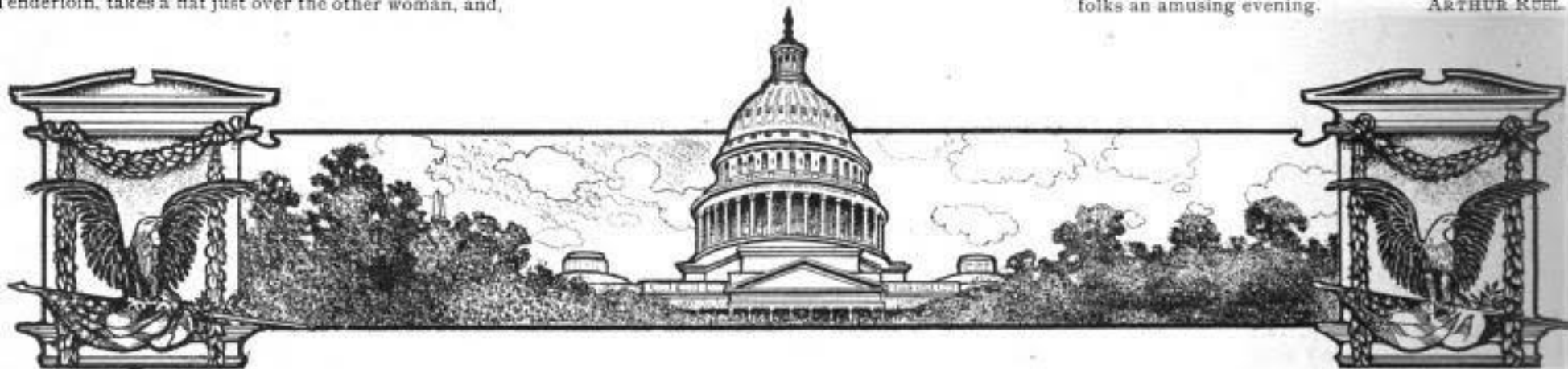
Miss Blanche Walsh acts the wife, *Margaret Rolfe*.

with a simple strength and emotional sincerity as admirable as the extreme cleverness of Miss Dorothy Dorr's *Claire Forster*. The difficulties of the former are increased by the fact that the interest of the audience is all in the other woman from the first moment that she is mentioned. Considering his theme, Mr. Fitch is to be congratulated for putting it into straight melodrama instead of attempting high comedy. On that much-abused plea of giving characters the faults of their virtues and the virtues of their vices, the conventional "artistic" thing would have been to make the wife a mawkish prig, and to give the other woman all the strength and generous good-fellowship. As it is, the sordidness of the material is redeemed by the nobility of the wife's faith and courage and womanliness. The play could be transferred to the Bowery to-morrow and make good purely as a "sensational" drama. But it is more than that. In *Margaret Rolfe* Mr. Fitch has created a real woman, strong and human. The language of the play has much of the terseness and virility of "Leah Kleschna." It is a delight to hear.

#### "Mrs. Leffingwell's Boots"

Mr. Augustus Thomas adds a farce to the American plays of the month. In "Mrs. Leffingwell's Boots" the "greatest blizzard since Roscoe Conkling died" strikes the neighborhood of New York. Dinner is all ready in the Bonner house at Larchmont, when the telephone bell rings, and in full view of the audience *Mrs. Bonner* gets word from her guests that they are snowbound at Forty-second Street. Every commuter within earshot at once feels somehow in his heart of hearts that this is better than Shakespeare. *Mrs. Bonner's* plans are deranged and unexpected guests arrive and are housed for the night. The situation offers immense opportunities, and with the aid of a ridiculously jealous husband Mr. Thomas stirs up a lot of fun. Some of it burlesques the limits of good taste, but Mr. Thomas's sense of humor is so boisterous and eminently masculine that a good deal can be forgiven him. "Mrs. Leffingwell's Boots" will not add to his reputation as a master of dramatic construction, but it will give a great many folks an amusing evening.

ARTHUR RUEL



## The Function of an Opposition Party and the Outlook for One

By Hon. SAMUEL W. McCALL

ONE of the most vital questions the recent national election forces upon our attention relates to the influence it is likely to have upon the development of an opposition political party. No one who has studied at all the workings of representative governments can doubt the importance of a strong opposition. In such governments it has a function scarcely second in usefulness to that of the party in control.

Nothing is more natural than that men running a government and having their own way should view their own works with the highest approval, sometimes even mistaking their own self-laudation for the calm verdict of history, and if their optimism has unchecked sway the country is apt to pay dearly for it. When some new policy of government is put forward, the best way to perfect it is not in the light of the admiring tributes of its friends, but it is quite as necessary also to turn upon it the cold light in which its enemies would view it, and to put it in the crucible of the criticism of a strong and relentless opposition, where some of its supposed beauties may appear at the best to be mere deformities. More than one vicious measure put forth by an administration has been modified or even abandoned before the fierce fire of a minority; and even in the case where such a measure is passed in an unmodified form, an able antagonism in debate will exhibit its defects to the country, and will give the people the light which they need and which they seek when they come to pass upon it at the polls.

#### A Hostile Eye on Small Measures

It is well, too, that a hostile eye should be kept upon small measures as well as great ones, for one can never tell to what extremes a slight or careless deviation from governmental rectitude may lead. For instance, the temporary law, as it were for a day, passed to effect the transfer of Louisiana to what John Marshall called the American empire, and to hold things together during the necessary period of transition, did not constitute a precedent too trivial for a bench of judges, sadly in need of judicial authority, to cite in order to sustain the contention that Congress might forever govern a Territory despotically and free from constitutional restraints.

The opposition party can adhere with less difficulty to the principles of good government than the party in

Five years ago Mr. McCall, Representative from Massachusetts, stood alone, with one exception, opposing his Republican colleagues on a proposed Constitutional Amendment extending the Federal power over the business of all the States. He has now taken a conspicuous stand against the President's railroad rate programme

power, just as it is easier to instruct in behavior by precept than by example. There is quite enough of the tendency in those who direct States to claim that expediency and not morality is the rule for nations. Whether it is that the conscience of the State sometimes stands aloof and independent of the will which directs it, and puts its approval or disapproval upon what is done, or whatever the reason, I think there is ground for the inference that the gospel of freedom and of good government is more often preached in opposition than in the support of government measures. Those speeches of the elder Pitt which most fired after times were not made when he was conducting the government and winning new continents for his sovereign, but they were made when in opposition in his old age against violating the rights of his countrymen across the sea. And the same thing in effect might be said of those greatest of British orators, Burke and Fox. The eloquence of our revolutionary period and our anti-slavery struggle also tends to support this view.

The opposition party is in the office of censor, it can shape its conduct largely according to ideal principles, and if it fails in upholding austere standards of government it fails in everything. If it can not be trusted to criticize sanely it can not be trusted to act. The men in power are compelled to grapple with the special obstacles that always arise in the way of affirmative action; they are apt to be impatient to "do things" in their brief hour upon the stage, and they are liable to be tempted to take the short cut to their object over any inconvenient rights that may lie in their way. The wretched cant of the day about doing things, wretched because it is indiscriminating, does not recognize that there are different sorts of "things," as if it were any the less doing something to respect a right than to de-

stroy it, and as if to keep the rudder true and to maintain the principles of free government in their purity were not to "do things" quite as useful, even if not as sensational, as to pursue a policy of adventure, and to bind the heavy military burden, the white man's burden, upon the weary back of labor.

There are chances that go with opposition, and the opposition party must not hesitate to take them bravely and be willing to "die game." I can illustrate what I have just said by certain transactions concerning the Panama Canal. There have been recently two distinct phases of the canal question. The first involved directly the question whether a canal should be constructed and was settled in the affirmative in Congress by the almost unanimous vote of both parties. The second related to the acquisition of the canal route, for which we had conducted a fruitless negotiation with the nation owning it, and which we then proceeded to buy from a new nation, which providentially sprang into being in the nick of time upon the desired route, was duly recognized, and forthwith agreed to accept from us the price Colombia had rejected. The party in opposition attempted to show its repugnance to this method, but rather than encounter the risk of the accusation, through a popular confusion of issues, that it was against the canal, it provided the votes necessary to ratify the method of acquiring the route. If it really believed that we had committed a grave international wrong, it should have bravely taken the risk of saying so rather than have voted to condone it.

#### A Timid Opposition Never Effective

A party can not with any effect confine its resistance to a proposed policy to talking only, voting in favor of it, and protesting just enough to save the right to grumble about it. If, for instance, a party has it in its power to defeat a proposed measure of government, as the Democratic party six years ago had the power to force the amendment of or to defeat the treaty annexing the Philippines, and then contributes the votes necessary to establish the policy, it may perhaps reserve the idea of opposition for lecturing purposes, but it can scarcely hope to fire the country as effectively upon that particular proposition as if it had opposed it with speech and vote. (Continued on page 21)



# THE REAPPEARANCE of RAFFLES the AMATEUR CRACKSMAN

By E. W. HORNUNG

"Author of 'The Amateur Cracksman,' 'Dead Men Tell No Tales,' 'The Rogue's March,' etc.

This is the third of the new series of nine stories by the author of "Raffles, the Amateur Cracksman," to be published under the general title of "A Thief in the Night," telling of the further adventures of this elegant and versatile rogue. While each story is complete in itself, all have the same hero and many of the same characters. The fourth tale, "The Criminologists' Club," will be published in the April Household Number, March 25, "The Field of Philippi" in the May Household Number

## III.—THE REST CURE

Illustrated by  
CYRUS CUNEO

HAD not seen Raffles for a month or more, and I was sadly in need of his advice. My life was being made a burden to me by a wretch who had obtained a bill of sale over the furniture in Mount Street, and it was only by living elsewhere that I could keep a vulpine villain from my door. This cost ready money, and my balance at the bank was sorely in need another lift from Raffles. Yet, had he been in my paws, he could not have vanished more effectually than had done, both from the face of the town and from the ken of all who knew him.

It was late in August; he never played first-class cricket after July, when a scholastic understudy took his place in the Middlesex eleven. And in vain did I pour my "Field" and my "Sportsman" for the country-use matches with which he wilfully preferred to wind his season; the matches were there, but never the magic name of A. J. Raffles. Nothing was known of him at the Albany; he had left no instructions about letters, either there or at the club. I began to fear at some evil had overtaken him. I scanned the features of captured criminals in the illustrated Sunday papers; on each occasion, I breathed again; nor was anything worthy of Raffles going on. I will not deny it I was less anxious on his account than on my own. It was a double relief to me when he gave a first characteristic sign of life.

I had called at the Albany for the fiftieth time and turned to Piccadilly in my usual despair, when a wet sloucher sidled up to me in furtive fashion and quired if my name was what it is.

"Cause this 'ere's for you," he rejoined to my irritative, and with that I felt a crumpled note in my palm. It was from Raffles. I smoothed out the faded scrap of paper, and on it were just a couple of lines in pencil:

"Meet me in Holland Walk at dark to-night. Walk up and down till I come.—A. J. R."

That was all! Not another syllable, after all these weeks, and this much scribbled in a wild caricature of a scholarly and dainty hand! I was no longer to be alarmed by this sort of thing; it was all so like the flimsies I loved least; and to add to my indignation, when at length I looked up from the mysterious message, the equally mysterious messenger had disappeared a manner worthy of the whole affair. He was, however, the first creature I espied under the tattered trees of Holland Walk that evening.

"Seen 'im yet?" he inquired confidentially, blowing the cloud from his horrid pipe.

"No, I haven't, and I want to know where you've been him," I replied sternly. "Why did you run away at that moment you had given me his note?"

"Orders, orders," was the reply. "I ain't such a gins as to go agen a toff as makes it worf while to as I'm bid an' 'old me tongue."

"And who may you be?" I asked jealously. "And what are you to Mr. Raffles?"

"You silly ass, Bunny, don't tell all Kensington that n in town!" replied my tatterdemalion, shooting and smoothing out into a merely shabby Raffles. Here, take my arm—I'm not so beastly as I look! But n not in town, I'm not in England, and I'm not on the face of the earth, for all that's known of me to a gle soul but you."

"Then where are you," I asked, "between ourselves?" "I've taken a house near here for the holidays, where n going in for a Rest Cure of my own prescription. hy? Oh, for lots of reasons, my dear Bunny; among

others, I have long had a wish to grow my own beard; under the next lamppost you will agree that it's training on very nicely. Then, you mayn't know it, but there's a canny man at Scotland Yard who has had a quiet eye on me longer than I like. I thought it was about time to have an eye on him, and I stared him in the face outside the Albany this very morning. That was when I saw you go in, and scribbled a line to give you when you came out. If he had caught us talking he would have spotted me in two twos."

"So you are lying low out here!"

"I prefer to call it my Rest Cure," returned Raffles, "and it's really nothing else. I've got a furnished house at a time when no one else would have dreamed of taking one in town, and my very neighbors don't know I'm there, though I'm bound to say there are very few of them at home. I don't keep a servant, and do everything for myself. It's the next best fun to a desert island. Not that I make much work, for I'm really resting, and I haven't done so much solid reading for years. Rather a joke, Bunny, the man whose house I've taken is one of her Majesty's Inspectors of Prisons, and his study's a storehouse of criminology. It has thoroughly amused me to lie on my back and have a good look at myself as others fondly imagine that they see me!"

"But surely you get some exercise?" I asked, for he

was leading me at a good rate through the leafy byways of Campden Hill, and his step was as springy and as light as ever.

"The best exercise I ever had in my life," said Raffles, "and you would never live to guess what it is. It's one of the reasons I went in for this seedy kit. I follow cabs! Yes, Bunny, I turn about dark and meet the expresses at Euston or King's Cross; that is, of course, I loaf outside and pick my cab, and often run my three or four miles for a bob or less. And it not only keeps you in the very pink; if you're good they let you carry the trunks upstairs, and I've taken notes from the inside of more than one commodious residence which will come in useful in the autumn. In fact, Bunny, what with my beard and my otherwise well-spent holiday, I hope to have a good autumn season in the suburbs and the home counties before A. J. Raffles turns up again at the Albany."

I felt it high time to wedge in a word about my own far less satisfactory affairs. But it was not necessary for me to recount half my troubles. Raffles could be as full of himself as many a worse man, and I did not like his society the less for these human outpourings. They supplied that common ground which lent relief to my relations with one possessed of so many qualities which I so conspicuously lacked. And his egotism was not even skin-deep; it was rather a cloak, which Raffles could cast off quicker than any man I ever knew, as he did not fail to show me now.

"Why, Bunny, this is the very thing!" he cried. "You must come and stay with me, and we'll lie low side by side! Only remember it really is a Rest Cure. I want to keep literally as quiet as I was without you. What do you say to forming ourselves at this moment into a practically Silent Order? You agree? Very well, then, here's the street and that's the house."

It was ever such a quiet little street, turning out of one of those which climb right over the pleasant hill. One side was monopolized by the garden wall of an ugly but enviable mansion standing in its own ground; opposite were a solid file of leaner and taller houses; on neither side were there many windows alight, nor a solitary soul on the pavement or in the road. Raffles led the way to one of the smaller houses. It stood immediately behind a lamppost, and I could not but notice that a love-lock of Virginia creeper was trailing almost to the step, and that the bow-window on the ground-floor was closely shuttered. Raffles admitted himself with his latchkey, and I squeezed past him into a very narrow hall. I did not hear him shut the door, but we were no longer in the lamplight, and he jostled softly past me in his turn.

"I'll get a light," he muttered as he went; but to let him pass I had leaned against some electric switches, and while his back was turned, I tried one of these without thinking. In an instant hall and staircase were flooded with light; in another Raffles was upon me in a fury, and all was dark once more. He had not said a word, but I heard him breathing through his teeth.

Nor was there anything to tell me now. The mere flash of electric light, upon a room of chaos and un-



He was ready for me, a revolver in his hand





Before many minutes we had our officer gagged and bound

carpeted stairs, and on the face of Raffles as he sprang to switch it off, had been enough even for me.

"So this is how you have taken the house," said I, in his own undertone. "'Taken' is good, 'taken' is beautiful!"

"Did you think I'd done it through an agent?" he growled. "Upon my word, Bunny, I did you the credit of supposing you saw the joke all the time!"

"Why shouldn't you take a house and pay for it?" I asked.

"Why should I," he retorted, "within three miles of the Albany? Besides, I should have had no peace, and I meant every word I said about the Rest Cure."

"You are actually staying in a house where you've broken in to steal?"

"Not to steal, Bunny! I haven't stolen a thing. But staying here I certainly am, and having the most complete rest a busy man could wish."

"There would be no rest for me!"

Raffles laughed as he struck a match. I had followed him into what would have been the back drawing-room in the ordinary little London house; the Inspector of Prisons had converted it into a separate study by filling the folding doors with book-shelves, which I scanned at once for the congenial works of which Raffles had spoken. I was not able to carry my examination very far. Raffles had lighted a candle stuck (by its own grease) in the crown of an opera hat, which he opened the moment the wick caught. The light thus struck the ceiling in a round shaft, which left the rest of the room almost as dark as it had been before.

"Sorry, Bunny!" said Raffles, sitting on one pedestal of a desk from which the top had been removed, and setting his makeshift lantern on the other. "In broad daylight, when it can't be spotted from the outside, you shall have as much artificial light as you like. If you want to do some writing, that's the top of the desk on end against the mantelpiece. You will never have a better chance so far as interruption goes. But I can't allow any midnight oil or electricity! You will observe that their last care was to fix up these shutters; they appear to have taken the top off the desk to get at 'em without standing on it; but the beastly things wouldn't go all the way up and the strip they leave would give us away to the backs of the other houses if we lighted up after dark. Mind that telephone! If you touch the receiver they will know at the Exchange that the house is not empty, and I wouldn't put it past the Colonel to tell them exactly how long he was going to be away. He's pretty particular; look at the strips of paper to keep the dust off his precious books!"

"Is he a Colonel?" I asked, perceiving that Raffles referred to the absentee householder.

"Of Sappers," he replied, "and a V. C. into the bargain, confound him! Got it at Rorke's Drift; prison governor or inspector ever since; favorite recreation, revolver shooting! You can read all about him in his own 'Who's Who.' A devil of a chap to tackle, Bunny, when he's at home!"

"And where is he now?" I asked uneasily. "And how do you know he isn't on his way home?"

"Switzerland," replied Raffles, chuckling, "he wrote one too many labels, and was considerate enough to leave it behind for our guidance. Well, no one ever comes back from Switzerland at the beginning of September, you know, and nobody ever thinks of coming

back before the servants. When they get back they won't get in. I keep the latch jammed, but the servants will think it's jammed itself, and while they're gone for the locksmith we shall walk out like gentlemen, if we haven't done so already."

"As you walked in, I suppose?"

Raffles shook his head in the dim light to which my sight was growing inured.

"No, Bunny, I regret to say I came in through the dormer window. They were painting next door but one. I never did like ladder-work, but it takes less time than picking a lock in the broad light of a street lamp."

"So they left you a latchkey as well as everything else?"

"No, Bunny, I was just able to make that for myself. I am playing at 'Robinson Crusoe,' not the 'Swiss Family Robinson.' And now, my dear Friday, if you will kindly take off those boots, we can explore the island before we turn in for the night."

The stairs were very steep and narrow, and they creaked alarmingly as Raffles led the way up, with the single candle in the crown of the Colonel's hat. He blew it out before we reached the half-landing, where a naked window stared upon the backs of the houses in the next road, but lighted it again at the drawing-room door. I just peeped in upon a semi-grand swathed in white, and a row of water-colors mounted in gold. An excellent bathroom broke our journey to the second floor.

"I'll have one to-night," said I, taking heart of a luxury unknown in my last sordid sanctuary.

"You'll do no such thing," responded Raffles. "Have the goodness to remember that our island is one of a group inhabited by hostile tribes. You can fill the bath quietly if you try, but it empties under the study window, and makes the very devil of a noise about it! No, Bunny, I bail out every drop, and pour it away through the scullery sink, so you will kindly consult me before you turn a tap. Here's your room; hold the light outside while I draw the curtains; it's the old chap's dressing-room. Now you can bring the glim. How's that for a jolly wardrobe? And look at his coats on their trees inside; dapper old dog, shouldn't you say? Mark the boots on the shelf above, and the little cross rail for his ties! Didn't I tell you

he was particular? And wouldn't he simply love to catch us at his kit?"

"Let's only hope it would give him an apoplexy," said I, shuddering.

"I shouldn't build on it," said Raffles. "That's a big man's trouble, and neither you nor I could get into the old chap's clothes. But come into the best bedroom, Bunny. You won't think me selfish if I don't give it up to you? Look at this, my boy, look at this! It's the only one I use in all the house."

I had followed him into a good room, with ample windows closely curtained, and he had switched on the light in a hanging lamp at the bedside. The rays fell from a thick green funnel in a plateful of strong light upon a table deep in books. I noticed several volumes of the "Invasion of the Crimea."

"That's where I rest the body and exercise the brain," said Raffles. "I have long wanted to read my Kinglake from A to Z, and I manage about a volume a night. There's a style for you, Bunny! I love the punctilious thoroughness of the whole thing; one can understand its appeal to our careful Colonel. His name, did you say? Crutchley, Bunny, Colonel Crutchley, R.E., V. C."

"Why, good heavens!" I cried, "I believe he belongs to our club."

"Not so loud on the stairs," said Raffles, for we were creeping down again. "Do you know him by sight?"

"No, but I've seen the name."

"No more do I, Bunny, and I certainly have no desire—"

Raffles stood still upon the stairs, and well he might! A deafening double-knock had resounded through the empty house, and to add to the utter horror of the moment Raffles instantly blew out the light. I heard my heart pounding. Neither of us breathed. We were just above the drawing-room door, and for a moment we stood like mice; then Raffles heaved a deep sigh, and far below I heard the gate swing home.

"Only the postman, Bunny! He will come now and again, though they have obviously left instructions at the post-office. I hope the old Colonel will let them have it when he gets back. I confess it gave me a turn."

"Turn!" I gasped. "I must have a drink, if I die for it!"

"My dear Bunny, that's no part of my Rest Cure."

"Then good-by. I can't stand it. Feel my forehead. Listen to my heart! Crusoe found a footprint, but he never heard a double knock at the street door!"

"Better live in the midst of alarms," quoted Raffles, "'than dwell in that horrible place.' I must confess I've got it both ways, Bunny. Yet I've nothing but tea in the house."

"And where do you make that? Aren't you afraid of smoke?"

"There's a gas stove in the dining-room."

"But surely to goodness," I cried, "there's a cellar lower down!"

"My dear good Bunny," said Raffles, "I've told you already that I didn't come in here on business. I came in for the Cure. Not a penny will these people be the worse, except for their washing and their electric light, and I mean to leave enough to cover both items."

"Very well," said I, "since Brutus is such a very

honorable man, we will borrow a bottle from the cellar and replace it before we go."

Raffles slapped me softly on the back, and I knew that I had gained my point. It often was the case when I had the presence of heart and mind to stand up to him. But never was little victory of mine quite so grateful as this. Certainly it was a very small cellar indeed a mere cupboard under the kitchen stairs; it was this cupboard overstocked with wine, but there was a jar of whiskey, a shelf of Zeltinger, another of claret, and a short one at the top which presented a little battery of golden-leaved necks and corks. Raffles set his hand no lower. He examined the labels while I held folded hat and naked light.

"Mumm, '84!" he whispered. "G. H. Mumm, and A.D. 1884! I am no wine-bibber, Bunny, as you know, but I only hope you appreciate the specifications as I do. It's the only bottle, the last of its case, and it does seem a bit of a shame! But more shame for the miser who hoards in his cellar what was meant for mankind! Come, Bunny, lead the way; this baby is worth nursing; it would break my heart if anything happened to it now!"

So we celebrated my first night in the furnished house, and I slept beyond belief, as I never was to sleep there again. But it was strange to hear the milkman in the early morning, and the postman knocking his way along the street an hour later, and to be passed over by one destroying angel after another! I had come down early enough, and watched through the drawing-room blind the cleansing of all the steps in the street but ours. Yet Raffles had evidently been up for hours; the house seemed far purer than overnight, as though he had managed to air it room by room, and from the one with the gas stove there came a fizzing sound that fattened the heart.

I only would I had the pen to do justice to the week I spent indoors on Campden Hill! It might make amusing reading; the reality for me was far removed from the realm of amusement. Not that I was denied many a laugh of suppressed heartiness when Raffles and I were together. But half our time we very literally saw nothing of each other. I need not say whose fault that was. He would be quiet; he was in ridiculous and offensive earnest about his egregious Care Kinglake he would read by the hour together, day and night, by the hanging lamp, lying upstairs on the best bed. There was daylight enough for me in the drawing-room below, and there I would sit immersed in criminal tomes, weakly fascinated, until I shivered and shook in my stocking soles. Often I longed to do something hysterically desperate, to rouse Raffles and bring the street about our ears; once I did bring him about mine by striking a single note on the piano, with the soft pedal down. His neglect of me seemed wanton at the time. I have long realized that he was only wise to maintain silence at the expense of perilous amenities and as fully justified in those secret and solitary sorites which made bad blood in my veins. He was far cleverer than I at getting in and out, but even had I best his match for stealth and wariness, my company would have doubled every risk. I admit now that he treated me with quite as much sympathy as common caution would permit. But at the time I took it so badly as to plan a small revenge.

What with his flourishing beard, and the increasing shabbiness of the only suit he had brought with him to the house, there was no denying that Raffles had now the advantage of a permanent disguise. That was another of his excuses for leaving me as he did, and it was the one I was determined to revenge. One morning



He led the way into the open air



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## RAFFLES

(Continued from page 22)

therefore, when I awoke to find him flown again, I proceeded to execute a plan which I had already matured in my mind. Colonel Crutchley was a married man; there were no signs of children in the house; on the other hand, there was much evidence that the wife was a woman of fashion. Her dresses overflowed the wardrobe and her room; large, flat, cardboard boxes were to be found in every corner of the upper floors. She was a tall woman; I was not too tall a man. Like Raffles, I had not shaved on Campden Hill. That morning, however, I did my best with a very fair razor which the Colonel had left behind in my room; then I turned out the lady's wardrobe and the cardboard boxes and took my choice.

I have fair hair, and at the time it was rather long. With a pair of Mrs. Crutchley's tongs and a discarded hair-net, I was able to produce an almost immodest fringe. A big black hat with a wintry feather completed a head-dress as unseasonable as my skating skirt and feather boa; of course, the good lady had all her summer frocks away with her in Switzerland. This was all the more annoying from the fact that we were having a very warm September, and I was not sorry to hear Raffles return as I was busy adding a layer of powder to my heated countenance. I listened a moment on the landing, but as he went into the study I determined to complete my toilet in every detail. My idea was first to give him the fright he deserved, and secondly to show him that I was quite as fit to move abroad as he. It was, however, I confess, a pair of the Colonel's gloves that I was buttoning on as I slipped down to the study even more quietly than usual. The electric light was on, as it generally was by day, and under it stood as formidable a figure as ever I encountered in my life of crime.

Imagine a thin but extremely wiry man, past middle age, brown and bloodless as any crab-apple, but as coolly truculent and as casually alert as Raffles at his worst. It was, it could only be, the fire-eating and prison-inspecting Colonel himself! He was ready for me, a revolver in his hand, taken, as I could see, from one of those locked drawers in the pedestal desk with which Raffles had refused to tamper. In fact, the drawer was open, and a bunch of keys depended from the lock. A grim smile crumpled up his parchment face, so that one eye was puckered out of sight; the other was propped open by an eyeglass, which, however, dangled on its string when I appeared.

"A woman, begad!" the warrior exclaimed. "And where's the man, you scarlet hussy?" Not a word could I utter. But, in my horror and my amazement, I have no sort of doubt that I acted the part I had assumed in a manner I never should have approached in happier circumstances.

"Come, come, my lass!" cried the old oak veteran. "I'm not going to put a bullet through you, you know! You tell me all about it, and it'll do you more good than harm. There, I'll put the nasty thing away and—God bless me if the brazen wench hasn't squeezed into the wife's kit!"

A squeeze it happened to have been, and in my emotion it felt more of one than ever; but his sudden discovery had not heightened the veteran's animosity against me. On the contrary, I caught a glint of humor through his gleaming glass, and he proceeded to pocket his revolver like the gentleman he was.

"Well, well, it's lucky I looked in," he continued. "I only came round on the off chance of letters, and if I hadn't you'd have had another week in clover. Begad, though, I saw your handwriting the moment I'd got my nose inside! Now just be sensible, and tell me where your good man is."

I had no man. I was alone, had broken in alone. There was not a soul in the affair (much less the house) except myself. So much I stuttered out in tones too hoarse to betray me on the spot. But the old man of the world shook a hard old head.

"Quite right not to give away your pal," said he. "But I'm not one of the marines, my dear, and you mustn't expect me to swallow all that. Well, if you won't say, you won't, and we must just send for those who will."

In a flash I saw his fell design. The telephone directory lay open on one of the pedestals; he must have been consulting it when he heard me on the stairs; he had another look at it now. That gave me my opportunity. With a presence of mind rare enough in me to excuse the boast, I flung myself upon the instrument in the corner, and hurled it to the ground with all my might. I was myself sent spinning into the opposite corner at the same instant. But the installation had been in the form of one of those heavy standards now becoming obsolete, and I flattered myself that I had put the delicate engine out of action for the day.

Not that my adversary took the trouble to ascertain. He was looking at me strangely in the electric light, standing intensely on his guard, his right hand in the pocket where he had dropped his revolver. And I—I hardly knew it—but I caught up the first thing handy for self-defence, and was brandishing the bottle which Raffles and I had emptied in honor of my arrival on this fatal scene.

"Be shot if I don't believe you're the man himself!" cried the Colonel, shaking an armed fist in my face. "You young wolf in sheep's clothing! Been at my wine, of course! Put down that bottle; down with it this instant, or I'll put a tunnel through your middle. I thought so! Begad, sir, you shall pay for this! Don't you give me an excuse for putting you now, or I'll jump at the chance! My last bottle of '84—you



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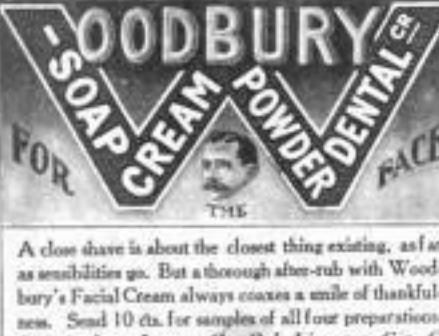
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## RAFFLES

(Continued from page 24)

miserable blackguard—you unutterable beast!"

He had browbeaten me into his own chair in his own corner; he was standing over me, empty bottle in one hand, revolver in the other, and murder itself in the purple puckers of his raging face. His language I will not even pretend to indicate; his skinny throat swelled and trembled with the monstrous volleys. He could smile at my appearance in his wife's clothes; he would have had my blood for the last bottle of his best champagne. . . . His eyes were not hidden now; they needed no eyeglass to prop them open; large with fury, they started from the livid mask. I watched nothing else. I could not understand why they should stand out as they did. I did not try. I say I watched nothing else, until I saw the face of Raffles over the unfortunate officer's shoulder.

Raffles had crept in unheard while our altercation was at its height, had watched his opportunity and stolen on his man unobserved by either of us. While my own attention was completely engrossed, he had seized the Colonel's pistol-hand, and twisted it behind the Colonel's back until his eyes bulged out as I have endeavored to describe. But the fighting man had some fight in him still, and scarcely had I grasped the situation than he bit out venomously behind him with the bottle, which was smashed on Raffles' shin. Then I threw my strength into the scale, and before many minutes we had our officer gagged and bound in his chair. But it was not one of our bloodless victories. Raffles had been cut to the bone by the broken glass; his leg bled wherever he limped, and the fierce eyes of the bound man followed the wet trail with gleams of sinister satisfaction.

I thought I had never seen a man better bound or better gagged. But the humanity seemed to have run out of Raffles with his blood. He tore up tablecloths, he cut down blind-cords, he brought the dust-sheets from the dining-room, and multiplied every bond. The unfortunate man's legs were lashed to the legs of his chair, his arms to its arms, his thighs and back fairly welded to the leather. Either end of his own ruler protruded from his bulging cheeks—the middle was hidden by his mustache—and the gag kept in place by remorseless lashings at the back of his head. It was a spectacle I could not bear to contemplate at length, while from the first I found myself physically unable to face the ferocious gaze of those implacable eyes. But Raffles only laughed at my squeamishness, and flung a dust-sheet over man and chair, till the stark outline drove me from the room.

It was Raffles at his worst, Raffles as I never knew him before or after, a Raffles mad with pain and rage, and desperate as any other criminal in the land. Yet he had struck no brutal blow, he had uttered no disgraceful taunt, and probably not inflicted a tithe of the pain that he was in himself. It is true that he was flagrantly in the wrong, his victim as laudably in the right. Nevertheless, given the original sin of the situation, and the infinite peril to us of this development, even I failed to see how Raffles could have combined greater humanity with any regard for our joint safety, and had his barbarities ended at this point I for one should not have considered them an extraordinary aggravation of an otherwise minor offence. But in the broad daylight of the bathroom, which had a ground glass window, but no blind, I saw at once the serious nature of his wound and of its effect upon the man.

"It will maim me for a month," said he, "and if the V. C. comes out alive the wound he gave may be identified with the wound I've got."

The V. C.! There, indeed, was an aggravation to one illogical mind. But to cast a moment's doubt upon the certainty of his coming out alive!

"Of course, he'll come out," said I. "We must make up our minds to that."

"Did he tell you he was expecting the servants or his wife? If so, of course, we must hurry up."

"No, Raffles, I'm afraid he's not expecting anybody. He told me, if he hadn't looked in for letters, we should have had the place to ourselves another week. That's the worst of it!"

Raffles smiled as he secured a regular puttee of dust-sheeting. No blood was coming through.

"I don't agree with you, Bunny," said he. "It's quite the best of it, if you ask me!"

"What, that he should die the death?"

"Why not?"

And Raffles stared me out with a hard and merciless light in his clear blue eyes—a light that chilled the blood.

"If it's a choice between his life and our liberty, you're entitled to your decision, and I'm entitled to mine, and I took it before I bound him as I did," said Raffles. "I'm sorry I took so much trouble if you're going to stay behind and put him in the way of releasing himself before he gives up the ghost. Perhaps you will go and think it over while I wash my bags and dry 'em at the gas-stove. It will take me at least an hour, which will just give me time to finish the last volume of 'Kinglake.'"

Long before he was ready to go, I was waiting in the hall, clothed indeed, but not in a mind which I care to recall. Once or twice I peered into the dining-room, where Raffles sat before the stove, without letting him hear me. He, too, was ready for the street at a moment's notice, but a steam ascended from his left leg, as he sat immersed in his red volume. Into the study I never went again, but Raffles did, to restore to its proper shelf this and every other book



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## **RAFFLES**

(Continued from page 25)

he had taken out, and so destroy that clew to the manner of man who had made himself at home in the house. On his last visit I heard him whisk off the dust-sheet; then he waited a minute, and when he came out it was to lead the way into the open air as though the accursed house belonged to him. "We shall be seen!" I whispered at his heels. "Raffles, Raffles, there's a policeman at the corner!"

"I know him intimately," replied Raffles, turning, however, the other way. "He accosted me on Monday, when I explained that I was an old soldier of the Colonel's regiment, who came in every few days to air the place and send on any odd letters. You see, I have always carried one or two about me, redirected to that address in Switzerland, and when I showed them to him it was all right. But after that it was no use listening at the letter-box for a clear coast, was it?"

I did not answer; there was too much to exasperate in prodigies of cunning which he could never trouble to tell me at the time. And I knew why he had kept his latest feats to himself; unwilling to trust me outside the house, he had systematically exaggerated the dangers of these weeks abroad, and when to these injuries he added the insult of a patronizing compliment on my late disguise, I again made no reply.

"What's the good of your coming with me?" he asked when I had followed him across the main stream of Notting Hill.

"We may as well sink or swim together," I answered sullenly.

"Yes? Well, I'm going to swim into the provinces, have a shave on the way, buy a new kit piecemeal, including a cricket-bag (which I really want), and come limping back to the Albany with the same old strain in my bowling leg. I needn't add that I have been playing country-house cricket for the last month under an alias; it's the only decent way to do it when one's country has need of one. That's my itinerary, Bunny, but I really can't see why you should come with me."

"We may as well swing together!" I growled.

"As you will, my dear fellow," replied Raffles. "But I begin to dread your company on the drop!"

I shall hold my pen on that provincial tour. Not that I joined Raffles in one of the little enterprises with which he beguiled the breaks in our journey; our last deed in London was far too great a weight upon my soul. I could see that gallant officer in his chair, see him at every hour of the day and night, now with his indomitable eyes meeting mine ferociously, now a stark outline underneath a sheet. The vision darkened my day and gave me sleepless nights. I was with our victim in all his agony; my mind would only leave him for that gallows of which Raffles had said true things in jest. No, I could not face so vile a death lightly, but I could meet it somehow better than I could endure a guilty suspense. In the watches of the second night I made up my mind to meet it half way, and that very morning, while still there might be time to save the life that we had left in jeopardy, I went to tell Raffles of my resolve, in his room in the hotel where we were staying.

The room was littered with clothes and luggage new enough for any bridegroom; I lifted the locked cricket-bag and found it heavier than a cricket-bag has any right to be. But in the bed Raffles was sleeping like an infant, his shaven self once more. And when I shook him, he awoke with a smile.

"Going to confess, eh, Bunny? Well, wait a bit; the local police won't thank you for knocking them up at this hour. And I bought a late edition which you ought to see; that must be it on the floor; you have a look in the stop-press column, Bunny!"

I found the place with a sunken heart, and this is what I read:

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"Colonel Crutchley, R.E., V.C., has been the victim of a dastardly outrage at his residence, Peter Street, Campden Hill. Returning unexpectedly to the house, which had been left untenanted during the absence of the family abroad, it was found occupied by two ruffians, who overcame and secured the distinguished officer by the exercise of considerable violence. When discovered through the intelligence of the Kensington police, the gallant victim was gagged and bound hand and foot, and in an advanced stage of exhaustion."

"Thanks to the Kensington police," observed Raffles, as I read the last words aloud in my horror. "They can't have gone when they got my letter."

"Your letter!"

"I printed them a line while we were waiting for our train at Euston. They must have got it that night, but they can't have paid any attention to it till yesterday morning. And when they do, they take all the credit, and give me no more than you did, Bunny!"

I looked at the curly head upon the pillow, at the smiling, handsome face under the curls. And at last I understood.

"So you never meant it all!"

"Slow murder? You should have known me better. Twelve hours' enforced Rest Cure was the worst I wished him."

"You might have told me, Raffles!"

"That may be, Bunny, but you ought certainly to have trusted me!"

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## THE LOVE SONNETS OF A WIFE

By MAURICE SMILEY



### I. YOUR DEAR UNLIKENESS

DEAR ONE, I love the things that separate You from the men that walk the daily street. You stand apart from them in many sweet Dividings. For you never desecrate The things I prize or love the things I hate. The cruel jests of heartless scoffers greet Their answer in your gentleness and meet In high-souled scorn their deserved fate. And, dear, the gentlest difference of all Is that you love, unlike the most of men, Your wife's mamma. It pained me when I knew It made her mad at you to hear you call Me "chick." That means that she is an old hen. You can not blame her if she lays for you.



### II. REGINA

Last night, Beloved, in your sleep you spoke My name. Ah, how my bosom sweetly thrilled To think that loving thoughts of me, that filled Your waking hours had, like pent streams that choke Their blossomed banks, overflowed and broke On dream-shores. Yet it seemed your clasp was chilled As you laid down my hand; and something stilled The "queen—heart" that trembled on your lips. You woke. I asked you why you called me "Kittie," though You always called me Kate before; save, love, When you had had a few and said "Kathleen." Now this is what I want, dear heart, to know:— Am I the face-card you were dreaming of, Or had you filled and missed out on the queen?



### III. SPRINGTIDE

I always loved the Autumn best. But now There is no season for me like the Spring. Nor falling leaves nor Summer suns can bring The rapture of the budding time. For how Shall I forget that 'neath an apple bough We met, out by the dear old grapevine swing? I still can hear the robins call. The ring You gave me, with a kiss upon my brow, Brings back the sight of white-faced lambs at play And red-nosed calves that in green meadows roam— So very, very green. The whole glad scene Comes back to me again. And to this day I think of red-nosed calves when you come home, And all things that are very, very green.



### IV. LOVE'S HUMBLE ROUND

The humblest daily household task I set Myself is sanctified. I dust a chair And seem to see you, darling, sitting there, My lover still, as on the day we met. I wash the dishes. On my finger, wet With drops some women think are menial, fair My wedding ring is shining. I prepare Your favored pie and sing as I forget All but the kiss I soon shall feel again, And that I knead some dough for you and tried To make it good. I wonder if you'll go Without remembering that I asked you for a ten. And when you come I'll think of naught beside But making good and that I need some dough.



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## The Opposition Party

(Continued from page 28)

secession of his former followers reached formidable proportions. One does not see in those States the spectacle of simply here and there a bolter, but of whole brigades and divisions, marching out of the Democratic camp. The single break in the solid South was in Missouri, the home of Richard Bland, "Silver-Dollar Bland," as his disciples, of whom Mr. Bryan was one, delighted to call him. Parker did not receive half of Bryan's vote in Nebraska and Kansas, States where Populism had kept her arms and her chariot. And so one will find it generally throughout the Central and Western North. In States where the peculiar theories of Mr. Bryan were strong in his party Mr. Parker lost enormously. The total vote of the country for Mr. Roosevelt showed an increase of about six per cent over that for Mr. McKinley in 1900, a percentage somewhat less than that of the increase in population, while the vote for Mr. Parker was a million and a quarter less than that cast for Mr. Bryan in 1900. A third of a million of Bryan's former supporters voted for Debs, the Socialist. Evidently a great many more did not vote at all, and probably hundreds of thousands of others, in order to make their protests felt, and to cause the return of Gold Democrats to appear insignificant, voted directly for the Republican candidate.

In this deduction I do not embrace those States of the "solid South" which are so absorbed in their race problem that they are unable to respond effectively upon other issues—a condition which certainly does not augment the strength of the Democracy in the nation. Deplorable as this condition is, the South has been sinning against as well as sinning. In her early days the black holds of the slave traders, some of them owned in the North, vomited their cargoes upon her virgin soil and injected the poison of slavery into the infant colonies; and in our own time, unmindful of Lincoln's legacy of advice, a method of reconstruction was put in force which ushered in an era of public plunder, of confiscation, and of robbery for which history furnishes no parallel.

### The Bryanites Want to Lead Again

As a result of the election, Mr. Bryan and his radical lieutenants have kept themselves busily employed in pointing to the failure of the reorganized Democracy, and they are demanding with much force that they again be put in the saddle. If the party is to continue to vibrate between radical and conservative control, with the resulting loss each time in the swing from one extreme to the other, its plight is indeed a sorry one, and it will hardly need to be reckoned with in the near future as a serious political organization. With the instability which threatens it, it can not even aspire to be merely a successful opportunist affair, waiting for something to turn up, for if it shall be constantly on the move it will evade the gifts of fortune and will not be in the position to avail itself of the chances fate may have to offer it. One need not be a Democrat to say that to the country that would be a misfortune. Unless a new party were organized, the great work of an opposition would be unperformed, the party in power would lack the spur that a genuine rivalry gives, and we should witness those well-known evils of a great and secure majority, extreme action, contempt of public opinion, extravagant adventure, the arrogance of those forming the inner ruling ring, and a fond cherishing of the political and other interests of a few men, for a republic does not lack for courtiers.

# THE FROST ON THE PANE

By EDITH WYATT

UPON my glass at daybreak  
Breathe star-built bluff  
and byre  
And fir and fern and forest  
Of incandescent fire.  
Compelling cloud and mistral,  
That changed the air afar,  
Locked close that lea of crystal  
And wrought its every star.  
What fused ten million crystals  
In just that bluff and lea,  
Fates far as clouds and mistrals,  
Made what I am of me.  
Gone fir and frond and forest  
And vanished bluff and byre  
When through my glass at noon-day  
I see the sky's blue fire.  
And light and still I wonder  
To think of time when I  
Shall be as ether under  
The splendor of the sky.



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the children's teeth and  
see that they get the constant,  
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## Life's Little Pleasantries (Continued from page 30)

either you or the other boys; but you'll have to awaken to a realization of the situation and make up your minds to get along on considerably smaller allowances than you've been accustomed to. It seems to me that you boys have been going at a pretty rapid clip for some years. I want to impress upon your mind that I've been obliged to work and slave many hours each day to provide you with the funds to defray your extravagant bills. You've been imposing on my good nature. Now, I ask you, what am I going to do if you should keep up this sort of thing?"

When the father had finished his little speech, the extravagant Richard gazed thoughtfully at him for some minutes before replying. Then he reflectively rubbed his nose and answered: "It's too deep a proposition for me, father. The only thing that I can suggest is that you work nights, too!"

### THERE IS ALWAYS HOPE

She: "One engagement does not make a summer."

He: "No. But every little helps."

### THE RAINY DAY

"**ARCHIE**" GUNN, the artist, tells a story of a fellow-worker who was recently in receipt of a letter from a chap who has regularly made it a practice to borrow money of Mr. Gunn's friend.

In this letter the chap who is always in financial difficulties surprised his correspondent by saying: "This time I have decided to reverse the usual order of things, and, instead of borrowing from you, I enclose herewith \$50, which I am going to ask that you will lay aside for me for a rainy day."

But the friend of Mr. Gunn couldn't find any remittance in the letter. He searched for it on the floor, under the table, in fact everywhere he thought he might have dropped it. Then quite accidentally he turned over the sheet on which the letter was written and discovered this postscript: "I've just looked out of the window and find it's raining like the very deuce!"

### FIVE LITTLE MOTOR-CARS

By Harold Melbourne

**FIVE** little motor-cars,  
Just fresh from the store,  
One wouldn't go at all,  
And then there were four.

Four little motor-cars,  
Pretty as could be,  
One went a lot too fast,  
And then there were three.

Three little motor-cars,  
Wonder what they'll do?  
One burst up to smithereens,  
And then there were two.

Two little motor-cars,  
Always after fun,  
One knocked down a little girl,  
And then there was one.

One little motor-car,  
Didn't have a gun;  
Needed it; attacked by toughs;  
And then there were none!

### ALMOST SAVED

Husband (to wife): "My dear, you must learn to steer the auto better. Why, you came near not running over that dog."

### THE COURTESY OF THE PLAINS

**COWBOYS** have long vacations from polite society. Their intercommunications are not with practiced courtesy. When accident throws them into the presence of ladies, the strain upon them to make favorable and lasting impression seldom lacks in intensity.

A train on the Southern Pacific road was delayed at a station. Two ladies, attracted by a display of game in a restaurant window, entered to pass the time while enjoying a meal of it.

There was but one table. At it two cowboys were testing their own capacity and that of the larder. They rose, bowed, jingled their spurs, stroked their mustaches, and stood until the ladies were seated. That they had so far conducted themselves with success was evident in their manner.

To be equally courteous, one of the ladies sought opportunity to return their politeness.

"Will you not have some of the butter?" she asked one of them.

The reply was instantaneous—"I don't choose none, thank you most to death, ma'am."

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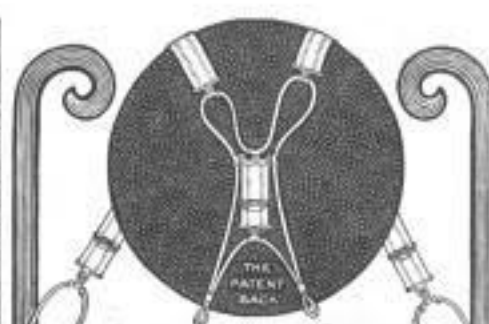
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# Collier's

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

REVIEW AND INAUGURATION NUMBER

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## EDITORIAL BULLETIN

### Frederick Palmer Goes Back to the War

FREDERICK PALMER'S article in the present number describes exactly what occurred during the first year of the war between Russia and Japan. The spring campaign between the two great armies now facing one another on the Hun River will probably begin in a few weeks, as soon as the snows begin to melt and the winter becomes mild enough for military operations to be possible. Mr. Palmer sailed from Vancouver for Japan several weeks ago, and is now on his way to join Field-Marshal Oyama's army in Manchuria. He will follow the Japanese movements as he did last year and send weekly letters to Collier's. These should begin to arrive and be published early in May. He will also send photographs to illustrate his written descriptions.

Richard Barry, who was at Port Arthur with General Nogi during the siege of that fortress, and who, like Mr. Palmer, returned to this country for the winter, is also on his way to join his old command, and will accompany General Nogi's forces wherever these may happen to be sent. It is quite likely that General Nogi may have command of the army that will in all probability be sent to invest Vladivostok, and here an entirely new field of description will be opened to our readers.

On the Russian side Collier's photographer, Victor K. Bulla, still remains with General Kuropatkin, and will send us during the coming campaign photographs taken on the Russian side.

Collier's will cover every feature of the second year's campaign as fully and as carefully, both in text and illustration, as it did last year.

### A Remington Number

THE issue of March 18 will be a Remington number. In October Collier's published a Gibson number, which was so successful that we have been led to prepare another issue devoted almost wholly to one of the artists who draws exclusively for this paper. The Remington number will be enclosed in a cover designed by Frederic Remington and printed in four colors, representing an Indian on horseback. The double-page picture will also be by Mr. Remington, printed in colors, representing a moose hunting scene on a Canadian lake. There will be other drawings by Mr. Remington scattered through the number. Mr. James Barnes has prepared an article on Mr. Remington as a sculptor, which will be illustrated by photographs of many of this artist's bronze statuettes. Miss Gertrude Kasebeer has taken a number of photographs of Mr. Remington in his studio and at his home. These will serve to illustrate an article which Mr. Remington has promised to contribute to the number.

### Will Bradley's Extravaganza

AN entirely new feature in weekly journalism will be introduced next month in a series of dramatic sketches by Will Bradley. This feature is in reality a play—a fairy play. Although it is not written in dramatic form, it is told consecutively as one would narrate the events of a production after having seen it in the theatre. Its title is "Castle Perilous, or Once Upon a Time," and Mr. Bradley calls it an extravaganza. It will be illustrated by Mr. Bradley in his well-known and quaint poster style, and the pictures will be printed in Collier's. All the pictures are either designed as posters or stage scenes; all are in flat color and designed to achieve the greatest decorative effect.

### The Prize Story Number

MR. ROWLAND THOMAS'S \$5,000 prize story, "Fagan," will be published in a special prize story number April 8. The story is undoubtedly one of the strongest that has been written for many years. The scene is laid in the Philippine Islands, where Mr. Thomas has lived and traveled to a great extent. The illustrations are by Charles Sarka, and are drawn in perfect harmony with the tale itself.



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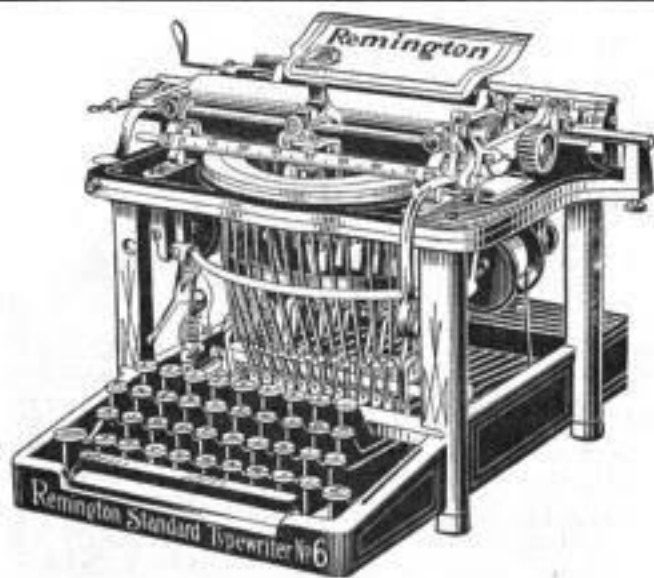
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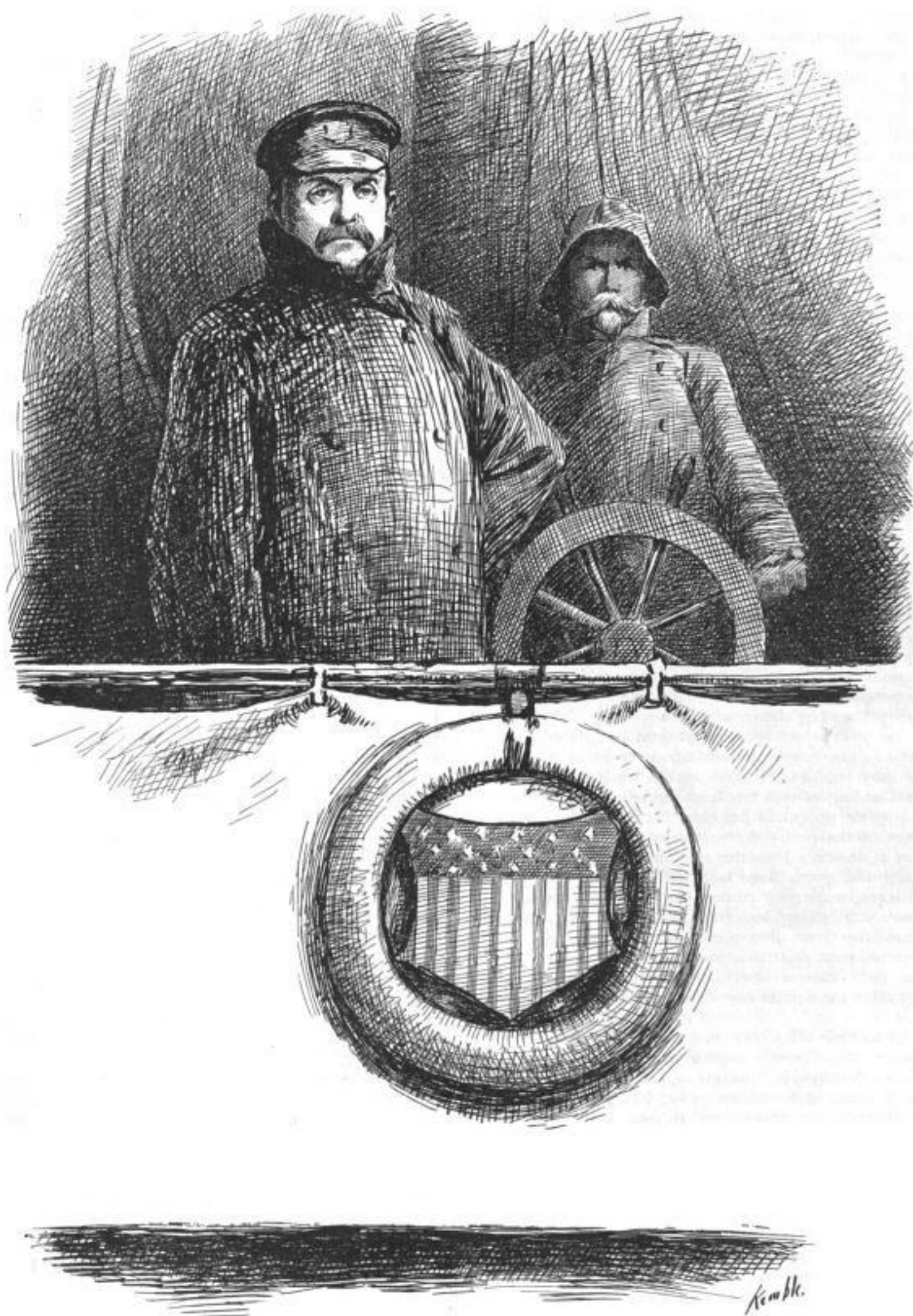
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# Collier's

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THE OLD SHIP IS IN PRETTY SAFE HANDS

DRAWN BY E. W. KEMBLE





**P**RINCIPLE AND PREJUDICE regarding property can both be found abundantly in the gusty West. In many States there is such hostility to "foreign capital" that any annoyance inflicted upon corporations or individuals residing at a distance is looked upon as patriotism, and juries can be relied upon to twist every doubt in favor of an ornament of the neighborhood against an outsider, especially if the brave citizen has shown "confidence" or "belief" in his native or adopted State and is also poor. With such prejudices, so intense and narrow as often to be distressingly unjust, goes much that is sincerely sympathetic with average human needs, above what is to be found in other regions. The West has led in the movement, now gaining mass and speed, against the power of money to make and beat the law. It has inspired ROOSEVELT, and it has produced most men of the class to which, in various aspects, belong LA FOLLETTE, FOLK, BRYAN, and TOM JOHNSON, and it is making the principal experiments in municipal and State resistance to monopoly. Kansas, a very hotbed of Western ardor, vim, and carelessness of tradition, has thrown her gauntlet into the face of Standard Oil, that greatest octopus of all. The land applauds and blesses her. The National Government will do what it can and dares. For Standard Oil is unpopular to a degree hardly equaled by monopolists in beef and coal. When one set of half a dozen men can play any tricks they choose with light, when another can not only control beef, but run up the price of storage eggs, and when another can manage railways and coal mines together under the banner of Divine Providence, no surprise is needed if the people begin to stir. Kansas is in a rage "for fair." Her remedy may fail or it may strike into the monopoly as an entering wedge. Other States talk of following her example. At any rate, we trust in her to stay in the ring until she wins or is too groggy to stand up.

WESTERN  
RADICALS

**M**ERE ENVY OF SUCCESS and wealth is especially a little-ness in a country where every man has his chance. Resentment of riches is part of the feeling against such men as ROCKEFELLER, but it would have small force were it not combined with the belief that they have grown rich in defiance of the statute laws, to say nothing of the laws of Him whom some of them profess to follow. It is no mere class hostility that gives momentum to the effort to regulate ruthless competition. Confused alarms and fantastic remedies are not infrequent. Legislators attack one thing in the same breath that they admit the evil lies in something different. But under whatever confusion and whatever unfair prejudice there may be, lies the unescapable truth that for centuries the human race has been contriving penalties for crimes committed by the poor, and has done little toward arranging for the punishment of the rich. Petty larceny receives at least as much attention as it deserves from the machinery of justice, but a man may go through life giving huge bribes, thinly disguised, to get him special privileges, arranging corners in wheat or cotton, or contriving monopolies which by law make him a criminal, and he is in small danger either from officers of justice or from the social powers. It is because great theft is so much safer and more respectable than smaller theft that so much well-founded moral feeling enters into the agitation for stricter regulation of what we call capital.

PREDATORY  
POOR AND RICH

**A**MERICA'S GREATEST ORATOR has put brilliantly the philosophy in pursuance of which our Constitution was drawn up. The spirit of liberty, he says, is "jealous of encroachment, jealous of power, jealous of man; it demands checks; it seeks for guards; it insists on securities; it intrenches itself behind strong defences, and fortifies itself with all possible care against the assaults of ambition and passion; it does not trust the amiable weaknesses of human nature, and therefore it will not permit power to overstep its prescribed limits, though benevolence, good intent, and patriotic purpose come along with it." That the words of WEBSTER still express the conviction of America is shown by the completeness with which opinion has veered around to the belief that the unpopular Senate was right in the check which it administered to the popular Chief Executive. The people trust Mr. ROOSEVELT, but they do not wish him or any other officer of the Government to run away with any powers not connected with his office in our scheme of government. His motives were excellent in the arbitration matter, and probably in the case of Santo Domingo, and possibly in the infinitesimal recess for the benefit of General WOOD, but it is a good sign of surviving demo-

PRESIDENT  
AND SENATE

cratic jealousy that the Senate thinks these performances worthy of investigation. The word "prerogative" has been used so much to indicate various kinds of snags that it has lost its dignity, but the determination of each department to maintain its intended function is necessary to our scheme of government.

**H**OW COMES IT, when everybody admits that the American people as a whole would not have chosen so dishonorable a financial treatment of the Philippines, that those islands have been so long abused by us in what is most vital to their welfare? "Is it possible," asked Secretary TAFT, "that the House of Representatives or the Senate can force upon these people a domestic policy with reference to the carrying of goods and yet withhold the opportunity of markets for those goods?" To hold other races in subjection is one thing. To exploit them for our benefit and their injury is another. What lies under it? Sugar and tobacco in this country. Sugar and tobacco have a potent voice in our Senate and House of Representatives. The people of the United States may wish free trade between our country and the Philippines, but they have to wish it hard before they can turn the ears of their representatives away from the potent arguments of sugar and tobacco.

POWERS  
THAT BE

**"FOR A SINGLE CRADLE,"** saith Nature, "I would give every one of my graves." This from a poem called "Barren," in "The Bard of the Dimbovitza," that collection of Roumanian peasant songs so instinct with poetry half dumb. What is reason, after all, and knowledge, and the little things we clearly understand, compared to those echoes of eternity that we call our instincts—those songs within us that are the music of a million years? It is as if this day of four-and-twenty hours should be compared to all that men and women have known and suffered since long before the human race was in its present form. The deepest poetry is Experience. How paltry seem the studied pleasures of the world. Diversions we call them, and diversions, in truth, they are, from the main tracks of Destiny. The man who will not work, the woman who does not bear, hears not the master notes of human fate. This is no essay on race suicide. We are not concerned about the population. We care little about whether children are furnished by Saxon elements or Scandinavian. It is a mere record of the truth that tumbles in our blood. It is like listening to the thunder, or seeing the tides in their resistless march upon the shore.

INSTINCT

**E**XPLODING GRAND DUKES with dynamite may retard or hasten the age of freedom. "The tree of liberty," cried the French agitator in the Convention of 1792, "grows only when watered by the blood of tyrants," a shallow and violent speech, but the constant answer to excess of tyranny. With explosives or without, freedom approaches irresistibly. Japan is an agency, Tolstoi and his like are agencies, as is communication with the outside world, but the causes are many and the final event is irresistible. Though we are shocked by barbarous revenges, we "pardon something to the spirit of liberty," however atrocious the crimes committed in her name. The obstacles in Russia are extreme. The banner of freedom there streams "against the wind," but it waves for what our fathers died for, and in the jealous guarding of which we live. Americans have known that liberty is never cheap, and Russians know it now. Long before Russia's strivings for emancipation had begun, England, the pioneer in modern freedom, had heard the message that liberty must be founded on something that arms can neither procure nor take away. But violence may sometimes open the way for that self-training which is a needed foundation for self-government. Of these recent tragedies, our best hope is that they may work for milder laws by increasing the necessity of peace, and hence weakening that faction whose creed has been relentless prosecution of the war abroad and equally relentless hostility to more liberal government at home.

LIBERTY

**T**HOSE PHANTOM BOATS showed persistency in the Russian fancy or in the Russian sober policy. It may be that the officers decided upon clinging to their story as the most diplomatic course to take. It is with difficulty conceivable that, when the horrid dream had been subjected to light and time, they believed in the reality of the torpedo boats which gave ROJESTVENSKY and





his squadron such a scare. Yet the testimony was positive that Japanese torpedo boats did attack, from all sides, at a distance of about ten cable lengths. Remembering what the Japanese have done with torpedo boats around Port Arthur, we have reason to be disappointed in their performances in the North Sea channel, where, despite their number and ferocity, they injured no single ship. In one way, however, they did keep up the reputation of their country for new and unexpected gifts. They were invisible to all the world before this night attack, and they have been undiscovered since. History records no other case of a torpedo fleet acting with such amazing secrecy in such a crowded neighborhood so far from home. Dogger Bank, taking all in all, is a more startling exploit by the Japanese than the night surprise with which they opened the campaign. That was startling, KING TO IT but this is supernatural. Such unrealities, in sober truth, can hardly help the Russians in the end. It will be for their welfare when they learn the advantage of frankness and reason in diplomacy. Such an act as Mr. HAY is reported to intend with regard to China must seem to Russian policy a pure mystery. Our Secretary of State, as soon as the present Asiatic complications are at an end, is to give back \$22,000,000 of the \$24,000,000 indemnity paid to us by China, because \$2,000,000 proves to be enough to satisfy all losses by our citizens. Such a deed illuminates the spirit which helps to make Mr. HAY the leading diplomat of the world. It stands at one extreme, and Russia's old-fashioned deviousness hangs on uselessly at the other. The same advance in candor and humanity that must be part of her cure at home will strengthen her diplomacy abroad.

JAPANESE IRONY was much like universal irony when the Mikado's minister at Paris laughed at the world's new appreciation of Japan. "We have for many generations sent to Europe exquisite lacquer work, delicately carved figures, beautiful embroidery, and many other commodities which showed how artistic we are; but the Europeans described us as 'uncivilized.' We have recently killed some seventy thousand Russians, and every European nation is wondering at the high condition of civilization which we have attained." Yet the world cares for the finer side of life enough to be wondering regretfully now whether Japan will not lose it in her material expansion. Nor is mere killing the only thing we admire in the history of this war. Mere courage is something; patriotism is something; the subordination of men to laws outside themselves is recognized as power and elevation. The Chairman of our Committee on Military Affairs, in the House of Representatives, is quoted as saying that it will never be possible for us to compete with the Japanese in military medical efficiency, on account of expense and the unwillingness of our soldiers to obey. The cost side is pure nonsense. If, in the war with Spain, we lost 355 men through the enemy and 3,862 from disease, it would obviously save money, if it is possible, to keep a smaller army in a state of Japanese effectiveness. The death rate in Manchuria from disease is below the ordinary death rate in times of peace. That, as practical science at its highest point, is part of civilization, and rightly admired by the world. We did admire Japan's art before, whether or not we recognized its connection with other elements of civilization. It is at bottom no cause for satire that we are now so frank in admiration of her science and morale.

SHREWDNESS IS A TRAIT which is naturally expected of men who bunco their constituents with unusual success. Politicians of the wickedly triumphant stamp are assumed to be as adroit as the leading spirits in business enterprises of the secret and over-profitable kind. It is, therefore, continually surprising to see how unfathomably stupid in ordinary conduct some leading exponents of political corruption can be. The story of Alderman CULLERTON of Chicago is not exceptional. As he had been in the business of illegal politics for many years, and gained a despicable notoriety therein, one might have expected from him at least average ability in playing tricks. The Municipal League, wishing to injure him by all permissible means, raked up and published the fact that Mr. CULLERTON was ineligible to the Council, he not having paid his taxes for 1901 and 1903. Reading this document hastily, or only hearing about it, CULLERTON hastily paid his taxes for 1903 and then made a furious moral onslaught, in the Council, against the League, and

particularly its secretary, WALTER FISHER. This was too good a joke to pass unnoticed. Mr. FISHER immediately answered jocosely, showing that the taxes for 1903 were paid after the accusation and just before the moral diatribe, and that those for 1901 were still overlooked. The Chicago papers amused themselves in their cheery Western vein by cartoons and articles, guessing at why CULLERTON had become so sensitive. Here are extracts from the League's observations on him in the past: "Final report 1901—Platform, 'anything to get at the crib.' Final report 1901—Has this year secured his nomination under circumstances that would make any other man infamous; is now running in the joint interests of traction companies and himself; his recent bankruptcy will prevent his creditors from profiting by his 'earnings' if elected; the ward should nail up the hide of this ravenous wolf." Alderman CULLERTON took all this like a philosopher. It was only when he was accused of being sued for taxes amounting to \$13.78 and \$15.15 that his ethical wrath broke loose. If anybody can explain how a creature with over twenty years' experience in the trickery of venal politics can indulge in tactics so feeble-minded, we shall receive the psychology with interest. For CULLERTON's case is not exceptional. The frequency of such episodes is the surprising thing about them.

WHEN CLODIA WAS CAPTIVATING the clever men of Rome, it was sometimes said of her that she danced better than was proper in a virtuous woman. In those days all the arts were looked upon as suspicious attributes in feminine possession. What now helps a woman to social power in the great capitals of the Western world once classed her among the indiscreet. In Asia something of that old habit lives, but it is surely doomed. People once feared to free their slaves, and Livy warned his contemporaries that, shackled as they were, wives were hard enough to manage. "What, then, will happen if you give them equal rights?" The consequences were not as lamentable as the great historian supposed. But, of course, with unaccustomed freedom always comes exaggeration. The limited marriage bill now before the Colorado Legislature is a solemn expression of the fantastic theories that have decorated the progress of matrimonial liberty. A legislative measure to be more seriously considered makes married women responsible for their debts, where the husbands can not meet them. As women hold property and enter many new employments, some change in their legal liabilities seems inevitable. Industrial discrimination between the sexes, however, can not be too far abandoned, without stupid oblivion to differences which were fashioned neither by laws nor by society, and consequently are beyond repeal by either.

MODERN  
WOMAN

WOMEN LIE OUTRIGHT less frequently than men do, in cases where both wish to convey a false impression. Various persons, including the poet HEINE and ourselves, have made this observation from time to time, and have propounded different causes. HEINE thinks it is because the ladies are less creative. We incline to the theory that it is because they are more conservative. Between constructive and literal falsehood the difference in morals is something on which we shall not dogmatize. "Cursed be the social lies that warp us from the living truth," yet these social lies are eminently respectable, while opprobrium is kept for statements which are only specifically untrue. Is it not worse to falsify one's beliefs than any mere fact? Thousands wear their convictions as they do their clothes, for fashion and decorum, who would never think of saying they were in Baltimore yesterday when they were actually in Philadelphia. LIES Does experience make us more or less exact? "Lord," says FALSTAFF, that great exemplar, "how subject we old men are to this vice of lying," but MONTAIGNE, more seriously, describes his custom as being to speak truth "not so much as I would, but so much as I dare, and I dare a little the more as I grow older." As to success, we remember this from SWIFT: "As universal a practice as lying is, and as easy a one as it seems, I do not remember to have heard three good lies in all my conversation, even from those who were most celebrated in that faculty." For SWIFT our admiration is profound, but had he lived since newspapers became a power he would not have hazarded so rash an estimate. Stories are printed every day of such a fascination that we almost weep when another day brings the retraction, even as some child might weep to hear that GULLIVER was dead.



# GENERAL STOESSEL LEAVING PORT ARTHUR

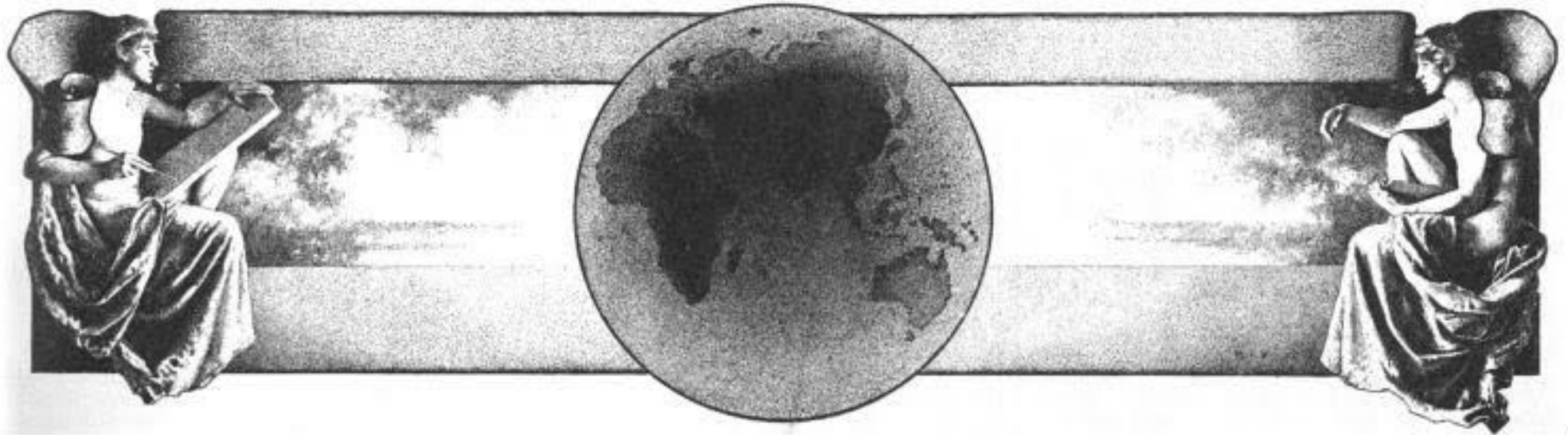
On his way to Russia to face a Court-martial for Surrendering to the Japanese



This photograph shows General Stoessel and a few officers of his staff waiting in front of the railway station at Chang-ling-tzu to take train for Dalny after the surrender of Port Arthur. General Stoessel is the figure in the light overcoat and fur hat standing directly in front of the doorway. His dog, which followed him about everywhere during the siege, lies at his feet. General Stoessel left Dalny January 12 on the transport "Kamimaru" with his family and several of his officers, and arrived at Nagasaki January 14. On January 17 he sailed for Marseilles on the steamship "Australian." With him were his wife and daughter, two admirals, two generals, 245 other officers, and more than 300 civilians from Port Arthur.



# WHAT THE WORLD IS DOING



## THE NEW LEASE OF THE WHITE HOUSE

ON THIS 4th of March the Presidential term of William McKinley comes to an end and that of Theodore Roosevelt begins. For the first time in American history a Vice-President succeeding to the Presidency by the death of his chief renews his tenure in his own right. With the new Presidential term comes a new Congress, with Republican majorities increased from twenty-four to twenty-six in the Senate, and from thirty-four to one hundred and fourteen in the House. In the new Congress the party controlling the Executive will have almost a two-thirds majority in each House—a preponderance unknown since Grant's second administration. There will also be in effect a new Cabinet, for although the only actual change is the substitution of Mr. Cortelyou for Mr. Wynne as Postmaster-General, all the other members have tendered their resignations and will act hereafter under new commissions. Of all the cabinet officers who welcomed Mr. Roosevelt on his accession to power, only three—John Hay, Secretary of State; Ethan A. Hitchcock, Secretary of the Interior, and James Wilson, Secretary of Agriculture—remain.

### McKINLEY AND ROOSEVELT

WHEN THE REINS of government dropped from the hands of William McKinley, the nation was obviously on the verge of momentous changes. McKinley's last speeches indicated that if he had lived he would have tried to turn the forces of change in the direction of an expansion of foreign trade. He said that the period of exclusion was past, and condemned the idea that we could always sell without buying. He would have concentrated public attention upon the question of tariff revision. Mr. Roosevelt inherited his policies, but with a different emphasis. He accepted the idea of tariff revision, but mildly, with an amiable willingness to drop it if it gave offence. His own energies were devoted to the cultivation of the spirit of hostility to oppressive trusts and corporations. He conducted an active crusade along this line, crossing the continent and rousing public sentiment everywhere in behalf of his favorite prescription of publicity and a "square deal." He said that if the existing laws and the additional laws that Congress had the power to pass proved insufficient, we ought to have a constitutional amendment. The first fruit of this agitation was the creation of the Department of Commerce and Labor, under George B. Cortelyou as its first Secretary, with its Bureau of Corporations, organized and still managed by James R. Garfield.

### AFTER THE CORPORATIONS

THE WORK of the Department of Commerce and Labor proceeded steadily and quietly, disregarding the clamor of political opponents for immediate results, and meanwhile President Roosevelt turned his attention to other possibilities in the same line. He keyed up the Department of Justice to the work of thoroughly testing the value of the laws already enacted. Under his impulse Attorney-General Knox began and carried to a triumphant conclusion the suit against the Northern Securities Company, which proved the far-reaching power of the Sherman Anti-Trust Act of 1890. This action was followed by suits against the Beef Trust and other combinations, which made notable additions to the body of settled corporation law. In the course of these proceedings the President became convinced that one of the chief incubators of trust evils was the power of unscrupulous private interests over railroad rates. To have an idea was with him equivalent to beginning to do something about it. Mr. Roosevelt added to his programme an agitation for the regulation of railroad rates by the Interstate Commerce Commission, and in the session of Congress now ending

this principle captured the House and is rattling the doors of the Senate. It is typical of his unique position in the public esteem that he has been able to carry on this crusade and at the same time to keep in his Cabinet, without any apparent loss of popular confidence, an officer who was for years an active participant in what that very Interstate Commerce Commission whose powers he is trying to enlarge calls "flagrant, wilful and continuous violations" of the law against rebates.

### THE SOUTHERN MISHAP

McKINLEY LEFT to his successor a country more united, less torn by sectional dissensions, than it had been since the Missouri Compromise. Mr. Roosevelt took office with a popularity not bounded by geographical lines. Half a Southerner by blood, he was welcomed by the South as a President of its own. But three incidents—the Crum appointment, the closing of the Indianola post-office, and the Booker Washington lunch—transformed all this good will into a fury of rancor, recalling the worst days of the reconstruction epoch. Mr. Roosevelt has been trying ever since to live down his unpopularity in the South, and to some extent he has succeeded. His opposition to the scheme of cutting down Southern representation in Congress, which, however, never had any real vitality, has contributed toward this end. The whole trouble showed how much more important manner sometimes is than matter. As a general rule, President Roosevelt has displayed much more consideration for the Southern idea of white government than was shown by any of his Republican predecessors, but lack of tact in particular cases undid all the good effects of a reasoned and generally conciliatory policy. His mistakes in

this matter all came in a group, and have not been repeated. Mr. Roosevelt has made several attempts to explain his position for the benefit of the Southern people and to assure them of his real friendliness.

### THE ADMINISTRATION IN DIPLOMACY

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT has been fortunate in inheriting from his predecessor a diplomat who has shed more lustre upon his Administration than it has gained from any other source. That Administration is hardly stamped more characteristically in its internal policies with the personality of Theodore Roosevelt than it is in its foreign relations with the personality of John Hay. And when mistakes have been made in the management of our foreign affairs—when the beautiful smoothness of our diplomacy has been marred by rash and raw freaks of adventure—the public has been inclined to absolve Mr. Hay of the responsibility and lay the blame on ill-considered interference from the White House. The great work of Mr. Hay's career, begun under McKinley and continued under Roosevelt, has been the preservation of China. Five years ago it was generally agreed, by some with regret and by others with exultation, that the most ancient empire on the globe was doomed. The process of partition had already begun. Germany had seized Kiao-Chau, Russia was firmly intrenched in Manchuria, England had taken Wei-Hai-Wei, and staked out a claim in the Yangtse Valley, and an international conference to divide the whole country seemed a matter of the near future. The Boxer outbreak brought matters to a head. Any company that had offered to ensure China's life for a year would have been held guilty of indulging in "frenzied finance." But John Hay kept his head while the mob surged about the legations; he saved the lives of the foreign ministers, and he saved China too. The moderation and justice displayed by the American Government in that crisis immeasurably strengthened our position in the Far East. They gave us the confidence of China and Japan. The death of McKinley caused no break in the Asiatic policy of Mr. Hay. He has often had to repeat his first great service, and it is due to him that China has not been made the battle-ground, and much of her territory the prize of victory, in the present war.

If the greatest achievement of Secretary Hay was the maintenance of the integrity of China, the greatest personal triumph of President Roosevelt in the field of foreign affairs was the final destruction of all obstacles in the way of digging the Panama Canal. This is a piece of work as characteristic of Roosevelt as the preservation of the open door in Manchuria is characteristic of Hay. Down to a certain point the Panama proceedings disclose only the delicate workmanship of the Secretary of State. Under McKinley his diplomacy cleared away the half-century old obstruction of the Clayton-Bulwer treaty. Under Roosevelt his tact soothed the fractious susceptibilities of the Colombian representatives at Washington and achieved a treaty giving us the right to construct the canal. There his power stopped. The Congress at Bogota, ensconced at the end of its mule-trails among its mountains and forests, was beyond the range of his magnetism. The Hay-Herran treaty was rejected. Then the diplomat gave way to the bronco-buster. In a day a new republic, garrisoned by American marines, took its place among the nations of the earth; in a week we had a treaty with it, and a strip of land from ocean to ocean was practically added to the possessions of the United States. Moralists shivered, but President Roosevelt had won the imperishable distinction of putting in the way of actual execution a splendid project of world-improvement about which mankind had been talking for three hundred years.

To Mr. Roosevelt, too, we must credit or debit, ac-

## INAUGURATION DAY

By RICHARD WATSON GILDER

ON this great day a child of time and fate  
On a new path of power doth stand and wait.

Though heavy-burdened, shall his heart rejoice,  
Dowered with a nation's faith, an empire's choice.

Who hath no strength, but that the people give,  
And in their wills, alone, his will doth live.

On this one day, this, this, is their one man,—  
The well-beloved, the chief American!

Whose people are his brothers, fathers, sons:  
In this his strength, and not a million guns.

Whose power is mightier than the mightiest crown,  
Because that soon he lays that power down.

Whose wish, linked to the people's, shall exceed  
The force of civic wrong and banded greed.

Whose voice, in friendship or in warning heard,  
Brings to the nations a free people's word;

And, where the oppressed out from the darkness grope,  
'Tis as the voice of freedom and of hope.

O pray that he may rightly rule the State,  
And grow, in truly serving, truly great.



cording to the point of view, that tremendous development of the Monroe Doctrine which has put Santo Domingo under our guardianship, and which throws the shadow of Manifest Destiny over the whole of the Western Hemisphere.

### ROOSEVELT IN POLITICS

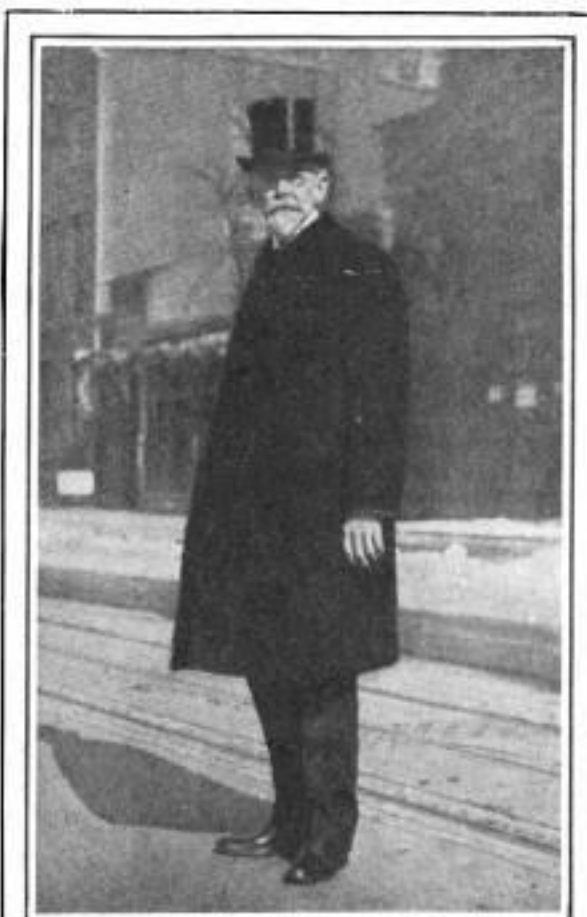
MR. ROOSEVELT has made his own precedents, in politics as well as in statesmanship. Two years ago even his nomination was in doubt. He forced his rivals in his own party out of the field by frankly avowing his candidacy and compelling the party leaders to speak out in the hearing of the people and say whether they were for or against him. He secured resolutions of indorsement from State Conventions a year in advance. He galloped over all opposition in his party, and when he had lassoed the nomination, he galloped over all opposition in the nation as well. Not only did he break all records in the size of his majorities, but he captured even the men who had voted against him. The Democratic party hailed him after election as an exponent of Democratic principles. Mr. Bryan gave his policies the seal of his own distinguished approval, and his measures won the cordial support of the Democrats in Congress. Every President professes to be not the chief of a party but of the American people, but never since James Monroe has there been one who could make that profession with such good reason as can Theodore Roosevelt.

### QUAY AS A MODEL

CONGRESS DEVOTED itself on February 18 to eulogies on the late Senator Quay. As was fitting, Senator Platt of New York paid a feeling tribute to the virtues of the departed statesman, whose life he described as an "inspiration to humanity," charged with "those human traits and qualities which inspire emulation." As was equally fitting, Senator Penrose expressed his admiration for the master whose precepts and example have formed his own political character. With similar appropriateness Representative Grosvenor poured libations of praise to Quay in the House. But the most remarkable feature of the occasion was that it fell to the lot of Senator Knox to dedicate his maiden speech in the Senate to the glorification of the man who had done more than any other one person to reduce Pennsylvania to its present state of political degradation. With an admiration that helped to satisfy some public curiosity as to his own ideals, Mr. Knox described Quay's "eminent services to the nation, the State of Pennsylvania, and his party; his mastership of the art of statecraft and political finesse, and his magnificent strategy and courage."

### THE RUSSIAN TERROR

WHILE THE parties of reform and of despotism in Russia were struggling for the control of the vacillating mind of the Czar, and the question of convoking the ancient assembly of the Zemsky Sobor was still in suspense, the nation was convulsed on February 17 by the news that the Terrorists had begun the execution of the death sentences pronounced on fourteen members of the reactionary group about the Emperor. The first victim was the Grand Duke Sergius, uncle of the Czar, and the most ruthless of the advocates of government by knout and sabre. He was killed, like Alexander II and De Plehve, in what may now be called the classical Russian manner—by throwing a bomb into his carriage. Fully conscious of his danger, he had been careful not to show himself in



JUDGE CHARLES SWAYNE

United States District Judge for the Northern District of Florida, whose impeachment trial before the Senate has been one of the chief sensations of the session of Congress now closing.

public, and this was the first time since his sentence had been passed that he had driven out without his wife, whom the revolutionists did not wish to kill. The deed took place within the walls of that city of palaces, churches, and castles collectively known as the Kremlin. The Grand Duke was on the way to a private Russian bath. His equipage, followed by secret police in sleighs, was about to pass through the narrow Nikolsky Gate, when a man dressed as a workman drew a bomb, filled with nails and scrap iron, from under his coat, and threw it with deliberate precision into the carriage. The explosion tore Sergius literally into fragments, and desperately wounded his coachman. The assassin was arrested, but expressed satisfaction that he had "done his job," and that he had been able to kill the Grand Duke without injuring his innocent wife.

### REVOLUTION IN THE AIR

THE BOMB that killed Sergius shook all Russia. Now, if never before, the "Terrorists" had justified their name. Terror seized the imperial household and those officials and nobles who were identified with autocratic government. Not a single member of the Czar's family attended the solemn requiem mass for the repose of the dead prince's soul held in St. Petersburg on the day after the tragedy. General Trepoft, Governor-General of St. Petersburg, whose name was on the list of the doomed, kept himself behind guarded doors. No signs of sorrow were seen among the people. In some places crowds openly cheered the murder and sang the "Marseillaise." Everywhere the

spirit of insurrection flamed up. "Russia is in full revolution," said a member of the Government. Mixed with demands for representative institutions came equally insistent demands for peace. "Stop the war," was the watchword of the party of discontent. It found expression in the newspapers in spite of the censorship. It had still more practical expression in the recrudescence of the strikes in the great iron works which were supplying naval and military material. This stoppage of supplies threatened to cripple the forces at the front, and compelled the Government to place orders abroad. On February 20 the professors, students, and directors of the University of St. Petersburg held a great joint meeting, the first ever authorized, and with incendiary speeches and unparalleled excitement adopted resolutions demanding a Constituent Assembly, universal suffrage, and autonomy for the non-Russian provinces.

### DEMORALIZATION AT THE FRONT

THE JAPANESE have begun to harass the Russian communications by bands of raiders, including Chinese "bandits," who attack the railroad near Harbin and sometimes ambush parties of its defenders. Meanwhile complete demoralization seems to have set in among the officers of the Russian army and navy. They are talking freely for publication, accusing each other of incompetence and cowardice. The late defenders of Port Arthur are exchanging the bitterest recriminations on the way home. General Stoessel is described by some as a coward and by others as a hero. Although General Kuropatkin succeeded in making General Gripenberg's position at the front untenable, the stories General Gripenberg has told on his return to Russia have seriously shaken confidence in Kuropatkin. Neither in the naval nor in the military service does it seem possible now for the Russian forces to go into action with any confidence in their leadership.

### THE ARMY IN THE TELEGRAPH BUSINESS

ADVOCATES of the public ownership of public utilities will find arguments in the scale of rates for social messages over the Alaskan telegraph lines of the Army Signal Corps, which went into effect on March 1. In that vast wilderness the Government will transmit a limited number of such messages at fifty cents for ten words or twenty-five words for a dollar. A corporation in control of this system would charge at least five times the price. The Signal Corps is operating a complete system of telegraph lines reaching every military station and every important settlement in Alaska. Its web covers 3,865 miles, including 2,261 miles of cable, 1,497 miles of land lines, and 107 miles of wireless. The last item takes the place of a cable across Norton Sound, which had to be abandoned on account of the irresistible crush of the ice-pack. It is the longest commercial wireless line regularly working in the world, and it has been completely and uninterruptedly successful. The army system in Alaska is not only complete in itself, but it is connected by its own cable with the general system of the United States at Seattle.

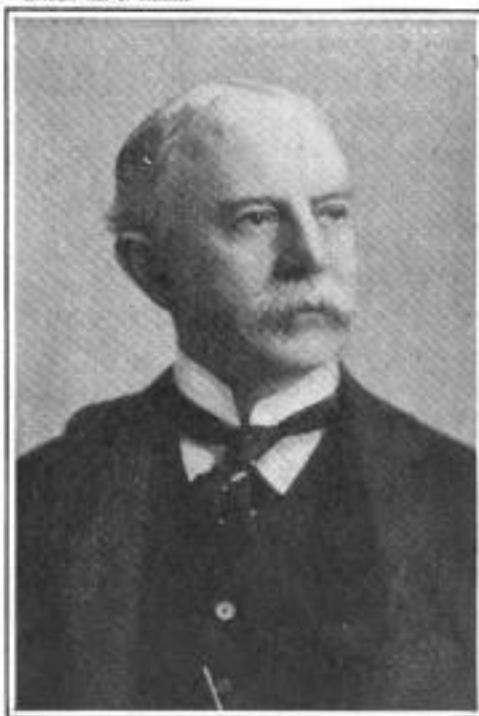
### WILHELM, I. R., LL.D.

IT IS DR. WILHELM NOW. On Washington's Birthday, through his Ambassador at Washington, the German Kaiser received the degree of LL.D. from the University of Pennsylvania, along with his great and good friend, President Roosevelt. This is said to be the first occasion on which a reigning sovereign has



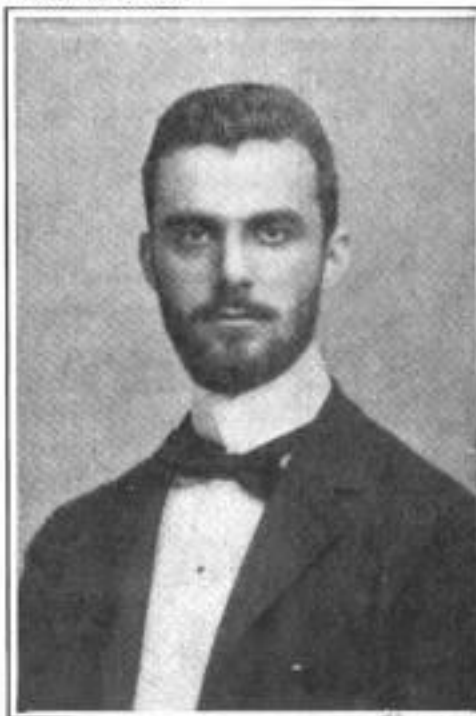
GRAND DUKE SERGIUS ALEXANDROVITCH

The tyrannical uncle of the Czar—killed by a bomb in the Kremlin, at Moscow, February 17, 1905



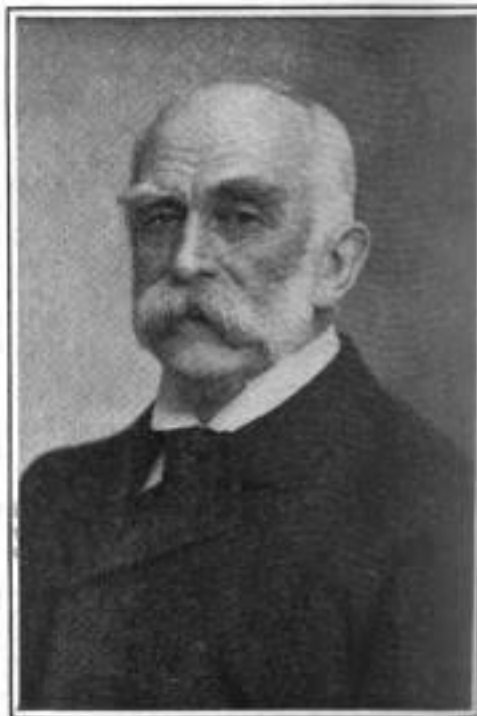
JAMES W. ALEXANDER

President of the Equitable Assurance Society and leader of the movement to give control to policy-holders



JAMES H. HYDE

Vice-President and principal stockholder of the Equitable, whom President Alexander tried to oust



JAMES COOLIDGE CARTER

Publicist and one of the leaders of the American bar—died at his home in New York, February 14



# CHICAGO'S FOUR-DAY FIRE RECORD



THE FIRE-AND-FROST-WRECKED CENTRAL ELECTRIC COMPANY BUILDING, FEBRUARY 11



APARTMENT HOUSES BURNING ON FEBRUARY 13 WITH THERMOMETER AT 5 DEGREES BELOW 0



THE BREVORT HOTEL, BURNED FEBRUARY 14

In the four days of below-zero weather, from February 11 to 14, the Chicago fire department fought some three hundred fires. The damage caused by the four pictured in the accompanying photographs was in the neighborhood of one million dollars. One of them turned one hundred people out into the cold, homeless. Many firemen were frostbitten and the department was taxed to the utmost.

United States to attempt the adjustment of the Dominican debts, for which purpose it will take charge of all the custom houses of the republic, pay to the Dominican Government at least forty-five per cent of the receipts, and use the rest for maintaining the customs service and paying the debts. Santo Domingo is not to reduce its import duties, increase its export duties or borrow money without the consent of the President of the United States. The Government of the United States, on request, is to give to Santo Domingo such other assistance as it may deem proper to "restore the credit, preserve the order, increase the efficiency of the civil administration, and advance the material progress and welfare of the Dominican Republic." In his message transmitting this agreement, President Roosevelt cited the precedent of our dealings with Cuba under the Platt Amendment, and indeed it is manifest that the new protocol makes Santo Domingo quite as much a dependency of the United States as Cuba is. But the

President insists that this degree of control on our part is "an international duty" which is "necessarily involved in the assertion of the Monroe Doctrine." The same principle, of course, applies to all the other republics of this hemisphere which may prove themselves disorderly and irresponsible.

## SENATE HELPING CANADIAN PROTECTION

THE RULING of the Attorney-General, put into effect by the Treasury Department, that American millers could recover drawbacks on Canadian wheat mixed with American wheat and ground into flour for export, has been attacked from two sides. In Canada it has been regarded as a deep and dangerous American scheme to destroy the Canadian milling industry, and Mr. Maclean, M. P. for South York, has raised the question in the Dominion House of Commons, urging the Government to meet the peril by an export duty on wheat. In the United States Senate it has been treated as an assault on the interests of the American farmers, and under the lead of Mr. Hansbrough of North Dakota an amendment was tacked to the Agricultural Appropriation bill annulling the Attorney-General's ruling as far as it affected wheat. Thus the Senate was doing the work of the Canadian protectionists, just as it did in a still more signal fashion by wrecking the reciprocity treaty with Newfoundland. But in this case it happened to collide with the privileges of the House, and in the smash the drawback privilege escaped. The House held that the Senate's amendment to the Agricultural Appropriation bill was revenue legislation, which under the Constitution could originate only in the popular branch of Congress. It refused to receive the bill with the amendment, and



THE 10 DEGREES BELOW 0 FIRE OF MILLER BUILDING, FEBRUARY 14

the Senate receded. On the merits of the question it was clear that the apprehensions of the Canadian millers had much more foundation than those of the American farmers. If Canadian wheat were ground for export in the United States, that particular wheat would certainly not be ground in Canada, but it could not affect the price of American wheat, which would have to meet its competition in Liverpool on whichever side of the boundary it happened to be turned into flour. The advocates of the drawback assert that it will permit us to sell considerable quantities of soft American wheat which could not be exported unmixed.

## BOMBS FOR STANDARD OIL

THE WAR of the State of Kansas upon the Standard Oil Company has passed from the humorous to the serious stage. The bill appropriating \$410,000 for the establishment of a State refinery has become a law, and has been accompanied by other bills fixing maximum freight rates and preventing discrimination in the transportation of oil. The State refinery idea has spread beyond the limits of Kansas, and similar propositions have been advanced in Colorado and Texas. The Standard, alarmed by the results of its threat to "teach the State of Kansas a lesson," has reconsidered its refusal to buy Kansas oil, and has re-entered that field. Meanwhile, the National Government has been stirred to action. On February 15 the House unanimously passed a resolution calling upon the Secretary of Commerce and Labor to investigate the cause of the low price of crude oil, especially in the Kansas field, and "the unusually large margins between the price of crude oil or petroleum and the selling price of refined oil and its by-products." The Sec-

## THE DOMINICAN PROTECTORATE

AFTER ALL its tortuous course of evasion, denial, and explanation, the President's Santo Domingo policy has finally been brought upon the firm ground of constitutional order. On February 15 the new protocol was submitted to the Senate, with a special message urging its speedy ratification. Its text was made public the next day. After reciting the burden of the Dominican debts, and "the imminent peril and urgent menace of intervention" on the part of nations whose citizens have claims against the republic, together with the unwillingness of the United States to tolerate such intervention, it states that the American Government is disposed to accede to the request of Santo Domingo that it lend its assistance toward effecting a satisfactory arrangement with all the creditors of that country, "agreeing to respect the complete territorial integrity of the Dominican Republic." The agreement then sets forth the undertaking of the



retary was asked to determine whether such conditions were caused in whole or in part by any combination in restraint of trade, and to make early report of his findings, "to the end that such information may be used by Congress as a basis for legislation, or by the Department of Justice as a basis of legal proceedings." The Administration promptly heeded this resolution, and steps were taken at once to carry out the proposed investigation. The conditions in the Kansas field, with hundreds of producers in open revolt against the Standard Oil monopoly, furnish an extraordinarily favorable opportunity to get evidence of illegal actions on the part of the trust, and the members of the Kansas delegation in Congress have assured the President that such evidence will be supplied to his investigators in ample abundance to satisfy any court.

#### A RESPITE FOR BALFOUR

THE BRITISH PARLIAMENT began its new session on February 14 with a colorless speech from the throne, and the Liberal hopes of an early accession to office were promptly disappointed. An amendment to the address, proposed by Mr. Asquith, and declaring that after two years of discussion the time had come to submit the fiscal question to the people without further delay, was beaten by a vote of 311 to 248—a Government majority of 63. Lord Hugh Cecil, the leader of the Conservative Free Traders, upon whom the Liberals had counted to help turn his cousin's Cabinet out of office, spoke and voted for the Government. While he criticised Mr. Balfour's ambiguous position, he said that he thought the cause of free trade would gain by keeping the present Government in office still longer. Mr. Chamberlain professed to welcome a dissolution, but advised the Ministry not to abandon its trust merely because the opposition wanted office. He asserted that Mr. Balfour and himself were agreed on matters of principle and differed only on one detail. He wanted a Colonial Conference and Mr. Balfour did not. The result of the division prolongs the Government's tenure of power for some time. The uniform current in the by-elections makes it plain that the Liberals will win a great victory if they have a chance to vote before the situation changes, but if he chooses Mr. Balfour can keep them out of that opportunity for about two years yet, unless continued local losses whittle away his majority in the meantime.

#### A MAIL ORDER PARLIAMENT

THE CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOL or "typewritten university" idea has had a remarkable development in China, where it is proposed to hold a correspondence Parliament. The Emperor has approved a memorial advising the creation of a deliberative body, composed of the great officials of the empire, to consult upon important matters, foreign and domestic. The members of this Parliament are not to meet and wrangle face to face, but will exchange compliments neatly inscribed with stencil brushes on rice paper. This is the Chinese solution of the problem of "mutualization" that is disturbing the Czar, as well as some insurance potentates, and its infinite possibilities of delay commend it to the Oriental mind.

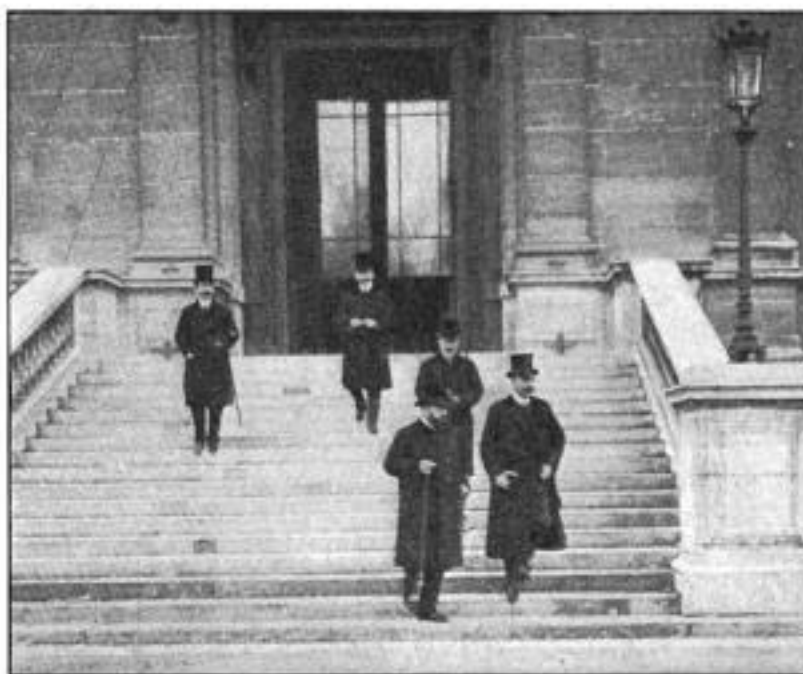
#### COMMERCIAL FORESTRY

ALTHOUGH A MATCH is such a little thing, all the matches used in a year make a serious hole in our forest resources. The Diamond Match Company has over 50,000 acres of timber land in Butte County, California, and it has decided to manage this under a system of timber culture that will keep up the supply indefinitely. This is an example of the new commercial tendencies that promise better results for American forestry than could ever be attained by official action against the opposition of business interests. Most of the great timber users are beginning to see that it would be to their advantage to keep up the supply instead of exhausting it and having nothing left. They are driven to this conclusion by the force of necessity. The railroads, which swallow up hundreds of thousands of acres of forests for ties, the makers of wood pulp and the dealers in building lumber are beginning to establish private forest reserves which will soon check the devastation of our woodlands more effectively than those of the Government. Hitherto the commercial users of timber have been like the pot-hunters who exterminate game. They are now approaching a

stage of progress that corresponds to that of the scientific stock-raiser who has more cattle on his ranch the more he kills.

#### THE WORLD'S FIVE GREAT CITIES

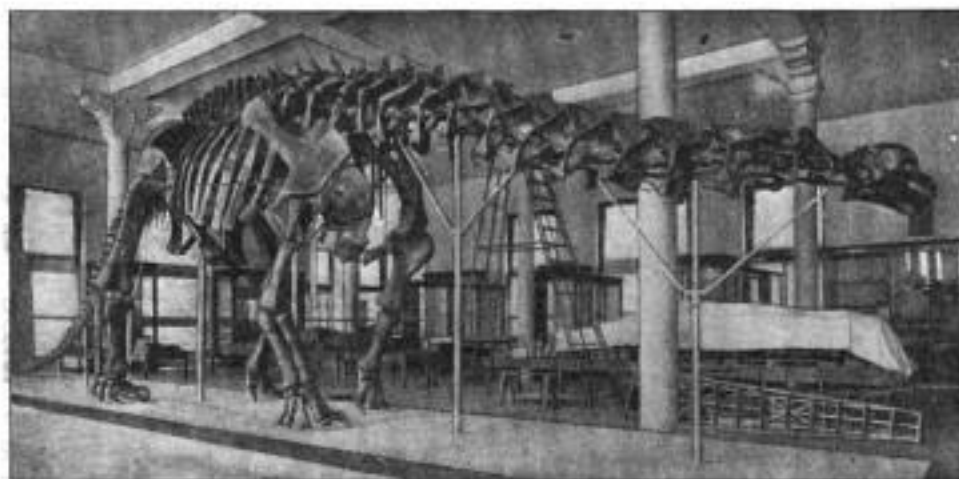
THE RETURNS of the census of December 1, 1904, show that Berlin is growing at a rate that the most progressive city of America would not despise. The city proper has advanced from 1,888,848 inhabitants to 1,996,708 in four years. But the city



ARBITERS OF PEACE AT PARIS

Members of the International Commission that investigated the Russian firing upon the British fishing fleet in the North Sea coming down the steps of the Foreign Office

proper corresponds merely to the Borough of Manhattan in New York. The bulk of the new population overflows into a ring of surrounding suburbs, from two to four miles from the centre of the capital, and not to be distinguished from it by any visible boundary. Greater Berlin, including these suburbs, had 2,572,026 inhabitants in 1900, and now has 2,863,088. Increasing at the rate of 80,264 annually, it may expect to have three million people next year. Chicago had 1,698,575 inhabitants in 1900, and its population on January 1, 1905, was estimated at 1,968,000—almost exactly that of Berlin proper. Paris had 2,714,068 people in 1901. The growth of Berlin is so much more rapid that, counting the whole metropolitan area in each case, the French capital must soon lose its place as the third city of the world. The race for that place will be between Berlin and Chicago. New York is safe for second place until



THE "THUNDER LIZARD" AT HOME

Skeleton of the great brontosaurus, sixty-seven feet long, the chief attraction of the new Dinosaur Hall of the American Museum of Natural History, New York. This is the largest skeleton ever mounted, and the only one of a brontosaurus on exhibition anywhere in the world

it takes first, ten or fifteen years hence, and London will not fall below second for a long time to come. Paris will be fifth, and will hold that position for the next half-century, at least.

#### TWO FRIGHTFUL LESSONS IN VAIN

THE FIRE in the Casino Theatre, New York, which would have duplicated the Iroquois disaster if it had happened two hours later, has revealed the fact that all the wrath and grief that swept over the country a year ago have been practically barren. The most stringent rules for the safety of life were adopted in New York, as in other cities, after the crime in Chicago, but hardly anything seems to have come of them.

Theatrical managers have become brazen in their defiance of public sentiment. The firm that owned the show that was on the Iroquois stage at the time of the fire, as well as part of the theatre itself, actually brought a libel suit against a paper that ventured to print a cartoon on the subject, and when that failed, it had the paper's critic excluded from most of the theatres of New York. Another manager wrote an impudent letter to District-Attorney Jerome when Mr. Jerome mentioned some of the deadly features of one of the manager's playhouses. The Casino was found, after the fire, to have been filled with flimsy wood and other combustible material. Although a stringent rule was adopted last year requiring all scenery to be fireproofed, Mr. Jerome asserts that there is "practically no fireproof scenery in any city theatre." His belief, too, is that "none of the so-called asbestos curtains in the theatres are fireproof."

While the Iroquois lesson has been thus disregarded on shore, the equally appalling *Slocum* lesson has been disregarded afloat. Not one step has been taken toward remedying the frightful conditions revealed by the destruction of the *General Slocum* and later by that of the *Glen Island*. The House passed five bills in one day to improve the inspection service and ensure the presence of superficial fittings of good quality on excursion boats, but not one of them touched the fundamental question of the safety of the boat itself. It remains, as it always has been, perfectly lawful to build and pack with human beings a boat that will flash into flame at the touch of a match.

#### DEMOCRACY IN INSURANCE

A MATTER OF extraordinary interest to every person who has saved a dollar was temporarily settled on February 16, when the directors of the Equitable Life Assurance Society voted to extend voting privileges to policy-holders. The Equitable is one of the giants of the insurance world, its assets amounting to over \$400,000,000, and its insurance in force to a billion and a half. No State in the Union has anything like the amount of its available financial resources. Its budget is comparable to that of a Great Power. All this tremendous accumulation of wealth, representing the future livelihood of over half a million families, has been absolutely controlled by the ownership of \$51,000 of stock, practically in the hands of a single young man—Vice-President James H. Hyde. A clause in the charter of the company permitted the directors to give voting rights to the policy-holders. There was thus the curious situation that the stockholders created the directors, but the directors could take the control away from the stockholders. The case was further complicated by the fact that the incumbent directors had been elected, not by the actual owners of the stock, but by a trustee, President James W. Alexander, whose relations with the actual owners were now strained.

On February 2 Mr. Alexander and almost all the principal officers of the company filed a petition declaring that the existing situation could not continue with safety, and urging the transfer of power to the policy-holders. Five days later they issued a supplementary statement demanding the retirement of Mr. Hyde from the Vice-Presidency. A bitter struggle was precipitated, but at the meeting of the directors on the 16th, the Hyde forces were in complete control. A compromise was then agreed upon, by which all the old officers were re-elected and the enfranchisement of the policy-holders was to be accomplished, as it already had been in most other great insurance companies. Thus a long step was taken toward financial democracy. Its effects may not be noticeable at first, for the rule requiring policy-holders to vote in person will limit the number actually taking part in elections to a few hundred out of the hundreds of thousands entitled to vote. But the voting right having been established, an effective method of exercising it will follow in the course of time, and control by financial rings will disappear.

#### SMALL PROFITS IN THE PHILIPPINES

THE ANNUAL stock-taking of the commerce of the United States discloses the fact that from a commercial point of view the Philippines are the least profitable of all the possessions of this republic, although they have cost us more than any other, and have six times as many inhabitants as all the rest combined. Our trade with them is almost stationary, and



# GEN. KUROKI AT RIFLE PRACTICE ON THE HUN RIVER



In October last the Russians caused the publication of reports that General Kuroki, Commander-in-Chief of the Japanese First Army, who almost cut them off from their retreat to Mukden after the battle of Liao-Yang, had been killed by a Russian shell. The Japanese did not concern themselves much about denying these rumors, and despatches kept coming from the "Headquarters of General Kuroki's Army." The present picture, which was taken by James H. Hare, Collier's war photog-

rapher with the Japanese Army, early in January, shows General Kuroki alive and well and actively interested in marksmanship. In order to enliven the monotony of the weary weeks of waiting on the Hun River, General Kuroki organized a rifle tournament at his headquarters, inviting all the foreign attaches, and the few correspondents who were present, to take part. Collier's photographer, James H. Hare, made the same score as General Kuroki. Neither succeeded in hitting the target

PHOTOGRAPH BY JAMES H. HARE, COLLIERS SPECIAL WAR CORRESPONDENT WITH THE JAPANESE ARMY IN MANCHURIA. COPYRIGHT 1905 BY COLLIERS WEEKLY

in volume, and much smaller than their trade with foreign countries, while all other outlying pieces of American territory are not only rapidly increasing their dealings with us, but have hardly any commerce anywhere else. We are exporting less to the Philippines now than we sent three years ago. In the calendar year 1904 we sold to Alaska, Hawaii, and Porto Rico about \$11,000,000 worth of domestic merchandise apiece, and to the Philippines \$5,000,000 worth, or less than half the cost of maintaining our military garrison there, to say nothing of our warships. Alaska shipped us goods to the value of \$10,554,453. Hawaii \$25,339,305. Porto Rico \$12,837,701, and the Philippines \$10,225,338. Our total trade with the Philippines amounts to a little over two dollars per head for all the people of the islands. With Hawaii it amounts to about \$240 per head. Yet the acquisition of Hawaii did not cost us a life, and its retention does not demand a regiment. The figures show that the Senators who are afraid to do justice in the matter of the Philippine tariff, lest we should be overwhelmed by torrents of Filipino sugar and tobacco, are very easily frightened. More than nine-tenths of all our imports from the Philippines consist of hemp. We imported from the islands last year \$723,741 worth of sugar—about as much as would be raised on a good-sized plantation in Louisiana—and \$4,976 worth of tobacco. In each case our imports had declined—in that of tobacco by nearly nine-tenths.

## NEW AMERICANS OF 1904

THE RETURNS for the calendar year 1904 show that the volume of immigration for that year was greater than in any other in our history, with the single exception of 1903. The arrivals in 1904 numbered 808,999. There was a marked decline in the immigration from Austria-

Hungary and Italy, which fell off from 234,636 to 165,793, and from 233,417 to 156,764 respectively. The volume from Russia slightly increased, rising from 147,623 to 161,610—a growth easily explained by the superior attractions of America over those of Manchuria for men of military age. The most remarkable growth was

from the United Kingdom, especially from England. We received 57,310 English immigrants in 1904 against 37,908 in 1903, and 49,419 Irish ones against 38,423. The United Kingdom now ranks a good fourth among our sources of supply, sending us four-fifths as many people as Italy. Toward the end of the year the stream from central Europe suddenly rose, Austria-Hungary unloading 23,433 immigrants upon us in December against 10,794 for the same month in 1903, and the Russian influx growing from 10,463 to 15,992.

## A LULL IN HUNGARY

FOR THE MOMENT the apprehensions caused by the success of the Independence party in the Hungarian elections have been quieted. Francis Kossuth, the leader of the victorious faction, has had a friendly interview with the Emperor in the Hofburg at Vienna, in which he has expressed his loyalty to the throne. That does not mean, however, that the present relations between Austria and Hungary can continue unchanged. Although Kossuth and his associates are willing to have Franz-Josef for their King, they are not willing to have anything more than the most nominal connection with Austria. They want their own tariff. They want their own army, drilled in their own language. In short, they would have Franz-Josef rule, or rather preside, over Austria and Hungary, not over Austria-Hungary, just as Oscar II presides over Sweden and Norway, not over Sweden-Norway. Upon the question how far the King is willing to yield to these aspirations depends the question how long he will be able to maintain friendly relations with the present Hungarian Parliament. In any case, the *modus vivendi* is with him personally, not with his successor, and his death would throw the whole subject again into confusion.



PRINCE KUNI OF THE JAPANESE IMPERIAL FAMILY AND GEN. SIR IAN HAMILTON OF THE BRITISH ARMY AT GENERAL KUROKI'S HEADQUARTERS IN MANCHURIA

PHOTOGRAPH BY JAMES H. HARE, COLLIERS SPECIAL WAR CORRESPONDENT WITH THE JAPANESE ARMY IN MANCHURIA. COPYRIGHT 1905 BY COLLIERS WEEKLY



# GENERAL STOESSEL SURRENDERING



General Stoessel in front of the Plum Tree Cottage, in the village of Shuishi, displaying the fine points of the white Arabian charger which he offered to present to the magnanimous General Nogi as a testimonial of esteem

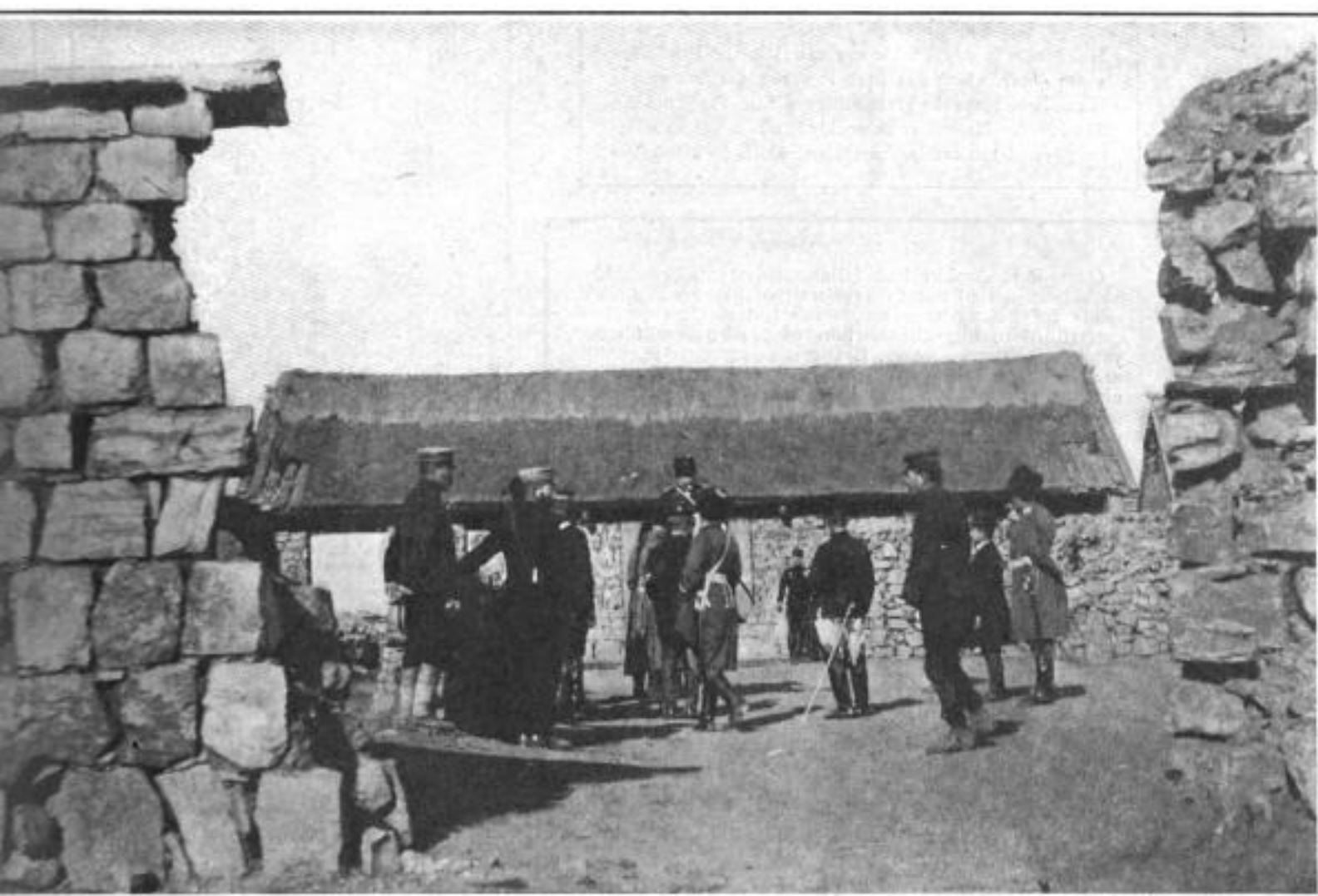


GEN. BARON NOGI REVIEWING THE VICTORIOUS JAPANESE THIRD ARMY AS IT ENTERED AND MARCHED THROUGH WHITE FACE. BACK OF HIM IS THE STAFF. THE PROCESSION TOOK THREE HOURS TO PASS. THE PHOTOGRAPH

On the afternoon of January 1 General Stoessel sent a flag of truce into the Japanese lines with a letter offering to treat for surrender. Commissioners were appointed and met the next day at Shuishi, where they drew up articles of capitulation which were confirmed by both commanders. By the terms of this agreement all forts, ships, arms, ammunition, and military property of all sorts were to be transferred to the Japanese in the existing condition. The Russian officers were to be permitted to carry swords and take away necessary personal



# PORT ARTHUR TO GENERAL NOGI



General Nogi (standing in the centre, white trousers and high boots) accepting General Stoessel's horse, not as a personal gift to himself, but in the name of the Japanese army, as a cherished memento of a brave enemy



OF PORT ARTHUR. GEN. NOGI IS THE OFFICER IN THE FOREGROUND, SEATED ON THE BLACK HORSE WITH A  
N JANUARY 13, ON THE PUBLIC SQUARE AT PORT ARTHUR, AT THE EASTERN ENTRANCE OF THE NEW TOWN

erty. The officers were to be allowed to return to Russia on parole not to take further part in the war; soldiers were to be taken to Japan as prisoners. The transfer of the forts and batteries was completed on 4th, and on the 5th Generals Stoessel and Nogi met at the Plum Tree Cottage and exchanged compliments. Friday, January 13, detachments of all branches of the victorious Japanese army made a triumphal entry into Arthur, and on Sunday they paraded in a spectacular review before General Nogi and the officers of his staff



# THE SECOND YEAR'S CAMPAIGN

By FREDERICK PALMER

Mr. Palmer is now on his way to rejoin the First Japanese Army, which has been in winter quarters on the Hun River since the great battles of Liao-Yang and the Sha River. He will send weekly letters to Collier's descriptive of the coming campaign, which he will follow.



## THE RAILROAD STRATEGY OF THE WAR

The parallel lines show the railroad through Korea which the Japanese have built. This is of military importance and of future commercial value. The dotted lines show the tram line completed from Wiju to Liao-Yang, connecting with the Korean railroad. The heavy black lines show the Russian railroads. The squares under "Mukden" indicate the present positions of the opposing armies.



## POSSIBILITIES OF THE COMING CAMPAIGN

The white arrows indicate how a successful aggressive movement by the Japanese might end the war with the capture of Harbin and Vladivostok. The black arrows show the direction of a Russian aggressive movement by which the war might also be ended if it were successful. The present positions of the armies of Oyama and Kuropatkin are indicated by the squares under "Mukden."

WE come to the crux of the war. When spring releases the frost-bound armies we shall have battles of a magnitude without parallel. Last year's work was in comparison what State elections are to a national one; what Shiloh and Donelson and Vicksburg were to the Civil War. The Gettysburg is not yet fought. Facing Kuropatkin's legions on that railroad which feeds and supplies him, his veritable lifeline, are the four Japanese armies, Kuroki's, Nodzu's, Oku's, which fought as separate units until Liao-Yang, and now Nogi's, released from Port Arthur. Oyama's numbers are three times Grant's at Appomattox; Kuropatkin's four times the largest integral force that Lee ever mustered.

All is on the credit side of the Japanese ledger thus far. They have occupied the entire coastline of Southern Manchuria, destroyed six Russian battleships and crippled the seventh, taken about forty thousand prisoners, and caused the Russians nearly a hundred thousand casualties. They have either taken or destroyed in railroads, buildings, and fleet approximately \$400,000,000 worth of Russian property. In Korea they have established their authority peacefully over 8,000,000 people.

## The Trial Balance of War

To their debit are one important battleship and two important cruisers and a few torpedo boats. In property destroyed their total loss is less than fifteen millions. Against three hundred guns taken they have lost one field battery. Though always on the offensive, though they have captured a fortress supposed to be impregnable, their sacrifice of life is no more than that of their enemy. Russia has not won a single engagement; excepting Putiloff Hill she has not yet recovered a single square mile of ground whose possession the Japanese have contested in other than in a reconnaissance or an outpost skirmish. There is no record in the history of war on a grand scale equal to this.

Sea-begirt, hungering for the land and the ozone of the temperate zone for her increasing population, Japan moves northward by instinct; and by instinct Russia, land-poor and hungering for harbors, moves southward. Japan is ready for peace now; for Korea is clear of the enemy and she holds Port Arthur, which, if it does not mean the neutrality of China, is the front door of Manchuria. But Russia has lost the harbor that she had. The wedge-point of her ambition, moving steadily eastward from the Urals, is still denied the sea—the ownership of which, she is learning, belongs to those who are born by its shores.

Yet with one blow Russia can recover all that she has lost. Rojstvensky has a fighting chance. Nelson never had such a dazzling opportunity as his. The situation is the same as if Napoleon had had a fleet on the sea equal to the English a month before Waterloo. Defeat on the sea for Japan means that all her armies are cut off from home; that all that she has won is lost; that all her expense and bloodshed are wasted; that she is a ruined nation—unless her ally, England, or her friend, the United States, loan her their unassailable sea-power.

Once Port Arthur had fallen, Rojstvensky would have been a fool not to have waited till he was fully ready for his advance across the Indian Ocean. He can afford to hug the harbors of Madagascar for a year, or even two years, if thereby—and the French are dishonest enough to allow it—he can secure sufficient reinforcements from home to give him real hope of victory. When Togo returned to his flagship the other day it was to the greatest hazard yet. Well might this wizard of the sea object to jubilation in Tokio on the ground that his work was not finished. He has worn out one Russian fleet as large as his own; now he has to fight another. And a pitched naval battle there will be if all Russian sailors are not mad and their crews filled with cotton.

Mastery of the roadstead over which her troop-laden and supply-laden transports travel is Japan's first premise. The war is for the possession of the land, and on the land the issue must be settled. How may Russia win? If it took Japan eight months to advance her armies to the Sha, how long will her enemy require to recover the lost ground? Russia can not retake Nanshan, that narrow neck of the Liaotung Peninsula, as the Japanese won it—in a day.

Though she took Nanshan, she would find Port Arthur itself impregnable. A garrison of 50,000, continually reinforced with men and supplies from the sea, could hold the fortress forever. Before the Russians could advance an army toward the Yalu they would have to force the Japanese back down the railroad and leave a containing force at Nanshan. A third army would have to strike the east coast of Korea from the direction of Vladivostok. Driven to this extremity, Japan could still maintain 300,000 men in the field. Then Russia, to regain Manchuria itself, would need at least double the numbers of the Japanese, or 600,000. But expert information which I have received lately from Mukden indicates that the capacity of the single track railroad has been reached. It can supply and repair the wastages of flesh and materials of not more than 300,000 men—a force little if any larger than Oyama's. That makes complete Russian success out of the question. The second possibility is a stalemate. Will the two vast forces hold each other in deadly grip throughout the summer, neither gaining decided advantage? This would confirm Japan in the ground that she has taken. Exhaustion for both sides might come; and still Russia's prestige would not be recovered.

There is a third possibility of peculiar interest to ourselves. The two armies rest on the edge of Manchuria. Across the Liao River is China. By diplomatic consent China is neutral ground. In the end, however, China is neutral only as long as she has the force—or some one will supply it—to protect her neutrality. A hundred thousand Russians could brush aside the Chinese regulars and take Peking. Anglo-Saxon battleships and cruisers could not interfere any more than the whale can fight the elephant. The signal for the break up of China would have been made. Russia might say to Japan:

"We are the two preponderant powers—the only military powers—in the Far East. Let us not devour each

other! Keep what you have taken and we will reimburse ourselves elsewhere for what we have lost. All we ask is an attitude of passiveness on your part."

Japan might say to the world: "We have taken Korea, which is justly ours. We shall retain Port Arthur, which was formerly ours by conquest from China. The Russian railroads and buildings which have fallen into our hands we will keep as the spoils of war. We have shed blood and accumulated a great national debt. We can do no more. It is the turn of other powers and of China herself to protect her integrity."

Russia would have a port at Tien-tsin to take Dalny's place. France, the ally, wanting territory in South China; Germany, the "broker," wanting territory in Shantung, would be content. Unless England and the United States should land troops, they could do nothing except to exert their naval power upon Japan, which is dependent upon the sea.

## Japan's Probable Conquests

This is not an outcome which Japan desires. It is an outcome which her exhaustion may compel. Rather, should she seek to force peace by the power of her arms.

The fourth possible outcome of the summer's campaign is that which any one who has been with the Japanese army and knows the Russian army believes to be most probable. You need be no military strategist; you have only to look at the map to see that the second stage of the Japanese campaign would mean the taking of Vladivostok and Harbin. As against a single-track railway 7,000 miles long, Japan has the whole sea for her roadstead. From Liao-Yang by rail to Dalny is 150 miles; from Liao-Yang to Newchwang is 75 miles. Her railroad through the heart of Korea, from land's end to the Korean border, is complete. From Wiju to Liao-Yang a tram line carries the freight of the transports which is landed at Fusan. At Oyama's principal base, then, the rice bags are now piled mountain high. The Japanese never move until they are ready, and when they do move in the spring it will be with full stomachs and with plenty of dinners in sight.

If Japan can equip, arm, and organize an army of 500,000 men, there is every reason to believe that she can feed them. With great numbers of reserves yet to call on, with 200,000 youths coming to maturity every year, she need not wait for what Napoleon was pleased to call "cannon food." If they can pit 500,000 against the Slav's 300,000 the result is clear. They will drive him northward.

Once Harbin is taken the Russians are without any base east of Lake Baikal. On the one side China and on the other an impassable country prevents them from striking the Japanese in flank. Both branches of the Manchurian railroad will be in Japanese hands. Russia's last harbor on the Pacific, cut off by land and sea, must fall from want of supplies. The integrity of China does not count so far as Vladivostok is concerned. This is Russian territory. The value of the port, of the buildings, and the railroad and railroad property amounts to more than the sum of Japan's



MAP SHOWING THE RESULTS OF THE FIRST YEAR'S CAMPAIGN



national debt. Their return by Japan would be made only on the payment of a huge indemnity. For, beaten out of Harbin, the Czar would either have to make peace or devote a term of years to doubling the track of the Siberian road and then begin the struggle again. Can Russia afford that expense simply in the name of prestige and glory?

Always this war is good "business" for Japan and bad "business" for Russia. Japan is fighting for room;

for industrial expansion. Her weakness is poverty. The country which Nippon Denji is watering with his blood is an economic supplement of his own.

Even with equal numbers the advantage is still with Oyama. With him is not only all responsibility, but all power. The staff which organized the first year's campaign organizes the second. Oyama is more than a masterful head; he is the masterful head of a masterful human machine. This human machine is possessed

of the confidence of unbroken success. Confidence is of the same value as a military asset as a good head of water in fighting a fire. The fears that the Japanese could not stand the cold of Manchuria were groundless. On this score as on every other Oyama seems to have known his own mind precisely. There has been as yet no falling between two stools in Japanese strategy. Military history told the master the fate of most winter campaigns. (Continued on page 25.)

# Washington's Inaugural, and Mr. Roosevelt's

A GLANCE FROM 1789 TO 1905—OUR COUNTRY THEN AND NOW

By NORMAN HAPGOOD

WHEN Washington left Mount Vernon, to take up the burdens of Chief Executive, the path of his little nation seemed filled with peril, and the heart of its leading citizen was heavy. It was with a mind oppressed, as he wrote in his diary, with more anxious and painful sensations than he was able to express, that he "quit a peaceful abode for an ocean of difficulties, without that competency of political skill, abilities, and inclination which are necessary to manage the helm."

He was in what he was accustomed to call the evening of his life, and his solemn nature constantly foresaw the Angel of the Darker Drink. Riding from Mount Vernon to New York, with two friends, he was everywhere received with grief and joy. At Trenton he passed beneath an arch which bore the device, "The Defender of the mothers will also defend the daughters." A sunflower, at the summit of the arch, stood as a symbol of the man toward whom all hearts were turned. Spectators wept at every station. At Elizabethtown he entered a barge, propelled by thirteen oarsmen, which carried him to the little city at the bottom of Manhattan Island.

There he remained a week before the inaugural, a week filled with the pomp and ceremony of that day—ceremonies which he regretted, oppressed as he was by the heaviest burdens that life could offer. His address to Congress was delivered in military uniform, his sword resting in its sheath. His voice was trembling, low, and deep. His face showed lines of care and time. Those who listened were moved as by some tragedy. They were facing the unknown; they were listening to the hero of a thousand trials. The new President walked from the Federal Hall to St. Paul's Church. He walked to his home in the evening from the fireworks at the Battery. It was only a step, for the metropolis was a tiny settlement, a few scattered and rambling wooden buildings, in which, nevertheless, great things were done.

THE inaugural this week unfolds far other sights and a far different leader. When the first President was inaugurated, the city which was to bear his name was in the womb of time. When John Adams entered it, it consisted of half-finished edifices lying in a wilderness. Firewood was scarce, because none could be found to cut the trees. The spot was beautiful, but wild. Savages and beasts still lurked among the thickets, and from the adjoining hill the wide view swept over distances unknown to civilized man. To-day this capital of an immense and powerful race, this fairest city swarms with Americans from vast western regions, which then no white man's eye had seen. It is dotted, also, here and there, on the occasion of the twenty-sixth President's inaugural, with people of dusky hue and varied garb, tokens of an empire undreamed of when Washington was alive. Conditions changing have altered profoundly the premises on which the philosophy of that day was based. It assumed remoteness from the other world as the essential of our position. Now we reach that world as easily as Washington came from Boston to New York. We speak to Europe more quickly than Washington could get a message from one wing of his army to another. Changing facts have meant changing policies, and yet in spirit the philosophy of 1789 guides our steps to-day. Could Washington be deposited in the city of his name, he would draw no quick conclusions. Haste was no ingredient of his nature. He would learn whether the eighty million people who had spread across his continent were happy, as this world goes. He would decide whether they were virtuous, in man's small way, and I think he would conclude that the country had done well with the inheritance which he left.

MUCH that frightened Washington has been soiled. He was not convinced that a republic could endure. It has weathered every gale. Our modern Presidents, speaking in the open air at Washington, face a sweeping human sea that stretches from a simple rough-and-ready stand. They address a populace of dictators. They bow before a sway as absolute as when Washington feared democracy might not last. Our populace remains as sovereign as when Jefferson argued against Federal authority and stretched it as far as any man. He stood for one principle, Hamilton for the other, in the great inevitable compromise of efficiency and freedom. Jefferson saw in Hamilton a threat of monarchy. Hamilton believed his rival the advance agent of disunion. Many believed that only Washington could

keep conflicting forces from wrenching the land asunder. To-day a President with none of Washington's austerity and care holds office. Instead of self-searching modesty, solemn wisdom of a man alone with God, a spirit prone rather to avoid than to grasp at power, we have hurried energy, bustle, and self-confidence. Where the earlier leader thought long before he spoke, the new Executive is talking always, sometimes with useful and again with ill-digested thought.



GENERAL LEW WALLACE

FEBRUARY 15, 1905

By JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY

NAY, Death, thou mightiest of all  
Dread conquerors—thou darest chief,—  
Thy heavy hand can here but fall  
Light as the Autumn leaf:  
As vainly, too, its weight is laid  
Upon the warrior's knightly sword;—  
Still through the charge and cannonade  
It flashes for the Lord.

In forum—as in battlefield—  
His voice rang for the truth—the right—  
Keyed with the shibboleth that pealed  
His Soul forth to the fight:  
The inspiration of his pen  
Glowed as a star, and lit anew  
The faces and the hearts of men  
Watching, the long night through.

A destiny ordained—divine  
It seemed to hosts of those who saw  
His rise since youth and marked the line  
Of his ascent with awe—  
From the now-storied little town  
That gave him birth and worth, behold,  
Unto this day of his renown,  
His sword and word of gold.

Serving the Land he loved so well—  
Hailed midsea or in foreign port,  
Or in strange-bannered citadel  
Or Oriental Court,—  
He—honored for his Nation's sake,  
And loved and honored for his own—  
Hath seen his Flag in glory shake  
Above the Pagan Throne.

Yet he is an admirable President—one of the best—and in his own way helps on. If he did not, the country would suffer less than some imagine. Good men and bad have been in office, cautious men and rash, and the nation moves along its destined way. It is a government of laws and of the people, not of rulers. It is strong and central, and yet responsive to the public will. The sovereign people are not less sound than when Washington, weary from a lifetime spent in anxiety and thought, and longing for a few last years of quiet country life, laid down the reins of power and retired to his estate to die.

CERTAIN evils are eternal. Reading Washington's complaints about the politics of his time one might almost think he wrote to-day. He raged at party spirit in the people, at self-seeking, triviality, and corruption in officials. "The devil is more laborious now than ever," said Sir Walter Raleigh three centuries ago. When we feel discouragement in our contest with corruption, we may remember that Washington described almost every order of men in his day as given up to speculation, peculation, idleness, dissipation, extravagance, and an insatiable thirst for wealth. He wished that speculators who raised the price of necessities of life might be "hung on gibbets upon a gallows five times as high as the one prepared for Haman." He saw the beginning of land frauds. He charged business men with wishing to continue the Revolution for their pecuniary advantage. He spoke of Congress with as much contempt as Mr. Cleveland. He had office-seekers too, but he treated them without mercy and spurned the claims of party. Good government could no more be run without ceaseless effort in the day of Washington than it can in the day of Roosevelt. The evils mainly have not changed, and happily we have not ceased to produce men worthy to carry on the everlasting war. The most salient single difference in Washington's view of government and ours regards the office of Chief Executive. "I differ widely from Mr. Jefferson and you," he wrote to Lafayette, "as to the necessity or expediency of rotation in that appointment. . . . There can not in my judgment be the least danger, that the President will by any practicable intrigue ever be able to continue himself one moment in office, much less perpetuate himself in it, but in the last stage of corrupted morals and political depravity, and even then there is as much danger that any other species of domination would prevail. Though, when a people shall have become incapable of governing themselves, and fit for a master, it is of little consequence from what quarter he comes." The point was argued fully in the Constitutional Convention, and the opinion shared by Washington prevailed. His belief has been grossly misreported, and it is at least open to question whether our unwillingness to retain a useful President in office is wiser than the conviction held so firmly by our greatest statesman.

DANIEL WEBSTER once said America had proved the competence of the masses to act their part in the great right and the great duty of self-government, the competence being given by education and the diffusion of knowledge. "She holds out an example a thousand times more encouraging than ever was presented before, to those nine-tenths of the human race who are born without hereditary fortune or hereditary rank." That she has been able successfully to do this is due partly to the wisest body of laws ever penned by statesmen. More than forty governments, after one fierce clash, are able to live as one nationality. The good and evil which we take every year from every land has become part of us. We have remained an asylum and have not become sick ourselves. Our task has been to receive the oppressed and the restless of other countries, and to give them a home where material welfare and moral freedom are more widely shared than at any previous time in the world. Some wrongs flourish. We are an easy-tempered people, but we feel strong enough to uproot abuses as they grow intolerable. Mr. Roosevelt sums up in himself, to an unusual degree, the America of to-day, its industry and zeal, its cheerfulness, its trust and benevolence. He begins his second lease of the highest office with many problems, but with a hundred times less cause for anxiety than the country had a century ago. The more familiar an American is with the history of his nation, the more will he be likely to feel that no inauguration since our beginning has been held under conditions which give less to fear and more to hope.





# A MONEY MAKER

*A Little Drama of Stage Life*

By  
**Virginia Tracy**

*In Two Parts—Part I*



**B**ELINDA, the white cat, was having the time of her life with the cod-liver oil. She sang to herself, barbarously, mystically, as she drank; her half-shut eyes, glazed heavy with ecstasy, drowsed over the pool of liquid as into some remote Egyptian past. Her satisfaction with the beverage was augmented by the fact that her own talents had procured it for her; she had simply stepped on to the washstand and knocked off a bottle to see it break, and out had flowed the nectar! In the old days people used to suggest to Belinda's mistress that she ought to smack Belinda for that habit of breaking bottles. But she had always simply laughed, and so these critics had generally ended in bringing tribute of whatever bottles they themselves could spare. Belinda's mistress was very pretty! Even the grouchy and penurious Kester, walking up and down his room, or sitting in the window, staring out at nothing in that restrained restlessness which always discomforted Belinda's nerves—even he was aware of that.

This Mr. Kester, Mr. Matthew Kester, the gentleman with whom Belinda condescended to reside while her mistress was away, had procured himself only the day before the cod-liver oil upon which Belinda was now battenning. He was a member of the popular-priced stock company which rehearsed every morning and played every afternoon and evening except Sunday, and he lived in a third-rate theatrical boarding-house. The combination of these circumstances had naturally resulted in Mr. Kester's needing a tonic. Also the listlessness which had grown upon him with the advance of spring had weakened his power to withstand advice, and he had made the immense concession of buying something which he did not need for the stage. As he never stinted himself in the tools of his trade, and as he never allowed his entire expenses, ordinary or exceptional, to run over ten dollars a week, it will be seen that there were probably several things in which he did stint himself. Also as his expenditure left forty dollars of his salary quite untouched, his comrades in the boarding-house found a ceaselessly fascinating topic in the wonder of whatever he could be doing with his money. It was all he seemed to care for. They wondered if perhaps Leslie Raymon hadn't known he was going to turn out mean when she had been so easily persuaded to give him up. At that time when the zealous Mrs. Raymon had at last landed for her daughter a manager and backer, the Westerner, McGaw, and when McGaw had packed both the women off to California, there to make Leslie, like her famous grandmother, "the greatest Juliet in the world, and the biggest money-maker on the Pacific Coast," the observant boarders had felt very gently toward the two young people. They were glad, they said, that the girl was going to have her chance in life, but they were sorry for poor Kester. Now, however, they began to wonder if Kester's desire to marry the girl had not been based upon her possibilities as a money-maker.

It was Sunday evening, so there was no performance at the theatre, and the weak odor of beans and thin tea which hung anemically about the halls suggested that, for loiterers, supper was still in progress. A clatter of cheerful voices, cheerful even in complaint, almost overpowered the light sound of dripping rain which came in through open windows. The people in the big back room upstairs were going to give a party, and were already beginning to drag the furniture about in futile rearrangement. One of them sat down at the piano and banged out the chorus of a convulsive ditty which he was going to reproduce later for the gratification of his guests. He sang:

"This spot accursed! why to this spot?  
Oh leeeeeeave me not! oh leeeeeeave me not!"

Belinda wished that Mr. Kester would come upstairs. The old gentleman who came and read aloud every Sunday evening had already knocked. Belinda wished that he had come in. He was better than nobody. He was a wavering, dim-eyed gentleman, but he stroked fur very well indeed—almost as well as Leslie—and he read from little rustling slips of paper arranged in piles which Belinda liked to leap upon and scatter. As a general

thing nowadays, Belinda did not get her due in recreation. Mr. Kester was an excellent attendant, but a poor companion. He could almost never be persuaded to drag a spool round the floor by a string; he put no real zest into the making of tissue-paper balls; he would not kneel down and shake his hair about so that Belinda could pretend he was a rat. All these things, and more, she and Leslie had played at together, by the hour, by the afternoon, sitting on the floor, in the sunlight, in immeasurable idleness. Leslie's little cat had found it very tedious since she went, since Leslie went away. That made a common ground between Belinda and Mr. Kester; it was an open secret that he found it very tedious, too. It was time he came upstairs, however. Belinda turned her head. There was—or was there?—a rustle at the door. Belinda had a kind of thrill; she ran to the door and sat down by it, smelling and listening along the threshold; she put up a strong, little, fluffy paw and scratched at the wood; the rickety old door, shabby like all the rest of the small, meagre room, rattled, but did not open. In the room upstairs, the gentleman and the piano came together even more violently than before, a perfect flight of "Not's" rising at first on a dry, bursting breath, and then, with a long swoop, descending through caverns measureless to man to their sepulchral destination. If there had been a rustle, there was none now. Belinda cried a little, very softly, to herself, and then came back to the cod-liver oil.

A few minutes later a young man opened the door and came a little wearily and absentmindedly into the room. He was not much of a young man to look at. He was rather thin and black, and of a scanty middle height; his eyes were too small and were set too deep; they had an antagonizing quality of bright and cold and tired attentiveness. He had a straggling, humorous mouth, with a crook in one corner; he was very neat and very shabby; he was probably six-and-twenty years of age. As he advanced he became aware of a particular odor, he perceived the spot on the carpet and

the shattered bottle. Belinda sat indolently regarding him, occasionally putting out her tongue and running it across her lips, and as he observed the yellow drops upon her whiskers, he said to her with the reproach of the betrayed, "Oh, Belinda!"

When he had cleaned up the mess he sat down on the sill of the open window and besought her to repent. "Belinda," he said, "when she left you with me, she meant you to behave like an honored guest, not like a vampire. She never meant you to lick up my heart's blood. You have wasted a brand-new bottle of tonic, a dollar's worth—of my heart's blood, that is to say, one hundred drops exactly. Haven't you milk enough in that blue bowl of yours which was presented to you by the intelligent gentleman upstairs because it bears the legend, 'Love me, love my dog'? Doesn't there always hang about this spacious apartment a rich aroma of liver and boiled fish? Why do you begrudge me a cheering delicacy like cod-liver oil? So fat and slimy and fishy and odorous! Listen, Belinda. The old lady who recommended it says that I must not be facetiously discouraged, for her brother took ninety-seven bottles of it—and even then he died! Ninety-seven bottles, think of it! Fancy fattening for one's funeral! Why, you know, for ninety-seven dollars one could buy a ring for a lady—a modest, unpretentious bargain sort of a ring—and maybe live, besides!" He leaned forward and whispered to the cat. "Belinda," he said, "has she forgotten us?" Belinda blinked and curled her tail round her feet. She was insufferably bored.

Matt glanced out of the window into the deep blackness of the little back yard, and then looked at his watch. "Mr. Mayfair's late, Blinx," said he. "I hope nothing has happened to the anthology. He has such fun with himself reading it; it's really as an elocutionist that he gets the taste out of poetry. But the anthology, old lady, is like our fortunes—it doesn't get much forrader. Ah, money. Cat! money, money, money! we don't make much of it, Belinda."

He continued lounging in the window, whistling to himself. The population of the boarding-house was beginning to get ready for the upstairs party. Doors banged, girls fled in and out of each other's rooms with curling-irons in their hands, a very young gentleman who had the room under Matt's ran up to borrow a clean collar, people leaned over the banisters and shrieked directions down the stairs, and other people with piles of plates and cutlery came rattling up. "Candidly," said Mr. Kester to the cat, "Leslie seems to me a slightish person to be making her fortune. It would seem even deplorable if she should have to make mine. I wonder if that has as yet occurred to her, Belinda? Where on earth's Mayfair? He's late."

At this moment there was a loud rap, not from the knuckles of Mr. Mayfair, but of Mrs. Gootch, the landlady. Mrs. Gootch had been a Miss Selby, and a very long while ago she had been, in a small way, a popular, pleasing, incapable actress. She was now wearing a new black satin dress, the skirt of which was too tight in the band, and she had come to Matt to have it hooked. She promised to hold her breath during this operation, but the promise never went into effect; instead, she began to pour forth a stream of invective against Annie, the chambermaid, who had promised to come downstairs five minutes ago to do the hooking, and who had failed to appear. As she talked, Mrs. Gootch's quick glances scurried furtively about, and some unacknowledged interest glittered near the surface of her speech. It was impossible not to suspect that she had something to say which had but little to do with hooks, and as she at length flounced out of Matt's hands, she broke forth with, "Well, I suppose you know, Mr. Matt Kester, you're just wearing yourself to death, shut up here!" He looked at her with a startled grin, and she demanded, "Why, aren't you going up to the Dufferins' this evening?"

"I'm too popular. I've another engagement."

"With that old fool of a Mayfair! Hadn't you rather go upstairs?"

"No; I don't think so. If I had, I'd go."

"I don't believe you. You used to like your fun as well as anybody. What's come over



"Have it your own way, then!"



you that you don't care for anything like you used to? Don't you know, then, you ought to pretend to care?—you ought to try to act like other people. Don't you want to get to be somebody, so you can"—she caught the prying sharpness of her own eye in the mirror, and endeavored to soften it—"so you can hold your own with Leslie Raymon?" He stared at her with an impassive blankness and she hurried on. "You don't suppose just playing your parts well round the corner at the Orpheum's going to get you ahead any, do you?"

"About the Dufferins", Mrs. Gootch, said Matt, "it isn't after all just a question of choice. If I can't afford to give suppers, I can't afford to go to them."

Mrs. Gootch slapped her hand on the footboard of the bed. "You can't afford not to," she exclaimed. "I suppose you think you're economical and ambitious, and all that. Well, let me tell you, my dear young friend, economy's just the death-blow to ambition. I don't mean, of course, if your economy can bring you in a fortune, but when it's only a little bit, you take my word for it that, in this business, a little bit saved is nothing at all, and every little bit that's spent pushes you just so much further into the swim. You want to get around to the clubs, and hear what's going on, you've got to stand for drinks and all that sort of thing, and be a good fellow with the boys, or people won't even know that you're alive. Whatever being the real thing in this profession depends on, it don't depend on whether you can act or not. Look at me! Do you suppose if I'd gone along and tended to my business and played my little parts and gone home and stayed there—do you suppose I'd have had a benefit to set me up in a boarding-house, now I'm getting old? Do you suppose even, that anybody'd come and stop at my house, now I've got it, and put up with the servants' rows, and the meals being always late? No, sir! What do they say when they come back to town? Well, they say, 'So-and-So's is clean and quiet and reasonable, and she sets a good table, but—Kate's a good old girl, let's go to Kate's!' If I was back on the stage to-morrow the newspapers would say, 'Dear old Kate Selby, the same as ever, went straight to our hearts with her delightful acting,' and I never could act for sour beans. But what I did do was to spend every cent I could lay my hands on, and mix myself up with every fad that came along, and make myself solid with every human soul in the profession. Oh, you hear a lot of rot about grasshoppers and ants, and the desertion by your friends and the starvation of the giddy, but it's my experience that it's the giddy that gets there, every time, and I guess this business has been kind of fixed over for the grasshopper. My dear child, it's all very heroic, this way you're living, but as far as your career is concerned, you're slamming the door in your own face. You can't have popularity without jolly people, and you can't have success without popularity."

"Bully of you to care!" said Matt. "But I guess I'm not much on success, at any rate."

Mrs. Gootch spread her ten fat fingers, and despairingly fanned the air with them. "Have it your own way, then!" said she. "You'll miss an awful good supper to-night; Connie Kennedy and her husband's coming, and they're even going to have her supper sent in separate from Hover's, on the corner—solid stuff, chicken and so on—because she's done a season of one-night stands, and her digestion's gone back on her." A certain unwillingness to go was still visible in Mrs. Gootch, and suddenly, with a quick, sly glance at Matt, she shot out, "What do you hear from little Les?"

"I don't hear from her," said Matt.

"Well, she's a nice one, she is, after all you've done for them, year in and year out. She could easily manage to drop you a line now and then, without the old girl's getting on to it. Look here, you know I've often wondered exactly how things stood between you two? I've often wondered if, after all, you didn't have some kind of an understanding. Seems you ought to have too much spirit to sit back and let her get away from you like this."

Mrs. Gootch's expression of inquisitive sympathy suffered rather a shock as Matt turned his back on her and went over to the window. "Oh, come now!" said she. "Aren't you fond of her any more? You ought to try to keep track of her in the newspapers. You never can tell what might turn up."

"If you want news of Miss Raymon, Mrs. Gootch," said Matt, "you would better, as you say, look in the newspapers."

Mrs. Gootch turned on him in a fury. "Don't you try to put on any of your airs with me!" she cried. "Everybody's told me you were that way, and I saw you myself the way you shut your eyes at the beans to-night in that kind of a Lord Byron way you've got, and your own room smelling this minute as if you kept dead fishes in it. If all you care about in life is to scrape a few dollars together, and sit on 'em, I should think that poor, pretty creature well rid of you. The folks are about right when they say you tried to hang on to the girl because you guessed there was a fortune in her." She paused with her hand on the door. "So you've lost track of her, have you? And I came in here to help you out. 'Miss Raymon,' indeed! I guess I could give you a few points about your Leslie! I guess I could let something out if I had a mind to! And as for your not wanting popularity, and all that stuff! The creature was never born that didn't want it!" She slammed herself out.

Belinda started from the banging door, and, coming to her host, jumped into his lap. "Oh, Blinx!" he said, "all the world seems to jabber about Leslie to-night. Say, Blinx, would you like to see her, Blinx? You know there are people in this world who really are seeing her to-night. There is a happy land, far, far away, where she is just—let me see, 'Frisco time?'—where she is just getting hungry for her dinner, and where she is going to have a dinner worth getting hungry for. Wherever she goes she stops at the best hotels. She wears long, rusty dresses, with little lace places at the top that her throat gleams through. The

shops are full of her pictures, and all the biggest fences are covered with her name. She has lots of money, she has lots of fun, and praise and flowers and every kind of fixings. Damnably brutes of millionaires are making love to her. Little nasty beasts of schoolgirls are sending her candy. At about the time when you have your milk, and I begin to wish I could have some beer, she will be driving to the theatre with her mother and her maid. They've togged her all out in—in silk petticoats flounced to the goun', an' jewels, an' laces, an' fair satin gowns, an' they've given her—so that there'll be no danger of her falling in love with him—a kind of an elderly cushion of a leading man; what's the sort of thing she has to say to him?—'And all my fortunes at thy feet I lay, and follow thee, my lord.' He had begun to pace up and down, and now he turned with a laugh and said to Belinda, "She may have forgotten you, you cat, but she has never, never, never forgotten me!" Belinda yawned, and began to wash over her ear for company.

Suddenly she ceased, the curved paw arrested in mid-air. She listened, trotted to the door, and, turning her head, lifted the appeal of liquid but impatient eyes to her guardian's face. "You can't go out to-night," he said. "It's raining." A rush of young voices, of quick feet, swept up the stairs, greetings sounded in the



"You knew, of course, about my playing Ibsen!"

room overhead. Belinda came slowly back and resumed her toilet. The boy himself kept on walking restlessly about; two or three times he paused before the bureau, at length he yielded, opened a drawer, and took out a photograph. It was, of course, the likeness of a girl. He held the photograph very jealously in the close frame of his hands. She had given it to him, under her mother's very eyes, that last evening after they had finished packing. He remembered her turning from the locked trunk to get the picture, and then coming back to him in her white drifting wrapper, with the weight of her black hair shining and shifting about her shoulders. They had had to say good-by that evening, and he remembered her mother's saying, "You can see how tired she is—she can hardly stand."

After ten months he put up a hand to his shoulder as if to touch again the grasp of her little fingers. For some weeks before that good-by, they had known the ultimatum of Mr. McGaw. That gentleman had strongly objected to any love affair of Leslie's. He could not manage a woman, he said, who was privately managed by another man. Besides, everybody knew it killed a girl as a star if she was known to be a wife. If just as he had built her up, and was beginning to get some return out of her, she was going to turn around and get married, better have it understood now, and he would take that twenty thousand he was ready to back her with and put it into something else. Mrs. Raymon had quietly reported herself as saying that she would answer for the child's not marrying, and if it would please Mr. McGaw she would see to it even that there was no correspondence whatever between Leslie and Matt Kester. Mr. McGaw would have been perfectly satisfied with this, Mrs. Raymon said, if Leslie had not happened to be there, and had not suddenly begun to drip tears in that silly baby way she had, though too well-raised—that Mrs. Raymon would say—to speak a word. Of course, McGaw had said then that there seemed to be something pretty serious in the business, and he had insisted upon the insertion in the contracts of a clause to the effect that if Leslie married while under his management, the contracts became void, and Mr. McGaw was to be reimbursed for whatever money he had spent on her. Mrs. Raymon denounced this last clause as an outrage; it was easy to see the man knew he had only two helpless women to deal with! He was spending about five thousand to start with; where could they raise any five thousand with which to "reimburse"? Not that it mattered. Leslie had never disobeyed in her life, and it was not likely she was going to begin when she was nineteen years old! There was still in Matt's memory something irrefutable in the loud complacency of Mrs. Raymon's voice,

The face of the little picture in his hand was quite exquisite, and very gentle, very young. From its wistful smile a profound, pathetic innocence seemed just about to tremble into speech. Across the top of the photograph a delicate, uncertain hand had written, "Yours—always—Leslie." Sometimes when Matt Kester had stared very long and hard at this inscription it seemed to him as if it were beginning to fade.

He laid down the photograph, though he still looked at it, his hand went into the drawer again, and brought out a bankbook. He turned to his account; there were credited to him one thousand four hundred and eighty dollars. This was Sunday night. To-morrow the first thing he would deposit forty more. The whole absurd intensity of his life was settled upon two things—the account in the bankbook and the face of a girl three thousand miles away.

It was nine o'clock. Guests continued to arrive, and their caressing violence to explode into the upstairs party. Mr. Kester had lighted his pipe, for even with one's heart closed in a bankbook there are necessities of life, and Belinda, having chosen a station near the fragrant oil-spot, sat up, sedately, sound asleep. Perhaps she, too, in her secretive little heart, consoled herself with dreams of Leslie. The room glowed like a rose with visions. The moist air of the spring evening was very sweet, and was tremulous with faint, earthy odors, light sounds penetrated the gentle dampness as if from a remoter world, the continuous dripping music of the rain splashed upon the paved walk, on the grass, on the opening bushes. Upstairs the piano tinkled on; a woman's voice cut into the darkness, "My little Hong-Kong baby, over the China Sea—my little Hong-Kong baby—" it merged into the mystery of the night, and was transformed there into something infinitely caressing and significant. In Matt's narrow room it was very warm and bright, and yet the curtains and the gaslight stirred a little; it was as if the atmosphere itself were trembling toward some climax, some revelation. Matt was conscious of a terrible tension in his own nerves: it seemed as if things could not keep on as they were, he was incredibly excited, and the intense concentration of his mind upon Leslie tormented him with a sense of possibility, as if he were close to the key of a conjuration by which he might summon her; as if the face he saw with an unnatural clearness would by

his own energies be stamped upon the atmosphere, and she herself grow and come toward him out of the shadows.

"My little Hong-Kong baby,  
Over the China Sea—"

The insidious swing of the music was strangely blended—at once a stimulant and a narcotic.

"When will you join me, maybe?  
When will you come to me?"

No, it was not his imagination. The night had formed itself into a conspiracy of reminder; the whole universe was speaking to him in suggestive whispers, of promise, of warning.

"When will our wedding day be—"

Suddenly Belinda opened her eyes, lifted her head, listened, sniffed, and rushed, with raucous calls, straight to the door. In a tumult of expectancy, Matt snatched at the knob and flung the door wide open. He was confronted by the familiar narrowness of the halls, by their empty darkness, by the noises from upstairs. Belinda stood an instant, nosing, and then looked up at him, as if perplexed. They heard a cab stop before the house; the front door bell rang. Every nerve in the young man responded to the clangor; he stood still, listening. A maid answered the summons, and a loud female voice crisply remarked, "Hello, Annie! We'll go right up." In the reaction Matt laughed aloud. "Connie Kennedy!" he exclaimed. "We're daffy as they make 'em, Blinx!" He shut the door and flung himself into his squeaky chair.

Two minutes later there was a knock. Matt raised his eyebrows at Belinda, and admitted a small, sharp lady with fluffy hair and with a ruminative gentleman fumbling in the background.

"Hello, Matt!" said the lady. "Didn't expect to see me, did you? We're on our way up to the Dufferins', but we've stopped in here on business. How's Les? Come in, Kennedy, and shut the door."

Matt installed the lady in his only chair; he himself took the window-sill; Kennedy floundered on the edge of the bed. The young lady—she was about seven-and-twenty—was very small and slight, with preternaturally bright eyes, like a terrier's; under her big red hat her hair was bleached almost white, and was violently curled and frizzed; she wore a red crape dress with a boa of scarlet feathers, and carried a red handbag with an enormous monogram in gilt. Her tiny, nervous, highly manicured hands were beringed and gloveless; she had a pert, little, anxious, honest face.

"Well," she began, "as I said, we came on business."



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**A MONEY MAKER**  
(Continued from page 19)

What's this I hear about your going back with the Orpheum stock?"

"They give me a ten-dollar raise," said Matt.

"Oh, pshaw! what's salary at your age? Opportunity, that's what you want. There's no advance in stock. Don't you believe it? You think 'cause you're just a block off Broadway there's a chance of some first-class manager stepping over and seeing you. Pooh! You might as well be in Kankakee. It took me about six years to learn that, but by that time I knew it all the way through, and I saw that the thing for me to do was to strike out for myself. You knew, of course"—she leaned back into an attitude, and assumed an expression of metallic splendor—"you knew, of course, about my playing Ibsen!"

Matt's hand, that had been lying open on his knee, gave a little twitch. "Lord, no, Connie; I didn't!" he said.

"That's what I complain of in this business, it's so narrowing! Once you're in New York, you never hear what's going on outside of it! Anyway, though, there's plenty of other people heard. I've made good all right enough—oh, in the tail timber, of course, but we can't all be Broadway favorites. Now I want you to listen to me, Matt. I made up my mind to play Ibsen, because it seemed the only way to make people take me seriously. You see, when I first broke away from stock, Kennedy took me out in a musical piece—you remember, 'The Penny Prince.' It was natural we should think about something musical at first, because when I first married Kennedy I was just beginning to be a headliner in the vaudeville houses, with a quick-change song-and-dance turn. Well, we made quite a little out of 'The Penny Prince' for a couple of seasons, but then it was played out, and after that we couldn't seem to strike it—the next year, in a first-rate soubrette piece, was a failure, and the year after that. By that time we couldn't get away from what the manager of about every house we played had been telling us—you remember my dress in 'The Penny Prince'?"

"You made a splendid boy," said Matt.

"Well, I don't deny that, but there you are! The public wanted me in tights or they didn't want me at all. And I hated to go back to tights. They're the hottest things a poor girl was ever stuffed into in hot weather, and the coldest in cold. And, besides, Kennedy didn't like it. After all, you know, for all he's been around so much with actors, he isn't one, he's a manager, and it's not the same. Nobody but ourselves ever really understands, and Kennedy—to have me in tights, it gave him, as far as I can understand, a kind of nervous feeling. And just about that time this Ibsen craze began. I was looking around for something new, some good big breakaway, you understand, and I thought to myself, 'Well, there! if ever I can get myself established as an Ibsen actress, that'll knock the tights idea as flat as a pancake!' Now, you know how I am, Matt; when once I get a notion I get it hard, and that's the way it just seemed to narrow itself down—tights or Ibsen; and I thought I'd try Ibsen. Well, fortune favors the brave!"

"You don't mean," cried Matt, "that you've made it pay?"

"I stayed out. Yes. And I didn't have to put my rings up to do it, either. I don't say we could go right over the same circuit next season, but, thank God, America's a big country! You see, there's a lot of people out there belong to reading societies, and so on, that came because they'd heard about Ibsen, and then I guess the others came because they hadn't. 'Ghosts,' you know, and 'A Doll's House,' and 'The Wild Duck.' Just the names don't give anything away. When you come to think of it, they don't sound so different from any other kind of a show. I've played Nora in Oshkosh, and Mrs. Alving in Anacosta, and Hedda Gabler in Deer's Lick. Sometimes it was hard work. But we paid salaries every week, and I've made my way, and done work that's interesting and elevating, and all that, and ain't it better than hanging around the agencies, and falling all over yourself to be sweet to the managers?"

"But you're a manager yourself, these days," said Matt. They laughed, and he held out his hand. "I'm proud to know you, Connie," he said. Her bright, defiant eyes sparkled at him as she withdrew her grasp.

"Well, now," she said, "that's what I came about. Would you be willing to work for me, Matt?"

He glanced in some surprise from her to the silent Kennedy, and back again. "Why, why me, Connie?" he asked.

"Oh, it works all kinds of ways. I know your work, and it's good, and it would go well with mine, and I want to give you a chance because I like you awfully well, and because I like Les, and I want her to find out what's in you, and I want the public to find it out. And then, you see, Matt, I get awful lonesome on the road, and I want there should be some people in the company I can talk to."

"Mrs. Kennedy feels," her husband unexpectedly interrupted, "that companionship, good, intellectual companionship, brings her, as it were, out."

"Well, it's so, Matt. I'd like first-rate to be literary, and all that, but I get mixed, sometimes, when there isn't a soul in the company ever reads anything but their own notices, and God bless Kennedy, there's none of it in him! But you like the real thing, Matt, in the literary line, I've often noticed it, and yet there's a lot of fun in you—I can

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## A MONEY MAKER

(Continued from page 20)

get on first-rate with you all along the line. And, you know, it's dandy work. You've no idea what good speeches they write, those old codgers. Why, I've brought down the house with Ibsen, many a night, as easy as if it had been Belasco! And this year I'm going to widen the repertoire; I'm going to have two or three new pieces right up to date—Bernard Shaw, you know, and Maeterlinck, that sort of thing—you must have heard of 'um. Oh, come on with us, Matt! They don't want you at the Orpheum like I do. Come and play leads with me, and I'll put on 'John Gabriel Borkman' for you, for matinees!"

She watched with an intent brightness his eager, contemplative face. At length he said, "It's a brute question, Con, but what do you say?"

"Thirty-five a week," she said, "or—I could make it forty, I guess." She wrung her little fingers tight together.

He gave a brief sigh and shook his head. "I get fifty at the Orpheum, and they've offered me sixty for next year. At present, Connie, that's the only way I can look at things. I can't fool with the question of a possible career. I've got to have five thousand dollars, and as soon as I can get it. I've got to have it. That's all I'm looking out for."

The actress leaned forward and laid a hand on Matt's knee. "Dear old boy," she said, "you're sure she's worth it?"

The young fellow flushed and scrutinized his visitor with one of his quick glances. "I'm sure enough, thanks. But—she's told you?"

"Yes? No; her mother. Our trains crossed each other somewhere in the alkali, and we were both laid off for about an hour in a shanty of a depot. Les just sat there sort of pale and sweet and falling to pieces—you know the way she looks—and scarcely opened her mouth, but you bet the old lady's tongue ran, fifteen to the dozen. She was away up in G about Leslie's prospects, and what her position would allow, and what it wouldn't, and she said the best thing about the whole business was that it had got rid of you. She said Mr. McGaw wouldn't let you and Les get married, and that she'd sworn you off even from writing. But it seems she's wrenched something out of Les about an understanding between you that you were to save up five thousand dollars over night, one way or another, and hand it over to Les, so that any minute she wanted to she could pay that great brute of a McGaw with it and clear out—back to you, I suppose! Well, I can't wonder you don't want her under his thumb, but Ma Raymon didn't feel that way. She said you had darkened enough of the best years of Leslie's life, and the girl didn't deny it."

"Five thousand!" suddenly ejaculated the managerial voice of Mr. Kennedy. "Produce 'Romeo and Juliet' on five thousand!" "Oh, not the final production, Mr. Kennedy; not in New York. He meant to get it on with that in the West, if he could. He is a little on the cheap, to the undazzled."

"Well, but look here, Kester. You and she can't clear away from him by paying just the initial expenses. Don't you suppose he's going to have to spend three or four times that the first year or so to keep her out? Do you suppose his star is going to make money from the word go?"

"Good Lord, Kennedy," cried his wife, "the boy's in love with her!"

"Ten thousand, then," said Matt. "At any rate, suppose we don't bang her name around like this."

"No offence!" said Mr. Kennedy.

He and his wife sat looking kindly at the young man, who presently looked up at them with something cordially like a smile. "Look here," he said. "You mean the very best by me, and I'm pretty thankful for your offer of the work, and then, of course, McGaw's odious to me; it's meat and drink to me to hear Connie pitch into him. But what I can't bear is that you should take Leslie for a kind of an Andromeda." Connie slightly blinked. "Leslie doesn't need any old slow-coach of a Perseus to rescue her from McGaw—McGaw nor any other monster. We want to pay the man his money, of course, but Leslie is her own mistress, and does what she thinks best and right. Her life is her own, you know. She has nothing to fear—she never can have anything."

Said Connie: "Is that a literary allusion?"

"What?"

"That about—the monster."

"Oh! Why—yes, I suppose so."

"Ah, you see! That's one of my biggest reasons for wanting you with me. It comes to you so easily!" She sprang up, and taking him by the shoulders, pulled him toward the gas-jet, peering gravely into his face. "I love you for that lie, too," she said, "about Leslie's courage, and all that. But remember how long I've known the two of you, and the lot I think of you both, and play honest with me, Matt. For, honor bright, I want to put you on to something for both your sakes."

"A gold mine, Connie?"

"No, my dear; something you won't like—a kind of a warning."

She was so near his eyes that she seemed to see something whirl behind them, and she had a sickened fear that he was growing faint. But he laughed and pulled away from her, and went back to his window-seat. He thrust his hand out leisurely into the rain, and closed it on the wet stone of the ledge. "Get ahead, if you want to," he said.

"Well, then, Matt Kester, as you know very well, the old lady don't more than come up to Leslie's shoulder, but she can run Leslie

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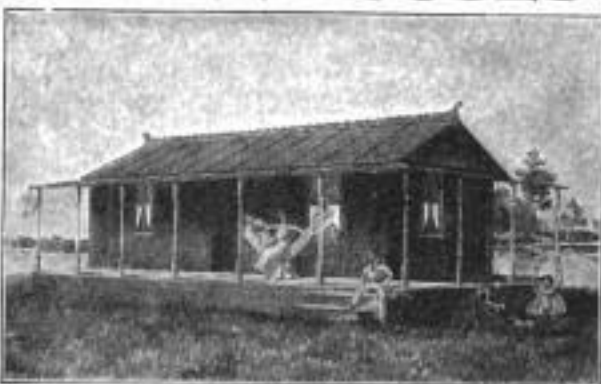
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again, dropping back upon the window-seat, began to surround himself with a shroud of smoke.

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SENATOR DAVID WARK OF FREDERICTON, N. B.

This photograph was made after he had passed his one hundredth birthday

## A CANADIAN PATRIARCH

By W. S. HARWOOD

THERE was a certain fascination in sitting by the side of a man who was over one hundred years old, and who had been in public life for almost three-quarters of a century, while he told of some of the events which had passed before him in the midst of the longest public service of any man in the world.

The interest was heightened by the fact that this man, Senator David Wark of Fredericton, New Brunswick, was in the full possession of his faculties, as nimble of wit as one could wish; as clear of thought, as cogent in reasoning, as forceful in the presentation of a fact as a man of fifty.

When Napoleon was at the height of his power this man was a boy of ten, and he was seventeen years of age, able, as he put it, to do the full day's work of a man, when the Little Corporal lay dead at St. Helena. He remembers vividly the battle of Waterloo, and is full of incidents surrounding the event as the news of it came filtering into his far-away home in the north of Ireland.

All his life long he has been temperate in his ways. "When I was a young fellow, seventy or eighty years ago," he said, "I used to drink liquor with my companions, but it didn't seem to do me any good, and it did most of them a good deal of harm, so I stopped it and haven't used any since."

It may be of interest to know what a man eats who has passed the century mark and is still in public life, the oldest legislator in the world. Very little meat, save poultry, though this is more owing to his lack of teeth for chewing—he refused to have a new set, for it was not worth the while, he said, at his time of life. He eats vegetables of all kinds, and is particularly fond of all sorts of berries and fruits. He eats no pastry of any kind and no rich foods. Tea and coffee are both factors in his dietary.

Senator Wark has been a member of the Upper House of the Dominion Parliament since that body was established at the time of Canadian Federation in 1867. He was appointed by Queen Victoria, and holds his commission signed by her own hand. He had held many public offices in the shire in which he lived in the Province of New Brunswick, and, in 1842, was elected a member of the Provincial Legislature from the County of York. Then for twenty years, after he had served eight years in the Assembly, he held a seat in the Legislative Council, from that body being appointed to the first Dominion Senate.

Senator Wark has played no inconsiderable part in Dominion affairs. In 1847 he introduced and advocated a resolution in the New Brunswick Legislature for freer trade relations between the different provinces. This resolution was adopted and paved the way for reciprocal relations between all of the provinces. The United States had the same privileges up to that time, but, under the new law, was obliged to pay duties. This resulted in the reciprocity treaty of 1854 between the two countries, continuing until 1866. He has been particularly interested in the development of agriculture and in the advancement of education, and his hand has been seen in the advancement of both these interests in the Dominion.

When he reached the age of one hundred years, in February, 1904, he received elaborately prepared addresses from the Dominion Senate, from the University of New Brunswick, from the municipality of Fredericton, his home, and from the church of which he is a devoted member, the Presbyterian. In the Dominion Senate his birthday was appropriately observed, and the address of his fellows was responded to by himself in a speech of the most happy character.

For the last two sessions of the Senate the Government has wished to send a private car to carry him from his home in Fredericton to the capital city, Ottawa; but, no; no such parade for the sturdy old man; he would travel as other people or not at all.

One would not forget the white-faced figure sitting by the window with the autumn rains falling so softly on the brown leaves outside. It was a cheery, encouraging face; it bore never a hint of the pathetic; it was radiant with hope.

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# The Second Year's Campaign

(Continued from page 17)

The change of conditions due to modern arms completed his conviction.

Back of their fortifications in their dugouts the little men settled down as snug as a bug in a rug. They were ready to spring to their trenches at a moment's notice, in the event of attack. Their strategic line has been kept intact; but energy has not been wasted in attempting a great offensive movement. Every detail for making the soldiers comfortable had been thought out beforehand by the painstaking staff. Here is an example. In 1901 Japan was threatened with the plague. A bounty was offered for rats, which are the chief carriers of plague germs. Youthful Japan of the poorer urban districts was given over to the chase. Carcasses came in by millions. Their skins are now used as ear muffs on the Sha. Could a Government show keener thrift or prudence?

More than to Oyama, with an organization already perfected, these long winter months should have meant to Kuropatkin invaluable time for restoring confidence, beating his assorted legions into a mobile, responsive unit and holding "school" among his officers. But Kuropatkin has responsibility without authority. He is the unhappy head of a machine of broken parts. Before he gets it fairly into running order or has a full head of steam, the Grand Dukes insist upon putting it on the road.

The Grand Dukes have been brought up to believe that Russian life is as cheap as Grand Dukes are dear and all that you have to do is to throw enough Russian lives against an enemy and the enemy must break before the mass. Till the little leather-skinned dwarfs blocked the way, a thing ordered was a thing done. So the carpet knights kept ordering Kuropatkin to drive the Japanese into the sea. Against his own judgment, the commander was forced to send Stakelberg on his disastrous mission for the relief of Port Arthur; to make a stand at Liao-Yang; to fight at the Sha River, where he lost 60,000 men against 20,000 for the Japanese.

After this it was thought that he would be allowed to have his own way. Naturally the Grand Dukes became impatient again. They had found a man who agreed with their discovery that the thing to do was to defeat the enemy instead of being defeated.

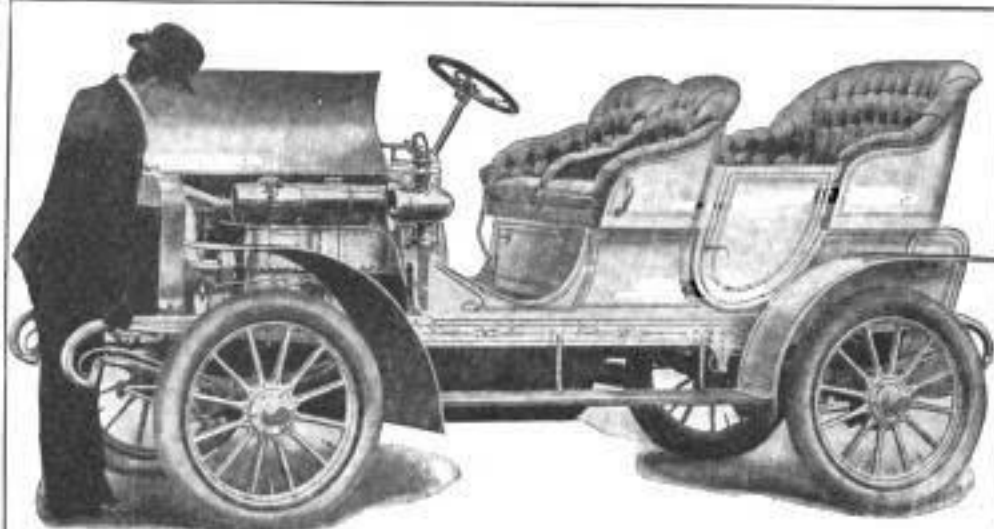
The little Japanese could not stand the cold; the big Russians could; winter was the time to strike. To Hades with such inertia! If the Russians march in February, why can't they fight in February? We are all dashing heroes when the room is warm and the champagne is vintage. Who expects a Grand Duke to know much, least of all to know that marching is exercising and fighting is hugging the ground for cover for days without fires or cooked food?

Scipio Gripenberg

When Gripenberg was sent out to take command of the Second Army no one seemed to know just what were to be his relations with Kuropatkin. Time revealed them. Though his force was a part of an integral whole which could hope for success only when it fought as a unit, Gripenberg proceeded to wage battle on his own account. This Scipio would show Fabius up in his true colors. He would not take a note from his predecessors and learned by experience that lesson which was first taught at the Yalu. There were excuses, of course. Sakaroff, one of the commanders, said that he fell back in order "to avoid a defeat." Oh, ingenious Sakaroff! So might a prizefighter who had received a knockout blow say that he did not return it because that would be disobeying the Biblical injunction. Heikoutai cost the Russians a defeat and an admitted loss of 17,000. That was far from all. It told the world that the head of the Siberian forces was not a real head. The divided counsels on the banks of the Neva were reflected on the banks of the Sha. A quarrel between generals was revealed to the army by a disaster which left the wounded to freeze on the field. On the very eve of the spring campaign the ignorant, superstitious reservist—come 7,000 to 9,000 miles to fight in a cause he does not understand—has his confidence and spirit of corps undermined.

When Kuropatkin set out for the front he was quoted as saying that his objective was Tokio. He was also quoted as telling his officers that they would not return for two years and when they did return they would be old and gray. The year of organization and preparation is behind him. The second year—the year for advance—is at hand. It finds him without the power to select his own lieutenants; without a single general of the proved ability of a dozen on the Japanese side. The old saying that autocracy had the military advantage of centralizing authority has been shown to be a mockery. No Parliament has ever "interfered" so unfortunately as the Grand Dukes. Tokio ought to erect statues to them all.

If the single-track railroad can maintain only 300,000 men in the field, success is impossible. With no hope of progress on land, why should Russia run the risk of losing more than she has already lost? Why should the laughter continue? Reason dictates peace. But reason has played small part in Russia's Far Eastern policy. Reason dictated peace for France after Sedan. France's pride would not permit submission. No more will Russia's. The orgy of blood on the Manchurian plain will go on till one gladiator with the other under his feet cries "Habet!" If this comes from Russian lips they will be Rojstevsky's.



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### Some Comments of Eminent Critics

JOHN W. ALEXANDER, the Artist, writes:

"My hearty congratulations on the very artistic result you have attained in your 'Gallery of Masterpieces.' The plates are most successful, they have all the richness of a perfect etching and at the same time retain in a very unusual way the charm of the original."

WM. ORDWAY PARTRIDGE, President of the Society of American Sculptors, writes:

"These reproductions interest me greatly, not only because of the perfectness of the work, but also because of the fact that you are able to sell them at such a very moderate price. I have seen nothing in this country equal in softness of texture and tonal quality, which in these reproductions are akin to the original paintings themselves."

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JOHN C. VAN DYKE, of Rutgers College, writes:

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HOWARD PYLE, the Author and Artist, writes:

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## NOTES OF PROGRESS IN SCIENCE AND INVENTION

### The World's Lumber Supply

WHAT is the actual state of the forests of the world? Is the visible supply decreasing, or stationary or gaining on the demand? There has been a deal of estimating done on this subject in years past. For a long time the academic view was very simple—in ten or twenty years the end would come.

But in recent years there has been a more reliable sort of timber-statistics; we begin to grasp the entire problem and are better able to make allowances for the recuperative forces. The students of the subject no longer try to predict dates with precision; they endeavor to find out in detail the demands, and the actual condition of the forest resources in different countries. Doing this, they practically agree that the annual growth of timber in civilized countries is less than the annual cut. In other words, they state that leading nations are even now drawing upon the "forest capital."

In the "Forestry Quarterly" for January and April, 1903, Professor Fernow notes a decided increase in wood consumption per capita. The same thing is happening in England, France, Germany, and other countries, and though scientific forestry has long been adopted abroad, larger and larger amounts of lumber are being imported into these countries from Russia, Norway, Sweden, Canada, and the United States. Dr. Schlich, a well-known authority, says that only five out of eighteen European countries export more timber than they import, and that the per capita consumption in countries like Germany is now fourteen cubic feet per year, and will soon be twenty cubic feet. The coming scarcity of timber will first be felt, he says, in the coniferous woods.

England annually imports lumber to the value of about \$100,000,000, requiring about 15,000,000 acres of well-kept forest to supply it. Germany imports twenty-four per cent of its lumber. The remark recently made by one of the members of the German Commission sent to this country, that in fifty years we will be importing our pine timber from Germany, "whose forests will never give out," was a truly absurd one. Germany's splendid state forests can not be materially enlarged, nor their yield greatly increased, and in fifty years that country will be in the market for not less than half of its lumber.

Turning to the United States, Henry Gannett of the Geological Survey, taking the census figures and other exhaustive reports and statistics, estimates that the total stand, without the yearly growth, would last fifty years, at the present rate of consumption. But the steady increase of that rate more than uses up the annual increment, so that our timber capital is actually being lessened.

The president of the Mississippi Valley Lumbermen's Association, in a pamphlet published in March, 1903, shows that the end of the White Pine is so near that in ten years more it will "disappear as an important factor in the lumber trade," and that the stock of Longleaf Pine is nearly as much depleted. Scientific forestry will probably in time restore the balance between annual growth and annual cut, and might even give us a surplus to supply European demands.

### Flour Bleached by Electricity

AT least one patent—and there may be others—has been granted in this country to a process for bleaching flour by electricity. The process depends on the bleaching action of the gases produced by sending an electric current through air or water. A French chemist has examined a sample of an electrically bleached flour to see if the composition had been changed in the process; no mention is made of the source of the flour or of where it was bleached. He reports that the sample is undoubtedly whiter than the unbleached flour, but that it has a less pleasant taste and odor. The general composition is scarcely altered; there is a slight development of acid and a change in the character of the fats, a change in the direction of rancidity. It is shown, therefore, that the food value of the flour is not changed by bleaching, but that the product has the odor and taste of an old and somewhat stale article. Since the whiteness of flour is a purely aesthetic matter, it certainly seems questionable whether it is worth while to please the eye at the expense of the palate.

### A New Arc Lamp

A DISTINCT step has been taken in the development of the electric light by the perfecting of the new magnetite arc lamp. In the ordinary lamps the light is furnished by carbon electrodes heated to such a temperature that they glow with the intense light with which we are all familiar. In such a light the efficiency is very low and the light furnished is removed some distance from perfection. The new arc lamp gives its light, not from a heated electrode, but from the arc itself. It has been found that one of the common iron ores, magnetite, will slowly volatilize when used as the negative electrode of an arc, and that the gaseous particles glow with a brilliant light. In the construction of the new lamp the negative electrode is magnetite and the positive electrode is copper.

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In this number also begins Kate Douglas Wiggin's new novelette, "Rose o' the River," which is as charming as anything the author of "Rebecca" has yet given us. There are also, besides numerous articles of striking import, six short stories by leading writers.

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See the two Springs under the Tub?

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Now, if you look inside the Tub you'll see, slat paddles fastened to its bottom.

Fill the Tub half full of hot soapy water. Then spin it to the right. The slat paddles make the water turn around with the Tub till the Springs stop the Tub from turning further to the right and bounce it back suddenly to the left.

But the water keeps on running to the right, though the Tub, and the clothes in it, are now turning to the left.

Thus, the swift driving of this soapy water through the clothes, at each half turn, washes the dirt out of the threads without any rubbing.

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If you don't find it does better washing, in half the time, than you can wash by hand, send it back to us. If you don't find it saves more than half the wear on clothes, send it back to us.

If you don't find it washes clothes as easily as you could rock a cradle, or run a sewing machine, send it back to us. If it won't wash dirty clothes in six minutes, send it back to us.

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# Collier's

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

FEBRUARY FICTION NUMBER

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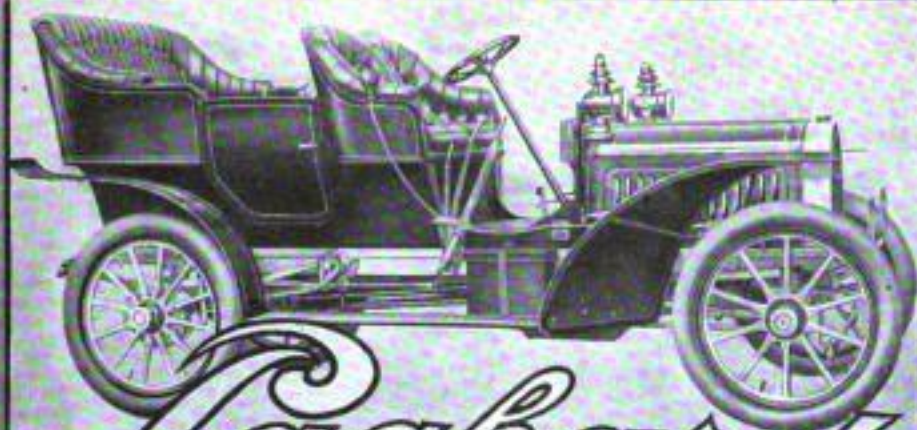
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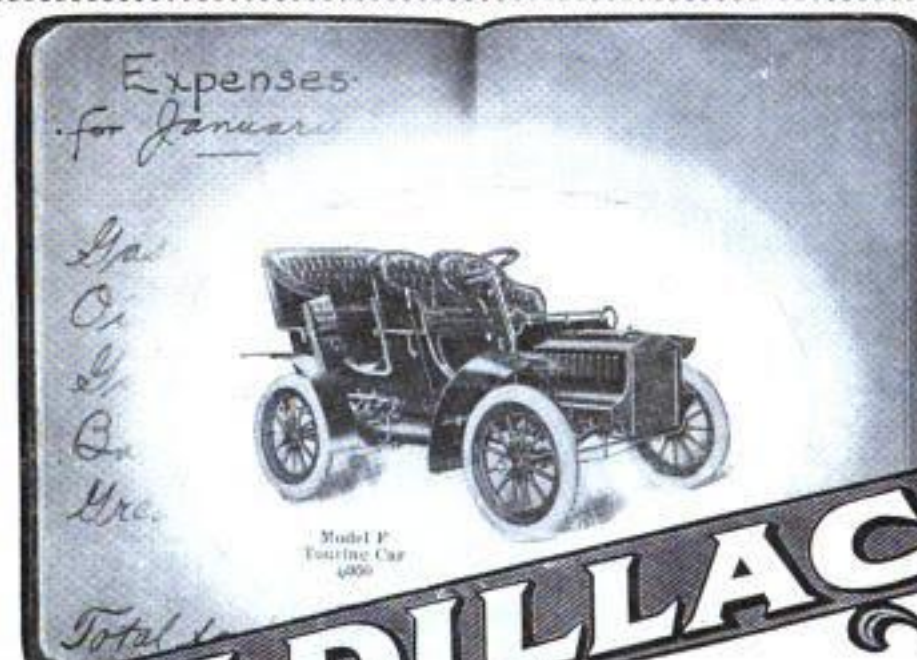
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# Collier's

## THE NATIONAL WEEKLY



THE LITTLE BULLDOG OF THE EAST-

*"SAT! THE WAR'S OVER. YOU'RE WHIPPED. WHY DON'T YOU GO HOME?"*

DRAWN BY F. W. KEMBLE

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**T**HE PRESIDENT IS JUSTIFIED in quoting WASHINGTON's belief that military efficiency should be acquired in time of peace. The principle is obvious. There is no one to dispute it. On the question of size, either of army or of navy, it has no bearing, nor has anything ever said by WASHINGTON. Mr. ROOSEVELT's Philadelphia speech is not one of his happiest efforts. He speaks of "the wickedness which seeks by force of arms to wrong others," and then of "the no less criminal weakness which fails to provide effectively against being wronged by others." That is childish. No weaker word will fit it. It is loud and foolish. It may be an error not to take "effective" precautions. It is not criminal, and it is not in the same class of error with wanton injury.

WASHINGTON  
AND WAR

In other places, too, the speech reveals the President's weaker sides, or shallower thoughts. "Those rugged and manly qualities which we group together under the name of character." Did CHRIST lack character? As far as WASHINGTON is concerned, all we ask of the President for him is a square deal. He was strong, but he was not aggressive. He hated cowardice, swore at it when he saw it, and hurled an inkstand at an official poltroon. He "broke" certain officers for cowardice at Bunker Hill. But he was not given to the big bow-wow, to sound and fury, or to the terrible accent of BARDOLPH, NYM, and PISTOL. He saw the business of war, and preparation for it, as one among a hundred tasks, and he never made the mistake of having it appear like an agreeable diversion, or like the principal occupation of a nation's life.

**N**OTHING WILL CURE MR. BRYAN of silver. Our former hopes were vain. He is loose again with his old-time zest. No satisfactory reason, he says, has been given for dropping free coinage in 1873. He apparently thinks the provision was smuggled through. Again the old note in its familiar shrillness: "There is no reason why the silver dollar should be redeemed in gold. The fact that it is a legal tender is sufficient to maintain it at a parity with gold. To make it redeemable in gold simply puts the Treasury Department in the hands of the Wall Street financiers." Mr. BRYAN is honest, and he admits that in financial matters he is unchanged. Nothing certainly could be more frank. A correspondent asks him if it would not be better to restore "free and unlimited coinage," and Mr. BRYAN answers that such is his position now as well as in the past. He could not well go further. No one who disbelieves in free silver need look for any change which will ever make Mr. BRYAN a statesman capable of learning by experience.

THE LOST  
CAUSE

**A**RE LAWYERS MORE MORAL than business men; ordinary men of affairs than trust magnates; journalists than politicians; and so on through the grades and divisions of society? Such questions arise constantly in discussion. Formerly the politicians were blamed exclusively for much bad legislation that is now charged in part to the business men who influence legislation. The rôle taken by the ablest lawyers in making legislation ineffective is being more vividly expounded than it ever has been before. Our laws—to take an example—forbid rebates and all kinds of discrimination between shippers. The railway men in general admit the desirability of such law. Yet they, and the shippers, and the attorneys for both, devote themselves to discovering devices for outwitting the law. There is no moral standard which restrains either lawyers or business men from any secret practice intended to help them escape from laws the passage of which they favor. The public faces the necessity of contriving laws so drawn that the very ablest minds in the country can invent no trickery to beat them, but probably public opinion on such matters is being educated by all the experiments now being made. The struggle for money is losing something relatively, and moral standards slowly make a corresponding gain.

LAW AND  
MORALS

**N**ATIONS HAVE HEROIC AGES, and Japan is now in hers. Necessity is often the mother of the heroic life. Japan was in a strong and sound condition before her recent exploits, but it is the perils of her situation that have added national fervor and the universal heroic spirit. What was done to her by the powers after the Chinese war, and what was being done by Russia, formed the great impulse of a national peril for Japan. Two little wars had furnished her with information. In her war with China

her soldiers had died in thousands from disease. In her fight with Korea the mortality had been almost as great as ours was in the Civil War. Her intense and real mood made her take such information seriously. She had seen forty-five per cent of her sailors laid up in the Korean war from beri-beri alone. She studied that topic so thoroughly that not one case of beri-beri has been seen in the Japanese navy this year. In **HEROIC JAPAN** private life the same spirit of accomplishment is everywhere. Students are said to read with the help of a cage full of glow-worms when they can afford no better light. Effort, frugality, obedience, and devotion are everywhere. We Americans watch, with less curiosity than unconcern, the attempt now being made to improve the medical department in our army.

**P**ERSONAL LIBERTY WAS THE PLEA on which the Anti-Compulsory Vaccination Society of Massachusetts carried a case to the United States Supreme Court. The Secretary of the association, Dr. S. N. MERRICK, writes to us, urging us to take up the subject. "The trend of medical legislation," he says, "at the present hour, and of medical opinion, is for compulsory treatment of all disease by serums of various kinds and concoctions. Unless the so-called laity watch out they will reach the manacled hand to Russia in fraternal slavery, along medical lines at least, before another generation. The Society whose name heads this sheet was formed some three years ago by people who love freedom—the objects of the Society being protection of the poor from legalized blood-poisoning, dissemination of knowledge regarding vaccination and the carrying of a test case through all the necessary courts of the State up to the Supreme Bench of the United States. This Society numbers some six hundred members, among them are fifty physicians of good repute.

All these physicians, with almost no exceptions, belong to the Homœopathic school and are broad-minded. **VACCINATION** They represent but a very minute minority of the medical men in this city, however. All the others are for compulsion. But this is not a war for schools, but for freedom." The Supreme Court has since decided unanimously against the opponents of compulsory vaccination. We have read the brief, and it strikes the lay mind as lamentably weak, although, perhaps, not much weaker than the case. A fundamental contention was that "vaccination does not prevent small-pox, but spreads the disease." That is what the opponents of the Massachusetts law need to prove. Let them "educate" as much as they like. When they convince medical or general opinion that vaccination is unnecessary to the prevention of small-pox epidemics under present conditions, victory will be theirs. To argue, however, for the individual's right to resist State regulation on any interpretation of the Fourteenth Amendment comes perilously near to the absurd.

**W**E ATTACKED SENATOR CLARK'S HOUSE, some weeks ago, on grounds which here and there have not been precisely comprehended. Under the scintillating title of "Collier's Weakly Venom," a sheet printed in Helena, Montana, bearing the amusing title of the "Independent," comes to the Senator's violent rescue. Its ratiocination is something as weird almost as its use of English. "It does not matter whether the Eastern editors like either Senator CLARK or his house, but it would be a token of their fairness and intelligence if they would display a decent appreciation of the man by his achievements alone." We can understand that sentence, although we fail to construe it. Montana, this sheet alleges, admires Senator CLARK, "not as a millionaire, not as a famous character, not, perhaps, as a Senator,"—so far, good. We agree with the **REGAL TASTE** "Independent." We do not admire him for his fame, which we should call notoriety, or for his millions, which have been used as ruthlessly as they were earned, or as a member of the Senate, into which he broke after a hard and not too fragrant contest. The "Independent" admires him as "the most accomplished and the shrewdest practical miner in the world." He may be all that and remain an unattractive odor in American politics and also in American business. To abuse a man who has so hustled and succeeded "because his house has too many chimneys" is, in this Montana view, "idiotic, even for a Gotham magazine." Let us explain. Had we admired Senator CLARK's character we might have dissembled our opinion of his taste. It was because we so thoroughly regret the man that our strictures on his house





were so outspoken. We observe, in an editorial in the Washington "Times," on the subject of our attack, the incontrovertible aphorism that Mr. CLARK may indulge his fancies in material architecture, but his moral architecture stands in a different relation to his environment. He may perpetrate an architectural joke; he may stud his castle with gargoyles; but "in some other relations toward the common people Mr. CLARK might properly be asked a few questions, not with the expectation that he would answer them, but just to show that the populace is sitting up and taking notice." The paper then sketches one line of profitable inquiry. "Suspicion has arisen as to land frauds in Montana, the State that is Mr. CLARK's by right, let us not say of purchase. Perhaps hypnotism would be a better word. According to evidence a band of schemers there obtained public land to the amount of fifteen thousand acres, and unloaded the lot on Mr. CLARK. The natural question is as to whether he knew or suspected the manner in which these broad acres had been secured. Then might follow inquiry about his intent to restore them to the proper ownership." This is one fruitful topic out of many that exist. It is for such reasons that we feel no compunctions in printing art criticism as candid—in verse and picture—as discerning readers will discover in this issue.

**GROWING OLD** is a topic of such universal interest that remarks on it by a famous man of science make the world sit up. When one of the most distinguished physicians in America drew the line for important work at forty, a howl naturally greeted his opinion. Dr. OSLER is a man who loves epigram and also loves experiment, and is not averse to using the public as a specimen. Even taking his views in the milder form to which later corrections and explanations confined them, they are put with more precision than the complex facts of life will warrant. He wished to plead for the encouragement of youth, and he focused attention on his point by violence toward age. "It is difficult," he says, "to name a great and far-reaching conquest of the mind which has not been given to the world by a man on whose back the sun was still shining. The effective, moving, vitalizing work of the world is done between the ages of twenty-five and forty, those fifteen golden years of plenty, the anabolic or constructive period, in which there is always a balance in the mental bank and the credit is still good." To men over sixty our eminent friend credits "a very large proportion of the evils, nearly all the great mistakes, politically and socially, all of the worst poems, most of the bad pictures, a majority of the bad novels, not a few of the bad sermons and speeches." This, even if it be jesting, is a rather poor performance for a man of Dr. OSLER's station. Imagination, as in poems and fiction, does grow pale in age, but no such rule is true of intellectual leadership. WASHINGTON, FRANKLIN, ADAMS, and LINCOLN are not exceptions. They are types. So are BISMARCK, GLADSTONE, SALISBURY, and JOSEPH CHAMBERLAIN. What of the generals leading the Japanese armies in Manchuria? CÆSAR had enjoyed just one year of military experiment when he set out for Gaul, and he was then four years past Dr. OSLER's magic line. Before many years we ourselves shall reach the age of forty, and Dr. OSLER is fifty-six.

**BOOKS ON MEDICINE AND SCIENCE** have been the foundation of Dr. OSLER's fame, but the one volume which he has composed for the general reader is so full of temperament that it throws light on any literary aberration in which he may indulge. Oxford is taking from us an uncommonly interesting mind. Dr. OSLER first treats immortality with the ruthlessness of science and leaves no shred of argument in its support. Then, with eloquence and feeling, he approaches it from the side of human need. Emotion, he believes, always has played a more important rôle than reason. In that discussion before King DARIUS, on which is the strongest thing in the world, ZOROBAEL gave the pre-eminence to woman, and Dr. OSLER thinks that ZOROBAEL was right, since woman is the incarnation of emotion, "of that element in life which sways like a reed the minds of men." Science, judged for its adequacy to life, Dr. OSLER sees as husks, or at least as a wholly insufficient diet. Nor has he affection for the Laodiceans, the sceptics, who are neither hot nor cold, and are satisfied in their lukewarm state. His opinion is that of CICERO, who would rather be mistaken with

PLATO than in the right with those who deny altogether the life beyond the grave. This is his confession of faith—a belief independent of demonstration and founded wholly on choice and need. "Our life," says SOLOMON, "is short and tedious, and in the death of a man there is no remedy; neither was there any man known to have returned from the grave. For we are born at all adventure; and we shall be hereafter as though we had never been. . . . Come on, therefore, let us enjoy the good things that are present. . . . Let us crown ourselves with rosebuds, before they be withered." Dr. OSLER's fairness to wisdom like that of SOLOMON and OMAR, and his turning away from it because it fails sufficiently to nourish him, are rendered with simplicity and charm in this singularly attractive little work.

**SIR HENRY IRVING'S RETIREMENT** for the season may indicate an approaching end of his activity. The foremost actor on the English-speaking stage reached his zenith years ago—not so much in talent as in success. His powers have remained, but the London public tired of him. It grants dramatic leadership to such excellent men but very moderate artists as TREE and ALEXANDER and forces the Lyceum to close its doors for lack of patronage. Sir HENRY has sometimes wished that fate had made him an American. We have more great cities here: no one of them controls an actor's fate as London does in England. Partly, it must be confessed, Sir HENRY's decline in favor is due to him. He took his position at the head, without a second, because he was his country's greatest actor and also the first manager to use both the artistic and the business possibilities of modern lighting and machinery. He waned partly because of Miss TERRY's failing powers, public fickleness, and the rise of other managers who could compete with him in scenery, but partly also because he lacked the instinct for current plays. He proved his talent first in melodrama, and he never did anything more wonderful than "The Lyons Mail." He added prestige with SHAKESPEARE, backed with other literary adventures, as in direct or adapted expressions of GOETHE, GOLDSMITH, TENNYSON, and CERVANTES. He has never taken kindly to new plays expressive of our time, nor has he found it easy to work in harmony with successful dramatists. These are serious misfortunes, but in spite of them he took and has long held so large a place in England that the competitors for his leadership look absurdly inadequate to take his place. He is a big man, Sir HENRY; one to whom, in these later trials, we take off our hats in most profound respect.

THE CAREER  
OF IRVING

**THE WINTER NOW PASSING** has at least the merit of making us welcome spring. More than the usual blizzards, cold, and snow have combined with epidemics of pneumonia to render the population oblivious to whatever winter may have of charm. Spring to ordinary mortals is the cheerfulest time of year. Warmth and blue sky and stirrings in the ground and trees give more general happiness than the graver moods of other seasons. Always spring has been the symbol for happiness and youth. Always the young man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of love, but his proneness is vernal somewhat accentuated. The softening earth and delicate green sprouts have, after we have braved the winter, something of that tenderness which those who have known the stress of years welcome in the soft flesh and jocund liveliness of infancy. The preference of versifiers for these early months has been so strong as to make the spring poet a jest, and even the spring itself. "As spring approaches, ants and roaches,"—some such expression lingers in our cerebral hemispheres.

SPRING

"If there comes a little thaw,  
Still the air is chill and raw,  
Here and there a patch of snow,  
Dirtier than the ground below,  
Dribbles down a marshy flood;  
Ankle deep you stick in mud  
In the meadows while you sing.  
'This is Spring.'"

A touch of satire is required to flavor sentiment, but sentiment for spring always lives. The first stirrings of the sap can never leave our spirits dead. The mere shouting of the birds and insects, the venturing above ground of the almost forgotten worm, would force us humans, who look before and after, to echo the joyfulness of everything we hear and see.



# THE AFTERMATH OF PORT ARTHUR



THE RUSSIAN BATTLESHIPS "RETVIZAN," "POLTAVA," AND "PERESVIET" LYING IN THE HARBOR OF PORT ARTHUR AS THE JAPANESE FOUND THEM



A RUSSIAN HOWITZER BATTERY WITH THE DEAD GUNNERS LYING AS THEY FELL



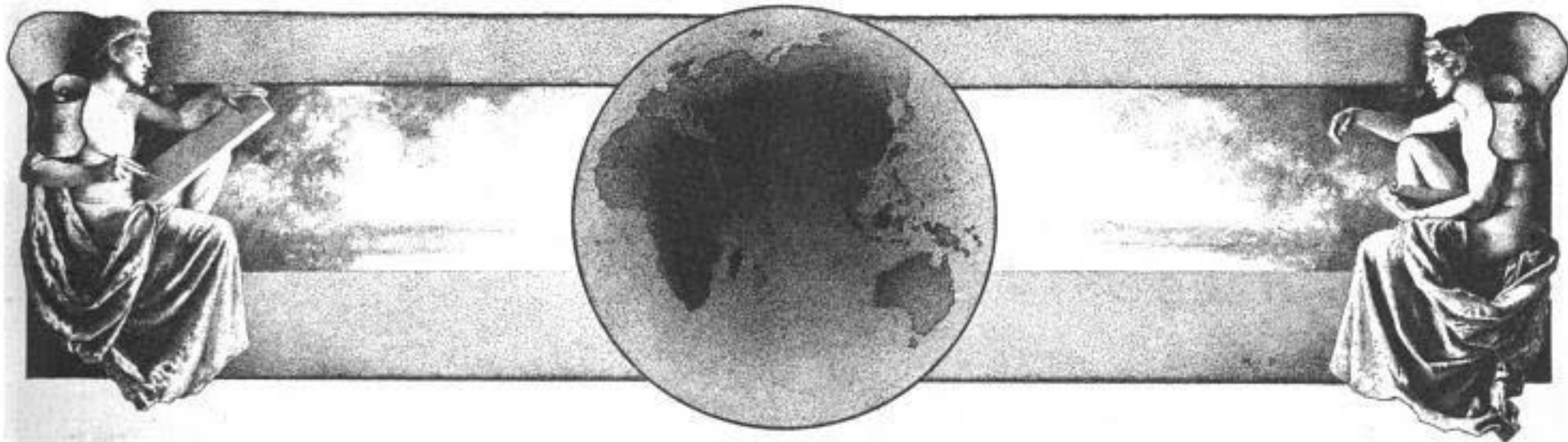
GEN. STOESEL AND AIDE-DE-CAMP LEAVING THEIR QUARTERS IN NAGASAKI, FOR HOME



THE PRICE OF VICTORY. FIELD SHOWING JAPANESE DEAD AFTER THE CAPTURE OF 203-METRE HILL, WHICH CAUSED THE ULTIMATE FALL OF PORT ARTHUR



# WHAT THE WORLD IS DOING



## DESPOTISM IN EXTREMIS

**P**OE'S GREWSOME TALE of M. Valdemar might have found its model in the present state of the Russian Government. Lying in a hypnotic trance, the autocracy has seemed to be alive, but the touch of an arousing hand is dissolving it into the corruption of a long overdue death. Everywhere the bonds of authority are in decay. The Caucasus has been in armed revolt. The Prefect of Police of Batum has been assassinated, along with several of the leading merchants, and the streets have been strewn with manifestoes demanding a republic. Anarchy reigned for several days in the great oil centre of Baku, and scores of people were killed. Armenians and Mussulmans were fighting throughout the region between the Caspian and the Black Sea, and telegraphic communication with the rest of Russia could be maintained only by way of Constantinople. Strikes have paralyzed the railroad system of southern Russia. In Poland the strike fever has spread even to the police, and at War. saw it has been found necessary to send out a soldier with every policeman. In the effort to keep the blood in circulation in the veins of the empire, all the railroads of European Russia and Siberia have been placed under martial law. The strikes on the Trans-Siberian Railroad, and the paralysis of the factories that should have been turning out war material, have threatened the existence of Kuropatkin's army. The Government has induced men to return to work from time to time by yielding a great part of their demands, but the strikers seem to be acting under the direction of political agitators who keep them in continual unrest without allowing matters to come as yet to the point of a general collision. Meanwhile the most ominous menace for the Government is the growth of discontent among the heretofore submissive peasantry, whose primeval ignorance is breaking up under the influence of devoted teachers employed by the Zemstvos.

## TIRING OF WAR

**A**LONG WITH the approach of a new campaign have come the first serious foreshadowings of peace. On February 22, the positive statement was published that Russia had agreed to terms including Japanese suzerainty for Korea, the cession of Port Arthur and the Liaotung Peninsula to Japan, the neutralization of Vladivostok, the international administration of the Eastern Chinese Railroad, the restitution of Manchuria as far north as Harbin to China, and the settlement of the question of indemnity by arbitration. This story, incredible on its face, was promptly denied, but there remained an apparent residuum of fact to the extent that Japan had informally communicated to the United States her willingness to treat on conditions similar to those mentioned, but not including a demand for an indemnity, or for the neutralization of Vladivostok. These suggestions were not repelled as indignantly by Russia as they would have been a little earlier, but despatches from St. Petersburg stated that the Russian Government considered it necessary to restore its prestige by one great victory before treating for peace. The opportunity for this stroke came promptly when Marshal Oyama attacked the advanced forces which Kuropatkin had been pushing forward on his left wing, but the needed Russian victory did not come. On the contrary, the Japanese captured Tsin-khetchen, turned Kuropatkin's left, and compelled the retirement of all the Russians south of the Sha River.

## GUILTY, BUT NOT TO BLAME

**T**HE DECISION of the North Sea Commission, rendered on February 25, in effect sustained the British contentions on matters of fact, but politely intimated that these findings were "not of a nature to cast any disrespect upon the military valor or upon the sentiments of humanity of Admiral Rojestvensky and the personnel of his squadron." The British case had

been summed up in four points, which may be compared with the verdict of the Commission.

1. That on the night of the collision there were no torpedo boats in the vicinity. All the Commissioners but the Russian agreed that this was true.

2. That there were not sufficient reasons to justify opening fire, that after the firing began sufficient precautions were not taken to direct and control it, and that it lasted for an unreasonable time. All but the Russian Commissioner agreed that the firing was unjustifiable, and that in any case it continued for an unreasonable time, but they unanimously certified that Admiral Rojestvensky had personally done all he could to keep the trawlers from being the direct objects of the Russian attack.

3. That the Russians ought to have given aid to the sinking trawlers and their wounded men. The Commissioners unanimously found that Admiral Rojest-



PRESIDENT CARLO F. MORALES, OF SANTO DOMINGO

On February 25 the latest of several recent attempts to kill President Morales, our new protegee, was made at Santo Domingo City. The President was attacked, but without success, by a number of revolutionists, five of whom were captured, while the others escaped.

vensky was warranted in continuing his route, but the majority regretted that he did not inform the neighboring maritime powers of what had occurred.

4. That the fishermen had committed no fault. With this the Commissioners unanimously agreed.

In submitting its case the Russian Government had announced its willingness to make suitable reparation to the victims of its fleet's mistake, and as there can hardly be any longer a question of punishing anybody, all that remains is to fix the amount of this indemnity.

## JUDGE SWAYNE ACQUITTED

**A**FTER WASTING the greater part of the session, at a cost of several hundred thousand dollars in money and a much greater cost in needed legislation crowded out and killed, the Senate voted on February 27 to acquit Judge Charles Swayne of the charges brought against him in impeachment proceedings by the House. Unfortunately for the completeness of the vindication, and for the reputation of the Senate as an impartial court, the verdict on the principal counts was reached by almost a strict party vote. On

the first article, which was decided in favor of Judge Swayne by 40 to 33, only four Republicans—Bard of California, Kittredge of South Dakota, McCumber of North Dakota, and Nelson of Minnesota—voted for conviction, and only two Democrats—Dubois of Idaho and Gibson of Montana—for acquittal. On some of the minor articles the vote for acquittal was nearly unanimous, but the result, as a whole, certainly fails to justify the belief that Senators can be depended upon to lay aside partisanship when they sit in a judicial capacity.

## THE ALPS PIERCED AGAIN

**O**NE OF THE greatest works of any age was consummated on February 24, when the last barrier of rock in the way of the Simplon Tunnel was pierced and the Swiss and Italian drilling parties met. The Simplon is the longest tunnel in the world, and has been one of the most difficult to build. It is twelve miles long, cost \$14,000,000, and has been under way for seven years. It is nearly twice as long as the Mont Cenis Tunnel, which was considered an engineering marvel in its day, and nearly a third longer than the St. Gothard. It is two and a half times as long as the Hoosac, the longest mountain tunnel in the United States, and longer than the whole underground part of the New York rapid transit system. All kinds of obstacles were encountered in the construction of the Simplon Tunnel, including hot and cold springs, extraordinarily hard rock formations, slipping strata, and unbearable heat, but all have been successfully overcome. When the bore was completed, President Ruchet of Switzerland, whose name then became known to most of the world for the first time, exchanged congratulatory messages with King Victor Emmanuel and Premier Giolitti of Italy. The successful accomplishment of this gigantic work has been watched with especial interest by our engineers on the Panama Canal, who think it may throw some light on the practicability of Chief Engineer Wallace's plan of diverting the waters of the Chagres by a tunnel four miles long.

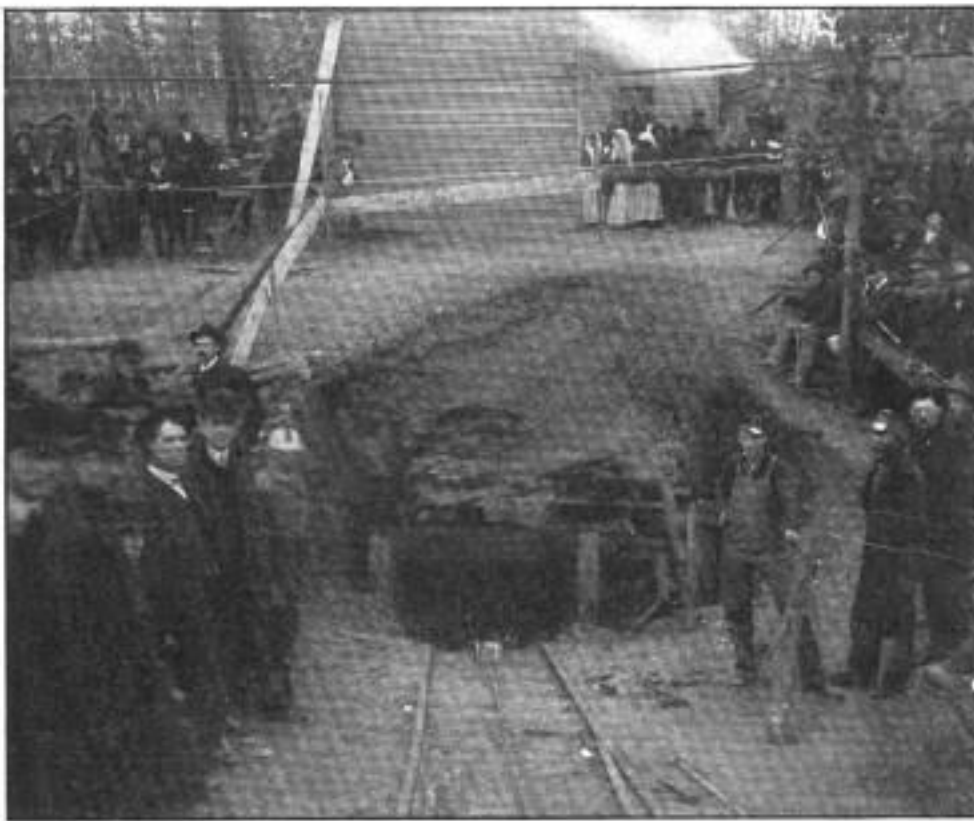
## "WE ARE ALL SOCIALISTS NOW" IN CHICAGO

**T**HE MOST ADVANCED position on the question of socializing public utilities yet occupied by either of the great parties in any important city of the United States was taken on February 25 by the Democrats of Chicago, when they nominated Judge Edward F. Dunne for Mayor on a platform demanding the immediate municipal ownership and operation of the street-car lines, followed in due course by a similar policy in regard to gas and electric plants for public and private lighting, telephones, subways, and the water power of the drainage canal. The Republican candidate, Mr. Harlan, favors the municipal ownership of street-car lines as soon as it can be satisfactorily accomplished, so that the corporations really have no avowed friends in Chicago at all.

## PLUNDERING THE PUBLIC DOMAIN

**T**HE INDICTMENT of three out of the four members of the Oregon delegation in Congress, for land frauds, lends especial interest to the report of the Public Lands Commission on the subject of the abuses practiced under the present laws. The Commission shows that under laws designed to preserve the public domain for actual settlers, a single corporation has succeeded in building up an estate of four million acres. It has investigated a number of the great estates of the West, and finds that "almost without exception, collusion or evasion of the letter and spirit of the land laws was evolved." It says that under the Timber and Stone Act the Government "has lost and is losing yearly vast sums of money through the sale of valuable timber lands to speculators," that the "Land Forest Reserve law is 'a scandalous act,' which





Entrance to the mine in which the explosion occurred, cutting off the escape of 116 men



Bringing out the bodies of the dead, of which ninety were recovered in the first three days

### THE GREAT VIRGINIA MINE DISASTER NEAR BESSEMER, ALABAMA, FEBRUARY 20, 1905

ought to be immediately repealed, that the commutation clause of the Homestead law has delivered great areas of land to speculators, and that the Desert Land law is "an instrument of speculation, fraud, and perjury." As a result of all these things it finds that there is growing up in the West a tenant, or hired labor, system "which not only represents a relatively low industrial development, but whose further extension carries with it a most serious threat." "Politically, socially, and economically, this system is indefensible." The President has earnestly seconded the findings of the Commission in a special message.

### TO REDEEM RHODE ISLAND

**A**N ORGANIZATION known as the Rhode Island Citizens' Union has been formed to work for the establishment of a republican form of government. Rhode Island shares with Connecticut the distinction of being ruled by an irresponsible oligarchy holding power through its possession of small and purchasable towns. In Connecticut the stronghold of this ruling minority is in the House; in Rhode Island it is in the Senate. Although a clear majority of the inhabitants of Rhode Island live in the two cities of Providence and Pawtucket, they have only an insignificant fraction of the membership of the Senate, and under the present Constitution never can have any more, even if they get nine-tenths of the total population. A few venal hamlets control that body, with the result that the home of Roger Williams ranks with Connecticut, Pennsylvania, Delaware, Nevada, and Montana among the most corrupt half-dozen States in the Union. The new organization proposes to work for popular government through a constitutional convention. It will not attach itself to any party, or make nominations of its own when it can avoid it, but will throw its influence in favor of those candidates whose success promises the best results for its policies.

### THE NEW SLAVERY

**T**HE INDICTMENTS for "peonage" found by the Grand Jury for the Middle District of Alabama at Montgomery, on February 23, illustrate the contagion of a bad example. In the old slavery white men held negroes. The new slavery is more comprehensive. Not only are whites holding negroes as peons, but negroes are holding each other, and whites are holding whites. The "white slaves," commonly supposed to be confined to the melodramatic stage, are creatures of literal fact in Alabama. The only thing left is for white men and women to be held in slavery by negroes. The method by which peonage is maintained is not a Southern invention. It was commonly used by Chinamen in San Francisco a generation ago to keep their women serfs in subjection, and still flourishes in the Chinatowns both of San Francisco and of New York. It consists in having the person whom it is desired to reduce to slavery charged with some small criminal offence and taking possession of the victim in the name of the law. The chief reliance in Chinatown is upon the ignorance of the slaves, who do not know their rights, but in some Southern States the local laws actually help the slave-hunters, giving them the right to the services of their serfs until any fines they may have advanced are repaid. They take care, of course, that this never happens. But the activity of the Federal courts, with an awakening public sentiment, is making the new slavery uncomfortably dangerous.

### STANDARD OIL AT BAY

**W**HEN KANSAS VOTED to build a State oil refinery she fired a shot heard round that considerable part of the world tributary to the Standard Oil Company. In all previous revolts against Standard domination the effort had been to meet monopoly with competition, and competition had always been beaten. But Kansas confronted monopoly with a



Model, just completed, of the great white marble monument to Queen Victoria, to be built at Calcutta. The model contains about 40,000 separate parts

weapon of its own kind—Socialism. The first essay was modest, but it was a beginning, with unlimited possibilities. It touched the imagination of the whole country. The authorities of forty States wrote for copies of the Kansas law. Governor Hoch was promptly put in nomination as the candidate of Kansas for the Presidency, and letters and telegrams of congratulation poured in upon him from Republican leaders all over the West. William J. Bryan lost no time in adopting Hoch into the New Democracy, welcoming him along with President Roosevelt as another recruit for Democratic principles. "The ship of state," he observed, "is guided from the rear and the Democratic party is the rudder." Former Attorney-General Monnett of Ohio, who drove the old Standard Oil Trust out of that State, has been summoned to Kansas to lead the fight.

In the general excitement everything associated in any way with Standard Oil has suffered. The proposed renewal of the contracts by which oil lands belonging

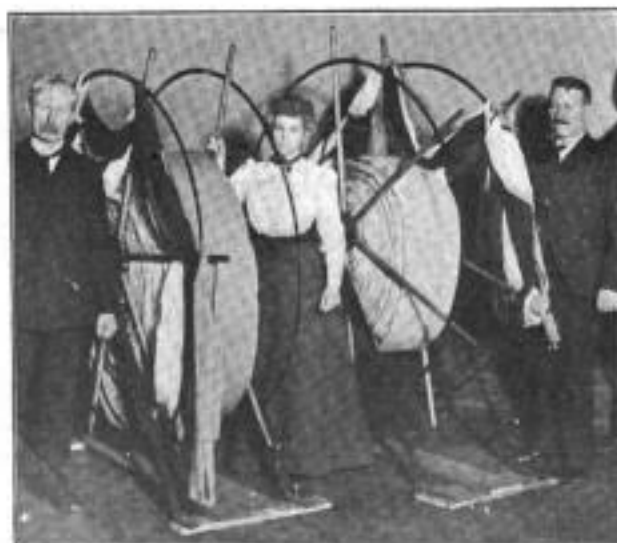
to the Osage Indians in the Indian Territory have been leased to a company supposed to have Standard Oil affiliations has been attacked. The annual assault on the payment of rent for the old Custom House in New York to the National City Bank commanded a majority in the House for the first time. The New York lighting companies, controlled by Standard Oil, are under fire in the Legislature, and the city authorities have declared their independence of them by appropriating money for the construction of a municipal lighting plant. Finally, Mr. Lawson has announced the cruel intention of bankrupting Mr. Rockefeller and all his wicked partners.

### CRIMINAL LAW FOR TRUST MAGNATES

**T**HE PREPARATIONS for the prosecution of the Beef Trust officials mark an epoch in the long struggle for supremacy between the Government and illegal combinations of capital. Never before has an attack on a trust been planned so thoroughly, executed on such a scale, and pushed with such an apparent determination to accomplish results. Most previous anti-trust campaigns have been merely conventional. Even victory has accomplished nothing more than to compel the substitution of one form of organization for another. But in the case of the Beef Trust there are indications of a determined purpose not only to smash the combination beyond repair, but to make the consequences of lawbreaking so uncomfortable for the individual lawbreakers as to discourage its practice in future. A special Federal Grand Jury at Chicago is to begin an investigation of the Trust's proceedings on the 20th of this month, and four hundred witnesses have been summoned to testify before it. Representatives of the packing companies, including clerks, telegraphers, and agents, have been served with subpoenas in all the important commercial centres of the country. This investigation is expected to lead to indictments which may land some financial magnates in jail. A slight foretaste of the perils awaiting the engineers of illicit trust enterprises was afforded on February 20, when the Supreme Court of the United States sustained the anti-trust law of Kansas, under which an agent of the Missouri Pacific Railroad, who entered into a pooling agreement with a certain combination of grain dealers, will have to submit to a fine of \$500 and three months' imprisonment. In the case of the Beef Trust it is not agents but principals who are in danger.

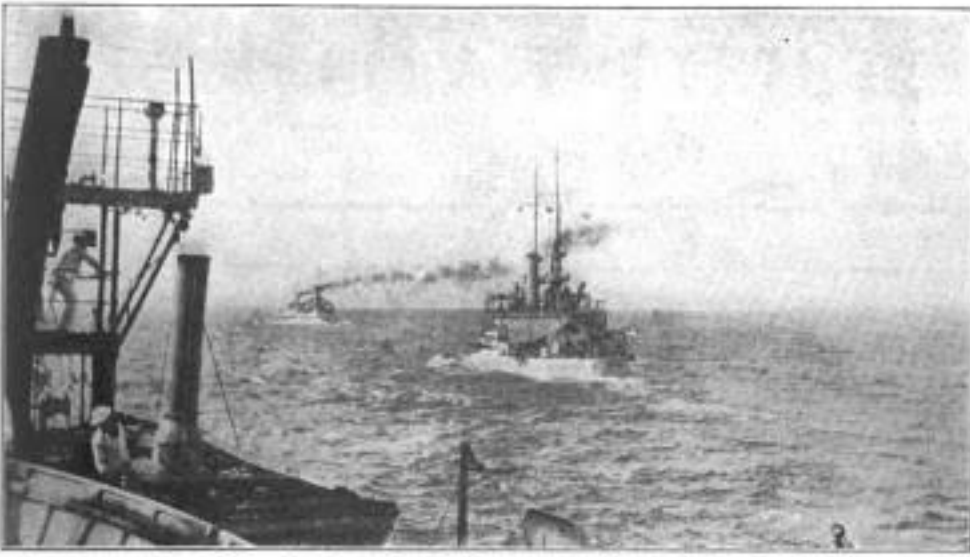
### REACHING THE PRIVATE CAR MONOPOLIES

**W**ITHOUT WAITING for Congress to enact a new law regulating private car lines, the Interstate Commerce Commission has acted for itself by ruling that when shippers are compelled to pay icing charges that fact is enough to make the lines common carriers and subject them to the Commission's jurisdiction. In a decision rendered on February 23 it not only laid down this principle, but held the Santa Fe and Southern Pacific Railroads guilty of unlawfully pooling their traffic on citrus fruits from Southern California. It further found the rates imposed on oranges in carload lots to the Missouri River and beyond to be unreasonable and unjust and ordered their reduction. The complaints that led to this ruling were brought by the Southern California Fruit Exchange and the Southern California Forwarding Company. The decision seems to pave the way for effective action against the private car monopoly of the Beef Trust. Meanwhile, the Santa

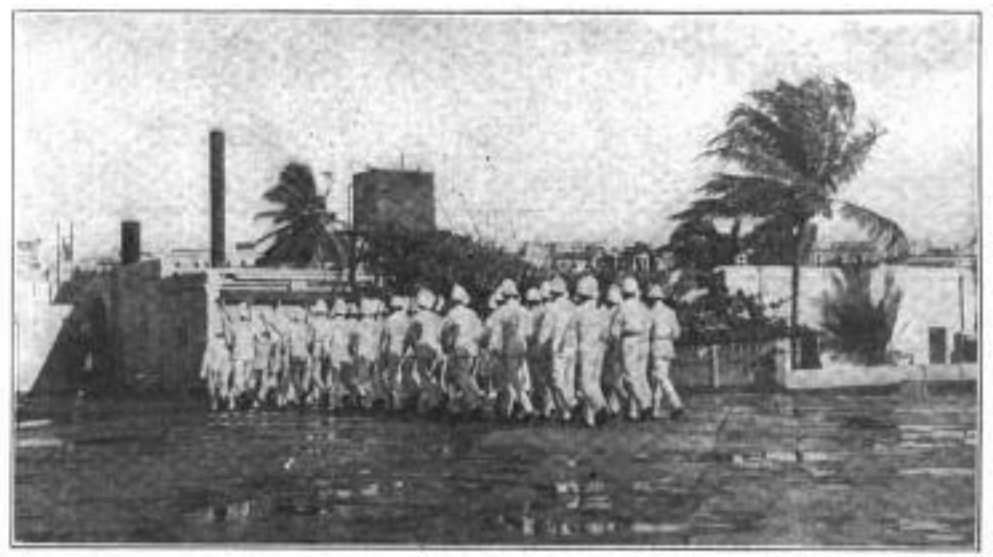


The great Referendum Petition, containing 135,000 names, as filed in the office of the Election Commissioners, Chicago, January 31, 1905





"Illinois," "Kentucky," and "Kearsarge" following the flag



Marines in the Navy Yard at San Juan, Porto Rico

## THE ANNUAL WINTER MANEUVERS OF OUR NAVY IN THE CARIBBEAN

## THE NAVY AND ITS NEGLECTED FATHER

**L**AWS ARE SILENT amid arms," but President Roosevelt proved on Washington's Birthday that arms need not be silent amid laws. In accepting the degree of Doctor of Laws conferred upon him by the University of Pennsylvania, the President devoted most of his energy to denouncing the "criminal weakness" of being found wanting in preparations for war, especially in the matter of plenty of battleships. The occasion was peculiarly happy for such an exhortation, in view of the fact that the German Emperor, who is supposed to be our particular naval rival, was receiving a degree at the same time. While the President was pleading for the new navy at Philadelphia, Ambassador Porter was trying to stir our laggard regard for the father of the old navy at Paris. He told how the bones of Paul Jones were lying neglected in an abandoned foreign cemetery. "While other nations," he said, "are gathering the ashes of their heroes in their Pantheons, their Walhallas, and their Westminster Abbeys, all that is mortal of this marvelous organizer of American victories upon the sea lies, like an outcast, in a squalid quarter of a distant city, in a neglected grave, where it was placed by the hand of charity to keep it from the Potter's Field." General Porter has made it a labor of love and duty to search out the resting-place of Paul Jones, which is now definitely known to be in the old St. Louis Cemetery of Paris.

## RAILROADS IN CANADA

**T**HE RETURNS of the Dominion Railway Department, just published, show that on June 30 last there were 19,611 miles of steam railroads in Canada—over five hundred miles more than the year before. This is more than the mileage of the United States in proportion to the population of the two countries, although less than one-tenth as much in absolute length. Canada now has more railroads in proportion to population than any other country in the world except some of the Australasian and African colonies. Its railroad system is twice as great in actual extent as that of Italy, almost as great as that of Great Britain and Ireland, and greater than the combined systems of all of South and Central America and the West Indies, omitting Argentina. Moreover, it is now building the longest two lines under construction anywhere in the world—the Canadian Northern and the Grand Trunk Pacific, each of which will eventually span the continent. In addition to its steam lines, Canada had in operation last year 767 miles of electric road, carrying 181,689,998 passengers. In other words, every man, woman, and child

in the country took on an average nearly thirty trips on the electric cars. The Canadian steam lines killed last year less than half, and the electric lines little more than a fourth, as many people as the year before.

## SPIDER SILK

**A**CCORDING TO A REPORT of United States Consul Hunt, at Tamatave, the industry of drawing silk from spiders, which the unappreciated philosophers of Laputa undertook two hundred years ago, is now under way on a commercial scale in Madagascar. The female spinning spider of that island (*Nephila madagascariensis*) grows to a length of two inches and a half, and swarms in millions about the capital. The silk is reeled off by native girls, each of whom has a basket filled with live spiders at her side. She takes out a dozen, fastens them in a frame, draws out the ends of their webs, and combines them into a single thread, which is passed over a hook and attached to a reel. The girl then sets the reel to revolving with a pedal, and, like the public under the manipulation of the trusts, the spiders have to "give up." Unlike the public, however, they are said to suffer no discomfort from the operation. When a spider's supply of silk is exhausted, it is taken back to the park to recuperate, and in nine or ten days it is ready to declare another dividend. After going through the reel five or six times it becomes discouraged and dies, having yielded in all between two and three miles of silk. Even with cheap labor, spider silk is expensive. It takes a thread over thirty-five miles long and nineteen strands thick to weigh an ounce, which makes the fibre cost about \$40 a pound.

## EXTERMINATING THE YAQUIS

**A**FTER A TWO DAYS' battle with a band of Yaqui Indians in the mountains, General Torres, the Governor of Sonora, returned on Washington's Birthday to the mining camp of La Colorado with his force of four hundred Mexican soldiers and one hundred and sixty-seven prisoners. In the battle forty Yaquis were killed and about a hundred escaped. The expedition was said to have had its origin in the murder of four Americans near La Colorado some weeks ago, but the opportunity to take another long step toward the extermination of the Yaquis could not have been distasteful to the Mexican authorities. What a Mexican punitive expedition in the Yaqui country means may be appreciated by reading the story on page 14 of this number of Collier's.

## NO MORE CIVIL WAR TROPHIES

**A** NEW PROOF of the disappearance of sectional scars was furnished on February 23, when the Senate passed the bill, passed by the House just before, ordering the captured battle-flags held by the War Department to be returned to the States from which they had come. In each House the bill was passed without debate and the vote was unanimous. Twenty years ago a similar proposition excited the bitterest partisan and sectional denunciation. When Cleveland advanced it in his first term he was scored as little better than a traitor. It was largely on account of his impassioned defence of the endangered trophies on that occasion that Senator, then Governor, Foraker of Ohio was honored by common consent with the title of "Fire Alarm." Now, Mr. Foraker allows a bill for the return of the flags to go through the Senate without a word or a vote of protest. There are no longer any "Fire Alarms" in the North. The only members of the species left are the Vardamans and Tillmans in the South, and there are not many of them.

## AMERICAN AND GERMAN UNIVERSITIES

**T**HE RETURNS of attendance at German universities this term, reported by Consul Liefeld, at Freiburg, show that the University of Berlin has 7,774 students, which surpasses any institution in the United States. With that single exception, however, every German university can be matched by an American university with a larger attendance. The second in Germany is Munich, with 4,766 students. Harvard has 5,393. Leipzig has 3,575. Columbia 4,833. Bonn comes next in Germany with 2,818, Chicago in America with 4,580. Halle has 1,881 students; Northwestern, 4,007. There are only four universities in Germany with over 2,000 students each; there are twenty in the United States. The twenty-one German universities have in all 39,716 students; the first twenty-one in America have 69,668. And after those we have some dozens more, of which many are of high rank in scholarship, although most of them would be lucky to be classed as gymnasia in Germany. In this list of American institutions with fewer students than the first twenty-one would come Brown, Johns Hopkins, Princeton, Iowa, Tulane, Kansas, Missouri, Texas, and Virginia.



President Palma and family—Maximo Gomez on the left



The start of O. F. Thomas's De Dietrich, Fletcher driver

## FIRST INTERNATIONAL AUTOMOBILE RACE IN CUBA, FEBRUARY 12



# THE LAST OF THE YAQUIS

By CHARLES CARUTHERS COULTER



TWENTY-THREE YAQUIS LINED UP AND BOUND FOR EXECUTION, NEAR COCORI, MEXICO



BLINDFOLDING SIX YAQUIS CONDEMNED TO BE SHOT, NEAR GUAYMAS, MEXICO



A Yaqui Girl

THE name Yaqui (pronounced yak-ee) signifies "a shouter," and was the name applied to these people by the Mexicans as early as the 17th century, from the fact that their language is full of explosive phrases, and many of their words are spoken with an unusual emphasis. They are a branch of the old Piman stock, which prominent ethnologists have traced back to the Shoshonean root. They belong to a group of cognate tribes which still inhabit the whole western coast of the Sierra Madre of Mexico and Arizona, from the Gila to Tepic. That the Papagos, Pima, Apaches, and Opatas are a close relation can not be questioned from a careful observation of their legendary history, linguistic characteristics, and mortuary ceremonies, together with their general customs and mode of living. They are exceptionally expert in the art of weaving, and dyeing both woolen and cotton fabrics, and they manufacture some of the finest cloths, especially in the line of sarapis and rugs, which are to be seen in any part of the Mexican Republic. Formerly they paid much attention to stock raising, and to the cultivation of cotton, tobacco, and corn, as well as large orchards of fruit, and the maguey plant from which they distilled great quantities of mescal and tequila. Many of these old fruit farms, as also large plantations of the maguey, are still to be seen, abandoned and uncared for; from which, through the merciless persecution of the Mexican Government, the owners have been banished or killed. They were a sedentary and an agricultural race, mild mannered, robust, enterprising, and industrious; they were brave in war even to the death and would never surrender a fugitive from their towns, which were the asylums of refuge for the escaped and oppressed members of the tribe. The towns which they have occupied until lately are Cocori, Torin, Bacum, Potam, Suaqui, Cedros, Cumuripa, and other towns located on the Yaqui and Mayo Rivers in South Central Sonora.

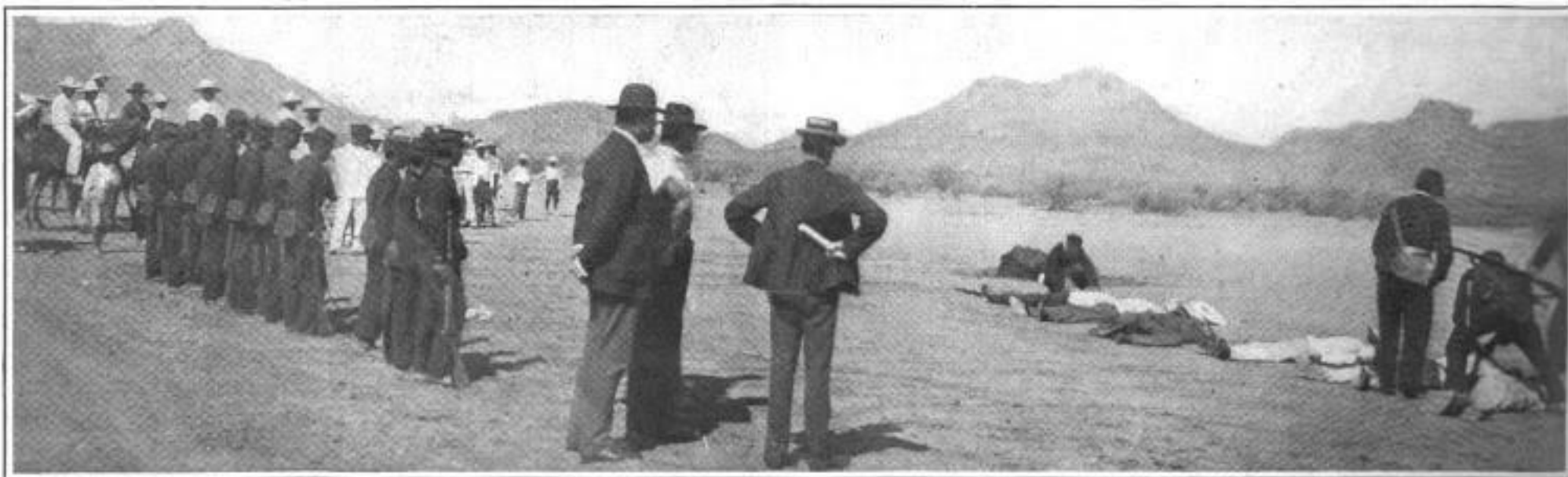
The Yaqui is of a peculiar disposition; very unlike his enemy—the Mexican—in his open, frank manner; he can be trusted, and when once you have him for a friend, he is always such. His disposition has been very materially altered by his constant warfare with the Mexican soldiers within the past decade, until at the present time he has lost faith in all humanity, to

*Editor's Note.*—While on an anthropological expedition Mr. Coulter recently journeyed from Durango over the Sierra Madre, reaching the city of Mazatlan, on the Pacific Coast. Here he boarded a coast steamer, on which four Mexican "Country Police" and a "Chief" set sail to meet inland from the east coast of the Gulf of California a party of captured Yaqui Indians. Mr. Coulter cultivated the confidence of these officers, and gained permission to accompany them into the dreaded haunts of the Yaquis

that extent that he even mistrusts the American, with whom he has always been on friendly terms. This is now a warlike race of people, or rather a remnant of people, but this disposition was brought about by the plundering policy of the Government. Since 1740 this people have been in revolt against the Mexicans, who, on the other hand, whenever opportunity offered, have repeatedly undertaken to annihilate the race. In 1750 these people numbered probably in excess of fifty thousand. At the present time there are rather less than five thousand on the closest estimate; a large part of these have been reduced to abject slavery in Yucatan, Tepic, and Oaxaca, where they are condemned to a life of servitude on the banana and coffee haciendas of the wealthy class of Mexicans. In the year 1825 the Mexican Government attempted a very unjust taxation against the Yaquis, and as a consequence a revolt was made, after which followed three years of the most determined fighting, in which nearly five thousand lives were sacrificed—mostly on the Mexican side, however. This war was finally closed by the Mexicans making such concessions to the Yaqui people as were satisfactory to them both, whereby the Yaquis were permitted to retain their arms and hold all the territory in dispute. Again the Mexican oppression became so strong in 1832 that Banderas, a noted Yaqui chieftain, undertook to organize all the Sonora Indian tribes into a grand Indian empire, with himself as the chief ruler; the object being to restrain the ruthless aggression of the covetous Mexicans. With fifteen hundred soldiers, whom he had previously drilled with the assistance of white men, he marched against the Mexican Governor, Ures. After several successful attacks, reinforcements arrived from the City of Mexico, and he was defeated, himself captured and executed. In this final engagement there were ten Mexican soldiers pitted against every one of the Yaquis, and it is reported that for each Yaqui warrior that was killed, six Mexicans were likewise slain. In 1884 to 1887, Cajenie, another Yaqui chief, incited by the continued encroachments of the Mexicans upon the territory belonging to the Indians according to previous treaties with the Government, revolted against this aggression, and for over a year operated very successfully, both in guerilla warfare and in open combat, where at times a single Yaqui warrior would fight against a half-dozen well-equipped soldiers. Occasionally the Indians would succeed in wiping out whole divisions of the Mexican troops. This war continued for a period of three years until Cajenie was ambushed and shot. (Continued on page 21)

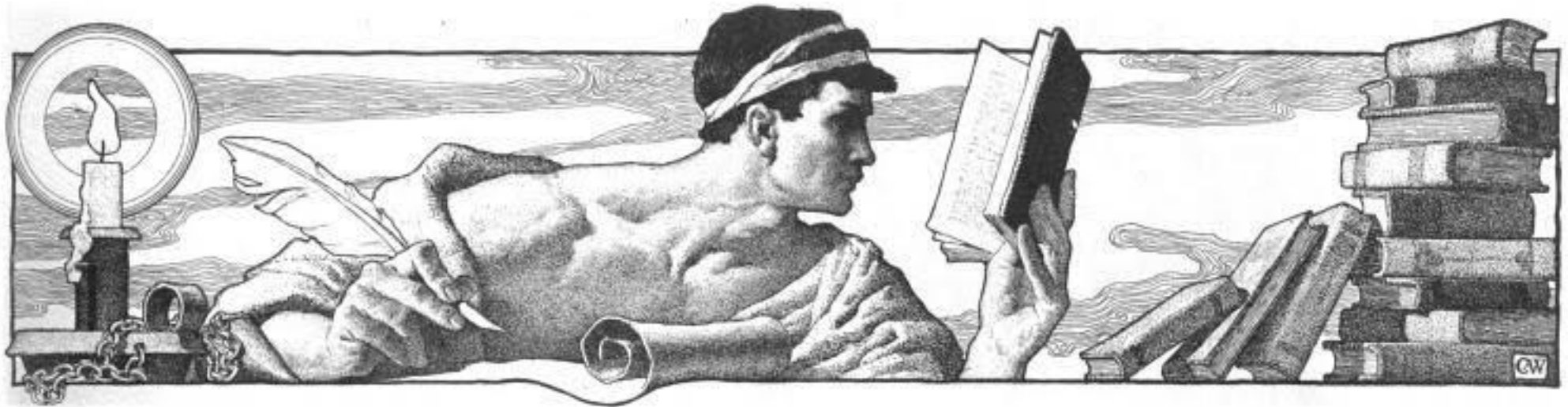


HANGING TEN YAQUI MEN AND BOYS FROM TREES



THE SIX YAQUIS IN THE SECOND PICTURE AFTER THE MEXICAN RURALES HAD FINISHED THEIR WORK





# A GLANCE AT RECENT FICTION

By ROBERT BRIDGES

THE attitude of the reader toward books of fiction is peculiarly sociable and receptive; he buys a novel as he would a ticket to the theatre, with the expectation of being amused and of having a pleasant evening. He may be tired of dining out with real people, and therefore asks this particular guest to his own fireside. The reader is the host and the author is the guest who is honored by the invitation. It is a very informal invitation, and most of the conventional bars are down which protect people from social bores. There is for that reason an unusual obligation upon the author to be polite—to maintain that attitude of gentleness and consideration for others that is the essence of good breeding. Most people hesitate to ask a blatant barbarian to their homes for a quiet evening—no matter how many adventures he may have had. Any reader has a right to feel resentful when the novelist, whom he has asked to amuse him, suddenly reveals his strident voice, his harsh and carping nature, the essential vulgarity of his intimates in the domains of fancy, and the twisted standards of beauty and morality which he habitually applies to all social questions. It is not necessary for a writer to be "ladylike" in order to be polite. In literature as in affairs "the bravest are the tenderest, the loving are the daring."

One of the surest holds that an author can have upon the hope of permanence is this relation of respectful good-fellowship with his readers. An author who can be slapped on the back, as it were, is not the fellow to tie to. But when you can laugh with him, and debate with him, and come perilously near quarreling with him, and yet feel that he is fair and honest, and holds his opinions for high motives—then you have admitted him into that high fellowship of the mind and fancy where the best writers of all ages dwell. That kind of a guest justifies himself to the reader, and is sure of another invitation.

When the reader invites the critic to his fireside, the attitude is somewhat different. He may be your honored guest, but he is something more. His position is like that of the family lawyer, or doctor, or dentist. You are asking of him some professional service, and you want the truth; the lawyer is paid to tell you that you have an arrant knave in the family; the doctor advises you that your gastronomic habits are hopelessly bad, and the dentist makes you suffer tortures while he obliterates a cavity. All of these things may be unpleasant and irritating, but if those professional men do their work with a proper sense of their obligations to the truth, as it is embodied in law and physiology and anatomy, you have a high respect for them not only as professional men, but as social forces, helping to run the machinery of the world. But you have no respect for them if you suspect that they are simply using you as a subject on which to exhibit their professional dexterity, and from whom they can collect a large fee.

A professional critic is called into the family on a similar basis. You want his honest opinion, for you hope that he may save you from some disagreeable or worthless literary companionships; you also hope he may introduce you to some that you will be glad to meet and welcome to the familiar converse of your family and friends.

But this difference in attitude between author and critic does not release the latter from the obligation of good manners, which is upon all guests, even the professional ones who are expected, when necessary, to tell you disagreeable truths. The reader has a right to expect that the critic should come to his fireside with appreciation of what is good, with some insight into the evident intention of the author, even though he has fallen short of its full realization. The critic is not invited for the purpose of showing off his tricks at the expense of the other guests. His tricks and his personal prejudices are too often the whole stock in trade of the critic as a guest. Even the best of them are beset with the lurking demon of all specialists; in time the alienist sees only insanity, the reformer believes that all office-holders are rogues, and the critic believes that he is making the world better if he slays an aspiring author.

To be kind, yet just, to have strong opinions and yet be modest, to appreciate the good and not feebly include the bad in his generosity, to disagree and yet be fair—this is the hard task of one who essays to be a critic of books.

## Tarkington's Political Stories

Booth Tarkington's stories of politics, collected under the title "In the Arena," show his vivid style and his careful character drawing, but the very subjects rule out most of those graces of sentiment and fancy that are the charm of his earlier stories. These are good masculine stories, done with clear perception and vigor. They are real without being cynical, satirical without being bitter. "The Need of Money" is the most original in its portraiture of an honest old rustic legislator who sells his vote from a high, pathetic motive. "Boss Gorgett" shows a true perception of the humanity which makes bosses possible and contrasts it with the theoretical uprightness of a reformer. "The Aliens" and "Mrs. Protheroe" are melodramatic and artificial, and "Great Men's Sons" is a clever sketch, which is all it pretends to be.

But in "Hector" Mr. Tarkington has done one of the best things, artistically and humanly, that he has yet achieved. It is the story of the "oratorical temperament"—what it feeds on, how it grows, what it crushes, and how it blossoms and bears abundant fruit. As a short story in conception and execution, it would be difficult to point out a single fault in "Hector." Nevertheless, it is a sheer waste of material. It is the skeleton of the best novel that Mr. Tarkington need ever care to write. Every page suggests a chapter, and when the reader comes to the end he still sees the wonderful possibilities in the future career of Hector through which the novelist could develop him to his logical greatness.

What was Hector's real love story, for he was sure to have one? Did it pierce his armor of selfishness, did it even give him a touch of humor? Moreover, did not his success, his wonderful quality of self-deception, finally work out for him a character that was as big as he dreamed he was? Is not that kind of ambition really the only efficient kind, in that it creates real men out of the phantoms of self-deception that they are at the start?

If Mr. Tarkington had really tackled Hector in a long novel, he would have gone far toward explaining W. J. Bryan and other men who have grown big.

## Mrs. Atherton's Experiments

Mrs. Gertrude Atherton, in her volume of short stories, "The Bell in the Fog," has tried all sorts of experiments. The book is dedicated "To the Master, Henry James," and in the title story she has essayed not only to write like Mr. James, but to put something of his personality in the hero, Ralph Orth. She attempts his rôle of "splendid" superiority—sitting on a cloud aloof from the world, and portraying the virtues and frailties of his subjects. A plentiful use of his pet adjectives, and the effort at "distinction" and "subtlety," are insufficient to conceal the talent for artificial melodrama, which is Mrs. Atherton's chief quality as a writer. It dominates "The Greatest Good of the Greatest Number," so that Mr. James is entirely obliterated. When Mrs. Atherton really forgets to be artificial, as in "The Tragedy of a Snob," she tells a good story with directness and force. The publishers inform the reader that "her stories are somewhat comparable to the prose masterpieces of Edgar Allan Poe." The shade of Poe might have considerable sport with this suggestion.

## A Literary Commercial Traveler

Mr. F. Hopkinson Smith's volume, "At Close Range," might be entitled "The Stories of an Itinerant Lecturer," for seven of the nine stories are incidents of travel either in this country or in Europe. Mr. Smith is at his best in the American sketches. There is a vividness in the stage setting and a picturesque vigor in the language of the characters which could be achieved only by an observing man and a good fellow who has spent many hours in smoking-cars and in railway waiting-rooms. Two characters, Steve Dodd and Sam Makin, are American drummers of a very attractive type. They are really alike and ought to have the same name. Their shrewdness and their goodfellowship have such an alluring quality that Mr. Smith ought to go ahead and write the great American drummer novel. He himself has been a commercial traveler

in the literary line, and appreciates the humors of the business. There was once a good play of the road, "Sam'l of Posen," but a really good novel has yet to be written to vivify the American drummer. The book is called "At Close Range" because the author has found that when he has searched "the secret places of the many minds and hearts which in my nomadic life cross my path," there is always "a drop of gold" in every "heart crucible." There isn't a plot in one of these stories; each is founded on an incident that a newspaper man could put in a paragraph, but the charm of them lies in the elaboration of the human nature and pathos of ordinary people, and in the extremely pertinent language with which the author expresses the shades and the ironic humor of the American types. The good old simple virtues of chivalry to woman, bravery in danger, and common-sense in a predicament, are the staple material of the stories. Each is well written, but "An Extra Blanket" and "A Medal of Honor" are the most artistic and complete in their expression. It is an amusing book with no dull spaces.

## A Good Story from a Sand House

A new writer, Charles D. Stewart, shows unusual originality in method and in characters in "The Fugitive Blacksmith." It seems to be a rambling, inconsequential series of humorous sketches, until it suddenly dawns on the reader that he is hot on the trail of a real story with a plot that is gradually being developed with charming art. By that time all of the characters are as real as next-door neighbors. The whole Finerty household, with their warm Irish hearts and pervasive humor, are the medium through which the real hero is seen. They merely listen to the inimitable Stumpy, but the human glow emanates from the Finertys. The Blacksmith appears at first hand only in the last chapter of all. The tale will be too leisurely and evasive for some readers, but those who love humor and character will find their compensation. To evolve all of this from a railroad sand-house and a three-room cabin is the special charm and originality of the author.

## A British Satire by Belloc

In "Emmanuel Burden" a writer of great cleverness, Mr. Hilaire Belloc, has attempted a most difficult thing—a sustained satire of several hundred pages, which is presumed to be written by a perfectly dense old clergyman who believes that he is writing a eulogy of Burden. It is a satire on modern commercial methods of the large kind, as practiced by promoters, in contrast with a typical British merchant of the old school, with his virtues, his weaknesses, and his lapses from old ideals. The picture of Burden is complete and pathetic. But the illusion of the dense biographer is time and again dispelled by the too evident cleverness of Mr. Belloc himself—who can not resist the temptation to make the old man ridiculous. For an author to assume the person of an unsympathetic character throughout a long story is a most dangerous literary experiment, and the reader as well as the author himself is apt to be wearied by it.

## "Uncle George"—A Good Fellow

Out on the Pacific Coast there is a very old man, nearly ninety, who has been known for thirty years as Uncle George to all of the Bohemian Club and to most of the other inhabitants of California. He is still a boy at heart, and has just published his reminiscences under the title "The Long Ago and the Later On." Uncle George is George T. Bromley, a brother of the late Isaac H. Bromley, the famous wit and satirist of the New York "Tribune," whose stories are still current. Uncle George was the adventurer of the family—a sailor before the mast, a pioneer in California, the conductor on its first railroad, Consul-General to Tientsin, perpetual High-Priest of the Bohemian Club, and a genial philosopher always. He has known many men of distinction all over the world, and they pass through his pages illuminated with the gentle appreciation of a kindly heart. The book is as amusing as a first-rate story, and will add to the sum of human happiness. Uncle George is of the family of David Harum and Eben Holden, and has had the good fortune to be alive and tell his own story.





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THE A

"Who is it's brot ght here, I ask you? Who's a-grindin' at us?"

DRAWN BY C

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ATOR

heel o' despotism? I say to you the time has come, when——"

NA GIBSON



# A MONEY MAKER

A Little Drama of Stage Life

By

Virginia Tracy

In Two Parts—Part II



## SYNOPSIS OF PART I

Matthew Kester, a struggling young actor, is playing at the "Orpheum Theatre," in New York, and trying to save up enough money to be married. The girl he is in love with, Leslie Raymon, is "starring" as Juliet in the West. Her manager, aided by an ambitious mother, forbids her to marry or even to write to young Kester. At the opening of the story young Kester learns from an actress who has just returned from the West, and has met the other company somewhere out in the "alkali," that Mrs. Raymon is trying to force her daughter to marry the manager, McGaw, who courts favor through theatrical promotion.

MATT'S pipe had gone out. It was not much past ten o'clock, but it seemed, somehow, like the middle of the night. Belinda slept on the foot of the bed; somebody upstairs was droning out a dialect story—evidently, from the refined tones of the dialect, of the pathetic type—and a kind of drowsiness, a kind of secrecy, pervaded the air. Matt, however, was intensely, burningly, awake. He was given over, emotionally, to that kind of torment where pain is nothing but the restraint of an outcry. He had completely forgotten the Sunday evening readings from the anthology, and when Mayfair's deprecating fumble sounded on the door he had an instant of glancing about, of violent longing to escape. Mr. Mayfair had admired Leslie greatly; he was able to soliloquize about her, to make phrases. That, for to-night, would be the unbearable. Matt advanced a little toward the door, backed nervously, and forced himself to call, "Come in." Mr. Mayfair mildly entered, a whiskey bottle and glasses gathered to his breast, and a pitcher containing the evening rations of ice water in his other hand. "Good-evening, lad," said he, and sank into the rocker.

Somebody upstairs began to dance. The rest of the party patted juba for the performer, and Connie's voice, admirably suggestive, swung into the first line of her favorite coon song, "Black nigger Billy's a-comin' down the street." Mr. Mayfair raised his eyes in tolerant contempt, and then waved his hand toward the whiskey. "A little conviviality of our own, Matthew?"

"Not for me!" said Matt.

The old gentleman stared at him. "Why, why?" said he. "Dear boy! Why so ungracious?"

Matt was aware of an impulse to strike the bureau where the whiskey was set forth, to make the glasses jingle in the old man's astonished ears, to shriek at him, like an excited girl, that, whatever he did, he was to keep away from Leslie, that her name was not to be mentioned again, not to-night. He said, "Take your drink; don't mind me."

Connie's song beat in his ears: "Never trouble trouble till trouble troubles you"; he seemed to see her little figure swaying, her little hands tapping the air—what a good sort she was! And to think she'd seen Leslie! Leslie! He believed he would have some whiskey, after all, and then he shuddered back from the comfort of it with his unnatural reserve.

Connie had reached her refrain:

"Ah won' trouble trouble till trouble troubles me—  
Me an' Mistah Trouble don' vohy well agree."

Mayfair, as he began spreading neatly written little papers on the bureau, lent a disparaging attention. "Ah me! These Sunday evening entertainments. Noise! Modernity! I once went to one. Never again, as you young men say. And yet, I ought not to complain. That was my first meeting with Miss Raymon." Matt's expectant nerves gave a click of confirmation. "Miss Leslie Raymon, that sweet young lady! She, too, was unaffiliated. At once I, as I may say, recognized her—her difference, her remoteness. She was almost a child. I took her by the wrist and led her into the bay window. I took a volume of Rossetti from my pocket. Mrs. Kennedy was there then, as now. She was singing something about a cat—'Has anybody seen my cat?' I began to read to Miss Leslie. I read her Rossetti's noblest poem, 'Sister Helen'—noble, noble, but weird, distorted! She was much impressed; much! A gentle nature!" He took a drink. Connie's voice swelled and sank upon the final chorus—

"Ah won' trouble trouble, but Ah won' run away."

"My dear lad," said Mr. Mayfair, "don't stand! You make me uneasy."

He began to fuss with papers again. "Ah, I miss her very much. She, too, sang for us sometimes; more especially of a Sunday night. Even here, in this room, you remember. 'Hark! Hark! the lark!' that was your choice, and Wordsworth's imperishable 'Lucy,' that was to please me, merely. She seemed to have no wishes of her own. I have often thought you never

quite knew the tenderness of her, Kester. Like a young bird. But easily led; easily crushed." He looked inquiringly at his host, and, getting no answer, mended on: "Now and then we are given such creatures for a moment, like—if I may so express myself—like celestial promises. Sometimes it seemed to me that you, Kester, were trying to bind her to the earth. Wrong, my boy, wrong! We can not keep them. We should not wish to. Mere visitors in this coarse world. They do not need us. We must not grasp at them. They are not for us." He began to tap complacently on the bureau top with his weak fingers. "Miss Leslie, now, a sweet young lady! She went, as I understand, to California?"

"Yes."

"Yes, yes. Quite right. To the Golden Gate—like 'Fair Inez.' She, too, you know, 'went into the West.' You remember Hood's exquisite verses:

"She's taken our daylight with her,  
The smiles that we love best,  
She had morning blushes on her cheek—"

Yes, that is like Miss Leslie. She had that look, if you follow me, of scarcely having been breathed upon by the world."

"What do you mean by 'had'?" said Matt.

"Eh?" said Mr. Mayfair.

"She 'had' it, I think you said." He came suddenly up to his guest, and, pushing away the whiskey and the papers, scowled into the mild, old blinking face with an insistent rudeness. "What makes you think she's changed? Oh, yes, she has that look all right. She kept it after three years of having been hawked about from one manager's office to another; after a life of having been put through her paces, of living on exhibition. As you suggest, she can't help it; it's a light shining in her, it's her sweet, sweet—" he came to an abrupt pause.

"You—you astound me!" said Mr. Mayfair. "Living on exhibition!"

"Look here! Would you like to know how she has lived?" Matt sat down on the footboard of the bed. By this time he had quieted his voice. "Do you want to hear some truth? Maybe it'll astound you further yet. There's been a deal of babble about Miss Raymon the past year, of course. You were all sorry for me, I know; my infatuation for her was an excellent subject for gossip; it was patent to all of you that she was the whole world to me, and that I lost her. But did you ever know the other side of it? That I was the whole world to her, too? That I was all she had?"

Said the old gentleman, shifting a little, "Dear lad—" Matt pushed on. "You've said some things about Leslie to-night; don't you think it's about up to you to listen? It's a long story, double, in fact, for the two of us. I should be glad, though, if you'd hear it. Then, in the beginning—Leslie's grandmother was, as you know, a famous actress, a famous beauty."

Mr. Mayfair smiled and sighed. "Ah, yes!" he said. "Leslie Raymon! Leslie Raymon as Juliet! A wonderful creature!"

"Just so. All of that, then, the beauty, the talent, the bright spirit, everything, it skipped a generation and came straight to Leslie, this Leslie. They were always together, everywhere the resemblance was remarked, all sorts of hopes and stories grew out of it; the grandmother began to teach the child—to teach her Juliet. The little girl was very precocious; before she could speak plain she used to give the balcony scene in baby talk, standing on a table. The famous Leslie got managers to listen, and every one of them had about the same thing to say—'When she grows up, send her to me.'"

"Mr. Raymon died while his mother was still on the stage, and his daughter was a baby. The family lived in Chicago, where I came from, and my mother was their dressmaker—or seamstress would be more like it, perhaps. She made Leslie's first dresses for dancing school, and I delivered them. It began

like that for me, I daresay, with the touches of her pretty clothes. I was about eleven then, when Leslie was five, and the wonderful Mrs. Raymon took a fancy to me. It was thought great sport to teach me, too, to put Romeo's lines into my mouth for the baby to take her cue from. Well, the great Leslie Raymon died when this Leslie, my Leslie, was barely seven years old.

"She died, and, of course, she didn't leave a penny. The younger Mrs. Raymon had only a miserable little income from her husband's life insurance; but her brother Jim, a fine fellow, as I remember him—he was off to Australia about then—before he left he set her up in a boarding-house with almost his last dollar. I don't see why such an occupation should have been in the least uncongenial to her, but it turned out a grisly failure. My mother and I, when we gave up our flat in the spring, went to board with her, though it was terribly inconvenient for us, and we could very ill afford it. She, my mother, was extravagantly indulgent to my passion for the Raymons. She had married, I believe, 'a little beneath her'; that is to say, my father was a veterinary surgeon instead of the government clerk or second-rate dentist that she might have had. She had been wise enough and brave enough for that, but on account of it she lived in a perpetual state of apology toward me. It seemed to her that she had kept me out of my right place in life, and the extraordinary value which the Raymons set upon themselves—you see, I'm talking like a human being, and not in the least like a gentleman—made her feel that when I was with them I was close to refinement, even in touch with gentility, perhaps. She had had, at first, her tremor about 'actresses,' but when I burst out as a pocket Romeo, she became not only resigned, she became ambitious. In this way it seemed to her that the Raymons, even in their headless condition, were desirable people 'to keep in with.' We had a kind of pushed-about existence in their house, living—well, in the corners of their life. Among so many differences, our comparative relation was the same; we were still as much on sufferance as if our money had been somehow of less value than other people's. I daresay—and in a sense it was true enough—that we seemed to Mrs. Raymon like servants of the house. But when the crash came, and they were left with almost nothing, my mother quivered out with a proposition that I've forgotten all the terms of, but at any rate the two families cast in their lots and took a little cottagey sort of house together, out in Lake View.

Leslie grew up there. She was raised and cultivated there, as the future Juliet. It was a very curious isolation. We were like a court in exile, and the rightful queen, when she came of age, would bring us all back to our own again. We strained every nerve and turned every penny to assure her the best training, the best setting for her pretty looks. Her looks and her grandmother's name were always in the atmosphere, and were always stated, I might say, in the advertisement.



He saw huddled on the floor of the dark hall the slight figure of a girl



We went without decent food, we went without sufficient coal, without comforts of any sort—oh, Leslie went without them, too!—but she learned a little French and a little music; she went to dancing school. She even had lessons in stage dancing and in fencing; she had lessons in elocution at five dollars an hour, year out and in, when we were going to bed by eight o'clock to save the gas, and when we passed whole summers without ice. My mother made her the most beautiful dresses, yes, and the costliest, for functions, for occasions, though at home she was kept in checked aprons, gold cream, and curl papers. Of course, we kept no servant, but I did what I could, and my mother did a great deal, and even Mrs. Raymon did something. Leslie was held aloof from housework, partly for fear that it might spoil her hands and partly because she had so many breathing exercises and dance steps and recitations to practice when she got home from her incessant lessons. Her voice, her pronunciation, her carriage, her complexion, her figure, the dressing of her hair—it seems now as if nothing else were ever spoken of or ever thought of. I own that a great deal of this was excellent, but what I can't understand now is why it was not recognized that most of these things would mix very well with a little health. Since we did live among panicky precautions lest she should 'catch' something, why did it occur to nobody that a good constitution was of considerably more importance to a future Juliet than being able to sing 'Pretty Pond Lilies' or to ask after the health of your cousin, the apothecary, in the French language. As for me, I was never wise, but I was keenly aware that she was not having fun enough, and I did what I could. Most of 'em, my entertainments for her, were the comparatively inexpensive ones of window-shopping and stories out of the public library, and afternoons in Lincoln Park. These could have been got for her without me, of course, but the point is that they wouldn't have been. And they're a good deal to little girls, Mayfair. And I did at least keep her out of doors, took her for walks and car rides, fixed her up a hammock, taught her to skate, worked a garden for her, and used even to afford her foreign travel in the tugboat that goes out to the Crib. I made her a sled, and dragged her over the whole of Lake View on it, and built us a toboggan slide in the back yard. Mrs. Raymon disliked pets, but Leslie wanted 'em, and she had 'em. Mrs. Raymon kept up one thing admirably. She managed, God knows how, to send Leslie to the performances that were her best school-books, of course. Passes were sometimes worked on her grandmother's name, and then she and her mother went together; when money had to be paid, a single matinee seat was bought, and then I took her to the theatre and brought her home. Well, I knew the funk that comes of creeping out of such an enchantment into a five o'clock Chicago winter, and I didn't want Leslie sunk in that, so many and many a time, to break the fall for her, I defrauded the home life of dimes and nickels, quarters even, that went into soda or ice cream, or hot chocolate with little frosted cakes. A good part of the time I sold papers after school, and in an intermittent kind of way I delivered things for the corner druggist. All these pennies ought to have gone into the general pocketbook, but I may say that they did not. And there was nothing so alarming as any benevolence of intention in the pleasures that I filched for her; only I loved her, of course, and wanted her with me! Well, her necessities kept growing with her years; it was impossible for me to continue living on the same money with those three women. I had been wept into high school, but less than half way through I turned sulky, butted over my dependence, got a rather menial job in a famous fencing school downtown, and my poor mother was obliged for the rest of her life to acknowledge a half-educated child. I shouldered up through the fencing school for two years, and when I was eighteen was taken on at the Conservatory of Acting as assistant teacher of fencing and calisthenics. At the same time I got a job as usher at one of the theatres, and we were pretty prosperous about then. My mother had worked up a very fair trade, and Leslie's uncle Jim was prospering, too, and sent presents of money to help out the little trickle from the life insurance. My theatre kept open most of the summer; my classes at the Conservatory did not, but I always had work at something or other. I got a few private pupils for one thing, and on and off, during all those summers, I kept going and yet kept near home with all sorts of little 'unskilled' jobs. I cut grass, for a long while I directed envelopes for a publishing house, I inspected gas metres, I was (improbably enough, it seems to me) night watchman at a restaurant; once I worked at a plumber's, and once at a photographer's, and once I undertook to canvass for an illustrated Bible, but at that I was a total failure. I ran an elevator in an office-building, and during the illness of the legitimate incumbent I got one of the delivery wagons of a department store to drive. These things were terrible to my mother, and I think I made too little of that, and even condemned her for her standards. And I saw her life being run into the mold of Leslie's, just as mine was, with no restiveness or question; I don't claim that my course has been a just one, only that it has been devoted. But then I merely triumphed; I was Napoleon, I was Alexander, I was bringing home new worlds of cash, of spending-money, to brighten Leslie's life. Then and later all its ornaments were mine. I bought her a bicycle, let me tell you, a watch, a fur thing to go round her neck; it came to be I who bought her little shoes and rushed her to the dentist's, and began to see to it that she had beefsteak. From time to time I managed that she should have a few of the trinkets that other girls had—a string of gold beads, some bangles, and one of those damned chateleaines.

When Leslie was about fourteen, direct tracks for fame began to be made. She was too little and young to act, but all the more reason to give some manager a chance to see his fortune in her as soon as possible, and to send her abroad to study for a couple of years before he brought her forward with a big Broadway produc-

tion. Such things have been, said we. She was already, you understand, something of a local celebrity, recited at Press Club benefits and so on, and sometimes had her photographs in the shop windows. She and her mother called on all the stars and managers who came to town, and Leslie recited for every one of them that would listen to her—first the potion scene, of course, and then as far afield as the mercy speech, and the sleep-walking scene, and 'There, little girl, don't cry,' for modern refinement, and 'The One-Horse Shay' for comic relief. On the whole, they were extraordinarily well treated, for the sake of that lovely grandmother of Leslie's. But still, for a girl—well.

About the middle of that year I left Chicago with some people who were doing a vaudeville sketch. There was a little scrub of a third part in their act, and they wanted somebody to play it who was not too proud to look after the baggage. I went away, and it was two years before I came back. I got a summer job in a little stock company down South that played twice a day, two plays a week, and then, you know how, when once you get into stock, you bounce from one company to another? I kept busy all the winter and the next spring, and by that time the folks had got so used to the money that I didn't dare to stop it. I had my winter contract with a queer melodrama before I went out to Portland, Oregon, to the summer stock, and coming



A hand of each crept over the tablecloth

back I stopped over in Chicago to see about getting Leslie and her mother to New York. We all felt both that Leslie could get better instruction there and that they ought to be getting in touch with the actual, the central market.

Matt rose, and began trudging up and down again. "She was a little girl, you know, when I left," he suddenly and quietly recommenced. "When I came back, it was all—it was changed, something was different, everything. She was sixteen. They had given her long skirts to wear and piled her hair up. Up to that time, you see, there were six years between us—it had been just a devotion, a craze—'God save the Queen,' and so on. But then she came out on the porch, it was early in the morning, and the light was all around her, it seemed to be folded round her, in a white dress she had on. When she held out her hands to me, they were shaking. I couldn't let them go, I couldn't speak; since then, of course—" his voice trailed into silence.

"Well, I brought them on here, Leslie and her mother; I got them a decent room, and so long as I was here we were quite gay. We went about to the theatres, and on what you might call ferryboat trips, and through the parks and the streets and the shops. Les and I are experts, you know, in economical enjoyments. But I was away the whole winter, and in that time things got on edge. They had not taken a flat because it did not seem worth while when Leslie might be snatched away by a manager at any moment, and they began to know the nip of being really poor—the difference between poverty in a cottage and poverty in a boarding-house. And there had begun again, of course, but more horribly, the hunt for a backer, a manager—O! my God, Mayfair, can't you follow it, don't you know it, the whole pitiable, degrading business? Haven't you seen often enough women, pretty women—poor, yes, but used to the decencies, the niceties of life—come into New York with the hope of winning it with all the poor little brightnesses and enthusiasms, the theories, the cheap treats they give themselves, the expectant, temporary economies they pride themselves on making, the sweetness, the youth of the start, and haven't you seen it all, time and again, dragged out of them, beaten out of them, till you're ashamed to look them in the face—and my girl thrown against this before she was seventeen years old! The chances she just missed, the managers who almost signed with her and didn't, the people who took her up and dropped her, the waitings, the entreaties, the

snubs that had to be swallowed, the smirks, the pretences that had to be made, and those two women cooped up in that one room together, month out and in, without a friend in the city, and with scarcely a penny that they dared to spend!

"You perhaps remember when my mother died?" Mr. Mayfair slightly jumped. "Yes, Kester," he said. The young man was standing with an abstracted, absent look, and the older man continued, "A year ago this winter, was it not? Poor little Miss Raymon! How bitterly she cried! Yes, indeed."

"Well, for about a year I had been doing for my mother what perhaps I should have done from the beginning, though I most truly believe that her happiness lay the other way, like mine, in the things I did for Leslie. The wrench of parting from Leslie was terrible to her, though she did not at first want to go with her, to leave Chicago and her customers—perhaps she did not like to depend wholly upon me. But in the late fall she began to sicken of an old complaint, and by the middle of the winter I had persuaded her to give up her work and come on here to board at the same house with the Raymons. I thought that in the spring I could put them all into a flat together. Well, at just about that time, Engle—yes, the great David, if you please—had cast an eye on Leslie and her prospects, and so it seemed as if those prospects were lined with

diamonds. And now for the first time it began to be plain that I had no part in those prospects; that Leslie's luck was not my luck; that I should 'still be welcome as an old friend,' but that for Leslie to try to place me in her company—for me to climb up over Leslie's shoulders was the phrase, I believe—was a thing out of the question, a thing Mrs. Raymon had not supposed that anybody dreamed of. It had never crossed her mind, she said, that we expected to hold on to Leslie's skirts. When I came to hear about all this, I don't say that I enjoyed either the complaisance or the eagerness with which it had been put forward, but I knew enough of theatrical conditions to recognize that Leslie, in the hands of Engle and the Trust, would most likely have been powerless to help me. My mother, however, felt otherwise, and spoke as she felt. I suppose that she had sustained herself with the notion of my assured future every time we talked of Leslie's fortunes, every time she looked at me, and trembled for her lean nigger of a boy; the understanding, the agreement almost, had always been so recognized that when the gold fell about Leslie it was also, in some degree of the infinitely

less, to be shaken down to me. At any rate, they quarreled, which at that time meant nothing to Mrs. Raymon, but a great deal of bitterness to my poor mother. I couldn't leave her in New York, and I was playing one-night stands myself, so I sent her up the State to the little town where she was born; she lived there with a married cousin of mine. Thank God, she had a couple of silk dresses, and so on, and a little idleness, a little—" his voice broke and he laughed—"a little splurge before the end. Well, you can see that all this time I could spare terribly little for Leslie. For a whole year and more I did nothing appreciable for her; it was a dreadful winter, and I wanted a fur coat for her, as I believe I have wanted nothing else, but it could not be got, and I believe the occasional novels and ribbons that I did send only added to Mrs. Raymon's sense of injury at my uselessness. I was very far away, and I became less and less of a necessity and more of a nonentity in their life.

"But things change, you know. The deal with Engle fell through, and so did others, and then it came to the point where no more were even started. I wasn't here, Uncle Jim was hard up again, things began to go to pawnshops. They took cheaper quarters—at this house, in fact. By the next spring they had parted with everything of value—even outlook, I believe. It was a cold, rainy afternoon that I got back to town; Leslie met me at the station, and there were her little feet squashing up and down in old, broken, soaking boots. She was white and fagged, her eyes were strained, there was a scare in her voice—those were things I couldn't have, of course.

"Well, we had a gay spring; we were the aristocrats of the boarding-house! Now, weren't we, Mayfair? We had two wild, delirious months of restaurants and drives and theatres and clean gloves, and then, when that ridiculous, hot, end-of-the-world June came, I sent them to the seaside for the last fortnight of it, Mrs. Raymon protesting that she would pay me back the money—for she had tasted freedom from me, you know, and after all, I'll swear it tasted sweet! While they were away I had time to look steadily at Leslie's prospects, and one thing came out pretty clear that I had been stone blind not to see before. Here was Leslie, looking like a child, it's true, but nearly nineteen; she'd been two years and a half in New York, and nothing had come of it; everything that could be done in the way of dragging and crawling and expounding to other people had been done, every mortal creature that could help Leslie had been invited to do something for her and had refused; and I saw at last that it was up to us to do something for ourselves. The best way to convince people is to show them. What we should have to do—Lord! why hadn't I thought of it before?—was the old stunt of the special performance. It was a big order—to hire a theatre, and engage a company for her, for a single performance of Juliet, and it came to me when I had spent every dollar on our gallivanting. Even if I had luck, it would take me a year or more to get the money—a year! when I was feeling already how long ago it ought to have been managed, and as if I'd wasted three years of my life."



Still, it was something definite, it could be done, and that was the whole thing. I was in high spirits when they came home; I paid their carfare uptown with the last quarter I had in the world, but I told them my plan as if I'd been blowing it through a trumpet. It struck me then and afterward that Mrs. Raymon was rather vague and unexcited over it, but I thought that was just native ill-temper, and it never occurred to me to connect it with the Mr. McGaw whom they had met at the seaside and had hopes of—there were always so many fruitless hopes of so many people. Within ten days after they got back I had signed for the winter with the Orpheum, and had got for my running expenses the job of a friend of mine, who had been supping for six a week, but who had made a lot on a prize-fight and cleared out. On that gay income I was, of course, unable to buy Leslie so much as a chocolate-drop, but one Sunday, in a burst of extravagance, I took her for a car-ride. It was rather an oppressive evening in the city, and we got home in a warm, late dusk. As we came in we heard a man's voice saying, 'Perhaps he's spotted the little girl for a money-maker.' Mr. McGaw was calling—and the rest's well known hereabouts."

Matt went to the window and stood there, appearing to inspect the darkness. There was a burst of laughter from upstairs, and as it died away he turned suddenly round and said to Mayfair: "I don't know whether I've made out my case. Do you see what kind of a life she's had, and whether it would have been worse without me, eh? Mind you, what I pride myself on isn't that I've had so much of the joy of paying for her things, her food and clothes, and so on; that would have been done, somehow, without me—worse done, it's true. But the thing I've kept intact for Leslie, the fortune I've secured to her, is her lovely spirit. Recall what you said at the start—'She looks as if she'd scarcely been breathed on by the world.' She who's been brought up to fawn and pose and spout as if that were all she'd been born for, who's been taught that nothing matters about other people except what you can get out of them, so you mustn't resent offences or champion your beliefs! She and her mother have waited for three hours in a hotel parlor for the chance to wheedle a bleached, bediamonded woman out of a letter of introduction to a man who might back Leslie's tour if this lady played her second business. Scores of times she's dressed herself for the inspection of managers, and hung around the doors of their offices when she was ready to drop, till at last they'd look her over and decide that she wouldn't do. And if it hadn't been for me, what would she have had to put up against this? From any one but me she'd never heard of anything except success, and no quality of hers had been valued, no, not by her mother, unless it seemed remunerative. 'That sweet young lady,' Mayfair, has had as many clothes as could be bought for her, but she's never had any liberty nor any privacy, and authority she can't even simulate. You were correct enough; her sweetness is all right, and it's I who have kept it so. Never for myself. Not to hold her down to me, to keep her out of her great place. There are some men who love like that, I know, and pride themselves on it, but I asked for Leslie on her conditions, not mine. The worldliest people who've had a hand in her life never wished her brighter things, more money or fame or glitter, than I did. But I couldn't get those things, and I did what I could; I gave her a childhood, that's something, and a girlhood. I played with her, I taught her, I hunted beauties for her, the whole world was just a thing with sunsets and books and pretty tricks, treasure of one kind or another, for me to dig out and bring

home to fill those empty little hands of hers! At home they curled her hair, buttoned her dresses, but they knew no more of her sweet growth—I made a world for her to grow in, and all the horrors that she was trained to couldn't get past its love; there's been no vulgarity, not a privation nor rebuff, that's entered her heart. My craze about her has been round her like a screen, it's been a constant tendance, and whatever shock got past my guard in the circumstances of her life, she was so secure in the atmosphere of my imagination, in the sense of being infinitely important, fathomlessly loved and cared for, that her serenity has scarcely trembled. To come down to it, I've made her. She's just as much mine as if I'd built her. Not the less because it's my life I've done it with. To continue to be poetical, I've been the queen's own body-guard, but I've never been a boy. If she's sweet and unbroken and younger than her darling years, it's because my own youth's in hers, given to her like so much food. Do you think it's stunted me at all, or been something of an isolation, such a long watch and a close one? Hasn't it taken it out of me, though! And I don't mean in the direct money, but in light-heartedness, in companionship, opportunity, in balance. Do you think I don't see? I've paid out—everything for Leslie. I've paid for her happiness, and it's she who shall have it, not McGaw. They've won out, I know, but so have I. They've made her all they wished, a Juliet, a star, a money-maker—Oh! but what shall it profit a girl?—I've made her happy. By God, Mayfair, I've saved her soul alive! It's true she's gone. But she loves me, she's glad to love me—" He had been speaking lower and lower, and suddenly he put his hands over his pale and frowning face.

Mr. Mayfair got up, wavered about for a moment, and then laid the clasp of embarrassed sympathy upon Matt's shoulder. "No!" said Matt. "Get off! Don't pity, for God's sake!" With a sufficient gentleness he pushed away Mayfair's touch. "But don't say that she's not for me. And don't hint that she's changed. She's not changed." He came to a complete stop.

In the ensuing silence, Belinda rose, stretched herself, jumped off the bed, and, going determinedly to the door, she lifted up her voice. "Pussy!" said Mr. Mayfair. "Pretty Pussy! Well, well." He sidled toward the door and opened it. Belinda glided between his legs and disappeared. "It's all right," said Matt. "Let her go." The old gentleman looked after her a moment, then ejaculated, "Well, dear me! I—ah—good-night, dear lad."

"Good-night, Mayfair!" Matt arrested him on the threshold with a glance of drooping mischief. "You ought to learn self-defence, for you're an admirable listener. Good-night."

He sat down in the rocking-chair. For a minute or two he could hear the old man pattering about the hall, and he was aware that his consciousness clung to the sound, in preference to being left to face itself. He sat still for a long time, cultivating blankness—for so long that his face grew chilly in his hands. His mind remained clear enough, but his body began to feel the opiate of an extreme fatigue. As the revelries upstairs grew gayer, they came to his senses with a remote, consolatory friendliness. He lifted his head; his watch said half-past eleven, and he remembered that he ought to see what had become of Belinda. He pulled himself to his feet, and, going wearily to the door, wearily opened it. Belinda was there; he saw her little white furriness coming toward the light, and at the same time he saw in the deep shadow, huddled on the floor of the dark hall, the slight and quiet figure of a girl.

She had had no time to stir, and sat back crowding against the banisters, her arms flung out along the rungs, and her face and her white trailing dress glistening palely in the sudden light.

"Leslie?" he said. He put his hand out like a blind man into the hallway. "It's you, isn't it?" he said.

She seemed to sway hesitatingly to her feet, and then suddenly she ran to him with outstretched arms. He quick and soft little kiss missed his mouth, and landed on the collar of his coat. She turned her tremulous face against his sleeve, pressing close to him, holding him in a small, tight, famished clutch. As they stood thus, Belinda ran forward, and with harsh squeaks of ecstasy rubbed and purred about them. But somehow it seemed impossible to attract their attention. They remained, as it were, preoccupied.

It did not occur to him to wonder how she got there. He drew her into the room and stood looking at her, and at length, "Oh, my God!" he said, "I wanted you so much, Leslie! Leslie!" He passed one hand over her sleeve as if to appraise its texture.

But she had wanted him so much that neither speech nor movement came to her; she stood still, and her eyes filled and overflowed, and filled again. "I came," she said, and lost her breath and tried again. "I came—" She held out her hand, and he took it and held it, and she gathered courage. "It was dreadful, of course; terrible, but it was not my fault. I did as well as I could. But I couldn't help being glad. It was all wrong from the beginning. I'm sorry about his money, very, very sorry, but it was not my fault—"

"What do you mean?" he cried.

"Oh, did you know from the beginning, Matt? You ought to have told me. I should always have been so glad to know that it really didn't matter. I never wanted to be great; you know I never did. I never said I could be. It was—"

"Do you mean that you're a failure?" said Matt.

"Oh, yes. He's lost a great deal of money on me. He won't spend any more. Mamma says he's broken the contracts. But I think it's the best thing he can do. I can't act at all, you see."

"Leslie! It's incredible! After all these—Leslie! Are you sure?"

She looked at him with the contented amiability of the delinquent who is willing to do all that is possible. She said, "I could play maids' parts, I guess."

He had backed two or three paces from her, and he spoke no word of comfort, but she never had a moment's doubt of him. "We broke up over a week ago 'way out West," she went on. "It was in some of the papers, but, you see, I wasn't of any importance by then, and every one was paid their salary, all right; I suppose that's why you didn't hear about it. Mamma and I came to Chicago, to Uncle Jim. He's come back and mamma's going to stay with him. He is building a house. He wanted me to stay with him, too. Mamma wanted him to sue Mr. McGaw, and I did not know what to do. I thought as soon as I could see Uncle Jim by myself I would tell him that I could not try to act any more, I could not, and then I could write to you. I thought that then Uncle Jim would let me stay with him till you came. But yesterday Mr. McGaw came. He still—he asked me again—he wants me to marry him. He said I needn't play Juliet, he wouldn't even let me, but he would buy me all I wanted. Mamma thought it would be the best thing. He said he would stay in Chicago a while, till I came round. Mamma always took care of my salary. (Continued on page 30)

## SENATOR COPPER'S HOUSE

By WALLACE IRWIN



SENATOR COPPER of Tonapah Ditch

Made a clean billion in minin' and sich,  
Hiked fer Noo York, where his money he blew  
Buildin' a palace on Fift' Avenoo.  
"How," sez the Senator, "can I look proudest?  
Build me a house that'll holler the loudest—  
None o' yer slab-sided, plain mausoleums—  
Give me the treasures of art and museums;  
Build it new-fangled,  
Scalloped and angled,  
Fine, like a weddin' cake garnished with pills;  
Gents, do your dooty—  
Trot out yer beauty,  
Give me my money's worth—I'll pay the bills."

Forty-eight architects came to consult,  
Drawin' up plans for a splendid result;  
If the old Senator wanted to pay,  
They'd give 'im Art with a capital A,  
Every style from the Greeks to the Hindoos,  
Dago front porches and Siamese windows,  
Japanese cupolas fightin' with Russian,  
Walls Senegambian, Turkish, and Prussian;  
Pillars Ionic,  
Eaves Babylonie,  
Doors cut in scallops, resemblin' a shell;  
Roof wuz Egyptian,  
Gables caniptian,  
Whole grand effect, when completed, wuz—hell.

When them there architects finished in style,  
Forty-nine sculptors waltzed into the pile,  
Swingin' their chisels in circles and lines,  
Carvin' the stone work in fancy designs;  
Some favored animals—tigers and snakes;  
Some favored cookery—doughnuts and cakes,  
Till the whole mansion wuz crusted with ornaments,  
Cellar to garret with hammam adornments—  
Lettuce and onions,  
Cupids and bunions,  
Fowls o' the air and the fish o' the deep,  
Mermaids and dragons,  
Horses and wagons—  
Isn't no wonder the neighbors can't sleep!

Senator Copper, with pard'nable pride,  
Showed the grand house where he planned to abide;  
Full of emotion, he scarcely could speak:  
"Can't find its like in Noo York—it's uneek!  
See the variety, size, and alignment,  
Showin' the owner has wealth and refinement,  
Showin' he's one o' the tonier classes—  
Who can help seein' my house when he passes?  
Windows that stare at you,  
Statues that swear at you,  
Steeple and weather-vanes pointin' aloof;  
Nuthin' can beat it—  
Jest to complete it,  
Guess I'll stick gold-leaf all over the roof!"





# "IF YOUTH BUT KNEW"

By Agnes and Egerton Castle

Authors of "Incomparable Belshazz," "The Bath Comedy," "The Pride of Jennico," Etc.

A Series of Six Tales of Love and Adventure,  
Laid in Westphalia in the Days of King Jerome

## VI. THE HOMING BIRD



"My lawyers will call upon you"

IT WAS afternoon in Cassel, the capital of King Jerome's patchwork kingdom of Westphalia. They stood facing each other in the half tawdry-French, half dowdy-German, sitting-room. All inn chambers have, no doubt, seen in their day much of the comedy, much of the tragedy of life, but the walls of the *Aigle Impérial* could scarce have held a stress of deeper passion than that which moved the two young lives, sport of perverse fate, this day.

These two, who had married for love, but whom a woman's petty spite had succeeded in parting within an hour of their bridal, had met again; irresistibly yearning to each other, they were destined to be once more betrayed, this time by the very depth of their own feelings. Had they but avoided explanation! One such of trembling hand on trembling hand, and all would have been said and all understood. But alas! the fatal gift of speech has estranged more honest souls seeking each other than ever years of silence!

Count Steven Lee of Waldorf-Kilmansegg had come riding in great haste into the inn courtyard to seek his errand bride, and his heart was beating high with a love at once tender and ardent. But the first sight of Sidonia's face, marble white and set, seemed to freeze in his veins the warm tide that was rushing all to her. Yet, poor child, it was the very clamor of her own joy that made her steel herself to outward coldness, till she had measured him by his greeting, till she knew for certain if she dare be happy.

Thus they stood. Sidonia averted her eyes. She thought his arms would quickly enfold her once again. Her whole being swooned toward that moment. But nothing came to her, nothing held her, but an ever increasing sense of chill, of desolation. The distant drum-beats and clarions of King Jerome's troops, marching to parade, the twitter of the birds in the courtyard, the coarse laughter of the grooms, floated in through the open window. She turned upon her husband of an hour with fierce inquiry: "What brings you here?" she cried.

The glow of expectancy had fallen quickly from Steven. His haughty English blood, his English traditions could ill brook challenge from one whose charm should have been womanliness, whose duty was submission. Enough of the Austrian had he in him, too, to take umbrage more quickly than the whole-born Briton. His tone was harsh as he made answer: "Because it is time this folly should cease. Because you are my wife. Because you bear my name. Because your honor is mine. I will not have you running about the world—and in such a place as this, good God!—under no better guard than that of Burggravine Betty."

The color came and went in Sidonia's cheek. As the accent of contempt with which he pronounced her aunt's name smote her ear, she started, her eyes aflame.

"By all accounts," retorted she, striving to steady her voice, which throbbed to the beating of her heart, "you had been willing to trust Aunt Betty with your own honor. . . . Is it generous to speak of her like this?"

"Generous!" he echoed. Anger was now upon him. "Will you teach me generosity, you who drove me away with insult, without giving me a chance to explain? you, my bride!"

"Come, then. I am listening now. Explain." Her accents, her air were passionately peremptory.

Steven drew himself back with a proud movement; there he stood in silent, dark reflection.

One who had become his closest friend, though but a recent chance acquaintance and a mere vagabond musician at that, had advised him on this most crucial moment. The phrase was still ringing in his ears. "Tell her the naked truth."

Naked the truth was, ugly enough, in all conscience, to be convincing, if he could bring himself now to

speak it: "Your Aunt Betty offered herself to me, threw herself upon my protection. I did not love her—but I had no choice."

Ay, it was all very well to say: "You are an honest lad. Tell the naked truth!" (Thus his vagrant mentor.) But if a man has behind him long generations of gentlemen, each of whom has planned his life upon the conventional code of the point of honor among gentlemen, he can not bring his lips to form the words that will give away a woman's honor in relation to himself—be it for what is dearer than life.

The groom was washing the horse's legs in the courtyard below, and singing some lilt to clink of bucket and plashing of water. These two who faced each other, love and hate in their foolish hearts, had heard the popular tune, in happier moments, upon the fiddle of wandering Hans. Poignantly it struck them.

"After all, Aunt Betty but told me the truth—if a little late—you have nothing to say," said Sidonia, between teeth clinched on a sob.

"Only this," said Steven, tossing back his scornful head, "that I command you, as your husband, to come with me now."

Sidonia pointed to the door.

"Herr Graf von Kilmansegg, I expect to hear from the court to-day anent the annulment of that ill-considered ceremony which made me your wife. My lawyers will call upon you."

"Madam," answered the count, bowing in elegant rage, "I intend to take up my abode in this hotel. Therefore there will be no difficulty about my address. But annulments are not easily concluded without the consent of both parties."

He closed the door between them upon these words.

"He does not love me! He never loved me," said Sidonia to her bursting heart. "It was all pride!"

But to know him near her—under the same roof, there was balm in that.

LITTLE did the new guest guess, as he surveyed the chamber allotted to him at the *Aigle Impérial*, that just beneath Betty von Wellenshausen was in the midst of preparations of departure—that trunks were being packed, and all got ready for the immediate removal of herself, her niece, and their servants to the apartments within the Royal Palace, where the Burggrave, her husband, Chancellor to King Jerome, impatiently awaited them.

After striking his bargain with mine host, Steven went out to look for his road companion, Fiddle-Hans. Restless, he was anxious for movement and fresh air; profoundly troubled, he knew of no better help. He was prepared to be scolded by that erratic but uncompromising person for having woefully mismanaged the situation. On the other hand, he expected to be applauded for his sudden resolution of watching in person over his wife. Floating through the husband's incensed brain were vague plans of carrying off the obstinate little bride by force—a romantic exploit in which he could conceive Fiddle-Hans, the singer of youth and its madness, joining with enthusiasm.

THE small brown town was filled with the most heterogeneous throng—Austrian and Italian hangers on of the Court, French and Corsican adventurers, soldiers of as varied nationalities as were the uniforms of Jerome's fretful fancy; grenadiers, late of his brother briefly royal of Holland, in their red coats; wonderful blue hussars, French most of them, very gallant with a wealth of jangle, whether a horse or afoot (these same wonderful blue hussars whom

Steven had seen driven by the sheepskin Cossacks, like wrack before the storm); dragons d'Espagne, green and orange, stern, lean, war-worn (unscrupulously intercepted as they rode on their way to rejoin their imperial leader, and here disdainful of pinchbeck King and petty service); stolid Westphalian recruits, lounging along the cobbles with the slouch of sullen discontent. Astounding diplomats slowly perambulating in astounding embroideries; academicians, too, with the green palms on coat-tail and cuff—for "little brother Jerome" still played at being as like big brother Napoleon as might be.

Market bores plodded by, blue-stockinged, crimson waistcoated and wide-hatted; shapeless country wenches tramped and fair ladies tripped in goodly numbers, or flashed past Steven reclining in coaches, and quite a swarm of lackeys, postillions, chasseurs, with all the insolence of the servants of dissolute masters, elbowed him aside, or appraised him with open comment. Had he not been so absorbed in his private anxiety, he might have noted, in spite of the superficial air of gayety, bustle, and wealth, certain ominous signs of impending cataclysm around him—the swift passage here and there of an urgent courier, the grave countenances of some officials hurrying to the palace; the little groups, knotted together in by-streets, whispering and dissolving at the first hint of approaching police; the singing defiance of the students, the sulky muteness of the poorer burghers—and, above all, the febrile, overstrained note in the very merriment of the ruling class itself. There was a tinkling of madcap bells at the palace of Jerome that rang into the town; no one within those walls had a mind to hearken to the reverberating echoes of Dresden and Leipsic.

Steven sought his fiddler friend persistently, yet in vain. Sore at heart, and out of temper besides, he returned to the *Aigle Impérial*, to be greeted by the news that mine host had that instant lost his best lodgers in the persons of the noble Burggravine and her niece the Baroness Sidonia von Wellenshausen.

Sidonia under the roof of Jerome!

THERE was a court concert that night at the Royal Palace, and it was in the music-room that Sidonia was by command presented to Jerome.

She dropped her courtesy; here was a king for whose royalty, in her sturdy patriotism and her inherited race tradition, she felt neither allegiance nor respect. As she drew herself up from the perfunctory obeisance, she looked him in the face and met a glance that gleamed and flickered upon her with will-o'-the-wisp flame. Turning aside from that offensive smile, Sidonia became conscious of the lowering gaze of the king's master of the horse towering over his dapper little sovereign. Steady enough this; something like the glare with which the beast of prey regards his quarry. The girl's heart sank with a double terror.

"I am charmed," said the King, "to behold at last with my own eyes the young heiress of Wellenshausen, in whose charming person, I am told, is vested so much of my territory."

This was spoken in German with a pronounced Gallic accent. Then Jerome lapsed into French to say caressingly: "Mademoiselle de Wellenshausen is welcome at my court."

Burggravine Betty, escorting her husband's niece into the Presence, was quick to seize the fact that Jerome's glance had glinted past her—past Betty von Wellenshausen—to appraise the gawky child. Her sparkling olive face went rigid and gray with the strongest emotion of which she was capable—mortified vanity.

"Your Majesty mistakes," said Sidonia.



"Why are you not with your husband?"





A frenzy of haste came upon her

Her voice sounded in her own ears as a mere childish pipe; yet it was firm and clear. "Your Majesty mistakes. I am Countess Lee von Waldorf zu Kilmansegg."

Outward decorum is the rule even at the most amateur court, yet the sensation created by the announcement Sidonia could feel to her innermost nerve. The countenance of Jerome became as suddenly and threateningly overcast as that of a spoiled urchin thwarted. He flung a look of anger at his chancellor. The veins swelled on the crimsoning forehead of Colonel d'Albignac, the Master of the Horse. Betty's spite broke forth.

"Your Majesty," she interposed shrilly, "has already received information of the true position of affairs. A piece of Quixotic nonsense on the part of my cousin, Count Kilmansegg, an ill-considered undertaking to which this child would hold him bound, against all . . . against all proper pride, all feminine delicacy, and his own better judgment!"

She shot a passing arrow of fury at her niece; then she nudged the Burgrave, who instantly put in in his deep bass: "The deed of annulment is drawn up, sire."

Jerome's good humor returned. He rubbed his hands. In spite of all his royal assumptions, much of the exuberant gesture of the Corsican had stuck to him, to the infinite distaste of his stolid subjects.

"Il faut aller vite, vite, alors. We must make haste," he averred.

To make haste and enjoy was indeed the rule of Jerome's existence. Now a Lent of unexampled rigor seemed inevitably drawing near him, and all the more vertiginous was his carnival—so vertiginous, indeed, that, willingly blind though she was, the queen, true German daughter of Würtemberg, had withdrawn from the "tourbillon" giddy and panting to take refuge at Napoleonshöhe till such time as her royal spouse should come to sober sense again.

Therefore was Sidonia's initiation to court life presided over by the sovereign only.

When the King had passed on, talking earnestly to the Burgrave, and Betty had taken voluble possession of Colonel d'Albignac, the little bride slipped away alone to a shaded corner of the great over-decorated room. The pain of the wound her aunt's words had planted in her heart was at first so poignant that she had to rest and rally her strength, lest it should fail her altogether. Then her wits, naturally alert, and to-night abnormally stimulated, began to work. She was in danger—danger of what, she knew not. But it was something horrible, unspeakable. The looks the King and d'Albignac had cast upon her, the glance of odious intelligence they had then exchanged, her uncle's obsequious haste to disclaim her marriage, and her aunt's public insult, were as many lightning flashes showing the precipice which the desolate child felt yawning in the dark at her very feet. Not a friend had she in the world to whom she could turn—save the man who did not love her, and a poor wandering musician, now probably far away on some Thuringian road, playing gay tunes to the rhythm of his own incurable melancholy. She pressed her hands against her burning eyeballs, for the twinkling brilliancy of the lights became unbearable. And, as she stood leaning against the gilt pilaster, close to her, the orchestra, half hidden behind a bank of flowers, struck up a gay French air which added to her overwhelming sense of misery.

Her uncle's words, "The deed of annulment is drawn up," seemed to jig in her brain in time to the vulgar measure. It was almost the same phrase that she herself had flung at Steven—but now it bore a sound of cruel reality quite novel to her, and when a couple of horns took up the fiddle's theme, they seemed to be blaring to the world her own unutterable shame.

"A piece of Quixotic nonsense to which she would

hold him against all proper pride, all feminine delicacy, and his own better judgment!"

How was it possible for any one to be so abandoned, so helpless? Even the little furry things of the forest at home had their holes to which they could run and hide when they were hurt. . . . The Forest at home! With what longing did her soul yearn to the thought of the clean green shelter, the scented pine alleys, with long shadows cutting the yellow glades; to the great sombre thickets where not even the most practiced huntsman of the *Revier* could have tracked a little startled hind. . . . Dawn in the woods with pipe of innocent birds waking up—and violets, blinking with dew, in the moss, and clean, tart breezes blowing free. . . . Eventide in the Forest; the mild sun setting at the end of the valley, through the clearings, and the thrush chanting his last anthem on the topmost bough of the stone pine. . . . The scent of the wood smoke from the Forest House, where foster-mother Friedel was preparing supper for her hungry sons, where all was so wholesome, so honest, so homelike; where now, who knows? Kind Fiddle-Hans might be seated in the ingle-glow where his strange music, lilt of joy and sorrow mingled, of humor and tenderness, might be floating out through the open door into the solemn forest-aisle. . . . Little Sidonia's thoughts began to wander from her own sorrow. She saw the sunrise in the Forest, she felt the evening peace. It was Fiddle-Hans who had taught her how to see the world and how to feel it.

All at once Sidonia, in her lonely corner, started and opened her eyes; she brushed her hands across her wet lids. She was dreaming, surely! And yet she could swear that the actual trill of the vagabond's own violin was even now in the air; that its piercing sweetness and incomparable depth of sound were ringing in her ears.

"*Allons voir danser la Grande Jeanne*," brayed the orchestra, but above the jiggling and twiddling of the fiddles, the mock laughter of the hautboys, above the infectious rhythm of flute and drum, came stealing in harmony, yet infinitely apart, the plaint of the mountain air, at once pathetic and happy, that had been known between her and the wanderer as her tune.

Surely, if she were not dreaming, then she was mad! Suddenly, with crash and bang and roll of drum, *La Grande Jeanne* finished her dance—but, in half muffled tone, a single violin went on; and above the sudden clamor of laughter and voices Sidonia did plainly hear her tune calling her, insistent with all the urgency of a whispered message.

Scarcely aware of what she was doing, she left her hiding-place and went swiftly through the indifferent throng toward that voice. With one exception the men of the orchestra had left their platform, and behind a high group of palms a solitary musician plied his bow softly, secretly, as if rehearsing to himself.

Sidonia pushed some branches apart. The player looked up. Their eyes met. Then she forgot to be astonished. She thought she had known it all along. He had come to save her. True friend!

"I knew it was you," she said. She laughed at him through the green palm stems, her eyes sparkled. How could she ever have thought Fiddle-Hans would fail her at the moment of her need!

But Fiddle-Hans did not smile back. His face—so strange under powdered hair, over the mulberry uniform, bechained and besilvered, of Jerome's Court orchestra—was very grave.

"Little Madam Sidonia," he said, "what are you doing here?" He spoke sadly, and under his unconscious fingers his violin gave a sad pizzicato accompaniment to the words.

Sidonia looked at him with her child-eyes. She was half angry that he should find fault with her—the Geigel-Onkel who hitherto had always thought all she did perfect! And she was half pleased that he should dub her "Madam," instead of time-honored "Mamzell." Foolish Sidonia, clinging in her heart to the name she outwardly repudiated!

"Do you know what sort of a place this is?" pursued the Fiddler, with ever-increasing severity. "Do you know what people you are surrounded with? Have you not heard the common saying that if it be doubtful whether an honest woman—save the unhappy Queen—ever crossed these Palace doors, to a certainty no honest woman ever went forth from them? Why are you not with your husband? With your husband!" he repeated sharply.

Sidonia, who had hung her head, blushing, ashamed—for in truth she felt evil about her in every sensitive fibre—reared it on the last words.

"Geigel-Onkel," she cried, "I have no husband, and you know it. That is past and done with." Then her heart began to beat very fast, and the smarting tears gathered in her eyes. "On pity, I will be no

man's wife. I was wedded out of pity. I will have none of it. I would rather die!"

"O death," said the Fiddler, and struck his strings so that they wailed, "death is the least of evils. Nay, the release of a clean, proud soul . . . that is joy. The worst end of life is not death. Beware, little Madam. He had another change of tone: never had Sidonia been rated with such incisive earnestness. "Why, what a child are you! Yet none so childish but that you know full well this is no child's mischief, but woman's danger! With what anxiety am I here to save you from yourself; at what trouble! . . . Only that the rats are flying already from the falling house; only that I happened to meet the second violin of Jerome's orchestra, an acquaintance of old—a musical rat in full scuttie!—might still be racking my brains for means to come near you! Here am I this hour, wearing the livery of the Upstart, not knowing if I shall be given the necessary minute for speech. The prisons are stuffed to-night, and Jerome is afraid of me. Let but his eye, or that of his spies, turn this way and recognize me, and it is to the lockup with Fiddle-Hans! O, then, what of Madam Sidonia? Back to your husband! You toss your head at me? It was through pride the Angel-fell—and he was Star of the Morning!"

"I don't know what you mean," said Sidonia.

"Nay," said Fiddle-Hans, "you know too much already. Fie, what a dance will there be here before the house falls! Even now Jerome is plotting his last gratification. Did not his eye fall upon you? And you are to become Madame d'Albignac. The puppet King has very little time left, as his lieutenant knows, and he, d'Albignac, will be glad to save something out of the ruins. You are a prize to both—and they are amicably agreed."

"I don't understand," said Sidonia again. She went white, then red, trembled, and caught at the prickly stem of the palm.

"Take me away with you!" she broke out, of a sudden, piteously. "Save me!"

"I can not save you," answered the wanderer. His voice was harsh, yet it trembled; he drew a harsh chord from his string. "No one can save you but your husband. Go back to him."

Then he began to tune his fiddle with fury, for his fellow players were straggling back. Some of them looked curiously at the fine lady who was speaking to their unknown comrade so familiarly. Sidonia turned. Many of the great company were looking at her too. Right across the room she saw Jerome and his equerry still talking together; and, as they talked, their eyes (or so she fancied) ever and anon sought her.

Panic seized her. But, even in panic, Sidonia was loyal. She must not speak again to Fiddle-Hans, lest she bring him into deeper danger—Fiddle-Hans, her friend, the wild wanderer, in prison! In prison for her. That would be terrible.

She wheeled round; and then, like a hunted thing, pushed her way blindly through the throng, making for the shelter of the chancellor's apartment. People nudged each other, and whispered as she passed. At the door, an old lady with white hair and a soft pink-and-white face detained her by the skirt.

"Who are you, my dear, and whither so fast?"

"O please," panted the girl, "let me go. I am Sidonia of Kilmansegg." Even in her agitation she did not forget the name that was her shield. "I must go back to my aunt."

The old lady nodded.

"That is all right," she said, "There is nothing to be frightened at. And if you want any advice, my dear, or help, you have only to ask for Madame la Grande Marechale—that is myself. I am very fond of girls."

Her voice was purring, her smile was comfortable. As she moved away, Sidonia felt vaguely reassured. If her own kindred failed her, there was yet salvation: salvation other than the inadmissible humiliation of that return to the man she loved, but who did not love her; all that cruel Fiddle-Hans would devise for her!

In the chancellor's apartment she found bustle and confusion. Two footmen staggered past her, bringing in trunks. The Burgrave's maids were running to and fro with folded packets of lace and silk.

For a second Sidonia stared aghast; then her heart leaped: Aunt Betty had received some hint and these preparations were for their departure—to carry her into safety! She burst into her aunt's room; yes, there was Betty, already engaged in donning a traveling garb, and ever and anon clapping jewels into their cases with fervid haste. She looked up, her olive face thunder-dark, as she recognized her niece.

"Did you look for me?" cried the girl. "It was Fiddle-Hans told me. I shall be ready in a minute! Where are we going?"

The Burgravine was silent for a second, then, her eyes fixed on



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## "IF YOUTH BUT KNEW"

(Continued from page 22)

eyes. Then she spoke quietly and decisively: "I am going back to Austria. I have done with Westphalia and all that belongs to it! I do not know what your plans may be, but they concern me no longer."

She closed the case she held in her hand; the little snap seemed to give final emphasis to her words. Sidonia stood bewildered.

"I have done with your Westphalia, my love," pursued the Burggravine with cheerful spite. "Done with your uncle, my Blue beard, *en premier lieu*, and with Jerome, that plebeian, that upstart!" Intense was the scorn with which she spoke the words: had not he glanced past her dainty personality to-night, to fix his royal favor upon that schoolgirl! Betty laughed. "Fortunately I have relations, and they summon me to quit *cette canaille*. Oh, I have been privately warned! They give your Jerome and his kingdom a week more of life, if so much. - In Austria, *Dieu merci*, I shall be far away. I shall not see the *fantoche's* ridiculous fall!"

The young Countess of Waldorf-Kilmansegg stood stonily. Betty the Burggravine, running from place to place like a mouse, as she spoke, halted now in the middle of the room. Their eyes met, and their thoughts flashed at each other.

"And do you go alone?" asked Sidonia.  
In her own ears her voice sounded strange;  
her heart was gripped as by iron fingers.  
Betty laughed again.

"Who knows?" she answered. "I may, perhaps, find an escort. Count Waldorf Klumanssegg will have signed, ere long, a certain precious document of yours, which I hear they bring him to-night. Then it will be *'hop-la, postillion!'* with him also. He is my cousin," said pretty Betty demurely. "So, if I accept his protection it will be perfectly right and proper!"

Sidonie gave a sudden quiver, like a hind frightened. Then she turned and fled, even as the hind with the cruel hunt on her traces, and Betty's laugh pursued her as the note of the horn.

She ran headlong down the passage and struck against the burly figure of no less a person than the Burgrave himself. The omen of trunks had not yet met his eye; he was in high good humor. Indeed, he was of those that have no scent for omens. His kingly but now had promised him fresh territorial honor and rich reward, and he had no doubt of the royal power. There are those who would see the moving finger write and never spell warning from the awful letters.

"Whither so fast, my maid?" he inquired, holding her not unkindly. She clung to him with sudden passion.

"Oh, Uncle Ludo, take me away from this awful place! Take me away to-night, this hour, at once! Let us go back to the dear old Burg!"

"Why, what is this?" He pushed her from him, good-humored, bantering, fuddled with the royal Sillery. His sovereign and he had pledged a bumper to the heiress of Wellenshausen's altered prospects. "Na, na," said the Burggrave, and wagged his head jocosely. "Somebody would not be in such hurry to run away if somebody knew what her old uncle had planned for her! Hey, my dear, that hasty marriage of yours was never more to my liking than to yours, and now we have a new husband for you. Ay, and a place at court! Hey, little Sidonia! Such a fine husband, such a fine position!"

The girl raised her eyes, and desperately scanned his empurpled countenance. Again the Burgrave archly shook his head and laughter rumbled in his huge body. Ay, ay, it was the way of women to feign coyness, but men knew what was good for them. One must humor them from time to time, but never yield. She read something implacable in the stupidity of his eye. She thought of the old wild boars in the forest: as well might she try to appeal to one of those!

He clutched her hands in his hot grasp; a faintness came over her.

"Aunt Betty is packing," she cried wildly, inspired by woman's wit. "Don't you know? . . . She is going back to Austria."

"What!" roared the Burgrave, and released her. He cantered sidelong down the passage to Betty's room.

"If you want help," had said the soft-voiced old lady, "ask for la Maréchale de la Cour." If ever a poor daughter of Eve wanted help, it was surely Sidonia, standing between the Scylla of nameless evil and the Charybdis of dire humiliation.

It was not in her nature to hesitate: she paused but to catch up a traveling cloak in her room; then, seeking the outer corridor again, bade the first valet on her way guide her to *Madame la grande Maréchal's* apartment. She would wait (thought the girl) for the great lady's return from festivity. There must be refuge where such gentle old age presided, and good counsel, and aid forthcoming on the morrow for her journey back to the Thuringian forest.

The Marchéale's apartments were on the ground floor, and Sidonia thought fortune favored her when the porter informed her that the gracious one herself had that instant entered. Still more at ease felt she when the pretty old lady received her with open arms and cooling words of welcome:

"*Ma belle enfant*, this is well! I have presentiments. I expected you. That great bear of a Chancellor, your uncle, and the little minx of a wife he has . . . (linget-head, wasp-temper, ferret-heart. I know the kind! One look at her, *ma chère*, and I saw



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## "IF YOUTH BUT KNEW"

(Continued from page 23)

it all; that was no place for you. Nay, you wanted a friend, my dear, and it is well you came to me, very well." She nodded; and the fine bird of paradise plume in her gauzy turban quivered over her soft white curls.

A second time that evening Sidonia had to struggle with rising tears, but these were tears of gratitude, of relief. Madame la Maréchale patted her on the shoulder, stooped to embrace her; there was a delicate atmosphere about her of Parma powder and amber-scented laces.

"It is good, my child," she murmured, "to have a friend at court, some one who knows the ways of it. *Ma petite*, you and I, we'll do great things together! Nay, but we will talk no more now. A little supper together? (*Hein, ma belle enfant*, what have you eaten to-day?)"

She rang a silver bell, and a smart sous-brette appeared; she stared with bold black eyes at the visitor.

"Bettine, *ma fille*," said the suave lady, "take . . . Mademoiselle into my chamber, and arrange me a little her coiffure before supper. You must be beautiful," she added, turning pleasantly again to Sidonia, "for I shall have a guest."

"*Par ici*, Mademoiselle," said Bettine briefly. As she led Sidonia across the threshold of a violet-scented, violet-hued bower, the lady's dulcet tones called after her: "And then, return to me, *ma fille*, I have to speed thee with a little note."

"It is well, Madame," answered the French girl, and closed the door.

Sidonia looked around, and then at the maid's hard face. It seemed to her as if a chasm had opened under her feet where she had thought to find firm footing. Her ears had been disagreeably struck by the word Mademoiselle and the emphasis that the old lady had placed on it. The reference to an expected visitor next filled her with inchoate suspicion, which the order concerning a note intensified. She now read an insolent meaning in Bettine's black eyes as they appraised her.

"Whom does your mistress expect to supper?" she asked with sharpness.

The girl shrugged her shoulders.

"Madame la Maréchale's supper parties are very amusing," she replied familiarly. "Little *soupers fins*, very amusing, very discreet. The great thing is that Mademoiselle should be beautiful. *Allons*, we must off with this cloak. Will Mademoiselle sit down? Oh, *que Mademoiselle est bien faite!* . . . *Mais coiffe* (Mademoiselle forgives me?) in defiance of all common-sense!"

Now Sidonia knew, before she had the certainty, into what a trap she had walked. And, with the clearness of her conviction, she also knew what she had to do. She sat down, silently, as bidden; and—while the odious touch of the Maréchale's maid played in her hair—made a steady inventory of the room. There was no door but the one leading back into the boudoir; great windows were curtained away behind the dressing table.

"Oh, how much better is Mademoiselle like this!" cried Bettine, falling back to admire her work.

Sidonia gave her own reflection an anxious scrutiny. One word, one look, one sign of weakness, and her hastily formed plan might be frustrated. . . . Beyond that possibility were the horrors upon which she could not look . . . upon which she would never look!

The Fiddler's words, "The release of a clean proud soul—that is joy!" came to her ever and again as upon a strain of his own music. And ever they brought her fresh strength and comfort.

"Oh, how beautiful is mademoiselle!" cried Bettine again, this time with genuine enthusiasm. "Positively, it is flames she has in her glance, and no rouge could beat me the color of those cheeks!"

"Bettine . . . !" rose the Maréchale's silver voice from the next room, and Sidonia, flinging herself into her part with the instinct of the defenceless, smiled gayly on the French girl as she bade her go.

"Mademoiselle will not forget 'tis I who has adorned her, when she is in power?" insinuated the Maréchale's maid.

"I shall not forget," said Sidonia between her teeth.

When the lock had been closed between them, she seized the handle and noiselessly turned it. Fortunately the Maréchale liked discreet hinges, and Sidonia was able, noiselessly, to draw the door the necessary fraction of an inch apart, that she might listen. There was a tremor in her hands. She held her breath lest a rustle of silk should betray her. Strong spirits rise to the great situation.

There was whispering within. The ear of the little heiress of Wellenshausen had been trained in forest glades, full of the small sounds of the lesser lives. She caught a word here, a word there.

" . . . The note . . . in his Majesty's own hands. . . . Thou hast well understood, my girl!"

"*Mais oui, madame.*" Bettine's whisper carried far. But now the Maréchale made a softer communication of which the listener could gather no import, and to which Bettine's answer gave no clew. It was emitted with a laugh. "Oh, no, Madame deceives herself—we are not so scared as all that, believe me!"

A dulcet titter joined the insolent note of the servant.

"At least the little bird is in the cage," said the Maréchale, as she laughed.

It was more than enough. Sidonia closed the door. She found a bolt which moved as



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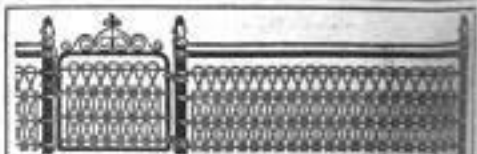
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## "IF YOUTH BUT KNEW"

(Continued from page 24)

willingly as all the rest under her fingers. . . Then a frenzy of haste came upon her. The cloak over her pale dress! The hood over Bettine's fine coiffure. And now the window! People who shut up a little bird in a cage should make sure that the bars are close enough to keep it safe, for the bird has wings and its heart beats toward freedom, toward the mate, toward the nest! The Maiche's apartments were on the *recole-chaussée*, but had they been on the topmost floor that window would yet have been the way of Sidonia's flight.

Oh, how deliciously the chill pure air beat upon her face after that evil, oppressive atmosphere! By the stillness and the spring fragrance, by the soft earth under her feet, she knew she had alighted into the palace garden. It was a murky night, and the rain was falling, the distant lights of the park gates glimmered fitfully.

Sidonia had no idea whither to turn, but the intention of her heart was undeviating as the flight of the homing bird. There was only one refuge for her now, only one place for her—her husband's breast. Her road was clear; she was going to Steven, and after that nothing would ever matter again.

She set off running in the direction of the gateway lamps. In a minute her light ball-slippers were soaked with wet, clogged with mud; her narrow skirts clung against her silk stockings; now she brushed against low bushes, now nearly fell. She could run no more; she must grope her way. But, presently her eyes became more accustomed to the dimness. The whiteness of an alley glimmered to her between rows of trees; it led down to the lights. Here on firm ground, she was able to make speed again, catching up her impeding skirts to free her flying feet. The gates were unlocked. There was not even a sentry in the box to challenge as Sidonia slid by. Within the lodge rose song and laughter and clinking of glass. Like master, like man!

Though the street on which she emerged was paved, it was meagrely lighted and contained but a few poor houses opposite the park walls. The road seemed to lead upward toward the country, downward toward the town. Almost without reflection, she took the downward turn, drawing the folds of her cloak more closely over her telltale garments, and the hood deeper round her face. Here she must go sedately, though the hammering of her own pulse seemed like the footsteps of relentless pursuers, and the mad impulse was to keep ever running from them. It had been to her as a nightmare across the dark park, but the passage through the town was infinitely more terrible. She looked back on the close solitude as to a haven of shelter. Yet, unfalteringly, steadily, she tramped on, through the mazes of dirty streets, now pausing to ask her way of some respectable looking burgher woman—sometimes kindly answered, sometimes rebuked as a good-for-nothing, sometimes jeered at for her muddy finery. Once a gang of students surrounded her, laughing and dancing, mocking her in garbled French, and she thought she must have died of terror. When, however, one of them caught her by the waist, her anger rose and she reviled him in vigorous Thuringian; it was no true German who would insult a helpless woman! Whereat they all fell back from her, abashed and respectful, and she pursued her way with deliberate step, though her heart was beating to suffocation.

Farther on, for the length of a street, a man with a dark outlandish face and gold rings in his ears followed her step by step, and that was the most awful moment of the night's pilgrimage. But, in the shadow of a porch, she marked the glint of a watchman's halberd; to him she went boldly and, in her dire strait, told him her story in the good mother tongue common to both, and begged him to guide her to the inn.

He listened to her in silence, his small shrewd eyes searching her face, as she instinctively thrust it from the hood, that its pleading should abet her words.

Then, breaking forth into a bitter curse against the foreigner, he held out his hand and took hers in it as if she had been a child.

And, like a child, she went gladly beside him, listening with a vague sense of comfort to the muttered words in which, in ever broader Thuringian dialect, he foretold the coming clean-out of honest Westphalia, the downfall of monkey tyrants and the approaching good days, when decent women could walk unmolested through the streets of old Cassel, and true-minded Germans would come to their own again.

"I AM the Countess Kilmansegg," said Sidonia to the sleepy servant who came to meet her at the entrance of the *Aigle Imperial*.

She was careless now of recognition, and flung back the hood from her fair disheveled head.

The man gaped at her. It was the "Mamzell Baroness." (The Burggravine had admitted no other title.) But the visitor's eye was imperious; without a word, he preceded her up the square dark stairs to the second floor room. He would have knocked, but she dismissed him. "I will announce myself," she said.

The room was warm and light, but it was empty. Sidonia's heart seemed to empty itself, too, and become an aching void. She closed the door and sat down hopelessly. But, after a while, a sense of shelter, a physical, a moral warmth of comfort crept upon her. She marked that Steven's chattels were scattered around. No fear then but that he

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## "IF YOUTH BUT KNEW"

(Continued from page 25)

would return! The vague fragrance of the lavender scent he liked brought his presence suddenly and vividly to her. The little bride melted into tears. She was worn out; her aching feet were stinging as she held them against the warm porcelain of the stove. Her whole being seemed melted, her spirit broken, but there was a balm sweeter than triumph in this hour of her woman's surrender. All Betty's words, her gibes and threats, even what had seemed to be Steven's actual admissions, passed from her mind as if washed away by these healing tears! There are moments when the soul can see beyond facts.

Presently the heat began to tell upon her exhausted frame. She felt herself floating away into vague little sleeps, to awake, her heart beating in her throat with reminiscences of past alarms. Thus she started at length from a vivid dream that the Burgrave and Betty, D'Albignac and Jerome, had tracked her and were carrying her back. She came to full consciousness of solitude, but could not still the wild fear of the nightmare. . . . Betty's cunning was as a sleuthhound, she would well know where to trace her. . . . The man below had recognized her; it would be bootless to lock the door, for one thrust of the Burgrave's shoulder would dispose of sounder defences—Steven would return, and never know. . . . She rose trembling from her seat and looked round. Then a quaint and childish thought sprang into her brain; the great old German bed in the alcove was hung with curtains; she would creep in to that inviting shelter and draw the yellow damask folds. There would she be safe as a bird in her nest behind the leaves—in a room within a room. And, hidden, she could listen for her husband's step.

STEVEN LEE came heavily up the stairs. For two hours, raging at the sound of distant revelry, he had paced the palace hall, expecting an answer to his letter to the Chancellor, the Burgrave. In the end he had only escaped arrest by the help of a good-natured official whose heart inclined toward the handsome young stranger with the generous purse and the pale, stricken face.

Helplessly he had come back to the *Aigle Imperial*; perhaps Fiddle-Hans might be inspired to seek him! But it was a very different personality that sat, awaiting his return and feeding patience with cognac, in the public salon.

It was D'Albignac, the King's Master of the Horse. At sight of Steven he sprang to his feet, and saluted with a great air of cordiality, running over the Austrian's name and title, and announcing his own with glib affability.

"We have met before, sir," sternly said Steven, who was in fine humor for destruction.

"I think not," answered the equerry; his eyes had a red glitter which denied his smile. "I think not, M. le Comte. Nay, I am positive it is the first time I have had the pleasure of addressing you."

Steven shrugged his shoulders. "Have it so," he said contemptuously, and glanced at the bloated cheek against which his hand had once exulted. "After all, it is you who have the more striking cause to remember. What do you want with me?" he added with truly British bluntness.

D'Albignac's smile was stiff over his yellow teeth; his fingers twitched over the bundle of papers he had pulled out of his sabretache. But the Master of the Horse had no illusions as to the length of Jerome's power; and that document, once properly indorsed, meant his own future prosperity. It was worth a minute's urbanity toward one whom otherwise it would have been relief to hew down.

"I have business with you, business of delicacy, sir; but yet, I trust, easily despatched. A short private conversation between us two." He cast a meaning look at the French officers playing piquet and tric-trac in their proximity.

"I can conceive no business," said Steven, "between us two, sir, but one. Nevertheless, come to my room. I can promise you that my answer will be of quick despatch."

So he walked up the ill-lighted stairs with D'Albignac clanking at his heels, and pushed his way into his bedchamber before him—the creature could not be treated otherwise than as the dog he was.

"Shut the door," said he, "and say your say."

Again D'Albignac successfully fought his own fury.

"A matter of delicacy, as I said, my dear sir. . . . Mademoiselle de Wellenshausen is, you are aware, now at the palace?"

"Are you speaking of Countess Waldorf-Kilmansegg?" put in Steven, briefly.

"Immaterial, now!" deprecated the other. "The marriage, I understand, is regretted on both sides. Your signature here and we do the rest."

Steven listened with outward calmness. "We?" echoed he. "What have you to say to this, Colonel D'Albignac?"

It is not always by weight of hand or stroke of sword that man can have his sweetest vengeance upon man. D'Albignac, as he replied, knew that he was at last paying off scores: "The King," he said, "my King, his Majesty Jerome, takes an interest in the lady."

Steven felt suddenly as if the clasps of his cloak were strangling him. He tore them apart, falling back two or three steps that he might fling the burden on the bed. He must have his limbs free. The grating voice



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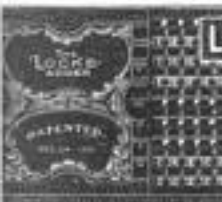
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## "IF YOUTH BUT KNEW"

(Continued from page 26)

went on: "It is my sovereign's desire that the young heiress of Wellenshausen should espouse a member of his household. And his choice has fallen upon your servant—I may say the charming creature is not unwilling."

Confusedly, through the humming of the blood in his ears, Steven heard. Mechanically he gathered his cloak into a bundle and pulled the damask curtain aside. Then he stood silent, as if stricken, his back to his tormentor.

D'Albignac rubbed his hands together and chuckled. It was better than the most sounding return slap, better than feeling the easy steel run through flesh or grate against bone!

The cloak glided from Count Kilmansegg's arm. He closed the curtains deliberately and faced his visitor.

"If you will leave the deed, Colonel," said he, "I will permit it to-night and you can leave it back in the morning."

He took the paper courteously from D'Albignac's hand. His face was paler than before; but there was a singular smile upon it, a singular light in the eyes.

"And it is the greatest heiress in Westphalia—What a *morgue* these Austrians have!" thought the Colonel, as he drew a noisy breath of laughter and relief. "The merest hint, it is enough!—Enchanted," he went on aloud, "my young friend, to find you so reasonable. I see you take me—Ah, yes, these are sad times, and the soldier of fortune (such as I am) can not afford to be squeamish. Hey! the King sups with Countess Kilmansegg . . . to-night—at this moment!"

Steven's smile flashed broadly a second. "He would grin on the rack," thought D'Albignac.

"A *damein*, Colonel," said Steven, "but not before noon, please."

His tone was quiet, even soft. He advanced without hurry toward his guest, tapped him lightly on the shoulder, and pointed to the door.

The two stood looking, eye into eye; and the brute rose again clamoring in D'Albignac's huge body. But something inscrutable in Steven's glance, its fire, almost its gaiety, made him quail. He felt that he was more than matched, and broke ground with a clumsy bow, a failure for irony. His great boots resounded down the wooden stairs.

Steven parted the curtains cautiously and stood looking down upon the sleeping figure.

So the bird had come home, after all! Sidonia lay, like the weary child she was, wrapped in so profound a slumber that even D'Albignac's noisy presence had failed to disturb her. Her slender arms were outflung, her hands faintly curled in an attitude of utter relaxation. Through the parted lips her breath came as placidly as an infant's. The yellow hair springing in tangled masses, aureole-like, round the little pale face. Never had her extreme youth so utterly betrayed itself. But how was she seemed, how exhausted through all the placidity of her repose! The narrow satin skirts were mud-stained, one little silk-clad foot outthrust, shoeless, was stained with mire—ay, and streaked with blood.

His child-wife . . . !  
Over what rough ways had she come to him? past what chasm, blacker, deeper, more relentless, than the Baron's oubliette?

Slowly, hardly wotting what he did, Steven went down on his knees beside her, unconsciously still clutching the deed of annulment. An infinite tide of love, of protecting tenderness, flooded his whole being.

His child-wife!

The watchman was chanting the tale of the midnight hour when a peremptory knock at the door was heard and Fiddle-Hans broke in upon Steven. He halted for a second, though his mission was urgent, to wonder at the light on the young husband's face as the latter rose from his knees and came forward to greet him.

The musician had never thought so pure a joy could reach his desolation in this world. It was no surprise to him that Sidonia, waking, should thrust out a suddenly rosy face between the yellow curtains: he had known, through Steven's eyes, that the children he loved were together.

"Steven!" said Sidonia.

"Ah, Sidonia . . . !" cried Steven.

He ran to her. And, regardless of Fiddle-Hans, they clasped each other, the deed of annulment dropped between them.

"Now, children!" said Fiddle-Hans, briskly—he was laughing, but the tears, which none had ever seen before in them, glittered in his eyes—"you will have plenty of time, by and by . . . now it is haste, haste, haste! I have a carriage for you waiting below. Ha, little Madam Sidonia, laugh with me! It is the Burggravine's own carriage—nothing less. Nay, German wives do not so easily escape their husbands, even at Jerome's court! My Lady Burggravine makes no journeying to-night, or ever, away from her lord! A berline, and four good post-horses . . . 'twere pity to waste them! Quick, children! for I tell you the night will not be over ere the storm break on this town!"

Sidonia had little preparation to make. She put on her cloak. From the depths of her hood her pretty face looked inquiringly at Fiddle-Hans. "Where are we going?" said she.

"Where?" echoed the wanderer with a lift in his voice as if to echoes of music. "Where, but to the Forest, to the green arms that will hold your love so safely, so discreetly? To the Forest House, little Madam, whither I once brought a youth who had missed his

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## The Last of the Yaquis

(Continued from page 14)

A constant and continued encroachment by the Mexicans followed, with a close connivance of the Government in order to bring about their utter destruction. This strife and trouble continued with the Mexican Government taking every undue advantage of the Yaquis, generally resulting in the Mexican troops getting the worst of every encounter, until finally, in 1900, a general uprising took place. In May of that year a detachment of Mexican troops were reconnoitering in the vicinity of Mazatlan and Concordia. They were on the road about twenty miles from the former place; here they were surprised by the Yaquis, and all but twelve were killed. In June, 1900, General Torres, the present Governor of the State of Sonora, led a large force of troops against the Yaquis, who were entrenched in a deep canyon, known as Cañon de Quila, near Culiacan, in the State of Sonora. Here he killed one hundred and forty men, women, and children, captured two hundred and thirty women and children, and issued an order to deport them into one of the southern states. It is a remarkable fact that these helpless women and children have never since been heard from and no amount of inquiry elicits any truth regarding their fate.

Arrangements were soon completed for leaving Guaymas for the interior. There was a convoy of twelve rurales along, in order that the little company might not be surprised at unseemly hours; but nothing unusual happened to disturb the peace of those making the trip. Our destination was the towns of Bacum and Cocori, both once owned and populated by the Yaquis, but now practically deserted, owing to the almost complete annihilation of the race by the Mexican Government. These towns are almost one hundred miles to the eastward of the seaport of Guaymas, and are located on and near the Yaqui River. It is all a very rich and fertile country, and was formerly in a fine state of cultivation; corn, cotton, tobacco, fruit, beans, and the omnipresent maguey plant flourished in much better form, I was informed, than in any other portion of the republic. The rivers and creeks are full of placer gold, and the mountains to the eastward, which were also dominated by this race of people, are ribbed and sheeted with rich veins of gold, silver, and copper of fabulous wealth. Here was the real key to the whole situation, as we afterward discovered, and as we surmised long before the truth became evident. However, it was a prudent matter to leave the theme undiscussed as long as we were in that part of the country. For a generation the Mexican Government has been endeavoring to get possession of that portion of the country owned, by treaty and conquest, by the Yaquis. This is a very fertile section of Mexico located in the southern part of Sonora and in northern Sinaloa, possessing attractive features of its own. It abounds in the finest timber, is well watered, and has a soil of remarkable fertility. The game reserves are large, and it seems as though Nature had intended the country for some extraordinary purpose.

Our route lay along the famous Yaqui River, and in many places we saw the deserted farms, orchards, and homes of this persecuted people. At the little deserted town of Bacum the cavalcade halted only long enough to execute ten Yaqui men and boys by hanging them to trees, without a hearing or even an explanation. It was sufficient to be adjudged guilty of being a live Yaqui to have the death penalty inflicted in the most revolting form and in the quickest time. These men and boys were brought out with their arms closely pinioned and a rope placed around their necks, the end of which was thrown over a convenient limb of a nearby tree, tied to the pommel of a soldier's saddle, and the horse, spurred into a run, immediately jerked the poor victim into eternity. The photograph shows a single tree from which three of these men were suspended. After these "official duties" had been performed we set out for the old town of Cocori, twenty miles away. Here the Mexican soldiers had succeeded in capturing a band of thirty Indians, by the underhanded means of poisoning a large quantity of tequila (native distillation of the juice of the maguey plant) and leaving it where it was consumed by the Yaquis. Seven out of the number had died from its murderous influence when we arrived, leaving twenty-three to be disposed of. They were under a heavy guard in the compound or patio of a large adobe dwelling. Without further ceremony they were led out into the open court, pinioned with ropes and strongly tied together, lined up and shot by the twelve rurales—the most revolting, murderous barbarity that is permitted to exist on the western continent. It was sickening in the extreme and should be a just cause for international interference. On the return trip our party camped for the night at the village of Potam, situated on the Yaqui River. Here we found under a strong guard four men and two boys, who had been taken as prisoners by the soldiers on the serious charge of being alive. These people were taken along with our party to within six miles of the city of Guaymas, and after a secret and long-drawn-out conference among the officers at this point, they were arranged in a line, blindfolded, and shot by the rurales. I was credibly informed that these officers would report to the authorities at the City of Mexico that the executed men were desperate bandits who had tried to escape.

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# A MONEY MAKER

(Continued from page 20)

But I had a string of amethysts Uncle Jim gave me round my neck. I remembered the sign of a place on Clark Street. They gave me enough for a ticket. I came just as I was, in this dress and all; it looks so dreadful because I sat up in it all night. No, no, don't worry, I was happy. I wrote to mamma on the train. And I had some money for breakfast, and this afternoon about six o'clock I got to New York. When I came here, you were all at supper. I went up and sat down in Annie's room. Annie found me there. She promised not to tell. She said Mrs. Gooch had read in to-day's paper about my failing. And I met Connie in the hall, as she came up to the party. She's kind, isn't she, always? She's going to take me home with her to-night. I can stay with her as long as I like, she says. I came a great many times to your door. Belinda cried to me; she knew. But there was always some one here. And I was afraid, besides. Oh, no, not of you. But of seeing you. I have been so unhappy, such a long time. I wanted so much to be with you, I felt as if maybe the first minute would—kind of—kill me, Matt, just as if my heart might break. I know it was silly. But then I guess I'm pretty faint. Matt, will you get me something to eat?"

He looked at her with a kind of startled blankness, and she persisted. "I think I must be very hungry."

"Hungry!" In this material world there is no word that knocks so sharply at the heart of love. Matt came vividly awake; the fact of her day's fast blotted out all other facts, and as he made for the door Leslie seemed already weaker, and in visions he beheld himself rising up and down the streets of the city in a prolonged search for food. He remembered the restaurant on the corner which was to send in Connie's supper; he wondered if it would be closed, and on the instant it was as if Leslie perished before his eyes.

He ran down the two flights of stairs; in the lower hall he encountered, like an Arabian genie, coming to his call, a rather frowsy waiter with a tray.

"What's this?" said he.

"Supper to the fourth floor back," said the waiter. The odor of hot coffee lent his statement an adorable emphasis.

"That's all right," said Matt. "I'll take it."

"No, you won't," said the waiter. "Who're you?"

"I was sent to look you up," said Matt. "You're late. They want a duplicate of this, and they want it in a hurry." He reached out his hand for the tray.

"Wait'd I let you have it for?" argued the waiter. "I'll go on up with it."

"Where's the bill?" said Matt. He looked at it and laughed. It was not quite half his week's expenses. He took a ten-dollar bill out of his pocket, and handed it to the waiter. "They'll pay you upstairs for the next trayful," he explained.

"Kindly keep your eye on them dishes, sir," said the waiter. "Last time there was a sugar-bowl broke." He restrained the wink that was quivering in his eye, and departed.

With Belinda in one arm, Leslie opened the door. She gave a little cry of pleasure and put Belinda on the bed. "How quick you were," she said. They looked round for a table; pulled out and cleared the wash-stand, and depositing the tray, whipped off the napkin that covered it. They could but smile. There was coffee and cold chicken, a single peeled tomato in a little garden, fruit and hot buttered toast, and jelly in a mold. Their eyes met across the banquet, and Leslie gave a little sobbing laugh.

"I've lost my handkerchief," said she.

Matt went over to the bureau to get her one of his. As he pulled at the drawer it seemed to stick. He was saying, "Shall we have Connie at—" The drawer stuck worse than ever—"at our wedding?"

"Oh, yes," said Leslie, "I promised her in the hall."

"When are we going to have it?"

"Don't you think," said Leslie, "about Tuesday?"

The drawer pulled out as smoothly as possible, and the handkerchief was secured.

She sat down in the squeaky rocker to preside over the feast. The soft lace cuff of her sleeve was crushed and soiled, and she pushed it above her elbow. "To-morrow," said Matt, "you shall shop all day."

"Oh, Matt!" she cried. She began to pour the coffee, and added softly, "You've got some money?"

"Plenty," said he.

"I haven't a single bit," said she, "but I knew you would have. You always could make money."

He was struck agape by the assertion. With rather a graceless laugh of triumph, he recognized its truth. What would the gossip of his mercenary scheming say now to this? The dear sense of her dependence rushed through him in a wave of liberating tenderness that seemed to caress her too with a touch of consecration. The curtains and the light and the sweet outdoor breath of blossoming things still flickered in the soft night air.

The supply of cutlery was limited; Leslie insisted upon eating her chicken with a spoon. But there were crumby Japanese napkins with beautiful pink borders, and Matt took some coffee in a tumbler, and they drank each other's health.

A band of each of them crept together over the tablecloth of Mrs. Gooch's huckaback towel. Belinda stepped daintily across the bed, and, sitting down by Matt, purred politely in reminder, and sat in civil expectation with her tail curled round her feet.

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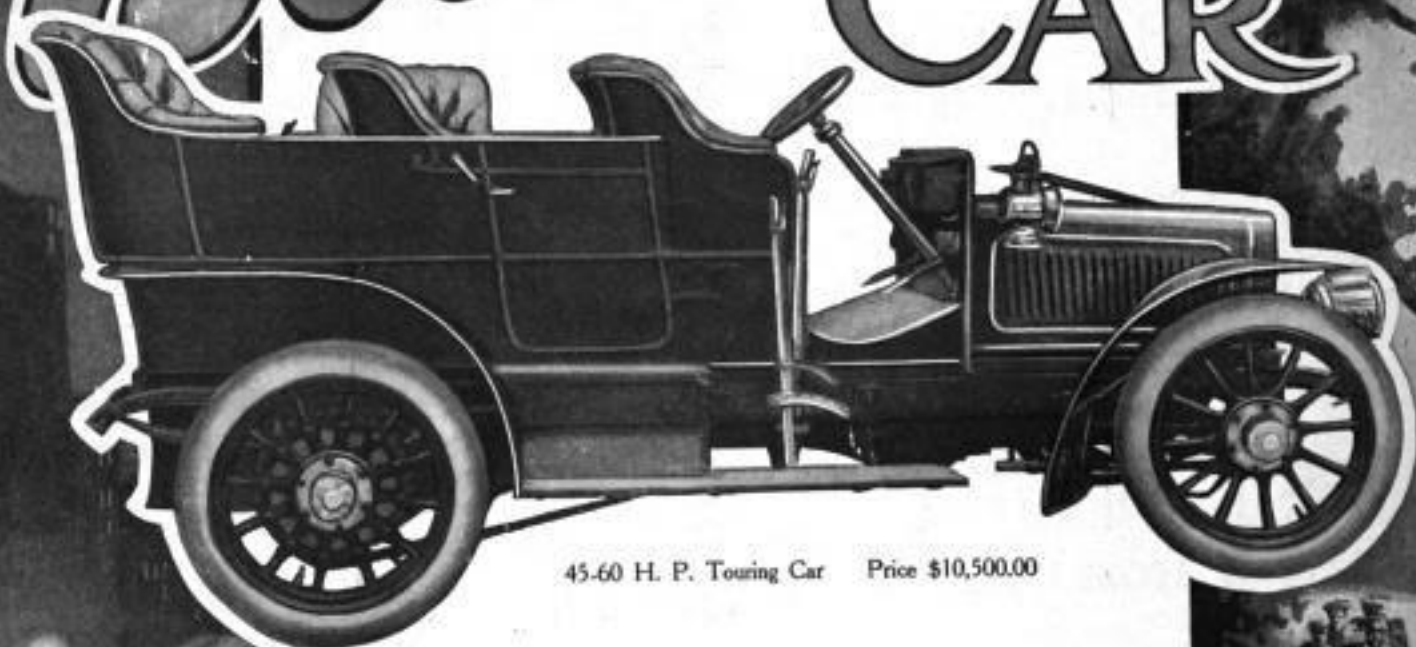
THE BUSY MOTHER, because it keeps her hands young and pretty in spite of housework and sewing.

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# Collier's

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

REMINGTON NUMBER

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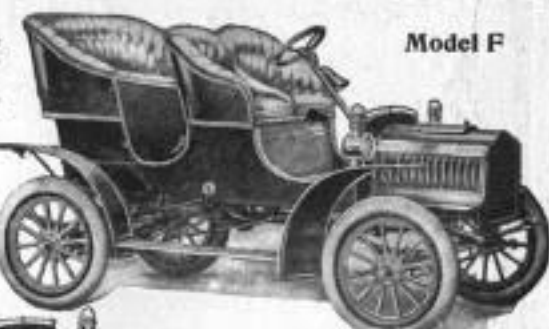
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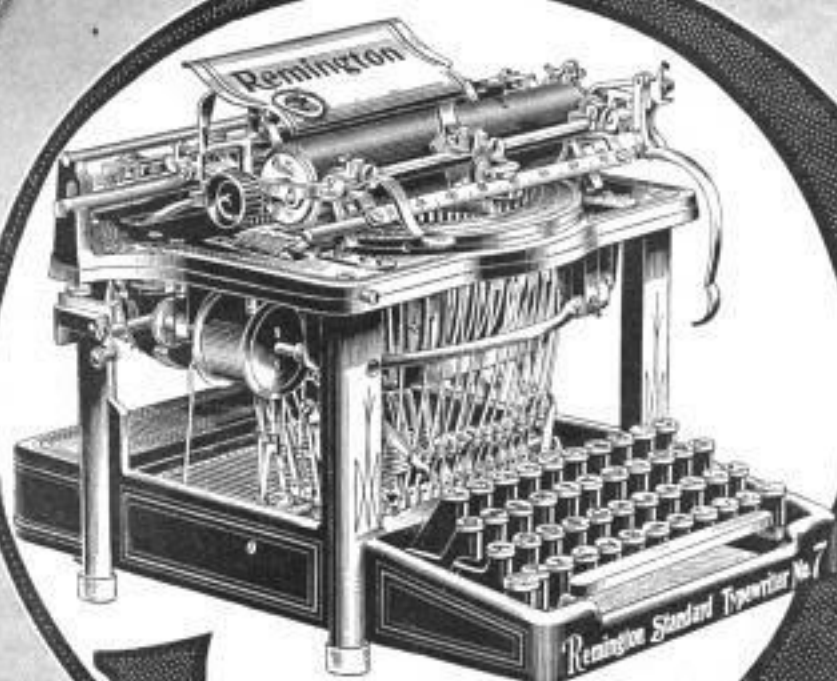


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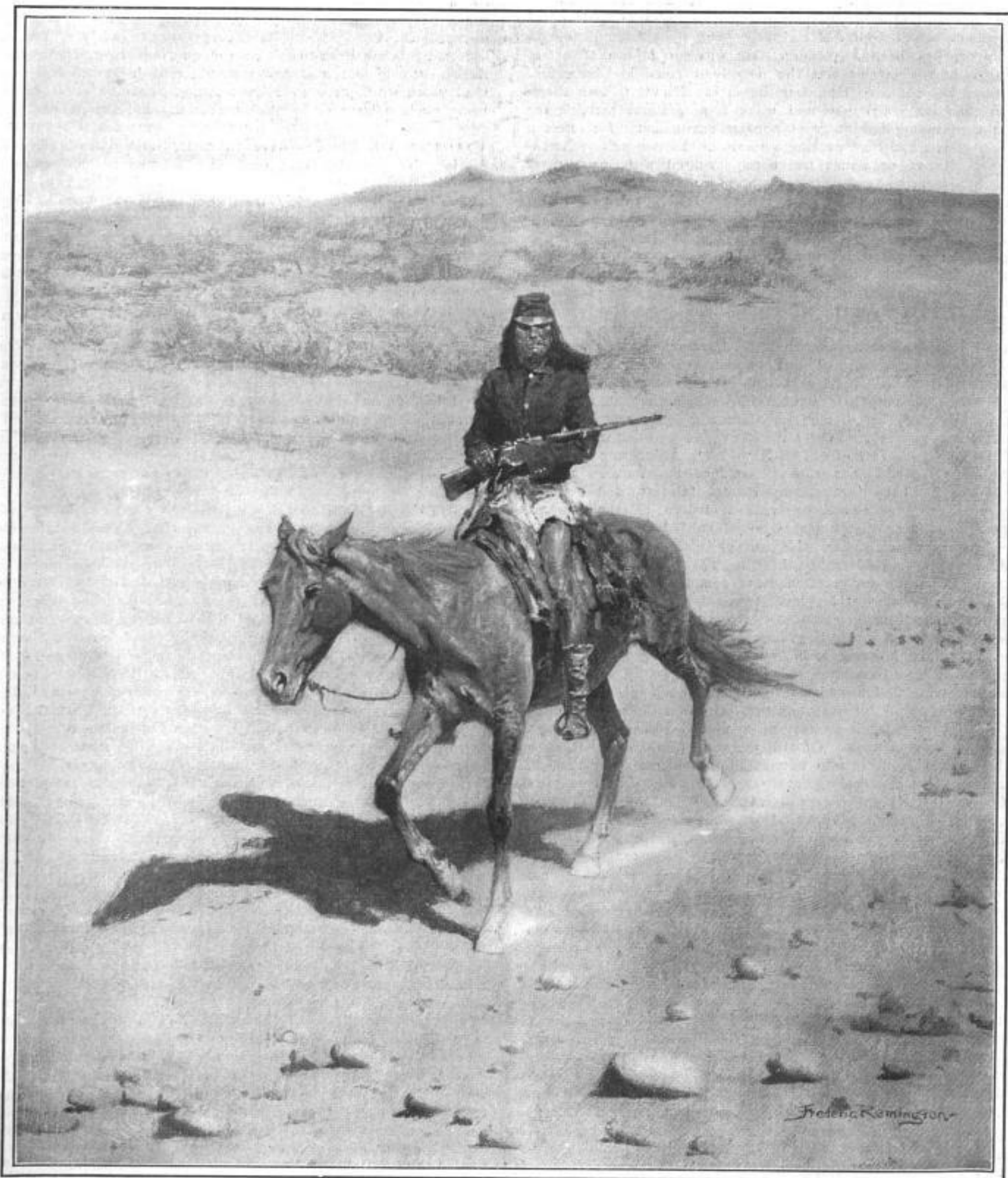
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# Collier's

## THE NATIONAL WEEKLY



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AN APACHE SCOUT

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**A**N ELECTION OF IMPORTANCE to the whole country is held early in April in Chicago. Municipal ownership of street railways is the principal subject, and the issue is between accepting municipal ownership as a business proposition, and treating it with intelligence and honesty on the one hand, and, on the other, using it for mere agitation and appeal to prejudice and hatred. Mr. HARLAN, the Republican candidate for Mayor, has been a pioneer. He was for reform of street railway abuses when his was the only loud voice in that cause. The town has come to him, but he is too honest a man to go further than his convictions and make a programme extreme for the sake of taking advantage of popular excitement. He offers a

MR. HARLAN'S  
PROGRAMME

just and business-like solution of traction evils. A tentative ordinance has been prepared with great care. It provides for immediate improvement of the service by the traction companies, for the end of all their rights in thirteen years, and for municipal operation after that if private operation has not become satisfactory. The building of a subway system by the city, an idea which Mr. HARLAN has made his own, is part of his scheme for a thorough solution of transit difficulties. If this ordinance is not accepted by the traction companies—if they do not voluntarily waive their rights—the HARLAN programme is to go immediately to the courts and enforce whatever rights the city can make out against companies whose franchises are largely stolen goods. The Republican Convention, in nominating Mr. HARLAN on this radical but cautious and business-like platform, showed their sincerity by nominating at the same time a satisfactory list of men for aldermen.

**A**GITATION IS THE RELIANCE of the Democrats and the violent odds and ends who will conduct the campaign against Mr. HARLAN. They throw away reason, fairness, and business sense, and rely on excitement and a dislike of the traction companies so bitter that it makes men blind. Judge DUNNE says he will offer no settlement. He will go to the courts at once. In other words, in cold reality, he will miss immediate relief and tie the situation up for years in legal complications, not getting in the end any more than Mr. HARLAN's programme gives if his ultimatum to the companies is rejected, the purpose being to satisfy those whose feelings against errant capital are best suited by a fight, however futile. During the long legal struggle Judge DUNNE would continue the traction service by a system of license, involving no improvement and lending itself readily to deals.

JUDGE DUNNE'S  
PROGRAMME

A significant aspect is that many wealthy men, opposed to the whole system of municipal ownership, support Judge DUNNE. Of still more significance is the action of the DUNNE leaders, who nominated for aldermen all the old riff-raff of franchise-dealing grafters who were driven out of the Council through the energy of reform. When JOHNNY POWERS, HINKY DINK, CHARLEY MARTIN, JOHN BRENNAN, ED CULLERTON, and FRED HART, who is now under indictment, are put up by Judge DUNNE's friends, the trickery, insincerity, and danger of the movement are apparent. On the one side is radical progress in the hands of honesty and reason. On the other hand is radical agitation as a sop to ignorant passion and a cloak for political give and take. That is why, in the social conditions of our day, when every step and every example count, the struggle is of as much interest, almost, to every other town as to the particular city where the contest between true and false radicalism is being waged.

**S**CPTICISM IS THE WISE ATTITUDE to hold toward things Russian. The best informed and most learned correspondents who are on the spot and write for serious periodicals abroad prove constantly mistaken in their forecasts and interpretations. Distinguished and free-minded Russians give contradictory explanations of every incident. If newspaper editorials seem omniscient

THE CZAR'S  
CONTRADICTIONS

on each successive phase, forgetful of erroneous guesses, it is because they think they must. Timidly, however, we venture to suggest that the Czar's recent course may not have been quite so vacillating as it seems. His apparently contradictory moves were probably dictated by policy not at first sight clear to foreigners. It is less important to him and his advisers to seem consistent to Americans than to keep in hand the many groups of his population. The divine rights manifesto was concocted to reach the masses through the Church. It was read in churches throughout the empire. The promises which

followed a day later were sops to the liberal party. Moreover, WITTE and other intelligent Russians hold a combination of views less familiar here than in Germany, where WILLIAM successfully lessened hostility to his divine and absolute rights by many popular social and economic policies. WITTE's plan has been much the same. Something of that policy, we imagine, is now slightly influencing the Czar, as well as the opportunist policy of preparing different proclamations to suit the different ingredients of his people. As a matter of fact, also, new laws are probably much less needed than some willingness to allow existing laws to operate without being made a farce of by the bureaucracy and the police.

**P**ARTIES OF PEACE have an easier time out of office than in. There would have been fewer Democratic and more Republican anti-imperialists if the Democrats had been in control when the Philippine and Panama situations developed. The English are apparently soon to send the Tories out to grass and experiment with a Liberal regime. On certain topics, such as education, and possibly the tariff, the Liberals are more representative of British opinion to-day than the Tories are, and they will stand by their convictions. On imperialism, however, their views will modify. First in time will come the Japanese alliance as a test. Many Liberal statesmen and publicists are on record as questioning or denying the wisdom of that alliance at the time of its formation. The treaty expires on January 30, 1907, when the Liberals will presumably be in power. Although not in the prophesying business, we expect to see a renewal of the alliance. England has long been humiliated by the Russian bear. She now sees that animal rapidly losing teeth and claws. It will be a bold Liberal who proposes to allow the alliance to end in 1907 if Japan is willing to renew it.

LIBERALISM  
AND WAR

**I**NSURANCE COMPANIES WILL SOON CONTROL the whole world of finance. They are already the greatest single money power. In 1904 there was \$447,543,822 received in premiums by the old line companies, and \$93,161,348 by the assessment companies. It is bad enough when trusts, owned by a few men, like the Standard Oil, possess an enormous influence which is at once pecuniary and political. It is far worse if such an active power is developed by a depository of the people's savings manipulated by financiers. To what extent the insurance magnates have abused their opportunities we do not know. That question is now being thrashed out by Mr. LAWSON, by policy-holders and directors of the Equitable, and by individuals throughout the country. The mere fact that the system of conducting these companies makes possible a terrible abuse of power is enough to justify alarm. They ought, in justice to the millions of policy-holders, and also in justice to the public, to be conducted as securely as the savings bank. Many changes are advisable. One change is fundamental. The control should lie actually in the trustees, as it does in the savings bank, and not only nominally in them and actually in one man, whether he be President or owner of a majority of shares. One-man power creates an almost irresistible temptation to use insurance funds for individual gain. The investments made by insurance companies thus far may be sound, but what might not happen if a "Napoleon of Finance" should buy Mr. HYDE's stock in the Equitable, as "Napoleon" IVES is supposed once to have desired? Regulation now may save disaster hereafter.

INSURANCE

**T**HE STEAMSHIP "VANCOUVER" has been chartered by the Salvation Army of Great Britain to carry one thousand emigrants of good character to Canada. Some of these emigrants have as much as \$5,000 each, and one family brings \$20,000. In 1904 the Army sent out twelve hundred people with encouraging results. Men are earning several times what they earned in England. Could not the American Army take a hand in the better distribution of our population? It might do something toward turning Italians southward. It could turn people from our slum populations westward. It may, for instance, in the dim future, when the Government has decided to reclaim Nevada, help to build up that State. Let us take a glance at this, the most humiliated State in our Union, which covers a territory larger than the States of New York, Pennsylvania, New Jersey, Connecticut, and Rhode Island combined, and has a population less than the city of Yonkers. The soil of

DIRECTING  
IMMIGRATION





Nevada is chemically as good as any in the land, and only needs water to be as fertile as any. Its apples, potatoes, strawberries, and one or two other fruits and vegetables, took first prize at the Horticultural Hall at the World's Fair. A Nevada potato in San Francisco is a luxury and sells for extreme prices at fancy groceries. The one trouble of the State is that it is dry. It has no water. It has no rain. The feeble little rivers disappear in "sinks" and never leave the State. The once great "boom" State, depending too much on mining interests and grazing on ranches, which include hundreds of square miles, will sometime be made valuable for agriculture. Reclaiming such a State would add more to the power and safety of the Union than many battleships.

**L**ÈSE-MAJESTÉ is a conception which has received small consideration in America. Judge HERRICK, defeated candidate for Governor of New York, recently scolded the newspapers for commenting so caustically on politicians, because, forsooth, it destroyed confidence in said politicians. As if that were not the very object! Judge HERRICK ought to have lunch with Governor PENNYPACKER, when two great souls could weep as one, when each, observing the censoriousness of the press, could burst his mighty heart. A learned subscriber writes to us: "Dear Mr. Editor! Concerning the drawings in your paper dated Jan. 28, and Feb. 11, I am astonished to find in what pretends to be a refined publication, such pictures, disgracing the Public, their elected Representatives, the National Capitol (the pride of every American) in fact *Our Contry*.

For I am one of the Public, a Workingmen, but I do not want to be compared with a poor skinny dog. I bear a higher estimation of myself. What will People in foreign contrys think of Americans when they see such drawings, and how will they act on the minds of many Americans?" He goes on to the familiar argument that trusts are lowering prices. His view of monopoly is a legitimate one, but why should he object to a cartoonist expressing the opposite view in this paper? A man who fears that such intelligent criticism of public affairs as is furnished by our better newspapers is dangerous has traits in common with the largest bird extant. A failure to argue these topics out in full is much more dangerous.

**M**R. ROOSEVELT HAS PROBABLY LEARNED something from the disgraceful attempt of Representatives to take advantage of his "constructive recess" and its contempt for honest principle. We do not know who first put the President up to this trivial method of outwitting the law, but it hardly seems like his own thought. The country owes the Senate some frank appreciation for the death-blow it has given to this whole unseemly game. The House of Representatives came pretty nearly being logical when it said, "If the President can work a mere phrase to promote his friends, we can work the same string of words to filch money, which we need, from Uncle Sam's fat treasury. We need the money as much as General Wood needed his promotion." Senator SPOONER's brilliant mind gave

a serious expression to the ignominy of thus making a jest of law when he was discussing the recess, and he gave jocose point to the same truth when he said the House wanted "constructive mileage." If a Representative is to be paid \$2,000 for constructive travel, while he really sits on his chair, he should be paid in constructive money, while the people's gold remains untouched. The exhibition of the House disgraced the nation, at home and abroad, but it may have its good results in showing the President and other impatient personalities that if laws are treated frivolously the consequences may stretch further than they think.

**D**RAMATIC INSTINCT IN CRIMINALS is not infrequent. They like not only to narrate striking deeds, but to give picturesque explanations. Early hardships and temptations figure copiously. Unrequited love and treachery have leading rôles in autobiographies by lady misdemeanants. Literature and the drama have their place. We have known BYRON to be brought forward by a histrionic thief as an important element in his downfall. Recently a youthful thug has given the play of "Raffles" as his inspiration, to the reporters, and a certain bulk of lecturing has resulted. As two out of three "Raffles" series have appeared in Collier's, we are somewhat interested in

the principle involved. A very conservative publishing house bought out two "Raffles" books, and in their periodical carried one serial; but with all this publicity of "Raffles," in our paper and elsewhere, no comment on its potential dangers was heard until one young reprobate connected his depravity with his experience at the theatre. From early times to ours, the deeds of certain evil-doers have been told in fiction. Mr. FREDERIC HARRISON and others believe that only the good should be described in books. When this opinion is established, or put so eloquently that it convinces us, good-by to all evil-doers in our pages; but we are unable to attach significance to one of those newspaper self-advertisements which criminals are so addicted to. One whole department of literature in high repute takes its name of "picaresque" from the fact that the leading characters in it are always rogues.

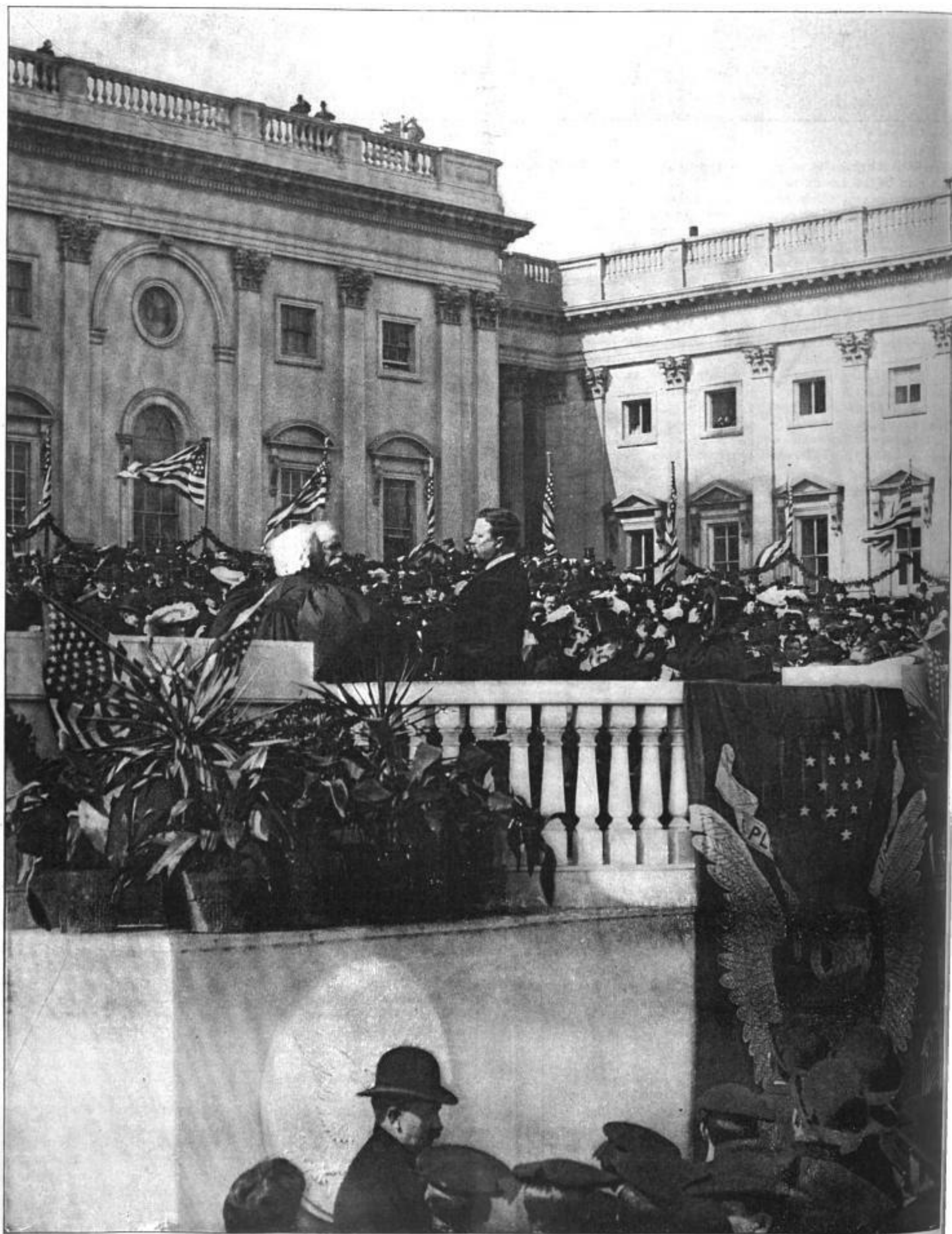
**T**HE DEMAND FOR ESSAYS is not large. Fiction leads easily, followed by moralizing, with "useful information" third. Mr. COLBY, we are inclined to think, writes with more sheer brilliancy than any other American essayist of the day. He feels alone, and seems rather provoked, at times, because the reading world is not strong on individuality and taste. "Imaginary Obligations" is a just and characteristic title. The obligations which control most of our writers are ludicrous to Mr. COLBY. Often artists devote themselves to independent self-expression after they have failed in an effort to acquire popularity, but in a few cases the attempt to please others is never made. In discussing Mr. HENRY JAMES, Mr. COLBY pictures graphically the artist who writes primarily for himself. "There are chapters like wonderful games of solitaire, broken by no human sound save his own chuckle when he takes some mysterious trick or makes a move that he says is 'beautiful.'" Of the human effect of Mr. JAMES's thought his critic says: "It is a land where the vices have no bodies and the passions no blood, where nobody sins because nobody has anything to sin with. Why should we worry when a spook goes wrong? . . . His love affairs, illicit though they be, are so stripped to their motives that they seem no more enticing than a diagram." Wit is Mr. COLBY's most distinguished trait, although it has learning and culture among its weapons; and for refined wit one might search long among current books before finding the equal of "Imaginary Obligations."

**A**NALYSIS IS ENCOURAGED by our civilization more than the sense of beauty. It is a scientific age, and we are all in danger, to some extent, of that atrophy of the imagination of which DARWIN is the most famous case. Poetry is in literature that branch which appeals primarily to the imagination, and helps to keep it alive, as exercise helps to preserve the body. As we do not produce much poetry, or other imaginative art, we are thrown back upon the past, and this increases the necessity of education in poetry, for forms of expression which are not contemporary are seldom entirely appreciated without training. Often people of the best natural taste are less open to certain beauties than others, less naturally appreciative, but with more mental and æsthetic exercise in youth. The most sincere minds reject most emphatically any pretence of caring for what they really do not enjoy. Thus, among the truest natures of our acquaintance, one sees nothing in early painting, another in poetry, and a third in the higher music, all from lack rather of training than of eye, ear, or fancy. In the circumstances of our day, it is more important in a child's education that he should be prepared to like and understand SPENSER and WORDSWORTH, MILTON, BURNS, and SHELLEY, than that he should early acquire a realistic mode of thinking or a start in scientific information. Exact knowledge and logic in this age will take care of themselves, but it requires more care to keep alive that

"Sense sublime  
Of something far more deeply interfused,  
Whose dwelling is the light of setting suns,  
And the round ocean and the living air  
And the blue sky, and in the mind of man."

Whatever truth may be, it is larger than the little naturalistic thoughts and observations that sometimes claim the title. There is more of it in a BEETHOVEN symphony than in one of HERBERT SPENCER's essays, and more in MACBETH's soliloquies than in Fourteen Weeks in Natural Science.





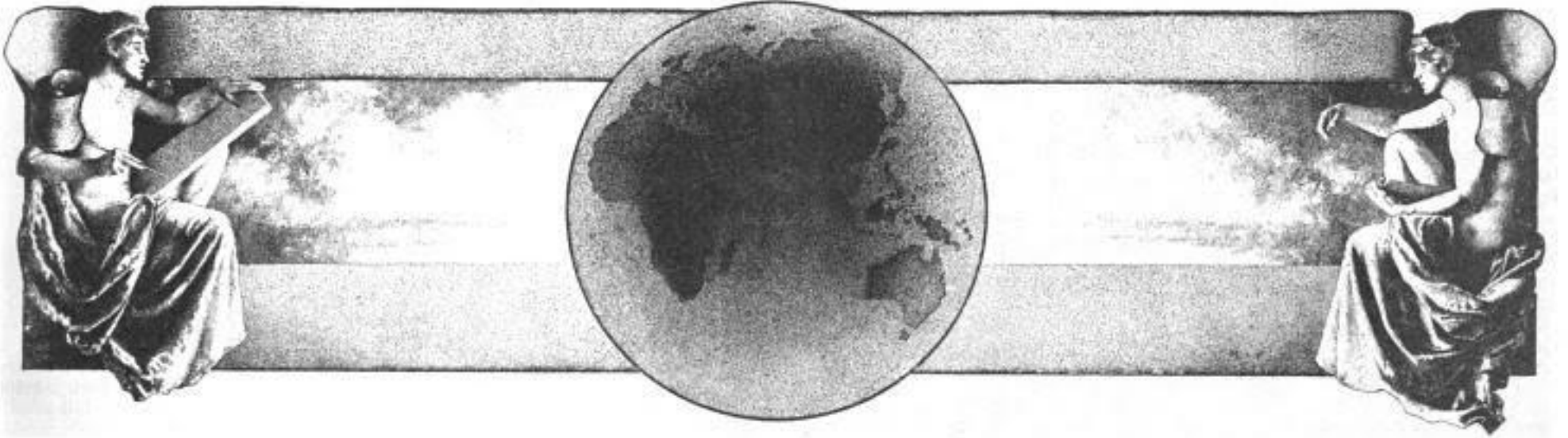
## MAKING A PRESIDENT

Theodore Roosevelt taking the oath of office, administered by Chief Justice Fuller, at the east front of the Capitol, March 4, 1905

1905 STEREOPHOTO ENTERTAINMENT 1905 BY UNDERWOOD AND UNDERWOOD, NEW YORK



# WHAT THE WORLD IS DOING



## FREEDOM FOR RUSSIA

ONE OF THE notable landmarks in the history of the world was erected on March 3, when the Czar issued a rescript announcing his intention to admit the elective principle into the Government of Russia. This era-making declaration said:

"I am resolved, henceforth, with the will of God, to convene the worthiest men, possessing the confidence of the people and elected by them, to participate in the elaboration and consideration of legislative measures."

Of course, this is not the promise of a constitution, nor even of a National Assembly. But it is a beginning, and in revolutions, even more than in other things, it is the first step that counts. The details of the proposed national representation are to be worked out by a commission headed by the Minister of the Interior. Reactionaries and Liberals are now struggling for the control of this body, but the rescript has aroused a spirit of hope and enthusiasm that will make a return to the old conditions impossible. The new light for Russia burst with dramatic suddenness just after the nation had been plunged into gloom by an imperial proclamation calling upon the people to rally around the throne in defence of the autocracy. This had been issued apparently under the influence of a reactionary cabal without the knowledge of the Czar's ministers, who forced the immediate publication of the liberal rescript to prevent the fatal effects that would inevitably have followed the circulation of the first proclamation if it had stood alone.

## THE GREATEST BATTLE YET

THE ACTIVITY along the Hun River that began on February 21, has developed into a Titanic battle—the greatest of this war, and perhaps the greatest in the authentic history of the world. After nearly two weeks of fighting along a front of nearly a hundred miles the Japanese, at the time this record closes, are apparently on the verge of a complete victory. They have forced the Russians back to the walls of Mukden, and, advancing in a crescent formation, have pushed forward two gigantic flanking forces, which threaten to envelop the Russians on both wings and cut off their retreat to the north. From seven hundred thousand to a million men have been engaged in this stupendous struggle, and up to this time it is estimated that a hundred thousand have fallen. The Japanese attack has been pushed with a determination and disregard for suffering and death that give it distinction even in this astonishing war. The men have marched and fought day after day without food or sleep until they have dropped in their tracks. The highest honors of the battle have rested with General Nogi's veterans, who charged the centre, shouting in Russian: "Out of our way! We are from Port Arthur!"

Kuropatkin's centre held with all the traditional Russian tenacity, but his wings were rolled back by the irresistible pressure of the Japanese columns. The formations of the opposing forces have been substantially the same as at Liao-Yang, the Russians forming an inner horseshoe, with Mukden at its centre; the Japanese inclosing them in a larger horseshoe, with its ends contracting in the effort to cut the line of retreat to the next point of refuge, Tie-ling.

The week that witnessed the inauguration of President Roosevelt saw also the end of the Fifty-eighth Congress and the meeting of the Senate in extra session. The report of Commissioner Garfield was unexpectedly favorable to the Beef Trust. The Czar announced his intention to consult with elected representatives of the Russian people. The colossal battle in Manchuria continued, with steady Japanese success

## CONGRESS AND ITS UNFINISHED WORK

WHEN PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT began his new term on March 4, the Fifty-eighth Congress died. It left an unusually long record of uncompleted work. It is always hard to accomplish much in a short session, but in this case the abortive impeachment proceedings against Judge Swayne cut out the heart of the time and gave obstructionists the opportunity they needed. The Statehood bill failed in conference, after passing both Houses, and Oklahoma and Indian Territory were compelled to remain out of the Union with a larger population than was ever kept in a Territorial condition in the continental United States before. The



AN INCIDENT OF THE INAUGURATION

President Roosevelt shaking hands with the French Ambassador, M. Jusserand

President's appeal for a law permitting the Interstate Commerce Commission to regulate railroad rates was heeded by the House, but not by the Senate. No attempt was made to revise the tariff, or even to set in motion the machinery that might produce a revision in the future. No relief was given to the Filipinos who sought access to American markets, although a law was passed revising the tariff on imports into the Philippines. The only reciprocity treaty considered—that with Newfoundland—was so mutilated as to be not worth Newfoundland's acceptance. The attempt

to provide a new system of administration for the Panama Canal zone was a failure, and we not only keep the old commission, with all its admitted imperfections, but we have not even secured authority to change the obsolete plan for a lock canal into one for a canal at sea level, such as is demanded by the needs of modern commerce. However, our engineers can put in a year's digging before the two plans necessarily diverge. The Pure Food bill was ignominiously cast out by the Senate on the next to the last day of the session, after having been made the subject of a sham discussion throughout the winter, and the appeals of its author to allow it to have at least a decent burial were contemptuously disregarded.

## SOME THINGS ACCOMPLISHED

AT ITS TWO SESSIONS the Fifty-eighth Congress has voted to spend \$1,599,651,289.99, which is more than was appropriated in gold by any previous Congress of our history, not excepting the period of the Civil War. In the short session just closed time was found to stop one of the leaks in our land laws by abolishing the *lieu* land privilege which has enabled speculators to swindle the Government by exchanging worthless tracts in forest reserves for valuable timber lands outside. The Yosemite Valley has come again under the control of the United States, having been receded by the State of California—a valuable precedent for the rescue of Niagara. Provision has been made for improving the efficiency of the militia by encouraging rifle practice. The Government has been authorized to take part in the celebration of the three hundredth anniversary of the first permanent English settlement on this Continent, at Jamestown, Virginia. For the first time since the contract was made, seven years ago, Congress has refused to make the annual appropriation of \$130,000 to pay rent to the National City Bank for the old Custom House site in New York. This was one of the scandalously bad bargains characteristic of the Government's dealings with shrewd financiers. The Government agreed to pay "rent" on its own funds, incidentally cheating the City of New York out of the taxes. But since the bargain was made the rent will ultimately have to be paid.

## ITCHING PALMS IN THE HOUSE

IN THE CLOSING DAYS of the session the House gave a useful demonstration of the fact that it is not safe for the public to concentrate all its vigilance upon the Senate end of the Capitol, upon the assumption that the other end is the abode of virtue. The popular branch of Congress distinguished itself on March 1 by an attempt at the most shameless piece of petty pilfering recorded since the "back-pay grab" that ended so many political careers in 1873. The House had just been wreaking its moral indignation upon those Federal Judges who had been corrupt enough to charge the legal limit of \$10 per day for traveling expenses instead of filing itemized accounts of the sums actually spent. Resenting the failure of its impeachment of Judge Swayne on this among other grounds, it had inserted in the General Deficiency Appropriation bill a



provision that no judge should collect money for expenses in excess of \$5 per day except on a sworn statement of the actual items, and that stating those items falsely should be punishable by fine or imprisonment. Immediately afterward the House enriched the very same bill with an item appropriating \$100,000 to pay mileage to Congressmen for their journeys home and back during the "constructive recess" between the extra session and the first regular session of the Fifty-eighth Congress—journeys which not one of them had made, or by any possibility could have made. The Senate had just decided that the constructive recess had no existence. The extra session ended at the very instant at which the regular session began. There was not the width of an atom—not even of an electron—between them. Yet this mythical point of time, imagined by President Roosevelt as a device for keeping Wood and Crum in office, seemed to the House substantial enough to pry \$100,000 out of the Treasury, and to enable the delegate from Hawaii or his astral body to take a trip to Honolulu and back, at a cost to the Government of over \$2,000.

#### SOME OF THE RAIDERS

WHEN THE QUESTION of sternly restricting the traveling expenses of the judges was under consideration, Representative Sullivan of Massachusetts said:

"As a man from Massachusetts I am proud to say that those judges who sit in that judicial district took only what they actually expended (applause), and I would be ashamed of a Massachusetts judge who was so corrupt or so unlearned in judicial construction as to feel that he was warranted in taking to himself more than he actually expended under the terms of this statute." (Applause.)

A few minutes later Mr. Sullivan voted to pay himself for a trip to Boston made in his armchair in the House between noon of one day and the same noon of the same day. With him were Mr. Crumpacker of Indiana, the watchdog of pure government for the South; Davey of Louisiana, the author of the bill reported by the Democratic caucus for the prevention of extortion by railroads; Grosvenor of Ohio, whose record speaks for itself; Lorimer, the Republican corporation boss of Chicago; Overstreet, the chairman of the great Post-office Committee; Richardson of Tennessee, who made a fortune by illegally copyrighting the messages of the Presidents, and over eighty more, besides twenty-five others who helped the job along by making a quorum and answering "Present" without having the courage to vote with the raiders. Included among the grabbers or the dodgers were the chairmen of some of the most important committees of the House.

#### MILEAGE AS EXTRA SALARY

OF COURSE, the greater the distance a member is supposed to travel, the more substantial his mileage. The Representatives from Maryland or Virginia could collect only a few dollars each, while those from California or Oregon could draw something like a quarter of their yearly salaries. By a curious coincidence every member from the Pacific Coast present and not already under indictment voted for the grab. Both the Oregon members had been indicted for land frauds and felt a delicacy about taking part in the proceedings of the House, but not a single vote from a State washed by the Pacific was cast against the proposition to charge the Treasury for imaginary travel. But the Senate cruelly cut out the appropriation, and, having heard from the country, the House meekly submitted. The argument advanced by those who still clung to their loot was that the

members were entitled to it as a additional compensation for their services. Lacking the courage to raise their salaries openly, they tried to eke them out by petty subterfuges—traveling expenses without travel, commutation for stationery never used, and allowances for the hire of clerks never employed. They failed to realize that shabby tricks of this sort would be infinitely more revolting to public sentiment than a frank proposal to increase Congressional salaries on the ground that the laborer was worthy of his hire.

#### NAVAL EXPANSION CHECKED

THE LATE SESSION of Congress was memorable for its revolt against the growth of naval expenditures and its foreshadowing of a definite naval policy for the future. From the time the creation of the new navy began, twenty-two years ago, we have gone on making appropriations without any clear idea



BIRDS OF PASSAGE

of what we desired to accomplish, or where, if anywhere, we proposed to stop. During most of that time the navy has been regarded as a popular toy, and as its cost has not been felt there has been no serious opposition in Congress to the growing appropriations for its support. But this year the greatest naval estimates in our history coincided with a shortage of revenues that compelled every item of expense to be critically scrutinized. Congressmen were told that they could not have needed public buildings or river and harbor improvements for their districts, because the money would be absorbed by the navy. That gave them for the first time a keen personal interest in economy. Moreover, in running above \$100,000,000 the naval estimates touched a psychological chord. An appropriation of \$100,000,000 strikes the imagination with a vastly harder impact than one of \$99,000,000, as the patrons of ninety-nine-cent bargains in the department stores can appreciate. There was a formidable revolt, therefore, against the President's naval demands. The House Naval Committee cut off nearly \$15,000,000 from the estimates of over \$114,000,000, and reduced the building programme from three battleships and several

minor craft to two battleships. Even this did not pacify all the insurgents, and the two battleships were saved in the House only by Democratic votes. In the Senate Chairman Hale of the Naval Committee supported the two-battleship compromise in a sarcastic speech which plainly betrayed his belief that naval growth had been going on too fast. He announced that he would refuse hereafter to consent to more than one new battleship a year. This will just about keep our fleet at its present standard, the new ships replacing old ones that become obsolete. There seems to be a general disposition to accept this as our standing policy, at least until further notice.

#### THE LAURIER GOVERNMENT IN DANGER

THE BILL to organize two new provinces in the Canadian Northwest has brought the Laurier Ministry into the most serious danger of its career. The old question of religion in the schools, which made so much trouble in Manitoba a generation ago, has cropped up again in a virulent form. The bill provides for separate Catholic schools in the new provinces, and this proposal has aroused a bitter sectarian opposition. A strong feeling against it has developed in the territories affected, the Toronto "Globe," which is generally recognized as a special organ of the Government, is opposing it, and on March 1 the Hon. Clifford Sifton, Minister of the Interior, resigned because he could not follow the Premier's policy. The disaffection in the Cabinet was known to extend at least to the Hon. W. S. Fielding, Minister of Finance, and several prominent Liberal members of Parliament openly announced their intention to revolt. The feeling on both sides is so intense that it is almost impossible for Premier Laurier to steer a safe course in any direction.

#### THE BEEF TRUST SCORES A POINT

COMMISSIONER GARFIELD gave the country a startling surprise on the day before inauguration when his long-expected report on the Beef Trust turned out to be rather favorable to that organization. It had been supposed that the report would fully sustain all the charges commonly brought against the trust. Instead, it conveys the impression that the evils of the alleged monopoly have been greatly overrated. It states that the six great packing companies popularly believed to constitute the trust slaughtered in 1903 about forty-five per cent of the total output of the United States, that the high prices of 1902 were due to natural causes, and that instead of making exorbitant profits out of them some of the packers were losing money on every head slaughtered, that the companies are apparently not overcapitalized, and that their profits amount to only about two per cent on their total sales, although they make from fourteen to seventeen per cent, and in one case twenty-two per cent, on their private-car business. It is also shown that the "Big Six" packing companies, while they slaughter only about forty-five per cent of the animals killed in the United States, slaughter nearly ninety-eight per cent of the cattle killed in eight leading Western packing centres, and that they supply New York with about seventy-five per cent of all the meat it eats, and Boston with eighty-five per cent. It has been pointed out that a profit of two per cent on total sales of \$825,000,000 would amount to \$16,500,000, which would be over sixteen per cent on the capital invested, that mileage on private cars would add over \$9,000,000 to this, and rebates probably \$10,000,000 more, making aggregate profits exceeding \$35,000,000 a year. Besides, there is no reason to suppose that Mr. Garfield has been able to get at the real profits of the trust, but, on the contrary every reason to suppose that he has not.

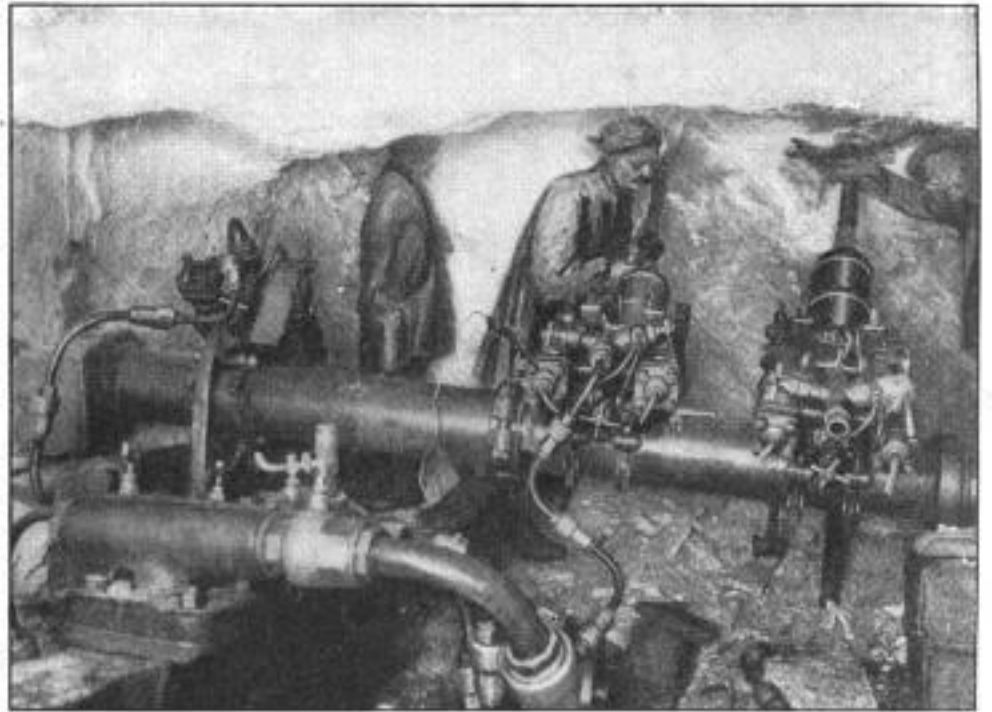
### THE MILEAGE ROLL OF DISHONOR

MEMBERS TO RETIRE	VOTED AYE							DODGED	
	Republicans			Democrats			Union Labor	Republicans	Democrats
	Daniels, Cal.	Morgan, O.	Bell, Cal.	Foster, Ill.	Miers, Ind.	Shober, N. Y.	Livernash, Cal.		Harrison, N. Y.
	Davis, Minn.	Smith, N. Y.	Breazeale, La.	Griffith, Ind.	Richardson, Tenn.	Shull, Pa.	Wynn, Cal.		Scudder, N. Y.
	Hunter, Ky.	Spalding, N. D.	Dinsmore, Ark.	Houston, Del.	Rider, N. Y.	Snook, O.			
	Kyle, O.	Van Voorhis, O.	Dougherty, Mo.	Hughes, N. J.	Robb, Mo.	Wilson, N. Y.			
			Emerich, Ill.	McAndrews, Ill.	Robinson, Ind.				
Total	8			22			2	2	
MEMBERS RETURNED	Republicans			Democrats					
	Adams, Wis.	Draper, N. Y.	Jones, Wash.	Rodenberg, Ill.	Aiken, S. C.	McDermott, N. J.	Birdsall, Iowa.	Adamson, Ga.	
	Beidler, O.	Dresser, Pa.	Knopf, Ill.	Sherman, N. Y.	Broussard, La.	McNary, Mass.	Bonyng, Col.	Bankhead, Ala.	
	Bishop, Mich.	Fordney, Mich.	Lorimer, Ill.	Smith, Iowa.	Davey, La.	Maynard, Va.	Conner, Iowa.	Bartlett, Ga.	
	Brandegge, Conn.	Gardner, N. J.	Loudenslager, N. J.	Snapp, Ill.	Fitzgerald, N. Y.	Pujo, La.	Dovener, W. Va.	Brantley, Ga.	
	Brooks, Cal.	Gillett, Cal.	McCleary, Minn.	Southard, O.	Goulden, N. Y.	Rainey, Ill.	Hamilton, Mich.	Gilbert, Ky.	
	Brown, Wis.	Graff, Ill.	Mann, Ill.	Southwick, N. Y.	Hill, Miss.	Ryan, N. Y.	Hemenway, Ind.	Goldfogle, N. Y.	
	Brownlow, Tenn.	Grosvenor, O.	Marshall, N. D.	Sterling, Ill.	Hunt, Mo.	Sullivan, Mass.	Kennedy, O.	Hopkins, Ky.	
	Burke, S. D.	Howell, N. J.	Martin, S. D.	Sulloway, N. H.	Legare, S. C.		Lafean, Pa.	Ruppert, N. Y.	
	Cromer, Ind.	Howell, Utah.	Minor, Wis.	Tawney, Minn.			Landis, Ind.	Sims, Tenn.	
	Crumpacker, Ind.	Hull, Iowa.	Overstreet, Ind.	Wachter, Md.			Miller, Kan.	Stanley, Ky.	
	Cushman, Wash.	Humphrey, Wash.	Patterson, Pa.	Weems, O.			Zenor, Ind.	Stephens, Tex.	
								Wiley, Ala.	
Total	44			15			11		
Grand total	Grabbers and Dodgers: Republicans, 63; Democrats, 48; Union Labor, 2.								





The Swiss end of the tunnel at Belieu. A shift of 250 men going in.



The powerful Brandt hydraulic boring machines eating into the rock to prepare for blasting.

#### THE SIMPLON TUNNEL, PIERCED THROUGH, FEBRUARY 24, 1905

This tunnel, twelve miles long, is the greatest in the world. From one of its terminals to the other, by road, is forty-one miles. The tunnel took seven years to build and cost \$14,000,000, divided among the railroad company and the Swiss and Italian Governments.

#### BEEF TRUST AND THE WORLD'S HEALTH

THE OPPOSITION to the Beef Trust has found an unexpected recruit in the London "Lancet." The "Lancet" has had a special sanitary commissioner quietly at work investigating the Chicago stockyards, and the tone of his report is far removed from the normal serenity of science. He summons the whole American nation to "rise and insist upon the sweeping out of those truly Augean stables." He declares that "the conditions prevailing within this giant industry are almost inconceivable" and "affect the health of the entire world." He is "scandalized and humiliated" by the sight of "the foul and abominable premises in which the representatives of science, the representatives of the United States of America, the representatives of the majesty of law, condescend to work daily in the accomplishment of their mission." He thinks that the official inspectors ought to strike against working under such conditions, and so "compel the hog merchants to reconstruct their premises." He asserts that "anything like a thorough disinfection of these places is impossible, and is never attempted," that natural disinfection can never take place on account of the absence of sunlight, and that the conditions are so unwholesome that among the workers the smallest scratch will cause blood-poisoning, unless the wound is treated at once with a strong antiseptic. Finally, he urges the city of Chicago to prohibit private slaughter-houses and build municipal abattoirs in accordance with modern principles of sanitary science. By an interesting coincidence, on the same day on which this blast was sounded in London, a bill was introduced in the Illinois Legislature appropriating \$500,000 for the construction and maintenance of State meat packing-houses in the penitentiaries at Joliet and Chester, after the fashion set by the embattled oil producers of Kansas.

#### A HUNDRED MILES OF TUBES

THE MOST GIGANTIC extension of municipal transportation ever officially proposed at one time in the history of the world was embodied in the scheme submitted to the New York Rapid Transit Commission on February 28 by its Committee on Plans and Contracts. If all the lines projected should be built, they would cost \$250,000,000, or about four times the total value of all the electric roads in the Dominion of Canada. It is proposed to build at first two and ultimately four longitudinal lines and four crosstown lines in Manhattan, and radiating subways in Brooklyn, Queens, and the Bronx. One of the crosstown lines in Manhattan is to be a moving platform. The plans have been so framed as to create new systems, independent of the present Belmont system. Although the city has set aside only \$50,000,000 for financing the new lines, the success of the present subway has made it evident that there will be no trouble in securing private capital for new ones. One company has already offered to construct a subway along one of the proposed routes at its own expense. If any such arrangement should be made, the road would become the property of the city at the end of a term of years. People who think our

cities are not making progress in the art of taking care of the public interests may contrast this situation with that of twenty years ago, when a Board of Aldermen gave away the surface of Broadway—the most valuable franchise in the world—forever.

#### PHILADELPHIA PRAYING FOR REFORM

REFORM IN PHILADELPHIA has reached the position of the storm-tossed ship whose captain replied to the anxious inquiries of the passengers: "We are in the hands of the Lord." "Oh!" exclaimed the questioners, appalled, "is it as bad as that?" Having tried everything else, Philadelphia has taken to prayer. Union services were held on February 28, at which petitions were offered up for a conviction of sin to descend upon the city officials, and especially upon Mayor Weaver. Nearly two hundred ministers gathered at one church and prayed for the redemption of the city from crime and vice, and "that the shackles of the gang be stricken from our sinful Mayor." Three hundred more held similar services in their own churches. A thousand women met in another church for the same

by a letter addressed to the Haitian Minister, Mr. Leger, in which he assured the envoy that the United States not only had no intention of forcibly annexing either Santo Domingo or Haiti, but would have no inclination to receive either of them if it asked to be taken in. Mr. Leger welcomed these "loyal and categorical declarations," which would dissipate the anxiety created by erroneous rumors with regard to our Dominican relations, and increase the confidence of the Haitians in the "just and equitable sentiments of the generous American people."

#### COLOMBIA RECONCILED

AFTER A LITTLE over a year of sulks, Colombia has decided to forgive, or at least ignore, what she can not help, and restore the United States to her visiting list. When President Roosevelt helped to shear the Isthmus of Panama from the territory of the Colombian Republic, Colombia closed her legation at Washington. It is now to be reopened, with Diego Mendoza as the new Minister. Even during the past year of tension diplomatic relations between Washington and Bogota have not been wholly broken off, for we have still maintained a Minister in Colombia. But Colombia now for the first time accepts the new situation created by the birth of the Republic of Panama. As most of our diplomatic discussions with the Government of Bogota during the last fifty years have related to Isthmian affairs, it may be expected that the disappearance of that source of dissension will leave little to disturb the future harmony between the United States and Colombia.

#### PROSPEROUS WORKERS

THE UNION BRICKLAYERS and the employing builders in New York have concluded a treaty which helps to explain why Socialists find so much difficulty in converting trade unions. Under this arrangement the regular pay of a bricklayer is to be seventy cents per hour for an eight-hour day. For all overtime the rate is to be doubled—\$1.40 per hour. For an ordinary day the wages would be \$5.60. In the busy season the men often work twelve hours a day, which would raise the rate to \$11.20, or \$67.20 per week. Thus a bricklayer, even allowing for long vacations in dull times, may expect to earn more in a year than the average college professor or minister. He could hire the average clerk as a private secretary. He can earn more in an hour than he could have earned a hundred years ago in a day. When a certain school of Socialists tries to stimulate the "class consciousness of the proletariat against the bourgeoisie," it finds it hard to reach such a worker as this. He is a member of the bourgeoisie himself. Other workmen, who have not been able to make such satisfactory terms, have brought this very charge against the bricklayers. They say that these men have sold out the interests of labor in general for high wages for themselves. The bricklayers' contract contains a stringent provision against sympathetic strikes. Like the locomotive engineers, the bricklayers meet capital on its own ground.



Funeral of Adolf Friedrich Redmann von Menzel, the great German painter, died at Berlin, February 9, 1905

purposes, and hundreds of prayers were sent up simultaneously from the homes of citizens. Even the Councilmen were prayed for, but the reporters, who were eagerly watching for the results, were unable to detect any effect. They asked the officials whether they felt any inward change, but none of them did, and for some reason the Mayor lost his temper. The reformers are now considering plans for his impeachment.

#### REASSURING THE HAITIANS

THE PRESIDENT'S debt-collecting enterprise in Santo Domingo, which has been rather a joke in the United States, has been a matter of tragic importance in Haiti, where patriots have seen the last refuge of negro independence endangered by the "loathsome tentacles" of the American monster. Secretary Hay took notice of this feeling and undertook to soothe it





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## AMATEUR ROCKY MOUNTAIN STAGE DRIVING

PAINTED BY FREDERIC REMINGTON



# REMINGTON—AN APPRECIATION

By OWEN WISTER

IS it necessary to mention the things that Remington stands for? No artist until Remington has undertaken to draw so clearly the history of the people. This is surely enough; but he stands for certain other things, both great and definite. He has pictured the red man as no one else, to my thinking certainly, has pictured him. He has told his tragedy completely. He has made us see at every stage this inferior race which our conquering race has dispossessed, beginning with its primeval grandeur, and ending with its squalid degeneration under the influence of our civilized manners.

Next, while recording the red man in this way, Remington has recorded the white man who encountered him—recorded this man also in every stage from dignity to sordid squalor. Pioneers, trappers, cowboys, miners, prospectors, gamblers, bandits—the whole motley rout goes ineffaceably into Remington's pages.

And, finally, he has not forgotten Nature herself. The mystery of the untouched plains and the awe of the unscaled mountain heights have been set down by him not only truthfully, but with potent feeling and imagination.

Remington is not merely an artist; he is a national treasure. And if ever it should occur to the not always discerning minds of academic institutions that Remington should be crowned at their hands, I should like to hear him receive his degree in these words: "Frederic Remington, Draughtsman, Historian, Poet."



MR. REMINGTON IN HIS STUDIO AT NEW ROCHELLE, N. Y.

## REMINGTON—THE MAN AND HIS WORK

By CHARLES BELMONT DAVIS

THERE are few men or women who ever create a new idea; there are still fewer who can give that idea expression; and the number who have the power to tell the world what they have to say in several different ways is very small indeed. This is one reason why Frederic Remington is almost unique. When he has a new idea—and new ideas are almost a daily habit with him now—it is simply a question of what method he will use to give it expression. Mr. Remington speaks nearly all of the languages of art. He can draw and he can paint, and he can model, and he can write novels and short stories, and very good stories they are, too. He even has stood part sponsor for a play which was dramatized from one of his books. To know Mr. Remington is to cause a serious doubt in one's mind as to whether he really is the man at whose birth the good fairies gathered and on whom they bestowed so many talents. In another part of this paper there is an article signed by the artist himself, and this will perhaps serve as well as anything else to give the reader some idea of the innate modesty and the simple sincerity of the man. No doubt, when he has locked the door of his studio, Mr. Remington suffers all the pangs of unrealized conceptions and enjoys the triumphs of success just as every man must who creates good work. But out of the studio he does not talk of the "children of his brain," nor does he want to tell you how he reached his conclusions. He is content to let his work speak for itself—the man prefers to speak of the politics and the play and the game of the other man. According to "Who's Who," Mr. Remington would confine the world's knowledge of himself to the facts that he was born at Canton, N. Y., in the year 1861; was educated at the Yale Art School and the New York Art Students' League; clerked in a store, lived as a cowboy and stockman on a Western ranch, and subsequently became an illustrator for magazines.

To fill out this mere skeleton, which from its modesty it is to be assumed was prepared by the artist himself, it may be added that Mr. Remington went West when he was nineteen years of age. He was at that time a healthy young American with a healthy love of the open country, a limited knowledge of drawing, a small capital, and a perfectly rational desire to be rated in the millionaire class. It was through his efforts to become rich that he lost his capital, and, as it turned out, this seems to have been one of those rare cases where a man did just the right thing at the right time. The years which intervened between 1880 and 1885 saw the passing of the West—that is, the West which Remington has made real to every American, even although the American may never have been west of Trenton. During those five years the buffaloes that remained were ignominiously shipped to Eastern zoological gardens; the Indian exchanged his war-bonnet for a high silk hat; the little frontier posts were consolidated into large garrisons, and the men who had been fighting their red brothers devoted themselves to drills and a general preparation for later controversies with the Spaniard and Filipino. With a keen observation and an unusual foresight, Remington watched this throb-

bing, full-blooded life of the prairie fade away into history. From his point of vantage he saw the Indian bury his hatchet and take up the plow; he saw the scout and the bad man and the trapper of the plains move into more refined occupation—in a word, he was a patient witness while all that was most picturesque and dramatic of our American life of the last century was being carefully swept up by the broom and dumped away by the dust-pan of civilization. Mr. Remington may sometimes regret the million that he did not make during those few years in the West, but he can not deny that he created a fund of knowledge from which he has since drawn very large dividends. As for the American people, they lost a mere millionaire and found a historian.

In the years to come the stories of Bret Harte will probably lie on the bookshelf of history rather than that of fiction, and Remington's drawings will no doubt be found at their side. Because he has done for the Indian and the uncivilized life of the frontier just what Harte did for the miner of the gold gulches of the early days in California, and what Wister has done for the cow-puncher and the round-up of later days. There is a story that Remington once took a course in the French language, and when it was all over he admitted that he had learned to pronounce correctly only three words—"Oui" and "Boussoud-Valadon." This may be another exhibition of the artist's modesty, but there is certainly one French expression in common use in our tongue which he never did learn, and that is "place aux dames." His greatest admirer must search in vain through all the artist's pictures and bronzes for a petticoat, and when we consider how conspicuous the dramatic quality is in all Mr. Remington's work, the fact is rather curious. The pretty schoolmistress from the Far East, the rough woman of the mining camp with her heart of gold carefully concealed by her brazen finery, the miner's daughter with the sombrero, the quick wit, and the unerring aim with her ever-ready six-shooter—all of which have proven such excellent material in the hands of Bret Harte and Wister, and all of the other writers and artists of our Western life—have been wholly neglected by Remington. His West is the open plains with the unending prairie underfoot and the limitless dome of clear sky overhead—a life in which the stuffy gambling hell, with its clatter of chips and miners' oaths, and the dance hall redolent with the smell of kerosene and peopled with its painted camp-followers, have no place. If we are to judge by his work, there is no particular reason in Mr. Remington's code of philosophy why a man should meet sudden death by way of a marked poker deck or the theft of a well-turned ankle, but there is apparently every reason why two men should shoot each other up to settle the ownership of a starved and weatherbeaten maverick. If Mr. Remington has an enemy, which is very much to be doubted, the latter certainly could not accuse the artist of being a cynic, and yet if we are to judge the man by his work, a man's best friends are unquestionably his horse and his gun. If we are to believe Remington, he once did paint an individual with a skirt.

She was part of a picture which he had been commissioned to paint of a well-known high jumper. The scene depicted the horse flying over a high gate at an indoor meeting, and, to add verisimilitude to the scene, he painted in a girl as one of the interested audience. The gentleman who gave the commission was delighted with the photographic likeness of his horse and accepted the picture at once, but on one condition—that the lady be painted out of the picture entirely.

There are a great many reasons why many different people like Mr. Remington's work, and why it should live and give happiness and instruction to many generations to come, but no sketch, however slight, should fail to give credit to this artist for one very great achievement, and one that through years of imitation is likely to be forgotten. It was Remington who first gave character to the horse in art. It was not so many years ago that in the eyes of the artist and sculptor a horse was just a horse with an arched neck and well-rounded flanks, but to this artist every horse was a little different from every other horse, not only in its lines and its color, but in its disposition and characteristics. The horse of instantaneous photography and the Remington horse arrived about the same time, and the former seemed to turn the tide of the argument then waging in favor of the painter, and from that time on the horse has been given his proper place in the art of the day. He is no longer a perfectly rounded specimen with the animation of an armed chair—a mere resting-place for a deceased general or an overwrought jockey or a red-coated huntsman. He is quite alive now in art as he always was in nature, as the general or the jockey or the huntsman astride of him, and even if he has not got the soul, he is given credit for all the other human characteristics and the heart that inspires them.

The real character of a man is usually to be found in his work, and this is peculiarly true in the case of Remington. The narrow streets and the ill-lighted flats of New York have no charm for him—he lives in the country in a big roomy house, and works in a big roomy studio, surrounded by the arms and the gaudy finery of the Indian who fought and who did not go to Carlisle. In the early summer he travels north to a little island which is all his own. But it seems now that the artist has a nice eye for real estate, and the town of New Rochelle is gradually encroaching on the view from his studio windows, and a millionaire has erected a palace on the very next island to his own. To the writer who is somewhat immuned to twenty-story office buildings and honeycomb bachelor apartment houses, it would not appear that the artist was oppressed by the closing in of civilization, and that there was still ample space for even a big man to stretch himself, but Mr. Remington does not feel that way about it, and so he has decided to once more take up the trail. He is going to a big place of his own, where the commuters will not crowd him by winter or the millionaires by summer, and where he can continue to write and paint and model the history of the West—the West which he has already made his own.





THE MAP IN THE SAND

PAINTED BY FREDERIC REMINGTON

## A FEW WORDS FROM MR. REMINGTON

FROM behind the breastworks of his big desk the editor is banging at me to write about myself. I find the thought very chilly out here in the garish light, but his last shot says, "If you don't, I will send a person to interview you, and he will probably misquote you." Quite so—one doesn't need that character of help when about to play the fool; so if you find the going heavy, gentle reader, camp here.

I had brought more than ordinary schoolboy enthusiasm to Catlin, Irving, Gregg, Lewis and Clark, and others on their shelf, and youth found me sweating along their tracks. I was in the grand silent country following my own inclinations, but there was a heavy feel in the atmosphere. I did not immediately see what it portended, but it gradually obtruded itself. The times had changed.

Evening overtook me one night in Montana, and I by good luck made the camp-fire of an old wagon freighter who shared his bacon and coffee with me. I was nineteen years of age and he was a very old man. Over the pipes he developed that he was born in Western New York and had gone West at an early age. His West was Iowa. Thence during his long life he had followed the receding frontiers, always further and further West. "And now," said he, "there is no more West. In a few years the railroad will come along the Yellowstone and a poor man can not make a living at all."

There he was, my friend of the open, sleeping in a blanket on the ground (it snowed that night), eating his own villanies out of his frying-pan, wearing a cotton shirt open at the throat, and hunting his horses through the bleak hills before daylight; and all for


enough money to mend harness and buy wagon grease. He had his point of view and he made a new one for me.

The old man had closed my very entrancing book almost at the first chapter. I knew the railroad was coming—I saw men already swarming into the land. I knew the derby hat, the smoking chimneys, the cord-binder, and the thirty-day note were upon us in a resistless surge. I knew the wild riders and the vacant land were about to vanish forever, and the more I considered the subject the bigger the Forever loomed.

Without knowing exactly how to do it, I began to try to record some facts around me, and the more I looked the more the panorama unfolded. Youth is never appalled by the insistent demands of a great profession, because it is mostly unconscious of their existence. Time unfolds these abruptly enough. Art is a she-devil of a mistress, and, if at times in earlier days she would not even stoop to my way of thinking, I have persevered and will so continue. Some day, who knows, she may let me tell you some of my secrets. Meanwhile be patient, and if the recording of a day which is past infringes on the increasing interest of the present, be assured there are those who will set this down in turn and everything will be right in the end. Besides, artists must follow their own inclinations unreservedly. It's more a matter of heart than head, with nothing perfunctory about it. I saw the living, breathing end of three American centuries of smoke and dust and sweat, and I now see quite another thing where it all took place, but it does not appeal to me.

*Frederic Remington*





# The Call of Culpepper Hazzard

BY

CLINTON DANGERFIELD

ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE GIBBS



THE new preacher, busy nailing up several notices for the edification of the Wolf Passites, gave himself an impatient hitch as he stepped on the edge of his long and flowing robes, and then yanked two feet of them up through the leather holster belt he had buckled around his waist.

After a last touch on a corner tack, the minister descended sedately by the steps and went his way, totally ignoring the stares of a dozen loungers; for, this being noon, Wolf Pass permitted itself an hour's recreation.

The tallest of the idlers, Crandall Felock, headed for the notice as soon as the preacher was out of sight.

He read the few lines slowly and thoughtfully, and then as slowly and thoughtfully ejaculated: "Hell!"

"Vy you not read him aloud?" quavered old Hasenstab, the dirt from the greedy maw of his payless shaft thick on his tremulous hands, as he rubbed them together. "Bad enough your English to speak is, but I nefer can read it mineself."

"Spit it out!" urged an impatient chorus behind Hasenstab.

"Notice is hereby given," read Crandall, "that the church for select Christians will open in the Warren Building to-morrow. The gallery will be for scrubs, the first two floor lines in the rear for old people, all the rest is for select Christians only."

"The common heard will be admitted to Any seat to-morrow for the first and last time. After that, a Man will either Prove up, or rise to the Gallery, unless he is old enough to sit in the back lines."

"Full explanations given on Sunday Morning next, from my pulpit at eleven O'clock."

"(Signed) CULP HAZZARD, D. D."

The listeners stared at each other. Then Crandall said fiercely: "What the devil does he mean by provin' up? And what makes him think he can jam anybody up in his infernal Scrub Gallery? Explain! I reckon he had better!"

This last sentence voiced the unanimous opinion of Wolf Pass. They decided in a body, much to the disgust of Al Lester, the saloonkeeper, that, merely to understand the situation thoroughly, they would attend church en masse. Not caring to push schooners across an unattended bar, Lester himself joined the throng.

Owing to the nature of the notice, no one deigned to go up into the gallery, consequently the floor was packed with men, relieved here and there by the sight of a woman's face—women were scarce in Wolf Pass, for the town had to bear many hardships and the reputation of outrageous toughness. Still there were a few wives, and a flock of faded beauties of less orthodox standing. Both sexes studied the minister's gown with amazed interest.

"He vas in his nightshirt," whispered Hasenstab to Crandall, but the latter returned curtly:

"It's too damned long for that. Listen! He's talking!"

The minister leaned over an impromptu pulpit, his broad, boldly outlined shoulders stretching the measure of his sacerdotal array.

"My hearers," he began in a round, resonant tone ("I do not say friends, because a stranger don't know which are to be his friends at first), you probably expect me to remark that I am glad to see you here. But I ain't going to say that either. For I ain't got you assorted out yet, and I reckon there's some amongst you that will never get no gladness connected with 'em."

He paused. Something very like a growl ran through his astonished audience, but silence promptly ensued.

"There was a time," pursued the speaker, with a rich, confidential intonation, "when I was just a plain, ordinary sinner. Some was even so unkind as to put extra before the ordinary. Then I had a call, an illuminatin' call, bustin' full of joy and light. I was revived, and it became my duty to revivify others."

"Before doin' that I had to belong to some church. A preacher that don't belong to no church is no better than a measly Maverick. So I consulted a jestice of the peace."

"Well," says he, he was a commodaten sort of fellow, "if you don't want no anxious bench, take up with some of these here brand-new-fangled religions, which says there ain't no such thing as sin—"

"No such thing as sin!" says I, "then what in the name of common-sense is the use of me being a preacher?"

"For the extermination of mortal mind," says he.

"What's that?" says I.

"Which it is the atmosphere," says he, "which produces imitation sore throats and indigestions, also murders, and other crimes. If you believe in mortal mind, and you run a man through the lungs, it ain't no real hurt, just 'magination, an' when he dies, you don't commit no real crime, cause he ain't dead—"

"That wouldn't go with no jury," I says. "Which you are talkin'," says I, "like there wasn't no feelin' in flesh—"

"Not accordin' to the latest in belief," says he. "Matter is only mind, and if you stick a pin in me—"

"Quit right there," I says, "I ain't qualifyin' to preach to no lunatics."

"There's a pile of money in it," says he, "flexible leather covers at six dollars—"

"Shut up!" I says, "I don't want no latest discoveries. I want something which stands the test of time. I think I'll be a 'Piscopalian.'"

"High or low?" says he.

"Whatcher mean?" I says, "whatcher take me for? Is there anything low about me? No, sir. I'll be a High 'Piscopalian.' And so I went off to learn the ropes, which you ignoramus down there ain't the section of an idee how many ropes there was. But when I get my congregation selected, I'm goin' to teach you. I ain't goin' to have no Elect here, I'm goin' to have the Select and select 'em myself."

He paused for breath, his gaze dominating the now paralyzed assembly.

"I nefer," murmured Hasenstab feebly, "I nefer heart of—"

But his remark was lost in the minister's resumption of the address.

"Certain qualifications," continued the preacher, "is expected of them as go into public service. We don't make no man a lawyer unless he knows somethin' about Latin. You can't be no teacher unless you know 'rithmetic and geography, and if you want to go in the army, you got to be reasonable height, an' sound in wind and limb. We are mighty particular about our public servants, but when it comes to the service of the Lord—any old thing will do."

"What's the consequence? Seats bein' more or less free, and initiation ceremonies open to any fellow that wants 'em, the alite of the men stays away. Women folks goes. An' why? Because they are born bargain lovers."

"Well, I let you know this church is goin' to run on a mighty different plan. What ain't good enough for the public, shan't be good enough for the Lord. I ain't sayin' nothing about the women. They can come when and how they like, but nary a man, under fifty, gets in after this Sunday, unless he proves up, or is willin' to set in the gallery."

"As soon as the dowsy is sung, and the people dismissed, we will meet outside. Every man what can exemplify that he is able to hold his ground agin me while I wrastle for the glory of the Cause will have made a good beginnin' toward a exelent standin'."

"Wrastle—exemplify—standin'—"

muttered the bewildered Crandall, unconsciously rubbing a hand over his own iron muscles. "I'll show him—"

But half an hour later, Mr. Felock, having ascertained the very possible brilliancy of stars in broad daylight, lay flat on his back, gazing up with a stunned expression at

the minister standing over him. Three other of the choicest camp wrestlers met the same fate.

Having himself vanquished the chosen, the Reverend Mr. Hazzard proceeded to pit them against other members of the congregation, until the assembly was divided into two parts, those who could "wrastle" and those who couldn't, an investigation costing some personal damage to the participants.

Flooring half a dozen men did not recompense Crandall for his overthrow at Mr. Hazzard's hands:

"There's other sports," he growled in ominous tones. "If I kain't wrastle you down, preacher, I reckon I kin shoot some!"

"To-morrow, son," said the minister kindly. "Even the angels wrastled, but they never said nothing about no shootin' irons. Put up your gun till to-morrow."

"To-morrow'll be soon enough for you!" muttered the exasperated Texan as he turned away from the scene of his humiliation. That night he listened resentfully to the maunderings of his partner, old Hasenstab.

"I works not to-morrow. Dot Herr Hazzard sagte dis shall ein distraction meeting week be, and I feel me de need of dose religions—nicht wahr?"

"Reckon you do! You kin sit on the floor without having to break your carcass to pieces provin' up. Seems to be some advantage in growin' old. Hand me that turpentine. My neck feels like it never will get the twist out of it."

An eager crowd assembled to watch the shooting, and a very fancy exhibition took place, given by the Texan, who then turned a challenging eye on his attentive antagonist.

"Not bad," approved Hazzard quietly. "But now you're done markin' round mannymate things I want you to silhouette me."

"Silhouette?"

"That's what I said." The preacher stalked dramatically to a screen of pine boards and set his back against it, turning his face sideways and throwing his unmoved features into profile bass-relief. "Give us a good outline, son, and put your bullets close together."

The onlooking crowd gasped. Felock raised his revolver, met the calmly smiling eye fastened on him from Hazzard's composed face—and let the pistol fall to his side.

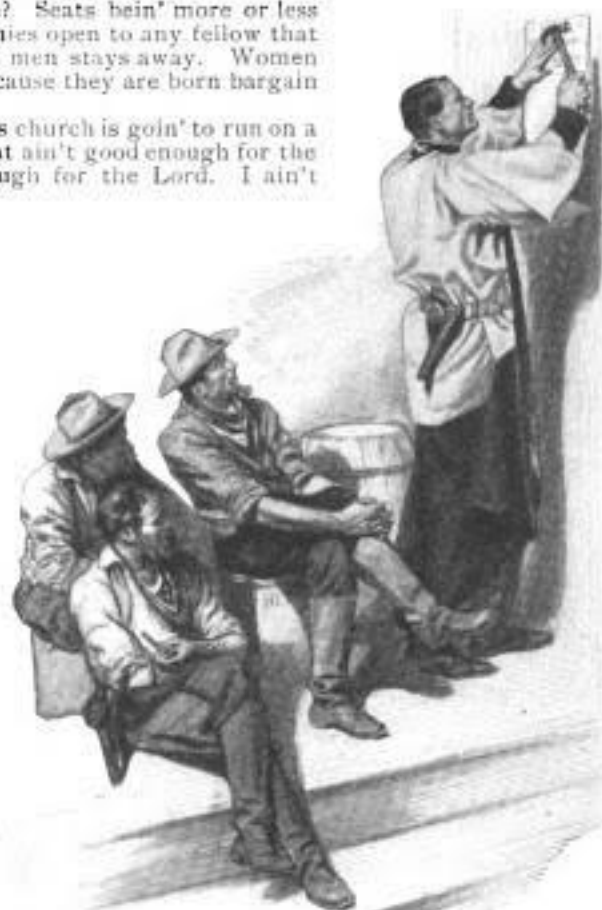
"I can't," he said briefly, "I'd hit you sure. I'm skeered."

"Then if you—" the preacher indicated his desire with a gesture, and Crandall coolly took his place.

There followed an exhibition of skill which outlined Mr. Felock's head and shoulders with a completeness which was flawless, that gentleman sustaining his rather trying position with admirable nerve.

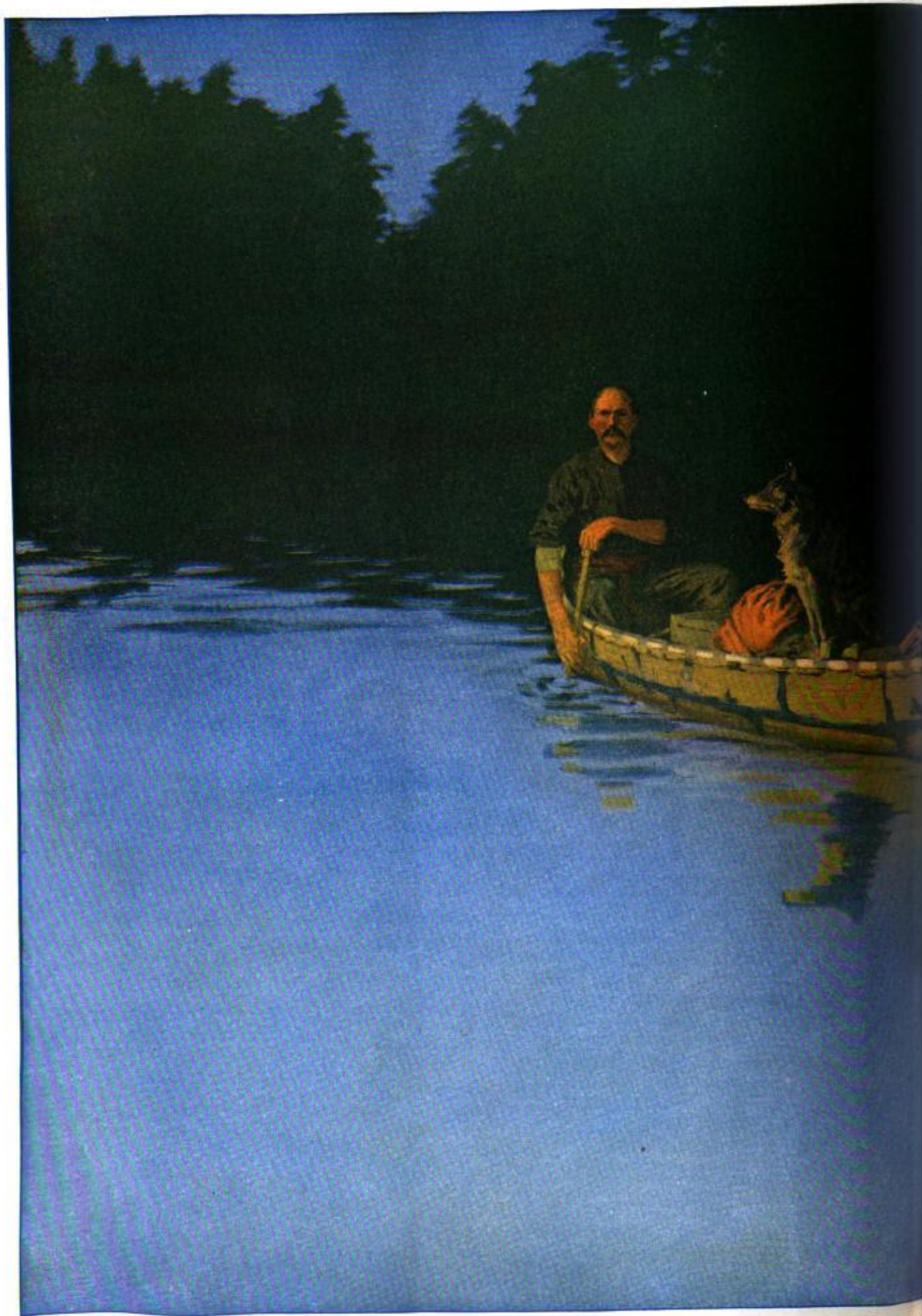
It boots not to tell of all the trials through which the resolved minister put his congregation. But when the week was over, Culp Hazzard, D. D., chooser of the select, had on the first floor a picked body of men, ready to maintain their rights against all comers.

Wolf Pass increased in population and pro-



The new preacher was busy nailing up several notices



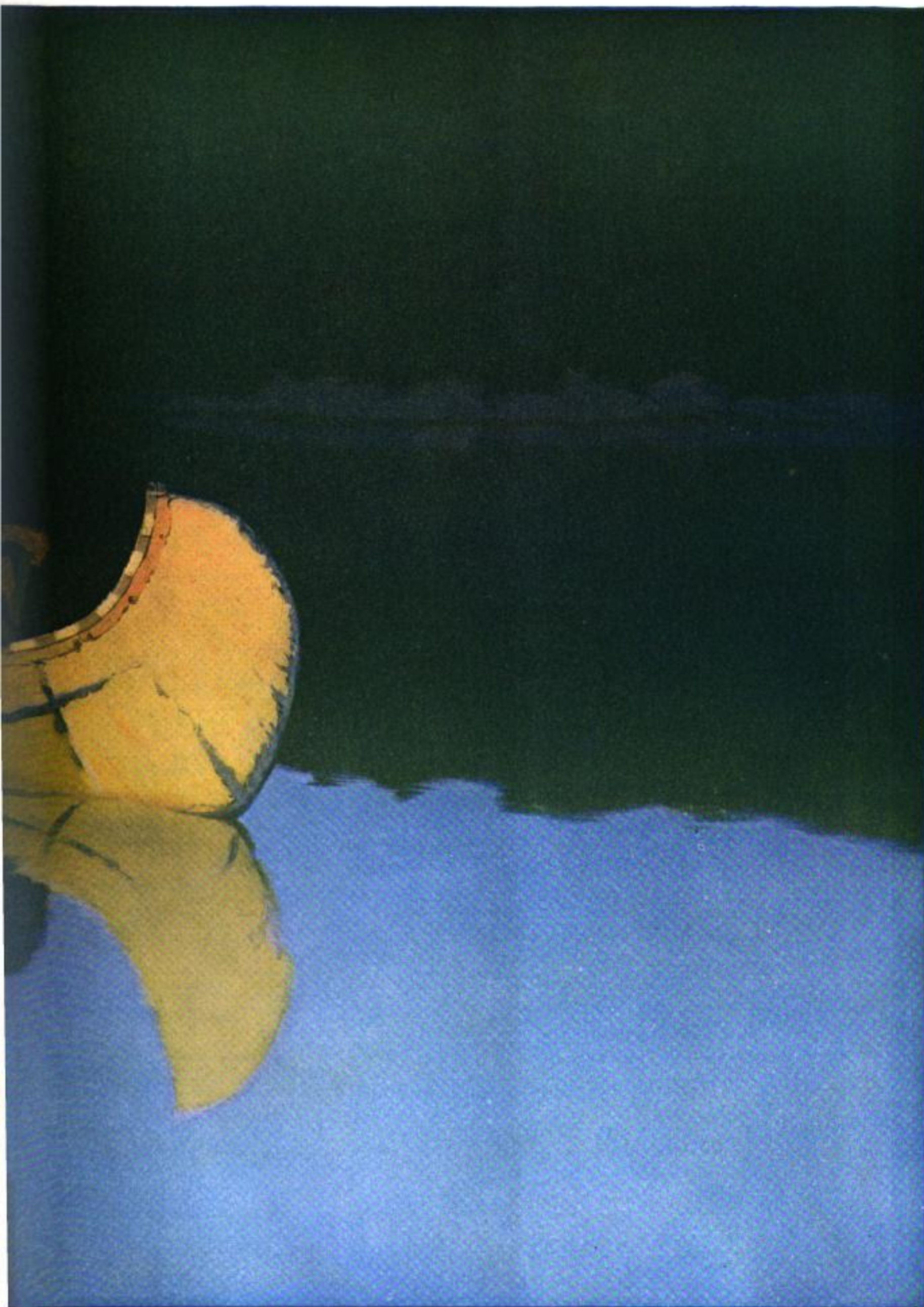


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# EVENING ON A LAKE

PAINTED BY J.M.W. TURNER





# ANADIAN LAKE

REMINGTON



perity. The fame of its unique church spread far and wide. Cowboys, miners, and passing tourists sought its confines, merely to try and obtain admittance into the temple of muscular Christianity. Those seeking such entrance had to pass through several painful experiences. For they had to "wrestle" with the ushers, and then with the vestry. They had to snoot, ride, and "prove up" in ways that sent some to the temporary hospital and some to dismayed retreat. But those who did get in were proud indeed of their attainment.

It chanced that one evening the Reverend Culp Hazard sat alone in his bachelor quarters, reflectively drinking his coffee. His long muscular legs were thrust under the small table, his deep dauntless eyes, set in a thin determined face, went roving, with childish pleasure, over the original decorations on his robes hanging opposite. He was still staring at them as he yelled "Come in!" to a cold, steady knock outside.

When he turned to greet the man entering, he started up in such horrified surprise that he overturned the table, the coffee streaming on the floor, like a vainly poured oblation to the icy, dominant figure who, in the most correct of clerical clothes, stood with wintry blue eyes fastened on Culp Hazard.

"You—are the Bishop!" gasped Culp. "I've seen your picture. You are the 'Piscopian Bishop of this State."

"I am, indeed," returned the stranger with a stately inclination of the head. "Having heard of the scandalous methods practiced by Benjamin Culpepper Hazard, whom I unfortunately sent out here, I have come to inquire into the matter. Is he living with you?"

Remembering the hat jammed on the side of his head, Culp hastily removed it and motioned to a chair. "Yes, Bishop. He lives with me. Won't you set down?"

The Bishop sat frowning at the narrow hardness of the offered seat and resumed: "When I sent Culpepper Hazard out here he seemed an eminently respectable son of the Church."

The host permitted himself a chair also.

"He's done accomplished all he was sent fer, Bishop," he volunteered timidly. "Wolf Pass is plum decent. Them as order be married is married, them as chet an' lie is lynched, or drove out of town. Nobody ain't allowed to swear except in respectable Bible terms an' no ladies present."

"Sir, only your ignorance induces you to excuse such a man. Will you kindly call him hither?"

"I—well—in fact—he's done here already."

The Bishop's eyes searched the room and rested on the decorated gown. He rose, livid.

"Look! Could you ask a better proof of his iniquity? That Mexican sash—those colors on the shoulders!"

"The boys thought it was plum artistic," murmured his host nervously.

"Where is he?" thundered the Bishop.

"I'm him."

"You? Are you mad? You are not Culpepper Hazard!"

"I'll be jigged ef I warn't baptized that way! That absent-minded feller you sent out under that same name traveled with me part of his way, a-quotin' pages of what he was goin' to read to them miners. In Tractionville we both bought hosses, havin' to leave the railroad an' hit a short trail."

"A meeker-appearin' animile than yore Culpepper selected I never seen. But that there bronco had the patience of a jackass an' the wiles of a woman."

"Which he waited till we was passin' through a stony section an' then he ups and slams your D. D. down on a pile of rock, a-killin' of him instant."

"Horrible!" cried the Bishop.

"Which it never would have happened ef he'd been any sort of a rider. But he went a-flyin' the first buck. Well, Bishop, I looked at yore Culpepper Hazard, lying there with his spindle legs crumpled up; licked by the first Western proposition he tackled, and I says, 'You couldn't manage a bronco. How could you have managed men?'"

"Sir, you little know the scholar lost in our deceased brother."

"There's all kinds of learnin', Bishop. That there innocent-appearin' animile never give a—never cared a whack, I mean—whether his rider was loaded with Greek or liquor. It was the knee grip that counted."

"Well, Bishop, I got sorry for the Church right there. I carried yore Culpepper back to Tractionville, and buried him like my own brother. Then I got p'int on demoninations, being still sorry for the Church. Mebbe I was prejudiced in favor of yore brand because I had Culpepper's outfit all ready, an' I was Culpepper myself. Bishop," he added appealingly, "I've cleaned this hell-hole perfectly clean. And I know you're too much of a gentleman to split on me just because I wasn't regularly proscribed for the work."

"Too much of a gentleman to split on you!" repeated the outraged Bishop. "Wretched man, I shall expose your iniquity in full to-morrow."

Culp Hazard arose and came eagerly before his superior.

"Bishop, don't you realize that hades will break loose here ef you do that? They'll lose all trust in anybody. Never no more will you, or me, or anybody get a holt on these people. Be merciful, Bishop, to them ef not to me."

The Bishop rose also, rising to the full majesty of his pontifical height.

"You dare to ask me to countenance your chicanery?" he gasped.

Culpepper caught his hat from the table and unconsciously crushed it into a shapeless mass, the powerful muscles on his hair-shaded hands standing out like trenchant whipcords.

"Bishop, before God, I never begged till now, but I'll lick yore boots ef it will satisfy you! Look at this thing right. Have I taken anything from these folks? Not a damn cent!"

"Sir, you are profane!"

"Haven't I taught 'em to live square, deal clean, and remember Who made 'em? Is that wrong? I did know I'd ort to have gone through some red tape afore I wore regulation gowns, but so many things goes nekked of official seals out here that it seemed like religion might too."

"Red tape—religion—I!"

The Bishop lost his voice.

"I love my work out here. I love what I've done for these folks. God made the Wolf Passes first, but before Him, Bishop, I made 'em second."

"Blasphemy!"

"They had fell all to pieces. I patched 'em, I repaired 'em. I don't want 'em to fall to apart agin. I'll go away to-morrow, makin' some excuse, ef only you'll keep mum. And I've got a little money of my own. You shall have every cent of it for your church at home."

The flesh of the Bishop swelled with rage.

"You actually offer to pay me blackmail! You who have stolen another man's name, slighted my authority, swindled the people. So long as you are in the land of



He overturned the table, the coffee streaming on the floor

the living, they shall know you for the impostor you are."

Culp Hazard made no answer. He seemed to be dazed, looking mutely at the Bishop.

"I give you till ten in the morning," continued his superior. "By that time I hope you will come to me, willing to make a public confession. Good-night, sir!"

The Bishop was gone.

Culp Hazard, D. D., stood there quietly. Before him lay the overturned table and the odor of the coffee reeked up from the planks and sickened him.

He went to the door, and leaning against the facing tried to remember all the Bishop had said. One sentence dominated all the others:

"As long as you are in the land of the living."

A wolf whimpered in the distance: the Pass deserved its name. The hateful sound came thinly through the harshly sullen croaking of the denizens of a nearby and stagnant pool. Culp turned abruptly away.

He picked up the table, carefully washed his dirty dishes, and then, getting out his scanty supply of writing materials, sat down to compose a letter. This finished, he set forth in search of a messenger.

THE Bishop slept well, but he presently became conscious of a rude grasp on his shoulder, and woke to find the tall figure of Crandall, his host, looming over him.

"Get up," said the miner, "I need you."

Very unwillingly the Bishop, unable to extract further information, arose and dressed, and stumbled after his host into the night.

Lights were nearly all out. The neglected saloon still burned a couple of lamps, but Crandall briefly called the Bishop's attention to its lack of patronage.

Bewildered by the unfamiliarity of his surroundings, the Bishop did not place the cabin they entered until his eyes rested on the offensively decorated robes hanging in plain view still.

He turned resentfully on his guide:

"How dared you bring me here? I thought it a case of distress."

"Mebbe it will be."

"I see that the man who owns the cabin is lying asleep over there on his bunk. Why should we wake him?"

"Why, indeed?"

"Come away, then," said the Bishop, greatly provoked.

Crandall turned up the low-burning lamp and pointed to a crumpled sheet on the table.

"Not till you set down that and read that letter."

The Bishop, sleepy and tired, hesitated, offended by the miner's lack of deference.

Then mingled curiosity and prudence induced him to comply.

He first darted a glance at the sleeping man, lying face down, his right arm flung out across the bed, his left under his chest. He seemed perfectly quiet, and the Bishop read as follows:

"DEAR FELOCK—I reckon there comes a Time in everyboddy's life when they need help. This Time has Occurred to me, and I go to you, Because you tho against me at the Start have been with me lately all along."

"Which the Bishop says I am a Imposter, sinse I was not corecely entered on the Race. I done wrong to take his Culpepper's outfit, but I never took it in the sence of Stealing."

Here the Bishop paused perforce.

"The letter is torn in two," he said sternly. "Have you the other half?"

Crandall seated himself opposite. He fixed a brooding, sombrely strange gaze on the Bishop. His thin, delicate features lost their mobility and settled into mask-hard lines.

"Yes—I've got the other half. But before you read it you've got to repeat to me, faithful, all you said here to-night. I ain't got a grasp on the situation."

"By what authority—" began the churchman proudly.

Felock interrupted him:

"Because I say for you to do it," he said in low, slow tones. And somehow, no man ever fails to understand the dropped monotone, more dreadful than the shrillest anger.

The Bishop obeyed, waxing eloquent in the hope that Culpepper was listening.

"You see," he finished, "the outrage of it all!"

"Yes, I think I do. Here's the other half."

"I hope it's a recantation," said the churchman, and then his eyes followed the text—

"If I reely am what the Bishop called me, Felock, Gawd and me will settle that between ourselves, but yet I ain't so Verry scared about it, because I hav always thought the Lord Verry mutch of Gentleman."

"See the Bishop for me and tell him I understood jest what he ment by 'As long as you are in the land of the Living I will show you up.' I understood, and have took him at his word. And he ain't no true Sport if he goes back on me Now."

"Taken me at my word!" cried the Bishop. "What does he mean?"

"Read on!" commanded Felock curtly, but his hands trembled as they rested on the table, and his white teeth bit at his lower lip savagely.

The Bishop read:

"I hate like the devil, Felock, for you to know me as a Frawd. But you are strong. You wouldn't go to Peaces like the others would ef they new. I hav paid the Score, so hold things together, for Gawd's sake."

"CULPEPPER HAZARD, D. D."

"He signs himself Doctor of Divinity," gasped the Bishop. "He is hard as iron in his evil ways!"

The Texan shot a curious look at the prelate—

"Go wake him up and tell him so!"

"Do you remember whom you address?"

"I remember that I am in Wolf Pass. Go and wake him."

The Bishop went. He spoke, but there was no stirring. Then, in the shadowy corner, he saw that the outflung hand clutched a revolver, half buried in the bedclothes, and that the side of the clerical vestments still robing Culpepper were soaked with blood. The Bishop touched the weatherbeaten forehead and then recoiled:

"The man's dead!"

"Yes. He's dead. Now, what are you going to do about it?"

"I—I do about it?"

Crandall rose, lank, grim, and very certain:

"Since you don't know, I'll tell you. You'll bury him with all the honors you know, to-morrow—as Culpepper Hazard, D. D.—as yore own Culpepper Hazard. And you will give me your oath never to breathe no word of all this—never to damage his reppytashun by so much as a sign. Understand?"

The Bishop looked at the silent figure on the bed, so lately instinct with manly strength, but now with no touch of power left, at the calm face turned aside on the rude pillow, at the scarlet stained vestments of a mighty Church. The Bishop saw two sentences flame before him:

"As long as you are in the land of the living!"

"Greater love hath no man than this, that he lay down his life for his friends."

The Bishop felt the chill of death in the very air. He saw the eloquence of murder in Felock's bitter gaze, but, believe me, it was not that which made the prelate say in strangely humble tones, with eyes curiously misted:

"He shall keep his title."



# FREDERIC REMINGTON—SCULPTOR

By JAMES BARNES



THE BRONCO BUSTER



THE CHEYENNE

The original model is generally done in a waxy preparation called *plastaline*, which the artist may work to any degree of finish he may desire. From this model a plaster cast is made, and thus the first replica of the original (which is cut up and destroyed in the process) is secured in a more lasting material. From this a set of mold sections is now made in glue or gelatine. These soft molds are dissected into pieces of such size as the necessity of broad handling or delicate workmanship may demand. Of each piece a plaster cast is taken and the glue mold is lost.

In the third part of the process these tightly fitting little puzzle-blocks of plaster are united so as to form different mold portions of a statuette. Hot wax is now carefully painted with a brush inside of the sections to a thickness which the bronze will subsequently take in the final casting. The inside surfaces having been oiled, the wax impressions can be easily removed when cooled, and the several pieces joined by the application of heat at their points of juncture—and slowly another replica of the original *plastaline* model is formed in hollow wax. Here the artist again begins to work.

With the apparently fragile shell before him he can take liberty. He can paint upon it with a brush dipped in the molten wax; he can smooth away with a scapula any ridge that does not strike his fancy; he can change the swing of a horse's tail, or gently alter the position of a lifted forefoot. The hollow model is his, and he can enjoy once more the thrill of creative composition! Thus each piece is given an individuality soon to be duplicated in enduring metal. For instance, something was said about the position of the rattlesnake in a wax model of his frightened pony. Mr. Remington decided to change it; the little string of wax that represented the snake was bent and curved and again replaced; this time the effect seemed more pleasing. "Great fun," said he, "isn't it, eh? Just see what can be done with it—isn't it wonderful! You could work on this for days, changing and rechanging as you like—the only limit is your time and patience. Great fun, eh?"

"Fun," yes, but it was work—the work of a master hand—this marvelous knowledge of anatomy, action, and expression portrayed in this thin wax shell!

The wax model is handed over to the care of a skilled artisan again, and before long it would hardly be recognized. From various points, stretching upward and downward, grew little twigs and tentacles of wax, all joining at the top. The little figurine seemed caught in some strange herbageous growth—but every tentacle had its use. Remember, the wax is yet hollow—a mere shell; but now into an opening is

poured a substance that will fill every nook and cranny of the hollow image and harden there. Then around the outside is poured the same easily flowing material, and it follows all the curves and hollows, as it did inside. Now the wax tendrils have become, in the parlance of the molder, "channels," "gates," and "cores," and the whole is resolved into a shapeless mass that portrays nothing of the delicate wax shell within it. Over all this is poured another heat-resisting substance, and finally the whole is placed in the oven. The wax melts and runs out from the "gate" at the bottom, leaving a hollow space between the inner and outer matrix, which are kept apart by little bolts of bronze. This mold is now carefully banked in a sunken pit, for should moisture or wax remain and steam be formed, an explosion might occur as the molten bronze is poured into the delicate shell. All has gone well, however, and, after being allowed to cool, the now disintegrated matrix is removed, and here is our bronze figure before us, wrapped in a labyrinth of metal vines this time. These are filed and cut away, the gold color of the metal is toned by chemicals, the appurtenances are added—a bridle, a quirt, a coiled lariat—and the bronze statuette is finished.

In the exhibition of Mr. Remington's works held at the Knoedler Gallery in January, he showed nine examples that represented the best of his effort up to date. One with which the public is familiar, "The Bronco Buster," was that selected by the Rough Riders for presen-

tation to their colonel at the end of the Spanish war. It had been chosen by men familiar with the subject represented, men who had themselves braved the dangers of the bronco buster's calling. These men were not critics, but they knew the living thing the bronze had caught from the knowledge of the master-hand.

A companion piece to this latter is "The Wicked Pony"—a thrown rider clinging to that fighting, squealing, wild beast—fighting, not for freedom, but to kill. Some one remarked that he did not see how the man could possibly get away. "He didn't," replied Mr. Remington, "he was killed—I was there and saw it!" It is just this touch of realism and its appreciation that gives value to these bronzes in the eyes of those who know.

Here are four cowboys, wild, harum-scarum devils, shooting up a town from the mere joy of a healthy existence, plus the exhilaration produced by frontier rum! They are dashing down the street, the ponies at top speed, spurning the ground beneath their feet—and that is the marvelous part of it—only five of those pattering hoofs touch the earth, and there are eight pairs of them! That this group was purchased by the Corcoran Art Gallery of Washington is a just tribute to Mr. Remington's powers.

But in his simpler figures there also lurks all that this larger group contains. Take "The Mountain Man"—note the unconsciousness of effort here again—the habit of surefootedness of the beast, the poise of that extended forefoot to catch the projecting rock, the keen attention to business, and that not too strained.

There is neither time nor space to write of every example of this "lost-wax" bronze work, yet there is one more that must be noticed here, one somewhat out of Mr. Remington's line. He has called it "Polo," and it represents not a part of the game itself, but an accident—what might occur in the twinkling of an eye, too quick for the most "instantaneous" shutter. But the composition is there—it is the epitome of *shock*! "Here's where the doctor comes in!" remarked some one at the exhibition. No doubt of it—and the veterinary, too.

In the figure of the mounted red men, Mr. Remington has caught the "essence of his subject"—the savagery of the riders is at one with that of their mounts—man and beast are equally untamed and free.



OFF THE RANGE

WHEN an artist happens upon some process that from the outset gives him greater freedom, and that solves a difficulty the confronting of which had proved more than discouraging, the door is open to an advancement in his art, and, moreover, to a rendering of his personality in each step of the advance.

Frederic Remington's virile drawing, his mastery of type and character, long ago made him famous in the rendering of Western life. The frontier, from the days of Kit Carson to those of Custer, was his playground. The overland trail and the men who followed it, the drama of life and death in the fight at the foothills, we know, for he has shown them to us. The bearded old trapper, the trim cavalryman with deep-set eyes and tawny mustachios, the half-breed scout, the Indian brave in war-bonnet, the cowboy with loose neckerchief, six-shooter, and goatskin chaparejos—the horses they rode, the raw-boned cayuse, the bronco, half-broken, never tamed, the tireless cavalry horse, the cow-pony—all these are known of Frederic Remington. He has made us feel the rush of the stampede, the glaring, heated stretches of blue-shadowed alkali deserts, the chaparral and sage-bush, lava-bed and bad land—all this was his dominion and source of inspiration! In the school that he founded Frederic Remington has had many imitators, but to his types we invariably return.

Slowly and unconsciously, Mr. Remington advanced in a different line of expression of this same motif—the everlasting bronze. Though at first hampered by mechanical restraints, he at last found in "Cire-Perdue" perfect freedom for his individual powers.

The "lost-wax" process, known to the old Greeks and brought to perfection in the sixteenth century by Cellini, had, strange to say, not been introduced into this country until within the last ten years, although in constant use in Europe. Here was his open door! No more stiff castings in jointed sections for him! but every figure marked by the cunning strokes of his own hand, the obedient metal filling out his wishes to the wave of a tossing mane or the sleek drip of a sweating flank.

How is it that this clear-ringing metal transcribes these soft effects, and that each work bears its own peculiar impress? It is simple. Follow me, from the first work in the studio to the atelier of the foundry, till the gleaming bronze is broken from its destroyed matrix, and you will see why there are no replicas—why each piece has been individualized by careful and conscientious effort. The mechanical part of *cire-perdue* requires the nicest handling to bring forth the finished bronze, for the least mistake, and *pouf!* the fragile matrix is shattered! There is not space here to go into the history of this ancient process, but in the shortest fashion we will trace the metamorphosis of an original working model from the turntable in the studio to the emergence of the casting from the furnace, showing how the first work changes to the hard plaster and is itself destroyed; how from this negative the wax positive is secured, and how this, in being transformed to bronze, is lost.



# LITTLE LOVE

By OWEN OLIVER

ELSIE met Little Love in the pine woods, behind Aunt Jane's garden at Frensham. It was after she had the fever, and the doctor said she must go away into the country and get some roses in her cheeks, and she only wanted fresh air and fresh milk. Elsie said she wanted "muvver" and "farver" too, but the doctor patted her head and gave her sixpence, and said mother and father would keep. So Elsie had the fresh air and the fresh milk—and Aunt Jane.

Aunt Jane had been fresh, too, once upon a time, but she had grown into a dried woman. Her heart was not dried really, but hearts lie deep, and a little girl of seven couldn't be expected to find Aunt Jane's. That was how Elsie came to be lonely.

Aunt Jane was very kind to her, in her dried way. She did not tell her not to make a noise, and she never spoke crossly to her. She gave her books and toys, as well as the fresh milk and fresh air. She gave her a cheek to kiss every morning and evening—the same cheek and the same spot, just half an inch off the little mole—and she taught her a text every day, and she came and tucked her up in bed the last thing at night. The difference was that she did not bend down and kiss her like father and mother did. If Elsie woke when *they* came she used to hold up dolly to be kissed too. Aunt Jane didn't kiss dolls, and Elsie was afraid that dolly must miss mother and father dreadfully. So she always pretended that they were just coming. Dolly was satisfied with this, because dolls don't know any better. Elsie did. So she felt "very all alone," she told the pine trees, before Little Love came.

"Little Love" was Elsie's own name for him, but she called him "the little boy" when she described him to Aunt Jane. His hair was all "curly-worly," she explained, and he laughed "all over his mouf." He was "big as so"—which was nearly as high as she could reach. He wore a college cricket cap and blazer, like Cousin Fred, but he didn't make them "so drefful dirty, 'cause he was a gooder boy"; and she "'spected" his name was Jack.

Aunt Jane said she didn't know who he could be, and Jack wasn't a proper name, only a nickname for John, but if he was respectable Elsie might play with him. She heard Elsie talking to him, behind the fence, the next morning, but she did not hear the little boy.

"Have you found out the little boy's name?" she asked, when Elsie came in to dinner.

"His name is John," Elsie stated gravely, "but his nickname is Jack. His mother calls him Little Love, like Aunt Edie does the baby. He is *very* 'spectable."

"Where does he live?" Aunt Jane inquired.

Elsie paused with a spoonful of tapioca half way to her mouth, and shook her yellow curls solemnly.

"He doesn't live anywhere. He is only staying with his auntie. She is very nice to him, but he is afraid he worries her, 'cause he heard her say she wasn't used to children."

"Ah!" said Aunt Jane. "Poor woman—I wonder if it is Miss Smith? You must ask him to tell you his aunt's name, and if he is respectable I will call and ask her to let him come to tea. You may have him in the garden this afternoon, because I am going to the Sewing Meeting. Mind you don't throw the ball near the windows, or run over the flowers."

When Aunt Jane came home from the Sewing Meeting she heard them talking behind the fence. At least she heard Elsie. The little boy was so quiet that she feared he must be in mischief. So she went out at the side gate, and walked up through the trees to see what they were doing. She saw Elsie's yellow hair over a bush, and her little white hand waving, as she talked, but she could not catch what she said, because she was slightly deaf. If she hadn't been she would have heard this.

"When I go home, Little Love, I fink I shall pretend to be naughty, so mummy will be 'bliged to put me in the corner. I shall be good again d'rectly, so she'll hug me, and *kug* me. And daddy will say, 'Well, Poppets? Have you been bad or very bad to-day?' He *always* says that when he comes home. And I shall say, 'Rather bad, daddy; but I'm very, very good now.' Then he'll hug me. But mummy and daddy will be *sure* to hug me, even if I'm good. I fink it would be betterest to be good, don't you, Little Love? You must say 'yes,' 'cause little boys and girls ought to be. Say 'Be good, Elsie.' Oh! I had forgotten you always call me 'Bluebell.' Say 'Be good, Bluebell.' Now we will play at coming home. I will be muvver, and you shall be farver, and dolly shall be me—"

Aunt Jane came through the bushes just as dolly had reached home, and mother—that was Elsie—was giving her to father—that was the little boy—to hold, and telling him to ask if she had been bad or very bad. Aunt

Jane saw the doll and she saw Elsie, but she didn't see the little boy. There *wasn't* any little boy for Aunt Jane or anybody but Elsie to see. He was what clever people, who have read a lot of big books, call an hallucination. Ordinary people would call him imagination. Elsie called him "pretend" till she forgot that she was pretending.

Aunt Jane called him "nonsense," and told Elsie that she mustn't talk to herself, and she would never get well if she did. She gave her two texts to learn that evening, instead of one, to keep her mind occupied. Elsie taught them to Little Love the next morning. Also she showed him the hollow up the hill, where they could hide from Aunt Jane.

"She wants to take you away from poor Bluebell, Little Love," she whispered. "She doesn't know how 'spectable you are."

Aunt Jane did not hear any more of Little Love till the two days when it rained. Then Susan told her that Miss Elsie was playing with a make-believe child behind the breakfast-room door.

"Puttin' 'im in the corner, an' takin' 'im out agin, an' makin' a fuss of 'im, mum," she said with a grin. "Nuf to make a cat laugh, it is!"

And Jane did not laugh, because she was not a cat. She went down the passage and heard Elsie play at going home and being kissed by mummy and daddy.



The doctor pretended to shake his hand and feel his pulse

and then she went away to her own room and cried, and then she wrote to mother:

"Elsie is improved in health, and I do not think she is unhappy, but she evidently pines for younger companionship, and she has morbid fancies about an imaginary child. So I think it would probably be better for her to return. You will understand that I do not write this because I wish to get rid of the child. I am, indeed, much attached to her, and she is no trouble at all."

Father came down to fetch Elsie the next Saturday. She jumped at him, and nearly knocked the breath out of his body, and quite knocked his hat off, and he asked if she had been bad, or very bad, and she told him "none bad." Aunt Jane said that the statement, though ungrammatical, was perfectly accurate, and she gave Elsie four picture-books and three boxes of toys, and a little brooch that was real gold, and when Aunt Jane held out her cheek to be kissed Elsie kissed her in sixteen different places. Aunt Jane had "morbid fancies" herself when Elsie had left—fancies of a little girl with blue eyes and golden hair, who sat on a hassock at her feet and nursed her doll and learned her texts.

Elsie forgot her imaginary playmate for a few days, when she had mother and father and Fido and the cat. But on the third night she cried out after she had gone to bed, and mother ran to the nursery and found her sitting up in bed, pink in the face and big in the eyes, and neither awake nor asleep.

"I've forgotten you," she cried, "all this drefful long time, an' you've been *crying*, poor Little Love. I won't do it any more. Poor Little Love!"

She made uneasy efforts to embrace something, and

mother slipped her own arm in between hers, and she went to sleep hugging that.

She was inclined to be feverish, mother told father, and she would ask the doctor to look at her, if the bills hadn't mounted up so. Father said there would always be bills if they called in the doctor every time a child talked in its sleep; but he went up and looked at Elsie, and when he came down he said that he knew what women were, and mother would worry herself all the time till she had the doctor, so he'd ask him to call in the morning. So mother saw that father was anxious about Elsie, but she did not say so. She knew what men were!

The doctor said that there was nothing organically wrong with Elsie, but she was very imaginative and highly strung, and the excitement of this "morbid fancy"—he called it that, too—was harmful to her, and they must try and keep her mind occupied, so as to leave no room for it. "But I shouldn't scold her, or laugh at it," he advised. "She can't help it. It is nothing so abnormal after all. We all have our 'Little Loves,' only we don't believe in them, like Elsie does."

But he looked very grave and tapped his chin with the pencil of his appointment book when he drove away. "She'll be having a standing hallucination if we don't mind," he muttered, "and that's half-way to the madhouse. I must see her as often as I can without running up a big bill. They're having rather a struggle, I'm afraid."

They pretended not to notice when Elsie played with her imaginary playfellow. Mother took her out in the afternoons, and father played with her in the evenings, and Betsy read her to sleep, and they had the neighbor's little girl in to tea with her, and Cousin Ethel to stay for a week, and did all they could to keep her mind full of the real world. But she kept creeping away to quiet corners, and they would find her talking under her breath to Little Love. After a few months she talked to him even when they were in the room. She saw him almost as plainly as reality, the doctor thought, and it was "an hallucination due to a pathological condition of the nervous organization which raised an image of imagination to the vividness of an object of sense." There was no particular harm in the hallucination itself, he said, but the constant excitement was very injurious to Elsie in her enfeebled condition, and he should try to persuade her that he had taken Little Love away.

The doctor's attempt failed, however, and Elsie cried herself poorly afterward. She crouched in a corner with her little arms protectively round nothing, when the doctor called again, and she would not speak to him till he promised never again to try to put Little Love in his bag, or to take him away.

He pretended to shake hands with him and feel his pulse, and look at his tongue, and he called him a good boy to take the medicine that Elsie made such a fuss over. After that they always called Little Love when the time came for the medicine, and Elsie took it without a murmur.

The medicine did not cure her, however, and she grew so thin that one could almost see her bones. The doctor said that she wanted bracing up. So father took his holiday earlier than he had intended, and they went to Atlantic City,

and lived in a quiet little house. The top back bedroom looked right over the sea and pier, and Elsie generally sat there. She was too weak to play much on the beach, and the other children teased her about "talking to herself." She was always talking to Little Love now, and father wrote to the doctor about it. The doctor wrote back that he was running down himself for a day or so, and he would call and see his little friend. The doctor was fond of Elsie.

She was too poorly to get out of bed when he came, and he sat with her for a long time. After tea he wrapped her in a blanket and held her on his knee at the window. Little Love had gone out on the beach to play, he declared, watching her closely under his bushy eyebrows. "Look at him throwing stones into the water! Where? Why, over there. That's Little Love in the black cap with blue stripes, isn't it? The nice-looking boy, with the curly hair? I *thought* so. No. I don't think we'll call him. He likes to play on the beach, poor little chap. It would be selfish to make him stop indoors with you *all* the time, wouldn't it? That's right. Now you go to sleep for a little while, Bluebell. I am going to call you that, too."

The doctor put her back in bed, and, when she dozed, he beckoned father, and they went downstairs to the drawing-room, and the doctor shut the door.

"Incipient brain-fever," he said. "The child is wearing herself out with over-imagination. In her weak state, I'm afraid. There's just one chance, but it's kill or cure. I mean—"

He whispered to father for a few minutes, and father kept nodding silently. Then they went out together. The desperate cure succeeded. (Continued on page 23)



# MANY LAWS—NO LAWS

By HENRY M. HYDE

Illustrated by  
E. W. KEMBLE



YOU are a lawbreaker. Your wife, your children, and your servants break the law daily. If the policeman on the beat did his whole duty he would almost certainly make regular professional visits at your home. Get a volume of the revised ordinances of the community in which you live and compare your conduct with each of its provisions. Possibly you may prove that you are one of the few exceptions to the general rule of municipal outlawry. In which case proper apologies are hereby tendered.

Suppose you are a citizen of Chicago. You go out in the morning before breakfast to get a breath of fresh air. The bull terrier running by your side is not muzzled—which is against the law. Your children are playing tag back and forth across the sidewalk—and are breaking the law in so doing. Your wife puts a pot of azaleas out on the window-sill, that they may enjoy the morning sunshine. That makes her a lawbreaker. John, your coachman, is out sprinkling the lawn. He is breaking the ordinance which forbids the use of the hose after six o'clock in the morning. Presently he drives the horses out of the alley at the rear of the house on a slow trot. That breaks a second ordinance. He swings round the corner at a gait faster than four miles an hour—a third ordinance has been broken. He saves the team unfastened for a moment while he runs to the front door. For the fourth time he is a lawbreaker. He drives over the bridge leading to the south side on a trot—the fifth ordinance has been fractured. All day he keeps on—as do the rest of us—breaking a law or two every hour until one might well imagine that by nightfall John would develop into a hardened and desperate criminal.

As a matter of fact, John is no worse than the rest of us. Perhaps he has heard that rule which declares that "ignorance of the law excuses no one," but is certain that his acquaintance with the bulky volume of eleven hundred pages which contains the revised ordinances of the city of Chicago is not a close one. John, like all other citizens of the United States, is simply surrounded by such a thick, tangled, and complicated network of legislation that it is practically impossible for him to know about his daily work without kicking his feet through some of its threads.

"What is the law of usury in this State?" A client asked that question of a prominent lawyer in Chicago.

"I don't know," was the smiling answer. "I haven't read the morning paper yet."

The lawyer meant that the Legislature of his State was in session, and that it might fairly be expected to repeal or amend the standing statutes or to add a new one to the list. At the same time the Legislatures of forty other States and Territories were grinding out new laws at the top of their speed, while down at Washington the House and Senate were in the midst of those final compromises which fill the closing days of a session with a deluge of national legislation.

The lawyer smiled, but most people will be inclined to gasp when they are told that an average of one hundred new laws go into effect every day in these free and independent United States. One hundred new laws a day is bad enough, but even that does not begin to tell the whole story. It includes only laws which affect the population of a considerable territory or which may affect any citizen as he travels through the United States. It does not include the enormous mass of municipal, school, and other laws passed by minor

legislative bodies. And almost every legislative body in the country passes more laws at each succeeding session than any of its predecessors. The tide of legislation—national, State, and municipal—rises constantly higher.

From 1789, the beginning of constitutional government in this country, to 1874—a period of eighty-five years—all the statutes-at-large, public as opposed to private laws, passed by the National Congress, are embraced in seventeen bound volumes. From 1874 to 1894—a period of only twenty years—the statutes-at-large fill no less than sixteen bound volumes of the same size. In other words, each of the last fifteen Congresses has passed, on the average, nearly three times as much legislation as the average of its predecessors.

Almost every one of the forty-one State and Territorial Legislatures which have been in session during the last six months will turn out a larger grist of legislation than any of those which have gone before it. Each of them will pass from two hundred to twelve hundred separate and distinct acts. The session laws of the Illinois Legislature for 1897 fill three hundred pages; for 1903 they fill three hundred and fifty pages.

Congress and the Legislatures of six States and Territories meet every year, the rest hold biennial sessions. As for municipal legislation, when one considers that city councils meet, as a rule, once a week during most of the year, the prospect becomes not less than terrifying.

"We have so many laws in this country," says a prominent lawyer, "that we have no law." But the mere mass of legislation—constantly and always more rapidly increasing as it is—is by no means the most menacing feature of the situation. In quantity appalling though it be, the bad quality of much of current legislation is a far more serious and dangerous matter.

It is believed that here may be found the real cause of many grave social evils, which have more often been charged to other and frequently obscure conditions. If that is true, the importance of finding remedies for bad legislation and for excessive legislation can hardly be exaggerated.

Consider the legislative work of the National Congress. Its laws should be less open to the charge of being poorly constructed and excessive in number than those passed by the various State Legislatures, the members of which are less experienced and presumably less able lawmakers. Yet the Commission for the Revision of the Laws of the United States, consisting of three eminent lawyers, has found in its work of reviewing the national legislation of the last thirty years a condition of confusion, ambiguity, and contradiction which is absolutely shocking. Lawyers in active practice recognize this condition. At least one of the most eminent lawyers in the country refuses to give an opinion to a client on matters involving the Federal statutes, except in a most guarded and conditional way.

The quality of the product of most of the State Legislatures is even worse. Read the reports of the various bar associations, and you will find the leaders of the bar declaring that a large proportion of the laws passed by each successive Legislature may be fairly classified under one of the following heads:

1. Useless.
2. Carelessly expressed.
3. Mischievous.
4. Bad.

The great flood of ambiguous and experimental legis-



lation inevitably clogs the courts—both State and Federal—with a great number of lawsuits. No one can tell what many laws really mean until the highest courts have definitely passed upon them. It is, therefore, directly and chiefly responsible for the delays of the law. And the law's delays make it hard, nowadays, for a poor man—for any man—to get prompt and certain justice; they furnish the most frequently urged excuse for the exhibition of mob violence; they put arguments into the mouths of Socialists, Anarchists, and other revolutionaries who would overturn the present constitution of society.

A large class of legislation is passed under the pressure of spasmodic and concentrated public opinion. Such laws are passed, put on the statute books, and left there to be enforced or not at the discretion of executives. A very large number of State laws relating particularly to schools, gambling houses, racetracks,



etc., are openly violated in every large city, often with the expressed consent of the authorities who are sworn to enforce all the laws.

John Maynard Harlan is the Republican candidate for Mayor of Chicago. He has stood for years as the best representative of reform in the handling of municipal problems. Before his nomination he told a committee of citizens which called upon him that, if elected, he should not attempt to enforce the law which forbids the opening of saloons on Sunday.

Next to New York, Chicago has the largest foreign-born population of any city in the country. Johann Schmidt comes to Chicago from Germany, where a law is a law, to be enforced, if necessary, at the point of imperial bayonets. Within a few weeks he discovers that in Chicago—and Chicago is no worse than other American cities—a law is sometimes a law and sometimes a joke. Inevitably, he loses respect for law. His American-born fellow-citizens have never learned it. They realize that a law is something to be broken or evaded—only to be obeyed when it does not interfere with business or with personal profit or convenience.

Listen now to Abraham Lincoln on this subject: "Let reverence for law be breathed by every mother to the lisping babe that prattles on her lap; let it be taught in the schools, seminaries, and colleges; let it be written in primers, spelling-books, and almanacs; let it be preached from pulpits and proclaimed in legislative halls, as well as enforced in courts of justice; in short, let it become the political religion of the nation."

But how shall a man hold a high reverence for law in the abstract when, in the concrete, its makers turn out such a vast and ambiguous product that no human intellect can keep track of one-tenth of it? And when sworn executives of the law allow part of it to be openly broken without objection, how shall a man retain great respect for any of it?

Graft in police and other municipal departments is widespread in the United States. To a large degree it is due to the passage of laws which are never intended, even by the makers, to be enforced. B, a policeman, is sworn to enforce the law which forbids C to open his saloon on Sunday. As a matter of fact, the enforcement of that law is left to the discretion of B and his superiors. Immediately B is strongly tempted to blackmail C into paying him for continued permission to violate the law. If laws were either repealed or enforced, the possibilities of police and other municipal blackmail would be greatly reduced.

What shall be done toward stopping the flood of bad legislation? Take Congress, first of all. In connection with each of the great national legislative assemblies of Europe, a corps of so-called law draftsmen are employed. These men are trained experts in the construction and wording of laws. When a member of one of these assemblies introduces a bill it is at once referred to this corps of law draftsmen. They study the proposed legislation carefully, especially in regard to the following points:

1. Is the new law constitutional?
2. What previous acts will be modified or repealed by the passage of the new law?
3. Will the proposed bill accomplish the object apparently sought?
4. Is the proposed bill expressed in the simplest and plainest language possible, without confusion or ambiguity?

The law draftsmen, their study over, submit a







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## LITTLE LOVE

(Continued from page 22)

Elsie missed the brain fever "by the skin of her teeth," the doctor said. When she recovered she never spoke of Little Love to mother and father, and they never mentioned him to her. The doctor led carefully up to the subject when he was alone with her one afternoon.

"The hallucination has gone," he told mother and father afterward, "but not the memory of it. She says that Little Love has gone to Australia to make his fortune, and he is coming back to her in ten years exactly, and she is to meet him on the pier at half-past seven o'clock. Well, we've got rid of him for ten years, anyhow."

"You don't think it will come back, doctor, do you?" mother inquired anxiously.

"I don't know." The doctor frowned thoughtfully. "The mind is a curious thing. This idea of a definite appointment is unfortunate. We'll hope that other interests will crowd it out, but you must watch her carefully when the time arrives. I'll come and help you myself if I'm anywhere near."

The doctor was six thousand miles away when the tenth anniversary came, and mother and father had taken the long journey beyond the measure of miles. Elsie lived with Aunt Jane now. Aunt Jane had "undried" as she grew older, and she was very, very fond of Elsie, who had grown from a pale, delicate, brooding child into a pink, healthy, lively girl of eighteen, who did not know what nerves were. A fortnight before the anniversary, however, she became fidgety and excitable, and could not sleep. Aunt Jane thought that she needed a change, and offered to go anywhere that Elsie preferred. Elsie clapped her hands delightedly, and said—Atlantic City!

Aunt Jane used every argument against Atlantic City, except the real one. She had never mentioned the hallucination to Elsie, and did not think it wise to do so. But Elsie was obstinate—which was unusual with her—and to Atlantic City they went. Her good spirits returned as soon as she was there. She did not mention the delusion or her previous visit, and Aunt Jane hoped that she had forgotten both, but she resolved to keep her from the pier on the evening of the 1st of August. Just after seven she proposed that they should go to hear the band. Elsie went without demur, but when they had taken their seats she said that she must go and fetch her jacket, in case it grew chilly later. She had not returned when the band commenced playing, or at eight, or at half-past. Aunt Jane went down the pier to look for her, but did not see her. Then she went to their lodgings, but Elsie was not there. It was after nine when she came in. She was very pink and smiling, and she hummed a tune as she came up the stairs, and she sat down on the sofa beside Aunt Jane and put her arms round her.

"A wonderful, wonderful thing has happened, auntie," she whispered. "A wonderful thing! Do you remember the little boy that I used to play with at Frensham? He went away to Australia for ten years, and he has come back again. I met him on the pier, and—What is the matter, auntie dear?"

"Oh, my child! Aunt Jane wailed. "My child!"

Elsie looked at her in astonishment. Then she drew her closer.

"You silly old auntie!" she said. "He isn't going to run away with me. I don't suppose he wants to, and, of course, I haven't thought of anything of the kind. I do like him—I always liked the little boy that—"

"Oh, my dear, my dear!" Aunt Jane sobbed. "There wasn't any little boy. It was a delusion that you had after the fever. They got rid of it by making you believe that he had gone for ten years. The doctor was afraid it might return. I thought it best not to tell you, but perhaps I was wrong. I must tell you now."

Then she told her—so far as she knew. As it happened, she did not know how Little Love had gone, only that Elsie had expected him to return at the end of the ten years.

Elsie grew very white about the lips, and when Aunt Jane came to the end she fainted. When she came to, Aunt Jane helped her to bed. She tossed about all night, talking in a sort of waking dream to "Little Love."

"He seemed so real," she said the next morning, "and—and—I was in love with—with the hallucination, I suppose."

They decided to leave the place the next day. Aunt Jane would have gone at once, but Elsie insisted on going on the pier in the evening. If she did not see the hallucination there, she should know that it had only returned for the one occasion, and would not trouble her any more, she said; and if it was going to remain, it would be better to know the worst at once. So they went.

They had scarcely stepped upon the pier before Elsie gripped her aunt's arm tightly.

"There it is!" she cried. "By the second lamp-post. It looks like a tall, dark, young fellow, with curly hair. He is smiling at me and playing with his watchguard—"

"Hush, dear!" Aunt Jane said. "That is a young man. Don't stare at him so, or—Turn your head away, Elsie, and pass him quickly—"

Elsie hung heavily on her aunt's arm, and walked unsteadily on, but the stranger raised his hat and stopped in front of them. Her face grew white, and she swayed. The stranger took her disengaged arm quickly.

"You are faint," he said. "Allow me to help you." He turned to Aunt Jane. "Miss Mason, I think? I am Jack Prescott. I met your niece here ten years ago, and—Lean

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## LITTLE LOVE

(Continued from page 22)

on me, Miss Bluebell—Miss Elsie, I mean—That's better. Why, you look at me as if I were a ghost."

"I—I thought you were," she said feebly. "At least I thought you weren't real. Auntie said that there wasn't any Little—any little boy at Frensham."

"There wasn't," Aunt Jane said firmly. "You know you weren't there." She looked at the stranger suspiciously.

"No," he agreed, "I wasn't; but I am the little boy that Miss Elsie means, all the same. May I come home with you and explain?"

So they went to the lodgings and sat at the bay window overlooking the sea, that was washing the pebbles up and down the beach with a soothing hiss, and the story that he told them was this:

"It was ten years ago, and I was a boy of twelve, throwing stones out in the water from the beach behind the street. We were leaving the town the next morning, and I was making the most of the last night. Presently two gentlemen came out to me. One must have been Miss Elsie's father. The other was a doctor.

"They asked to see my parents, but I told them they had gone upon an excursion. So the doctor put his hand on my shoulder, and talked to me.

"There was a little girl of eight, he said, who had had a fever a year before, and since then had been very delicate, and she had a delusion like people have when they are 'light-headed' in a fever. I understood that, because I had lived abroad and suffered from ague. Her delusion was that she saw a boy and talked to him and played with him. She called him 'Little Love' or 'Jack'—that was my name, it happened—and she pretended that he called her Bluebell, but her real name was Elsie. They were afraid that the excitement of this delusion would bring on brain fever, and, in her weak state, the doctor believed that the brain fever would kill her.

"This little girl had seen me out of the window, and the doctor had told her that I was 'Little Love'—I didn't like being called such a name, I remember—and she believed him. If I would go in and talk to her and pretend I was the boy, they thought that she might believe me, and if I told her that I was going away, then, perhaps, when I left, the delusion would go too. Only I must remember that she was very ill, and be very kind and gentle to her, and say I was coming back some day—in ten years, the doctor suggested. Also I must recollect that my name was Little Love, and be sure to call her Bluebell—

"I went, of course. I found a very thin, very pale, very pretty little girl propped up with pillows. I was only a rascally, mischievous boy, like other boys, but I should have been kind to her, if they hadn't told me. I put my arm round her and said, 'I've come to see you, Bluebell.' And she looked at me, as if she were half frightened, and said, 'Oh!—You look so real, Little Love—You aren't different, are you? And you like me just the same, don't you?' I said I was just the same, and I liked her very much—that was true, Miss Elsie—but I was going away to Australia for ten years, and I had come to say good-bye. She cried, and I'm not sure that I didn't cry, too. You see, I took a great fancy to the little girl.

"Well, we talked for a long time, and I persuaded her not to cry, and I made up my mind that I would come back. So I made a definite appointment with her—as you know."

He smiled at Elsie, and she smiled at the carpet and toyed with an antimacassar.

"She said good-bye to me very affectionately. I don't know if Miss Elsie will mind my mentioning it, but—"

"It doesn't matter," Elsie interrupted hastily. "I—I was only a child."

"It mattered to me," he said softly. "I never forgot little Bluebell, who hung round my neck and kissed me, and made me promise to be good and come back. I always felt that I had an account to give of myself when I came. And I always believed that little Bluebell would be waiting for me. I should have known you without the bluebells in your hat. That's all, I think."

Aunt Jane didn't think that it was. So she left them alone together, and when she came back he had told Elsie the rest. He was going to marry her, he said, and cure her hallucination about him.

According to Aunt Jane, he hasn't succeeded in curing Elsie, but he has certainly caught the hallucination himself, for he always calls Elsie "Little Love."

□ □

## THE LITTLEST HAND

THE years have stolen many mem'ries, yet They've left me some that can not be dispelled—

Your kiss—a little hand—the night we met—  
The littlest hand that I had ever held.

It all comes back, that well-remembered scene,  
That parting, first from you, then from my geld.

Two dinky little two-spots and a queen;  
The littlest hand that I had ever held.

□ □

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- DIRECT CURRENT DYNAMOS: Curves, Long and Short Shunt, Armature Windings, Commutators, Brushes, Sparking, DESIGN: Windings, Lenses, Air Gaps, Armature Core, Field Cores and Taps, Pole Shoes, Efficiency.
- DIRECT CURRENT MOTORS: Principles, Counter E. M. F., Torque and Speed, The Power Factor, Shunt and Series Motors, Compound Motors, Regulation.
- TYPES OF DYNAMO-ELECTRIC MACHINERY: DIRECT CURRENT: General Electric, Crocker-Wheeler, Westinghouse, Hall, etc.; ELECTRICITY: Work, Arc Lighting Generators.
- MANAGEMENT OF DYNAMO-ELECTRIC MACHINERY: Operation, Construction, Regulation, Insulation, Starting, Stopping, Generators in Parallel, Generators in Series, Three-Wire System, Inspecting, Testing, Troubles.
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- POWER STATIONS: Location, Instruments, Switchboard, Arrangement, Rooms, Charging for Power.
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## EIGHT YEARS OF CARTER HARRISON

By WILLIAM KENT

CARTER HARRISON, after eight years of service as Mayor of Chicago, is about to retire to private life. These eight years have been years of immense importance in the civic history of the nation. For in Chicago it has been demonstrated that a people of diverse nationalities, of clashing interests, can rise from a supine tolerance of corrupt government to a vital interest in civic affairs, and can struggle up the hard road that leads to decency.

In all this struggle Carter Harrison has played a manly part. He began with the refusal of a party at his back, and with befogged ideals of the nature of his trust and its relation to partisan politics. His immense initial majority represented rather the voice of discontent than a party strength or a personal following. He entered office an avowed opponent of the merit system, and with the intention of nullifying the Civil Service law. He entered office against the protests of most of the influences that had stood for public good. The representatives of his party in the City Council were, with few exceptions, corrupt and disreputable, worse in the average and aggregate than the average of the Republican aldermen. These Democratic aldermen were party leaders, and the roster of Democratic County Committeemen showed but few men entitled to be at large. This certainly looked bad for Chicago, and when a Corporation Counsel was selected to "bust the Civil Service law," the gloom increased.

But the traction question was the main issue, it was an issue that went to the foundations of everything. It was not a question of public policy, but a fundamental question of whether men like Madden and Powers could sell, and Yerkes and the cowards hiding behind him could buy, the citizenship of Chicago, and here Carter Harrison demonstrated his manhood. He could not be bought, bullied, bamboozled, or cajoled. It was Harrison vs. Yerkes, and Harrison won.

Another election came round; the Civil Service was the toy of partisanship, despite the law. The crooked politicians surrounding the Mayor had dragged the police force into the mud. Carter Harrison more than winked at some inexcusable forms of disorder, and talked of a "cosmopolitan" city. He lost the help of the traction crowd in his own party, and against a man whose only taint was affiliation with the Lorimer Republican machine, and although he was savagely fought by the late ex-Governor Altgeld, he was again elected by a decisive but decreased majority.

In this election he manfully fought the traction aldermen of his own party—rare courage and with few parallels.

Another two years passed by, and after litigation that supported the Civil Service law, Carter Harrison began to see a new light and appointed a good Board of Commissioners. The Council was greatly strengthened, a non-partisan organization of decent men was secured with his help, and Yerkes, beaten to his knees, but ever resourceful, sold his gold brick to his partners in crime, who unloaded on a credulous public. The conditions of public morals were measurably bettered as Harrison's education progressed, and there was a visible improvement in the City Hall, and even in the Police Department. Then came the Ogden Gas Ordinance, an attempt by ex-Mayor John P. Hopkins, Roger Sullivan, John R. Walsh, and other evildoers, to increase the cash value of an old ordinance by eliminating certain safeguards to the city that somehow had inadvertently crept into it. Harrison vetoed and the veto was sustained, and by that act was alienated much of the moneyed hypocrisy of his party, a potent part so far as dirty primary work was concerned.

Another election came round. Harrison was nominated against the impossible and discredited but able Judge Haney. Haney talked of incompetence and dirty streets, but the people of Chicago preferred dirty streets to dirty citizenship, and Harrison was again elected. In the next two years a good Council stood for a general uplift. The Civil Service, barring the police force, was vastly improved, and Harrison refused to interfere with the doings of the commission. The traction question still dragged, and on this vital question Harrison was always right and always strong. The City Hall was not admirable nor competent, but was improving. Nowhere was seen the hand of a masterful executive, nor was there anywhere evidence of executive dishonesty. The education of Carter Harrison was proceeding slowly but surely.

As the years came to an end, again Carter Harrison was renominated. His opponent had many friends among the really good citizens and many virtues. But the fact that a combined assault was made on Harrison by the traction companies, the corrupt Ogden Gas Democrats, and by every interest alien to Chicago's welfare, and the added fact that Lorimer and John M. Smyth, the Republican political partner of the then Democratic John R. Walsh, dominated the convention that nominated Stewart, again elected Harrison to serve out his eight years. The majority was small, for the people wanted a change, some from good motives, some from bad. For every step in the right direction alienated a certain portion of the wretched partisan electorate with which he started, and more and more Harrison had to look to non-partisans and "reformers" for votes. And to these, the wickedness of the police force and the incompetence of the health and other departments made it hard to back the man responsible for them.

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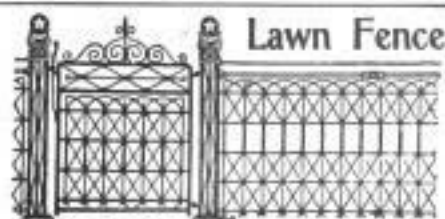
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## Eight Years of Harrison

(Continued from page 27)

His last two years have been vastly better than those that have gone before. Even the police force has been crowded up into relative efficiency. He has attacked the violence of strikes with bare, if not brass, knuckles, and has doubtless lost votes. He has cleaned up the policy shops and other forms of cheap gambling, and alienated his slum support. He has abolished poolrooms and has still further alienated the affections of Mr. John R. Walsh, leading banker, by shutting off his revenues from pool-selling at fashionable Washington Park. Police justices are better doing their duty. Day labor managed by the city in sewer building has been proved better and cheaper than contract work.

A band of "instantaneous municipal ownership" howlers, who carefully avoid reference to or consideration of existing contracts or possibilities, have not been diffident about accusing of corruption a man who, before they were heard of, could have had millions for a mere refusal to veto. But that is neither here nor there. Carter Harrison has received much of Chicago, and, as befits an honest man, he has paid it back in honest measure. He is neither ideal nor an idealist, but he is patient, strong, and honest. In eight years he has never missed presiding at a Council meeting, nor has any citizen been refused an audience.

He is really democratic and no respecter of persons.

In leaving the position so long held he becomes a national character and one to be rightfully and seriously considered.

□ □

## Those California Sequoias

It has become a matter of common knowledge that the most stately and wonderful tree in the world grows in California. People have traveled from other countries to the Sierras merely to see and study these noble giants, so few in number, so interesting historically and botanically, so impressive simply as trees. The Sequoia of the California Sierras, by far the greatest of all the conifers, is only remotely approached in size and magnificence by its relative, the more commercially important Sequoia of the Coast Range, the redwood. But when we say "Big Tree," every one knows that we always mean the rare and rapidly disappearing conifer which clings to the western slope of the Sierras, in small groves far apart, between the levels of 5,000 and 9,000 feet—groves containing single trees which were probably in existence 1,800 years ago. The section of a tree in the Museum of Natural History, New York, contains nearly 1,400 annual rings, and much larger trees are still standing in the California forests.

There are only thirty-three groves of the Big Trees, all more or less injured by fires, and some nearly destroyed by lumbermen. The wood, though brittle, has been found excellent for finishing purposes, and brings an increasing price. Three of the largest and once finest groves south of Kings River belong to the Sanger Lumber Company and are nearly all now destroyed. Several other groves in that region are also being cut down. The General Grant and the Sequoia National Parks, containing in all about 25,000 acres of land, include eight or nine groups of Big Trees, now under Government protection.

But the most famous, the most accessible, the most valuable Sequoia groves, from every point of view, are the two Calaveras groves held by a private individual for lumbering purposes. Here are nearly 1,500 trees, and these are the tracts whose purchase by the Government is being urged so strongly at the present time. The long delay in adding them to the national park system is inexplicable, for while an ordinary forest can be replanted a "Big Tree" grove once destroyed is gone forever. The rescue of the imperiled giants has been urged by innumerable petitions from citizens and public bodies. The historical argument for saving the Calaveras trees is a strong one. General Bidwell saw them in 1841, when a mere lad hastening through a dangerous Indian country; in 1852 a hunter, Dowd, rediscovered them, and Dr. Kellogg sent specimens to Torrey and Gray; Lobb, the collector, sent plants and seeds to Europe. Then arose that long and amusing controversy, not yet settled, respecting the authoritative name of the famous tree, in which Washington and Wellington and the "Cherokee Cadmus," Sequoyah, were mixed up. Then the students of fossil botany showed how ancient species of these world-famous trees had once occupied great areas from the Hebrides to the high deserts of Kirghiz, and from Alaska to Hudson Bay. That earlier interest shown everywhere in the Calaveras trees has only intensified in recent years. It is felt that they should belong to the Nation, and that their destruction would be a melancholy and indeed a disgraceful affair. There stands the tallest living Sequoia, 325 feet high and 90 feet in circumference. There once stood, now fallen and partly destroyed, trees that were over 400 feet high and with trunks more than 100 feet around. "What stupendous vegetables!" lisped an undergraduate, when he visited the Calaveras trees a few years ago. A mountaineer who stood near, and whose life had been spent in the region, caught the youth by the collar and shook him almost to fragments. "Blank you! That Big Tree a cabbage?"

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### A Romance of Philanthropy

IN some respects the most remarkable public benefactor of modern times was Mrs. Jane Lathrop Stanford, who died at Honolulu on March 1, poisoned by some implacable enemy. She gave more money for public purposes than any other philanthropist except Mr. Carnegie and Baron de Hirsch; she gave it herself during her lifetime, without leaving it to be paid at the expense of her heirs, and, going beyond even the lavish givers just named, she bestowed practically her entire fortune, taking literally the injunction about not dying rich which as yet Mr. Carnegie has put forth only as a theory.

In the early eighties Leland Stanford and his associates, Crocker, Huntington, and Hopkins, were classed together in the public mind of California as "souless plutocrats" and tyrants. Stanford was nominated by the Governor as Regent of the State University. The Senate, controlled by the anti-monopoly Democracy, rejected the nomination. It is generally believed that but for this action



The Late Jane Lathrop Stanford

there would have been no Stanford University, and eventually a great part, if not all, of the Stanford millions would have gone to the University of California.

The Stanfords had a son whom they idolized. He seems to have been really a remarkable boy, one of those fine souls oppressed by the burden of the world. He wove plans for the benefit of other boys and girls, and on his deathbed he begged his parents to carry them out. He died in 1884 at sixteen, leaving his father and mother crushed by a loss whose magnitude almost unsettled their minds. The world was a blank to them; wealth had lost its savor, and they had no thought but to devote themselves and their fortune to the realization of their boy's wishes and to the immortalization of his name. They canonized his memory, and when the Rev. Dr. Newman in his funeral sermon compared the dead boy to Christ among the doctors, the parallel which scandalized reverent strangers seemed to the bereaved parents only a just appreciation of his merits.

### The Memorial University

The next year the Leland Stanford, Jr., University was born. Its queer name was a touching reminder of its real founder. In its museum, as in a shrine, were displayed odd little relics of the worshiped boy—his clothes, his intimate personal belongings—incongruous little things that made casual visitors laugh. The whole university was his monument. Its welfare became the absorbing passion of the Stanfords' life. A substantial endowment was decided to it at the start, but for the bulk of its support it depended upon the continued generosity of its founders. Leland Stanford was elected to the Senate, and in 1893 he died. Although it had been understood that his fortune would ultimately go to the university, the greater part of it was left unreservedly to his widow. This marked no change in the original plans. The two had worked out their ideas together; their desires were one, and Stanford knew that there was no way in which their execution could be so thoroughly assured as by leaving everything in Mrs. Stanford's unchecked control. There had been a Board of Trustees from the beginning, but its functions had been purely ornamental. As long as a Stanford remained alive there would be no other governing body.

The Central Pacific Railroad owed the Government over \$60,000,000. For many years the corporation, under the guidance of Collis P. Huntington, attempted to evade the payment of that debt. While this contest was going on, it occurred to the Government that an advantage might be gained by bringing suit against the personal estates of the men who had incurred the debt, and by an inspiration of genius the estate selected for the test case was the particular one that had been devoted to public purposes. A suit for \$15,000,000 was brought against the Stanford estate, the whole property was tied up in the courts, and Mrs. Stanford was left to bear the entire expense of defending an action in which Huntington and his partners were the chief parties in interest.

The court allowed Mrs. Stanford \$10,000 a month for her personal expenses. She told President Jordan that she could live on \$100 a month, as she had done before, and that the university could have all the rest. She shut up her great houses, discharged most of

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## A Romance of Philanthropy

(Continued from page 29)

her servants, and lived in one wing of her Palo Alto home. The professors were asked to wait for part of their salaries and did so. They were still getting more than the woman who furnished their money. The university scraped along. Mrs. Stanford sold some personal effects of her own to meet its deficit, and prepared to sell her valuable jewels and works of art. At last the suit was decided in her favor and times became easier.

### A Fortune Renounced

Through all this period of stress and pinching economy it was necessary for the university to lay aside thousands of dollars a year to pay taxes levied on it by the State. Eventually its friends succeeded in securing the adoption of a constitutional amendment exempting it from this burden. In 1901 Mrs. Stanford formally transferred to the university almost all the property still remaining in her hands. This included interest-bearing bonds and stocks valued at \$18,000,000, a hundred thousand acres of land, worth \$12,000,000, and the Stanford residences in San Francisco and Palo Alto. Mrs. Stanford retained only a comparatively small income for life.

Thus one of the richest women in the world voluntarily reduced herself to the position of a person of modest means. But in doing so she won a distinction all her own. There are plenty of rich women, but there is none, nor any man either, who has deliberately given to others a fortune comparable with that sacrificed by Mrs. Stanford.

Of course, Mrs. Stanford's peculiar relations to the university furnished material for criticism. Cherishing it next her heart, as she did, she could not be indifferent to its management. Notwithstanding her confidence in President David Starr Jordan, who ordinarily exercised the powers of a dictator, she could not occasionally help interfering. The idea of a great university "run" by a woman, and not a highly educated woman at that, was naturally distasteful to the scholastic mind. The Ross case, in which a professor was removed because his views on economic subjects were regarded as a reflection upon the methods by which Senator Stanford had gained his fortune, angered the friends of "academic freedom." But these annoyances were only temporary. While the critics were complaining, Mrs. Stanford was laying deep and firm the foundations of the most amply endowed university in America, and she was giving it, along with her wealth, the inspiring memory of a self-sacrificing devotion and a warmth of personal affection to which the arid infancy of public institutions in general offers no parallel.



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## Trend of American Forestry

ONE of the most vital of modern problems concerns itself with forests and waters, with the maintenance of our forests as sources of revenue and protectors of vast irrigation systems, and more especially with the duties of the National Government toward American forestry. Fifteen years ago there was little interest felt in the subject, excepting among a few scientists and the workers of the Division of Forestry, who seemed to be entirely out of touch with the practical side of the problem. We had no foresters, no forest schools, no public leaders developing a new forest system, no young men full of strenuous and trained enthusiasm making themselves indispensable, because of their knowledge, to great railroad and lumbering interests.

Now all this has changed, and so swiftly that while the stupid are still plodding along with academic discussions about European forests, and appeals to "preserve all the forests" (as if they should be bottled up in formalism) the vast interests whose life depends on a continual supply of all the forest products have really oriented themselves along a new axis; they have faced the rising sun of American forestry.

One brave, unselfish, and single-hearted man, Gifford Pinchot, has mainly done this; has come up year after year, step by step, with splendid and lovable persistence, uniting all the fighting elements to use American forests intelligently, appealing to enlightened selfishness, writing admirable books, delivering trenchant addresses, effectively organizing forest work in State after State, developing a moribund Division of Forestry into a Bureau whose activities now reach into every part of America, and are modifying forestry principles in other countries also.

And now he and all the American foresters stand at the turning of the tides. Hitherto they have had no actual power to shape and to develop forestry here. They have had the priceless knowledge—but no forests. The National Parks and Reserves, some sixty in number, some 80,000,000 acres in area, have been wholly controlled by the ancient and honorable Land Office of the Department of the Interior. A few rangers patrol these wide areas, a little lumber has been sold, and much has been given to settlers. But there has not been nor can there be any true and systematic forestry or any intelligent utilization of the forestal resources of these Reserves until the Bureau of Forestry receives absolute control of them. This change has been supported by irrigation conventions, lumbermen's associations, and all sorts of public bodies, and at last has been sanctioned by Congress.

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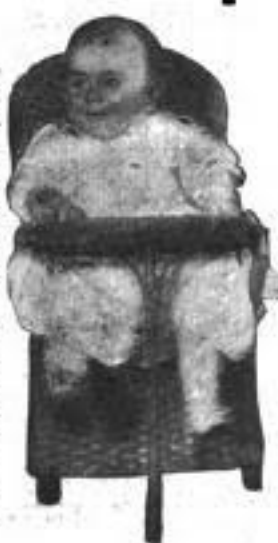
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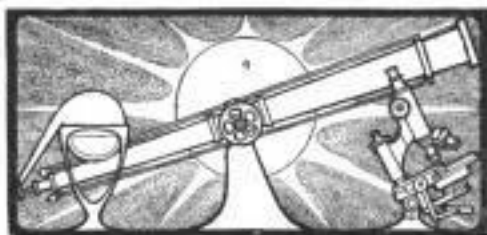
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## Seeing the Depths of Space

A Novel Application of the Stereoscopic Principle in Viewing the Depths of Space

By GARRETT P. SERVISS

There lurks in my mind a story—though I can not tell where I have heard or read it—of a gold nugget which was so curiously beautiful in its original form when picked up from the gravel that the finder refused to have it melted down, but instead had it carefully polished without altering its shape, and for many years carried it as a favorite pocket jewel. At length it was accidentally crushed, and a singular nodule was found imbedded in it which proved to be a virgin diamond of great value!

The story is no doubt highly improbable, and perhaps nature is incapable of such a prank; nevertheless it serves to illustrate a wonderful find that has recently been made in the gold diggings of science.

In a scientific toy which has long been familiar to all the world, which has given pleasure to thousands, and which very few have ever suspected of concealing anything not evident on the surface, a German savant has found the germ of an instrument which adds a new power of vision to the astronomer.

Every reader is, of course, aware that the principle underlying the startling relief and the appearance of solidity which a stereoscopic picture presents depends upon the blending of two points of view into one. It is because we have two eyes separated by a considerable interval that we are able to see objects standing out round and free from one another, some in the foreground, some in the middle, and some in the background. Each of our eyes looks a little around its own side of every object and thus the appearance of solidity is gained. Fortunately as we grow up our brains become educated in the appreciation of perspective, so that a man who loses an eye is not doomed thereafter to see all the world flat.

But in a photograph objects do not stand forth independently as they do in nature because their images on the paper lie all at the same actual distance from the eye and there is no depth behind any of them. However, by taking two photographs of the same scene from two slightly different points of view we are able to imitate the effect of the double vision of the eyes, for when the photographs thus prepared are blended into one with the refracting lenses of a stereoscope the picture apparently acquires the solidity and perspective of nature.

## The Effect of Distance

But the ability of the eyes to see objects in relief does not extend to very distant things. On the verge of a landscape the sense of perspective is lost, because the distance between our eyes is not, in that case, sufficient to produce the effect of a double viewpoint. Much more is there a lack of relief in our views of the heavenly bodies. The moon, for instance, looks as far away as the sun, although the distance of the latter is 400 times greater, and the sun, in turn, does not appear to be less remote than the stars, notwithstanding the fact that it is, in reality, a million times nearer.

Thanks, however, to an instrument called the stereo-comparator, invented by Dr. Pulfrich, and based upon the stereoscopic principle, it is now possible to see the heavenly bodies in a relief quite as realistic as that which we behold in an ordinary stereoscopic picture. For this purpose advantage is taken of the celestial motions. Two photographs say of the planet Saturn are taken at intervals of about twenty-four hours. In that space of time Saturn will have moved a considerable distance in its orbit and its moons will also have changed their places. The result is the same as that produced by making two photographs of a fixed object from different points of view, and when the pictures of Saturn are blended in the ordinary manner by means of a stereoscope the observer sees the planet no longer apparently glued to the same background that contains the stars, but standing out in full relief, a free globe, with its beautiful rings plainly suspended around it without support or connection of any kind.

Such a view gives one for the first time a realizing sense of the immeasurable profundity of space. The apparent dome of the sky vanishes like the films of an inclosing bubble suddenly pricked, and lo! height beyond height and depth below depth tower and yawn around the little floating mote that is man's dwelling-place.

Similar views may be obtained of all the planets, of the asteroids, and of comets. A comet as we view it ordinarily seems to be sweeping the stars. They are apparently involved in its tail and the ignorant sometimes imagine that they may be carried off by it. But a picture of a comet prepared with the aid of the stereo-comparator shows it, as it really is, detached from the background of the heavens, far this side of the stars, flying through free space.

Great practical importance attaches to this new method of viewing the bodies of space. It affords a criterion by which a new comet may be distinguished from a distant nebula, and a new asteroid from a distant star.

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## "Public Enemies"

PUGHKEEPSIE, NEW YORK, February 20, 1905  
Editor COLIER'S:

GENTLEMEN—For some considerable time past copies of your publication have come to this office, and I have become acquainted with it, and formed a general good opinion of it. I am, therefore, encouraged to address you with reference to a matter of simple justice and decency.

In your issue of February 18, on page 15, there is an article entitled "Lawyers as Public Enemies," by Samuel E. Moffett, which requires attention because of its flagrant violation of both these interests.

You may possibly recognize my name as that of one who has been much more conspicuous than he desired to be through his opposition to the scheme to take a hundred and one million dollars from the pockets of the people of the State of New York for the construction of a barge canal. In common with a great many of my fellow-citizens, and, so far as I know, in common with all who have taken pains to understand the subject, and who are not directly interested through their pockets, I believe that proposition to be the most indefensible scheme to squander the money of the people upon that which will not be of value that has ever been set forth in the history of this or any other State. My experience in the Legislature, as a member of the committee having charge of appropriations for public purposes, as a journalist in discussion of public questions, and as a citizen at large, had led me to suppose that the burden of proof would always be upon the men who were asking for appropriations, but in this case the whole order of things seems to be reversed. The advocates of the hundred and one million expenditure have assumed from the start that they were the only public benefactors; and, to use the language of your correspondent, Mr. Moffett, anybody who objected was to be regarded as a "public enemy."

### "All Honorable Men"

Against that attitude I protest; but it is not that of which I specifically complain in the article referred to. In it there is an attack—without mentioning his name, but with description so circumstantial that it is impossible not to understand at whom it is aimed—upon one of the first lawyers and one of the most honorable and high-minded men in America. Mr. Moffett says: "When he resumed the practice of law he was fired by certain interests to try to thwart the will of a popular majority of nearly three hundred thousand in the State by furnishing an 'opinion,' that the expression of that will was unconstitutional." Plainly, this means the Hon. Elihu Root, and the intimation is that he was bribed to give an opinion contrary to his own honest judgment as a lawyer, and that in doing so he was selling himself to nullify the will of the people.

I should like very much to learn from Mr. Moffett what the "certain interests" are which he supposes "fired" Mr. Root to give that opinion. Throughout this entire barge canal controversy, those who had the temerity to oppose have stood only for the taxpayers—the most staid, the most indifferent, and the most unresponsive clientele in the world. In 1903, when the matter was before the people, I had the honor of being the secretary of the "State Committee in Opposition to the Barge Canal Scheme." That committee was appointed at a State convention held in the city of Rochester and called by the Chamber of Commerce of that city. It was made the target of abuse from the beginning of the campaign to the end, merely because those who composed it objected to the payment of the largest sum ever proposed in the history of the world for the benefit of private interests. But we cared not for that; our difficulty was that, working for the benefit of the public, and having nobody behind us with any direct pecuniary interest in the result, we were hampered by lack of funds. We accomplished wonders with the small amount that we had. Throughout the entire length and breadth of the State the people listened to our arguments and cast a majority against the barge canal scheme.

Mr. Moffett speaks of the final result at the polls as "a popular majority of nearly three hundred thousand." We admit that we were stunned by the alleged vote of New York City, but since then we have begun to investigate it, and the result is to give us a better opinion of the people of that city. No intelligent man can study the figures without becoming convinced that that pretended majority was wholly fraudulent and false.

### Purely for the Public Benefit

I speak of this fact because the same state of things continues. The question of the constitutionality was raised by Hon. Andrew H. Green, shortly before his violent death, and he not only presented arguments to prove the unconstitutionality of the act, but he urged especially that legal proceedings be instituted before any obligations of the State should be issued, because the largest issue of bonds ever made in this country, excepting those of the Government in defence of the Union, was at stake. His untimely death stopped the proceedings. Finally, however, several months ago, a few gentlemen were induced to take it up again. We already had the opinions of several lawyers to the effect that the bill was unconstitutional, but we did not feel justified in going ahead without consulting some one whose standing was so high that his judgment would command respectful attention. Two gentlemen were selected. Hon. Elihu Root was one, for three reasons:

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## "PUBLIC ENEMIES"

(Continued from page 32)

Because, first, he was one of the most eminent lawyers in the State. Because, second, he had been holding high office in the General Government during the entire controversy, and therefore had taken no part in the discussion, and would consider it impartially. And because, third, he was one of the most prominent members of the last State Constitutional Convention, in which the principle involved in this bill had been very thoroughly discussed. The other gentleman, Hon. Charles Andrews, was until recently Chief Judge of the Court of Appeals, and his opinion is as conclusive now as then. If Mr. Moffett, or any man, believes that the opinion of these gentlemen could be purchased against their own judgment, I do not envy his ideas of public integrity and personal honor. I will simply state the fact that we were compelled to go to both of them with only the promise of a gentleman of means that he would pay the necessary fee to obtain their opinion, and so settle the question whether any proceedings should be taken or not. The response from both of them, that they believed the bill to be unconstitutional, came in the nature of a surprise to all who had not previously studied the question.

In short, the entire movement by our committee and our attorneys, Mr. Root and Mr. Andrews, has been a movement for the public benefit. I do not hesitate to assert that there never has been a body of men more honestly enlisted in behalf of what they believe to be for the interests of the State, and that without hope or even possibility of personal reward, than those who have been enlisted in the task of stopping what they believe to be the most atrocious, the most unjustifiable, and the most indefensible proposition to loot the public treasury that was ever disclosed.

JOHN I. PLATT.

## A REJOINDER

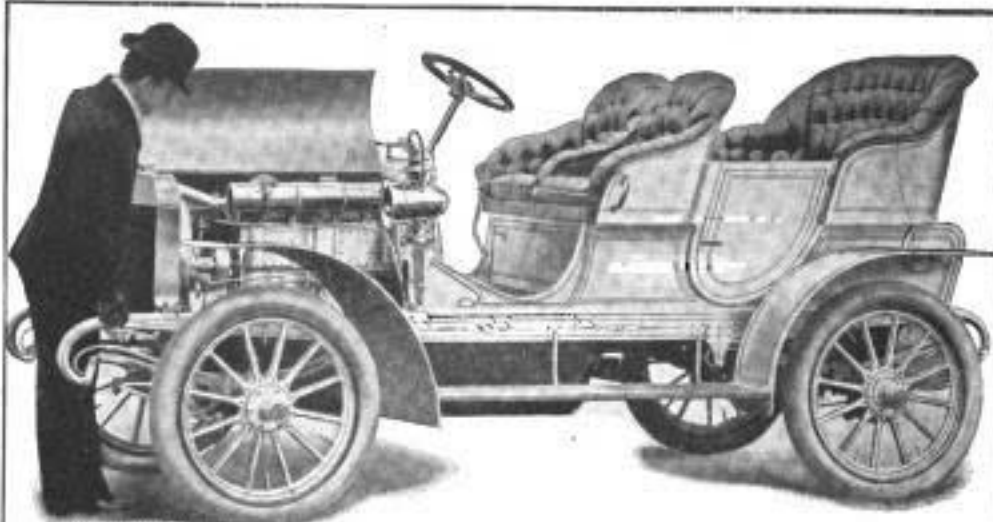
MR. PLATT'S statement of his grievances is published by COLLIER'S in the interests of fair play. I should be very well content to let it stand without rejoinder, since I had no desire to annoy Mr. Platt, who seems to be a sensitive soul, and his complaint touches merely a single illustration I happened to use in passing—not the substance of my argument about legal ethics. I mentioned "certain interests" that had tried to thwart the popular majority of nearly three hundred thousand for the Barge Canal. That seemed, and still seems, a very mild, cautious, unobjectionable form of expression. If I had said "the New York Central Railroad," the statement might have been hard to prove, whatever moral certainty it might have seemed to possess. So I did not say it. It is always best to err on the side of moderation.

I am sorry to learn from Mr. Platt that his organization had to do its work on such short rations. It certainly deserved better treatment. But it is a pleasure to know that virtue was finally rewarded by the opportune appearance of an anonymous "gentleman of means" willing to promise the money necessary to set the legal conscience in motion. It is especially gratifying to learn that the opinions of the eminent counsel employed just happened to coincide with the wishes of their employers, and that Mr. Platt's generous, but anonymous, friend would have paid their fees as cheerfully if the opinions had run the other way.

Mr. Platt, it seems, does not envy the "ideas of public integrity and personal honor" entertained by anybody who believes that the opinion of the famous lawyers he hired "could be purchased against their own judgment." Then he does not envy the ideas of integrity and honor entertained by the legal profession itself, because it is precisely such conduct that its most eminent members habitually practice and defend. It will hardly be maintained that in every controversy between a corporation and the public the corporation is in the right and the public in the wrong. Yet no corporation, however predatory its designs or however scandalous its methods, has ever yet found the slightest difficulty in hiring all the legal talent it needed to do its work. And the worst of it is, that when a corporation hires a man as a lawyer it hires him as a citizen as well. When the New York Lighting Trust was trying to push the Remsen gas grab through the Legislature, it engaged eminent counsel who would naturally have been the leaders in any public movement to resist the spoliation of the city, and forthwith those leaders were coked. When the Franchise Tax bill was before the Legislature the corporations affected induced Governor Roosevelt to insist upon the insertion of a provision for their protection. Then their able counsel fought the law in the courts on the ground that the provision for which they had asked made the law unconstitutional. The Court of Appeals has declared their position to be as bad in law as it is in morals, but the "honorable and high-minded men" whom Mr. Platt admires are fighting the case to the Supreme Court of the United States in the hope of saddling \$25,000,000 of taxes, honestly due from those corporations, upon the small taxpayers of the State.

There is no higher object of ambition among the ablest members of the legal profession than to be retained as general counsel of a great corporation under a yearly contract. Does anybody happen to have noticed in any of these contracts a clause like this: "Provided, that said counsel shall not be expected to take any case, perform any action, or give any advice, inconsistent with his duty as a citizen and an honest man?"

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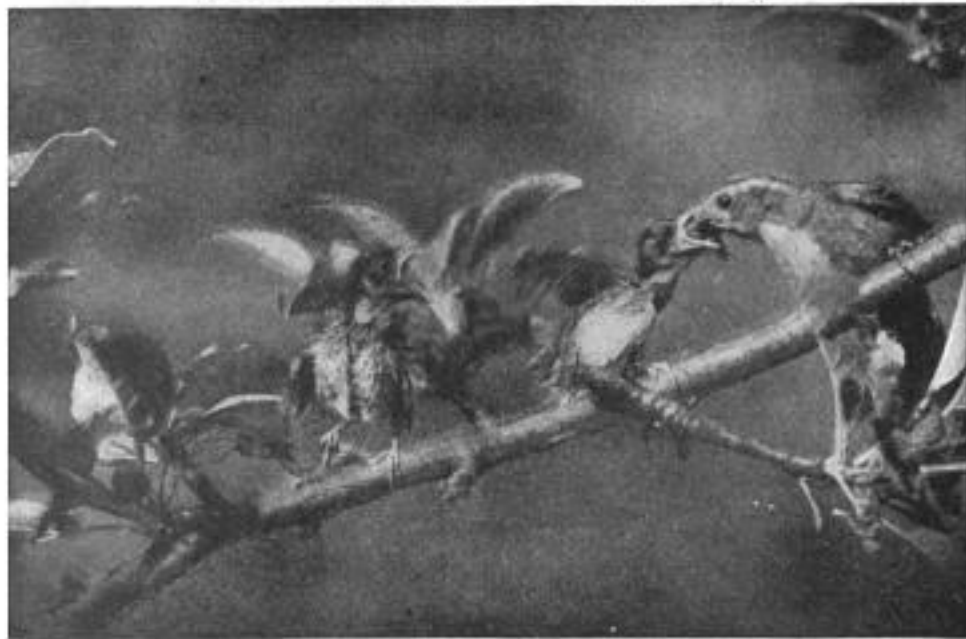
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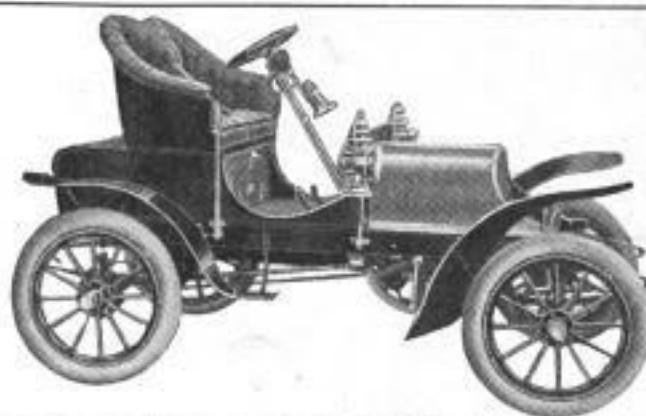
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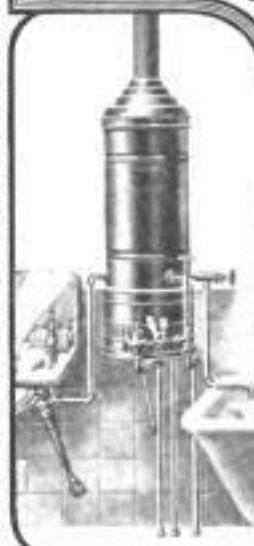
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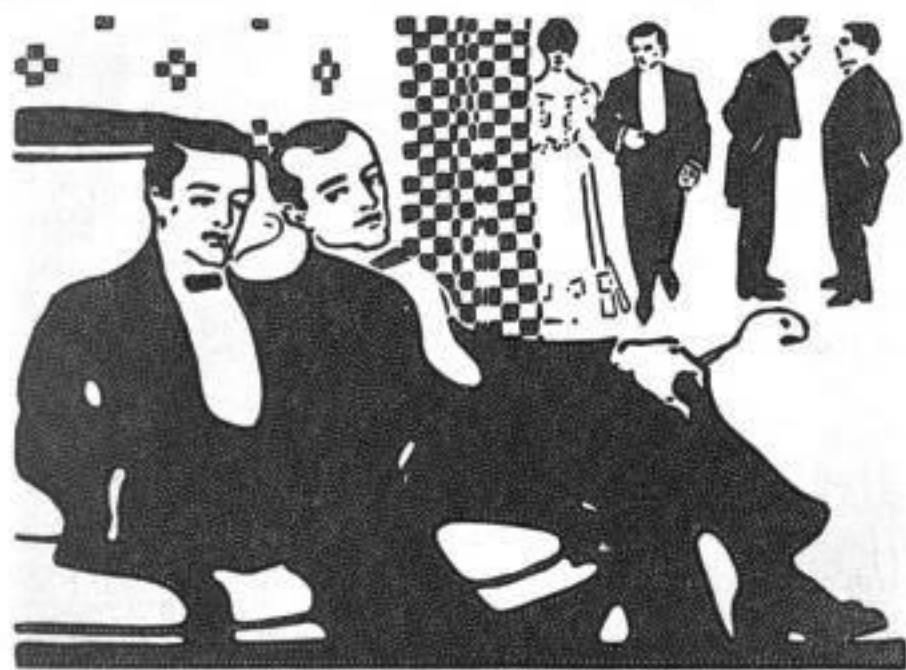
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# Collier's

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

HOUSEHOLD NUMBER FOR APRIL

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RECIPROCITY — By Edward S. Morse

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# THE NATIONAL WEEKLY



C U R R E N T   L I T E R A T U R E

DRAWN BY E. W. KEMBLE

(See "The Epidemic of Exposure," by Norman Hapgood, page 23)

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**LIBERTY NEED NOT INCLUDE** the privilege of imbibing unknown poisons when we eat or drink. It is an adventure we can do without. The law refuses our free citizens the right to sell one another disguised articles that put an end immediately to life. It still leaves them the profit and amusement of selling doses lesser in virulence and degree, which take life not promptly by assault, but gradually by undermining and weakening the foundations. We seat ourselves before palatable and innocent-looking dishes, fully assured that some ingredient is hastening the grave and also diminishing our efficiency and happiness while we live. Some adulterations are merely worthless substitutes for nourishment. Most of them are poison. State Legislatures and the United States Senate refuse to pass pure food laws because they are the sacred guardians of the poison industries. Why interfere with an established business, in which are invested many millions? Not on your life. We talk a good deal about dangerous patent medicines, and the evil they do is undoubted; but the food situation is much worse. We need not take patent medicine. We need not, as a rule, drink "whiskey," running our chance of getting something wholesome, such as prune juice, or something as deadly as wood alcohol. But we must eat, and life would be better worth the living if the National and State Governments would give us the right, natural to modern private citizens, of eating without reflecting upon so large a chance of unwillingly hastening death.

POISON ENOUGH  
FOR US ALL

**THE PUBLIC IS BEING EDUCATED.** It is receiving a constant supply of information about the poison trade, and digesting some of it. In time, perhaps, it will know so much that adulteration will be less profitable, and even Legislatures may not be worth buying by manufacturers. We understand that the Agricultural Department now refuses information when it is asked about the safety of articles which it has investigated. The reason for such refusal we have not seen. Foreign Governments are not so kindly in their treatment either of the men who manufacture poison by the wholesale, or of the men who sell it at retail. No wonder the conditions in this country remind some observers of the man who said he always took hash, because then he knew what he was eating. "To poison for a patriotic purpose," says one writer on the subject, "or even for revenge, has the redeeming quality of romance, but to do it for money degrades the poisoner." Another shows how the pig is forced to masquerade as potted turkey, grouse, and chicken, and how a bottle of wine can in many establishments be fitted with almost any desired label at a moment's notice. The magazines, indeed, are filled with articles on food, its deceptions, poisons, and adulteration; books also contain information on the subject; and the public must be dense if it is not rapidly acquiring habits of mind which will make it more difficult to make a decent living in many industries which now flourish like the green bay tree.

LEARNING

**IT IS HARD TO BE GOOD.** It is not easy to be consistent. THOMAS HARDY tells of a dog unusually endowed with logic. He had been taught to chase sheep. "Chasing sheep," he concluded, "is a good thing." Escaping one night from his quarters, he found the sheep and chased them. He continued his labors until they fell over a precipice and were killed. The next morning he was shot. Thus, HARDY concludes, ends any one who carries principles to their logical conclusion. We do not, therefore, criticise Mr. BRYAN for something we have noticed in the "Commoner." We are merely diverted by it. He has frequently announced his unwillingness to print any

DISTINCTIONS

advertisement of a corporation. In his last issue he prints a whole page advertising a medicine called "Liquozone" absolutely guaranteeing the cure of over forty diseases, ranging from cancer and consumption to dysentery, dandruff and dyspepsia, from blood poison and hay fever to scrofula and pneumonia. A \$5,000 reward is offered to any one who can prove that this really notable production contains anything but gas, the liquid used to absorb it, and "a touch of color." An analysis of this panacea is given in a report published by the North Dakota Agricultural College—the Government Agricultural Experiment Station of that State. We quote: "One sample of liquozone was found to contain a total acidity of 1.34

per cent, of which 1.18 per cent was in the form of sulphuric and sulphurous acid. The total solids of black liquid residue of acid reaction amounted to 1.82 per cent, and the ash residue to 0.025 per cent. The character of the solid and ash clearly indicate free acid. Other samples examined by us have shown an acid content of as high as 1.73 per cent, indicating that the product is not by any means uniform in its composition. The free use of any product containing this amount of uncombined sulphuric and sulphurous acid can not be looked upon as wholly without possible harmful effect upon the human system. The public will do well to use such products only upon the advice of the family physician." We are not making much fuss about this case, and we are certainly not reaching any conclusions upon the comparative morality of corporations and the presumably unincorporated manufacturers of this delightful beverage. In this particular paragraph we are merely giving way to a twinge of amusement for which human principles and the last mail happened to furnish the occasion.

**CHEERFUL THINGS DO HAPPEN.** The vote of Congress, a month or so ago, to return Confederate flags, was one of them. It showed how much the North has improved in temper since 1887. The South is improving, too. Stupid arrogance on one side and blind haughtiness on the other, have given way to human decency and some comprehension that the shield has two sides. Congress voted unanimously to restore the Confederate battle flags. Why should any man of heart object to the memories that are so deeply burned into men and women of the South? If their cause was mistaken, it was not less nobly upheld, and the deaths and privations which were endured for its sake were not less real. When Mr. CLEVELAND wished to return these flags, Governor FORAKER of Ohio opposed the measure, not, as he elegantly explained, "that I have any affection for the dirty rags, but because they are emblems of treason, and are wanted for no other purpose than public parade, and to fire the Southern heart with pride for a lost cause that ought never to be recalled except with shame, because the crime of the age." FORAKER introduced the bill providing that the Government mark the graves of Confederate soldiers buried in the North. He has improved, along with the rest of us. The flag incident continues to give satisfaction everywhere, and it refreshes us to dwell part of the time on such indications of a spiritually better state.

OUTWORN  
ENMITY

**THE MUZHİK IS A MYSTERY.** The Russians themselves love to treat him as a strange being dimly and slightly understood. Russian philosophers emphasize the curtain that lies between the peasants and the other classes—this, too, in spite of the fact that in a sense Russian character is democratic. There is less class feeling than in many countries where government is not so autocratic. There is less class feeling than in Austria, Germany, or England. The career of WITTE shows how possible it is for the humbly born to rise by talent. This democracy of feeling makes the intelligent Russians often try very hard to comprehend the peasants. TOLSTOI looks off at the great mass of them, imagines the influence that is theirs potentially, and believes their natures spiritual. Therefore he sees in them the salvation of Russia. DOSTOEVSKY adds to this the salvation of the world. TURGENIEV takes a darker view. But for all of them there is something significant, vast, but mysterious and vague, in the conception of these millions of toiling and silent men. Their very numbers make them formidable in a forecast of the future. If they are as remarkable in moral and spiritual soundness as most Russian writers deem them, they will have much to do with the tone of European civilization. Anglo-Saxon superiority was more talked about two or three years ago. Exhibitions by the Japanese have done something to enlarge our horizon of the possibilities. Many forces to which we are now blind will figure, but surely among those which will have much to do with fashioning the world of future times is the vast, moral, industrious population of European Russia.

RUSSIAN  
PEASANTS

**INTELLECTUAL RUSSIA SYMPATHIZES** little with the party which caused the conflict in Manchuria. Patriotism, among the deepest Russian thinkers, shows itself not in devotion to distant armies, but in devotion to liberty of thought, act, and speech at home; and most of them have recognized from the start that





defeat in Asia would help the cause of freedom. In every war there are conscientious citizens who believe their country in the wrong. Some of the so-called Copperheads during the Rebellion were men of character and conviction. Some of the most high-minded colonists were Tories in the Revolution. In these cases the dissenters, history having put them in the wrong, bear unhonored names. But there have been cases in which glory has been showered upon those who refused to accept their country right or wrong. Fox and Burke stand higher because they were true to liberty in spite of the clamors of mistaken patriotism. In Russia to-day the love of freedom is so active, in a small but strong and awakened class, that it kills response to the tinsel glories of military struggles won or lost.

PATRIOTISM  
AND LIBERTY

**UNION LABOR MAKES MISTAKES**, in which characteristic it resembles every other class of men. Its record of betterment is one of which it may well be proud, and it has accomplished this great progress, toward fairer distribution and more civilized conditions, against constant censure. We are slow, therefore, in any given case, to accuse the unions of error, as the circumstances are not often fully understood. Most of the newspapers are usually on the conservative side and the demagogic, sensational, and untrustworthy sort are taken to support the unions for reasons that are not disinterested. That the unions have been right on the whole, however, is no truer than that they are grossly wrong at times. In traction controversies there seems to be a special temptation to some show of violence, because it is comparatively easy to affect the outcome, and a special temptation to unreasonable demands and methods, because the public, impatient of what causes it so much inconvenience, is expected to force the companies to resume on any terms. Of the difficulties which are more far-reaching in the progress of unionism toward a state entirely satisfactory to the community, the most fundamental is the fact that it practically recognizes no degrees in efficiency. Unionism will not be an ideal condition until it recognizes degrees; until it includes some device by which a man superior in ability or industry ceases to have his productivity and his reward determined by the lazy or the weak.

STRIKES

**THE CAUSE OF IRELAND SUFFERS** from GEORGE WYNDHAM'S retirement. He has given her much of which she was in need, primarily an enlightened sympathy with her cause, not too common in governing delegates anywhere. As Mr. TAFT'S first desire was always to help the Philippines rather than their American exploiters, so Mr. WYNDHAM has persistently kept his eye on the needs rather of Ireland than of English landlords or Conservative politicians. If, as the reports indicate, it was pressure from the North of Ireland that induced Mr. BALFOUR to accept Mr. WYNDHAM'S resignation, it marks a failure of the Tory party to carry out fully a work of justice and understanding on which they seemed to have embarked. Ireland's demands, short of separation, strike all unbiased minds as too fair, almost, for argument. Considering the part that the various creeds play in education to-day, in Ireland and Great Britain, Ireland certainly has the right to one university which is conducted in the atmosphere of the religion accepted by most of her people. The more self-government she obtains, short of separation, which would endanger England's existence, the more is justice indisputably done to her. As the Liberals are apparently soon to come to power, Mr. WYNDHAM'S term would not have lasted long, but the example of his resignation is a bad one. It means that internal peace and reasonable satisfaction for Ireland are further from us than we thought.

WYNDHAM'S  
RETIREMENT

**"WHEN WE DEAD AWAKE."** What a title it is! That we ordinary men and women are no more alive than so many corpses is one of IBSSEN'S haunting ideas. "We dead" go through our socially appointed treadmill, without living fully our individual lives or realizing any interesting individual possibilities. When the Norwegian dramatist undertakes to picture this ideal of freedom, there is something in his tone and method which stirs the conscience, but the acts themselves in which he embodies his ideal are notable for absurdity. IBSSEN has always been abler as a poet than as a philosopher. He must lose, therefore, in translation, but even with every advantage of language his strength can hardly be in rationality. In this latest play of his, which has just been

put upon the stage in America, he expresses the life of freedom by having a man climb up a mountain with a lady and fall down. They show they are not afraid. In "The Master Builder" the lady had the gentleman show his intrepid soul by ascending a scaffolding from which he dropped, presumably to heaven. The heroine of "Hedda Gabler" would induce her male admirer to shoot himself as a proof of manliness. Such themes, so baldly stated, show the powerful playwright's limitations. Another insistent idea of the Norwegian is the vampire side of art. He talks too much about the artist. He uses workshop problems for general human meanings. In "Hedda" a book is elaborately likened to a baby. In "When We Dead Awake" a statue is treated as a child. IBSSEN'S technical strength is less apparent in this latest work than is his lack of solid and rich humanity.

Nevertheless, he is the foremost living dramatist; he invented a new technique fitted to the analyzing mood of our time; and we are always glad when his plays have success in this country, which they have in moderation when they are well acted, an aid they receive but seldom. About the acting of "When We Dead Awake" we would only observe that as Miss FLORENCE KAHN is one of the most gifted actors in America, and one of the few especially adapted to works of the intellect and the imagination, it is a pity the poverty of our stage and the deadness of our managers keep her from obtaining that varied experience which would remove certain rawnesses that now set a limit to the effectiveness of her work. Parts of it in "When We Dead Awake" rise high in a direction in which we have not many to compete. Other parts lack that suppression, control, and ease which long practice imposes upon individuality.

DEAD

**PARTISANSHIP BEGAN EARLY.** We think of JACKSON as the beginner of our violent party system, but, although he did give it sudden development, the germs of it began as soon as WASHINGTON dropped the helm. It lay, hardly understood, in the very nature of the newly created government, which was a series of checks and balances built on fundamentally opposed conceptions. It was a compromise, and each party to the arrangement was sure to press its advantage to the uttermost when in power. No sooner had WASHINGTON, with his superiority to party, laid down the Presidency, than his impartiality was looked upon as strange by the extremist on either side. Listen to the words in which JOHN ADAMS expresses the difference between his intense prejudices and his predecessor's universal fairness.

PARTY GERMS

"WASHINGTON," he says, "appointed a multitude of Democrats and Jacobins of the deepest dye. I have been more cautious in this respect." Naive, that word "cautious," to say the least. And JEFFERSON, speaking of nepotism and appointments for personal reasons, wrote: "Mr. ADAMS degraded himself infinitely by his conduct on this subject, as General WASHINGTON has done himself the greatest honor." JEFFERSON, nevertheless, was almost as much of an extremist as JOHN ADAMS. He represented one of two conflicting truths, ADAMS another, and WASHINGTON alone represented both.

**THE BRITISH CENSOR** is an official who in this country would be lost in a flood of ridicule. Often an ill-informed, commonplace, and stupid man, he tells a nation what is moral, decorous, and reverential. He prevented STEPHEN PHILLIPS from telling his latest story, "The Sin of David," in the language and with the characters that were suited to the theme. He forces hypocrisy and indirection everywhere. Yet there seems to be no chance of abolishing him. False modesty has never been official in America, and moreover it is decreasing. Once the word "limb" was in almost universal use. Now when, in some out-of-the-way region, it is used to designate the specific part of the anatomy known as the leg, the hearer probably soliloquizes that a false delicacy is the essence of vulgarity. Journalism is much less addicted to the vulgar refinements of expression than it formerly was, and it may well be that the American public will soon tolerate almost as much freedom from prudery as the Latin peoples like. Our temper is not as fit as the English temper is to have "prudes for proctors and dowagers for deans." The more active part of woman in the world's work and thought makes impossible a style like that of SWIFT and SMOLLETT, but we swung too far in an opposite direction and are now settling to a middle course.

PROPRIETY



# MUKDEN—KUROPATKIN'S WATERLOO



FIELD MARSHAL OYAMA



RUSSIAN ARTILLERY LEAVING MUKDEN THROUGH GREAT SOUTH GATE



GENERAL KUROPATKIN

## MUKDEN

MUKDEN, the ancient capital of the Manchu dynasty of China, is a city of 250,000 people. The neighboring tombs of the Emperor's ancestors are the most revered shrines of the imperial family, and their safety is regarded in the Chinese court with much more anxiety than that of the whole population of Manchuria. Like Port Arthur, Mukden has been captured twice by the Japanese—once in the war with China and again in the present war. It is the second of the three great strategic points in the interior of Manchuria, the first being Liao-Yang and the third Harbin.

Estimated Russian forces at the battle of Mukden—infan-

try, 300,000; cavalry, 26,700; guns, 1,368. Japanese forces supposed to number from 500,000 to 700,000.

First battle lines a hundred miles long.

Fighting began February 19; Mukden evacuated, March 10, after the battle had lasted nearly three weeks.

Russian losses to March 13 estimated at 200,000 men, killed, wounded, and prisoners, 60 guns, 25,000,000 rounds of small-arm ammunition and immense quantities of stores.

Japanese casualties to March 12, 41,222.

This battle lasted longer than any other authentically recorded in history, covered more ground, and involved more men.



IN FRONT OF CHINESE COURT, MUKDEN



STRETCHERS IN FRONT OF THE HOSPITAL, MUKDEN

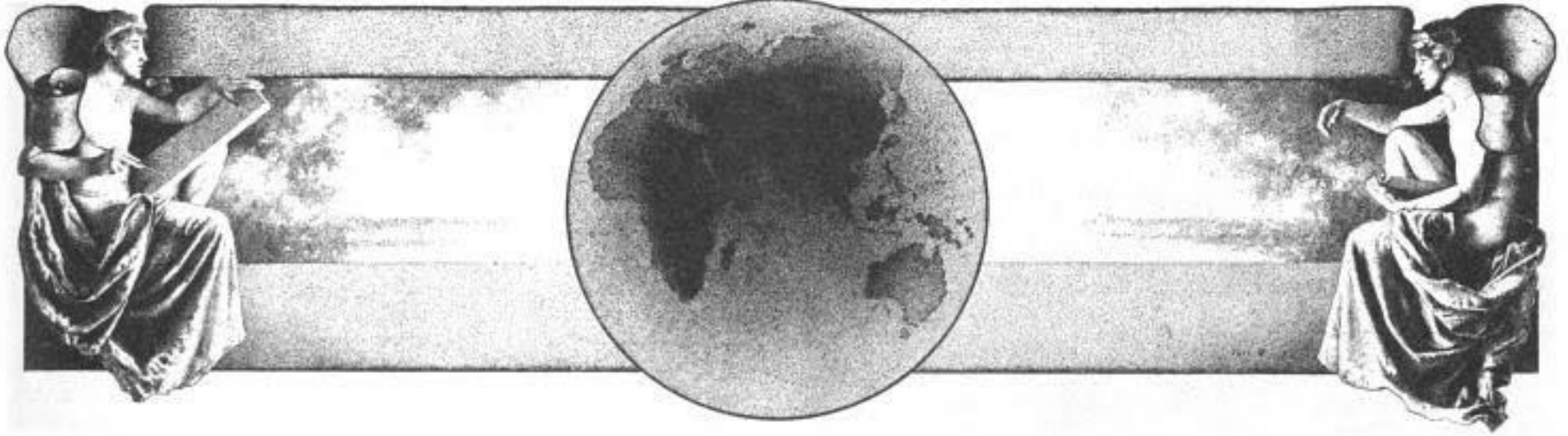


FIRST RUSSIAN ARMY CORPS MARCHING THROUGH STREETS, MUKDEN

ILLUSTRATIONS BY COLLETT



# WHAT THE WORLD IS DOING



## WAR'S FRIGHTFUL CLIMAX

THE SUGGESTION in these columns last week that the battle then raging at Mukden might prove to be the greatest in the authentic history of the world has been turned into literal fact. The mighty army assembled and intrenched with such infinite pains by Kuropatkin has met with a disaster so transcendent that it will loom before the minds of future generations as a grisly monument of the calamities of war. In the numbers engaged, in the extent of the field, in the duration of the struggle, and in the magnitude of the losses, Mukden so far overshadows all previous battles of which we have definite information, from Marathon to Sedan, as to stand in a class by itself. It was rather a campaign than a battle.

## THE TWO ARMIES

A CAREFUL ESTIMATE of Kuropatkin's forces on January 1, made by a German military review, footed up 334,000 men, with 36,790 cavalry, 1,598 field guns, and 72 heavy guns. The latest estimate of the Japanese Intelligence Office for the Russian army is 300,000 infantry, 26,700 cavalry, and 1,368 guns. To confront this enormous force with superior forces at every point of a line nearly a hundred miles long, to envelop it on both flanks at once, to push it out of formidable intrenched positions prepared by the labor of four months, cut it to pieces, capture or destroy over half of it, and drive the rest in headlong rout certainly required an immense Japanese army. If Oyama did that work with less than the half million men with whose possession he is credited, all the rhapsodies on his genius and the fighting qualities of his troops have failed to do the subject justice. Certainly the Russian and Japanese forces together must have aggregated at least 800,000 men. In the absence of any adjutant-general's returns from the camps of Attila and Jenghiz Khan, these must stand as the most gigantic hordes that ever engaged in mutual slaughter at one time and place.

## THE BATTLE DEVELOPING

AFTER KUROPATKIN'S disastrous advance to the Sha River last October "to compel the Japanese to do our will" and his retreat to his base at Mukden, the two armies faced each other along the line of the Hun, each stretching for a distance of nearly a hundred miles. Both went into winter quarters, and neither seemed strong enough to dislodge the other. The arrival of Nogi's veterans from Port Arthur upset the balance of power, and at the same time the disturbances in Russia put Kuropatkin under an apparent necessity of showing some activity to restore the prestige of the Government. Skirmishing began

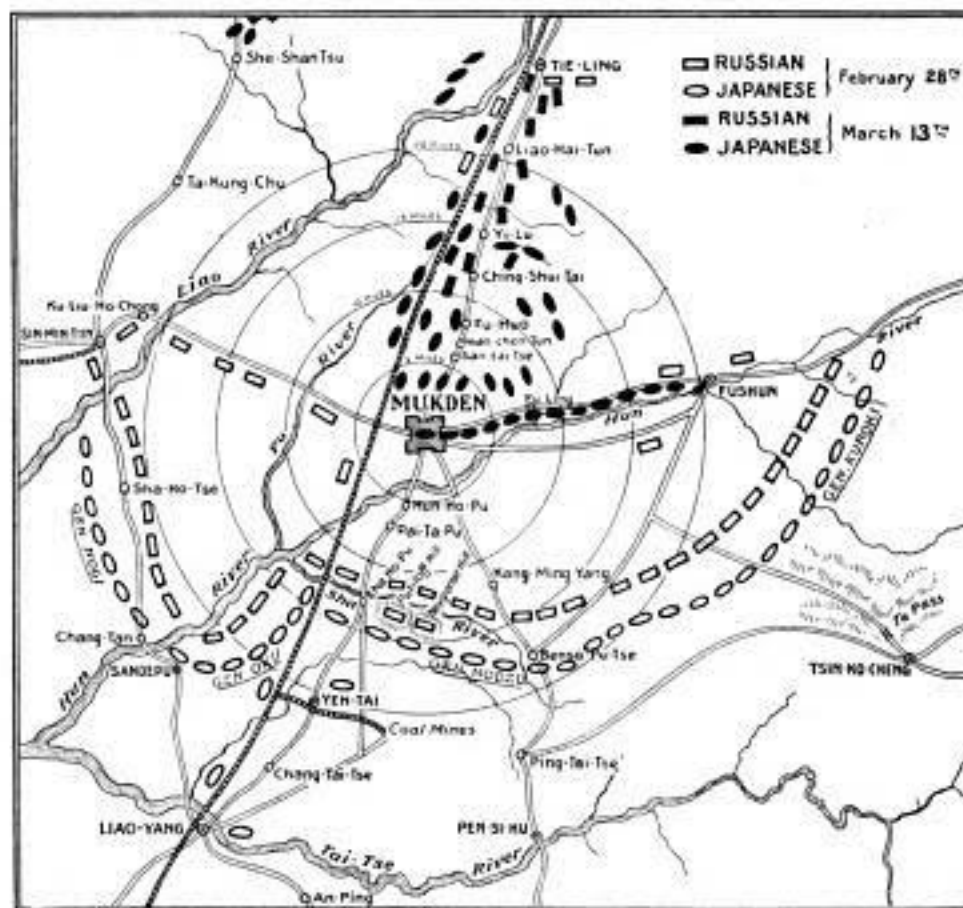
The climax of all wars has been reached in the cataclysm that has overwhelmed the Russians at Mukden. The same week has seen the tottering autocracy still further shaken by revolutionary movements among the hitherto loyal peasants. The Senate in extra session has considered the Santo Domingo treaty. A brief and disastrous railroad strike in New York has taught some useful lessons about things to avoid in the conduct of labor disputes

on both sides, and each felt the other's lines for a favorable point of attack. It is hard to fix an exact date when this preliminary sparring may be said to have developed into a battle. Isolated attacks in force were made as far back as February 19, and from that time the fighting was almost continuous for nearly a month. By February 27 it was in progress all along the line. As at Liao-Yang, Kuroki's army formed the right wing of the Japanese forces, Nodzu's the centre, and Oku's the left. Nogi's men from Port Arthur formed a mobile force on the left, ready to strike where they could do the most effective work. The Japanese operations would have

Japanese attack there and on the weakened centre was pushed so vigorously as to occupy the entire attention of the Russian commander. Suddenly, while Kuropatkin was congratulating himself upon having held his own, the armies of Oku and of Nogi delivered a stunning blow upon his right. They bent his line until his right wing, which had extended east and west, was aligned north and south, parallel to the railroad. Meanwhile a Japanese force, crossing the Liao River into Chinese territory in violation of Secretary Hay's "neutrality and administrative entity" of China, was hurrying northward to cut the Russian line of retreat. Its appearance at Sin-min-tun, "like a thunderbolt from a clear sky," was the first warning the Russians had that their right was in danger.

## BEGINNING THE RETREAT

THIS WAS THE SITUATION on March 7. The Russian army was in desperate peril, but its lines, though distorted, were still intact. It was making head against the enemy on all its fronts and even delivering counter-attacks. But its position was clearly untenable, since if it stayed where it was the Japanese would establish themselves in its rear. There was a possibility that a desperate assault on the extended Japanese centre might cut Oyama's line in two and turn defeat into victory. Failing this a retreat was necessary, but it still seemed as if the master who had withdrawn his army in safety from Liao-Yang might conduct that retreat in good order. On the night of the 7th, after the failure of their counter-attacks to check the Japanese advance, the Russians evacuated the whole line of the Sha River. Next they abandoned the stronghold of Putiloff Hill, at their centre, which had resisted repeated assaults. The Japanese were closing in north of Mukden on both sides. Meanwhile preparations for the evacuation of the city had been in progress for some days. From March 3 to March 5 over 1,200 carloads of artillery and supplies had been sent from Mukden to Tie Pass. Kuropatkin was holding on doggedly to permit this operation to be completed. If he could bar the Japanese rushes until everything of value was taken away, as he had done at Liao-Yang, and then retire in good order, his reputation as the modern Fabius would still be secure.



THE BATTLE OF MUKDEN

Positions of the contending armies before and after the Russian defeat

been badly hampered by the rivers that intersected the country, but at that season these streams were frozen. Oyama turned that fact to good account; Kuropatkin seems to have forgotten it. In anticipation of a possible defeat the Russians had fortified a rallying place at Tie Pass, forty miles up the railroad, in the direction of Harbin. Oyama was in touch with his whole line by telephone.



## THE ROUT

KUROPATKIN'S ARMY was like an arch, whose keystone was the line between Mukden and Fushun, about twenty miles east. Incessantly testing this line by tireless attacks, the Japanese discovered a gap. They poured through under cover of a dust storm that hid their movements by an impenetrable screen, and in an instant the fabric of Russian resistance collapsed and the defeat became a rout. The Russian army was cut in two, and its retreat was turned into a race in which separate corps, divisions, and regiments struggled, each for itself, to reach the first refuge at Tie Pass ahead of the enemy, whose merciless fire repeated, on a scale a hundred times magnified, the terrors of the British retreat from Lexington. The various Russian units were hopelessly mixed. Only a few corps preserved a degree of order that offered any promise of a successful reorganization of the remnants of the army. Kuropatkin in person maintained a desperate series of rearguard actions and did what he could to keep the disaster within bounds. Marshal Oyama occupied Mukden on March 10, taking an enormous amount of booty which the Russians had not been able to remove or destroy. The Japanese wedge which had been driven through the Russian lines between Mukden and Fushun pushed forward, swinging to the left, and forced its point across the railroad, cutting off masses of the fugitives and catching others between its own fire and that of Oku's and Nogi's men on the left. Parts of the isolated Russian forces on the east of the wedge were surrounded and captured, and others were forced still further east into the mountains, where they tried to make their way by devious routes, still closely pursued, toward Tie Pass. The main lines of the Russian retreat were along the railroad, the old Mandarin Road, and another road running parallel with it. For the whole distance the disorganized masses of fugitives were pitilessly shelled by the Japanese on their flanks and rear and the slaughter was something unheard of since Napoleon's retreat from Moscow.

## JUST SHORT OF A SEDAN

THE RESULTS of the battle of Mukden disclosed a great improvement in Japanese strategy and tactics since Liao-Yang and the Sha River. While Oyama was unable on the former occasions to do more than push the Russians off their ground, inflicting on them only the fighting casualties to be expected in battle, at Mukden he smashed their army, utterly destroyed parts of it, surrounded and captured other parts, and took vast quantities of guns, ammunition, and supplies. Of the 330,000 men with whom Kuropatkin began the battle not more than half escaped to Tie Pass, and they were crippled and demoralized. If the whole army in its original intrenchments could not resist Oyama the chances of this battered remnant were desperate enough. It was estimated on March 13 that at that time the Russians had already lost 110,000 men killed and wounded and 40,000 prisoners, with new casualties and captures every hour. Three times Kuropatkin himself narrowly escaped capture. That he was able to save anything at all was due to the Japanese deficiency in cavalry, which made it impossible to throw a force ahead of the Russians and bar their line of retreat.

## WAR OR PEACE?

THE BATTLE OF MUKDEN ended all hope of Russian success in the campaign of 1905. Even if Kuropatkin or his successor could manage to withdraw the few corps surviving at Tie Pass to Harbin and there hold his ground—a contingency more than doubtful—it would be impossible for him to receive sufficient reinforcements this year to give him a chance of taking the offensive. If Russia, therefore, should persist in continuing the war she would have to count on at least two years more of fighting, with only a bare possibility of success even then. These considerations revived the talk of peace. The unanimous opinion of the civilized world outside of Russia, including even her ally, France, was that the Czar should end the war on the best terms he could get. That was also a very general opinion in Russia itself outside of the im-

perial court. But the clique in control of the Emperor persisted in the assertion that Russia would fight on until she won. That was a question, however, about which Russia herself had something to say. The Grand Dukes could issue orders, but it was the soldiers who would have to do the fighting, and everywhere it became evident that the mobilization of a new army for Manchuria would be extremely difficult if not impossible from the unwillingness of the recruits to serve. As a beginning orders were issued on March 13 to mobilize three more army corps, but that force, even if raised and successfully transported to the seat of war, would plainly be only a mouthful for Oyama.

## PRESSURE ON THE CZAR

A RUSSIAN NEWSPAPER has been bold enough to propose that the whole nation be asked to take a vote upon the single question: "War or peace?" In any case that question, if not already decided, will play a leading part in the election of the representative assembly promised by the Czar's rescript. Meanwhile two other influences are working powerfully for peace. A peasant rising is threatening anarchy throughout the central provinces. Unlike the workingmen's movements in the cities, this revolt is not directed against the autocracy, but against the landlords and capitalists. The peasants still have that faith in the "Little Father" that was



ANDREW CARNEGIE AT THE CHADWICK TRIAL  
Mr. Carnegie leaving the Courthouse at Cleveland after listening to the case

shot out of the workmen at the Narva Gate and Palace Square in St. Petersburg, and they are burning and pillaging in his name. But their upheaval is none the less paralyzing to a government that wants to raise troops, collect taxes, and run railroad trains. Finally, the war is and must be carried on upon borrowed money, and the financiers who have been furnishing the money balk at lending any more. The patience of Paris is exhausted, and Berlin intimates distinctly that new Russian loans must be based upon peace abroad and at home. The credit of Japan is rising with her victories, while that of Russia is declining. And one more blow is ready to fall upon the dilapidated Russian prestige. The Japanese fleets have been reported moving rapidly into the Indian Ocean, and if they catch Rojestvensky's retreating squadrons before they reach the Suez Canal the result of the encounter can hardly improve the market for Russian bonds.

## PRESIDENTIAL ADVICE TO MOTHERS

IN A VERY EARNEST ADDRESS to the National Congress of Mothers on March 13 President Roosevelt returned to his favorite topic of race suicide. After telling the mothers that a man ought to be a good husband and father, and not "brutal, or cowardly, or selfish," the President paid his respects to "vapid self-indulgence" and "sterile pseudo-intellectuality" in women. He admitted that a mother who did her duty could not expect an easy time. "She may have to get up night after night to take care of a sick child, and yet must by day continue to do all her household duties as well; and if the family means are scant she must usually enjoy even her rare holidays taking her whole brood of children with her." Such a mother, in the President's opin-

ion, deserved even more respect than the man who fulfilled all the obligations of his own sphere. But she was the hope of the nation. Mr. Roosevelt fell upon an unfortunate clergyman who had said that people of moderate means ought to be satisfied with two children, so that they might "taste a few of the good things of life." The intelligence of that idea, he thought, was "on a par with its morality," for "the most rudimentary mental process" would have shown the speaker that his plan would lead the nation in two or three generations to deserved extinction, "so that the people who had acted on this base and selfish doctrine would be giving place to others with braver and more robust ideals." He held that such a result would not be "in any way regrettable," because a race that practiced race suicide "would thereby conclusively show that it was unfit to exist, and that it had better give place to people who had not forgotten the primary laws of their being."

## A SHIFT IN THE BRITISH CABINET

THE REPEATEDLY expressed desire of Mr. George Wyndham to resign the Chief Secretaryship for Ireland was gratified on March 6, when Premier Balfour announced in the House of Commons that the resignation had finally been accepted. Mr. Wyndham had tried to carry on his thankless work with due regard to the desires of the people he governed, and in so doing came into collision with the extreme Ulster Unionists, who accused him of leaning toward home rule and finally made his position untenable. The highest regard for the retiring Secretary was expressed on all sides, and the conscientious devotion he had given to his arduous duties met with general recognition. His resignation was followed on March 12 by a general shift in the Cabinet. Mr. Walter Hume Long, formerly President of the Local Government Board, succeeded Mr. Wyndham in the Irish Secretaryship. Gerald Balfour moved from the Presidency of the Board of Trade into Mr. Long's late position, the Marquis of Salisbury became President of the Board of Trade, and Allwyn Fellowes President of the Board of Agriculture. These changes had the advantage of involving no by-elections, a matter of particular interest to the Government in the present state of public opinion. The fact that Lord Salisbury and Mr. Fellowes are outspoken free-traders makes the relations of the Government with the Chamberlain faction more critical than ever. Mr. Wyndham's health has been shattered by his exertions and his physicians have ordered him to go abroad and take a complete rest. The failure of his attempts at conciliation leaves the Nationalists in Ireland and the Ulster Unionists confronting each other with intensified bitterness.

## THE NEW SLAVERY

THE NATIONAL "ANTI-PEONAGE LAW" was sustained on March 13 by the Supreme Court of the United States in the case of Samuel M. Clyatt, charged with "returning to involuntary servitude" two negroes who were working in Florida and were arrested to be taken to Georgia. The court held that the law was valid, and that it applied to any person holding another in a state of peonage, "whether there be municipal ordinance or State law sanctioning such holding." The national law "operates directly on every citizen of the Republic, wherever his residence may be." In the particular case under consideration a new trial was ordered on a technicality. The constitutional prohibition of slavery and involuntary servitude is broad enough to cover all attempts under local authority to hold people to labor on the pretence that they are serving criminal sentences. The attempt to secure a cheap supply of labor in this way is productive of such serious consequences to those making it whenever it gets into the Federal courts that the practice seems bound to disappear. It lacks the support that the old slavery had from the public opinion of the communities in which it existed, and Southern judges, prosecutors, and juries have co-operated in stamping it out. Peonage is a weed that has sprung up in backward and ignorant districts, and it dies in the light. The decision of the Supreme Court may be expected to bring it to an early end.



## A DISASTROUS STRIKE

**I**N THREE DAYS, beginning with March 7, it was proved at the expense of some five thousand late employees of the Interborough Rapid Transit Company and their families that New York did not possess the conditions necessary for a successful street railroad strike. After presenting an ultimatum based on some rather nebulous grievances, all the train, track, and station forces of the Elevated and Subway lines struck at four in the morning of the 7th. The company immediately started out its trains in charge of imported strike-breakers and opened an employment office for new men. The first day the service was badly crippled and a million people were subjected to infuriating discomforts. The next day the trains were running with tolerable regularity, and by the third day the places of the strikers were almost all filled, and nothing remained but to let the new men gain skill by experience. The heads of the national labor unions concerned—the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers and the Amalgamated Association of Street and Electric Railway Employees—repudiated the strike as called without authority and ordered the men back to work. Grand Chief Stone, of the Locomotive Engineers, declared the charter of the local division forfeited for its violation of its three-year contract with the Interborough Company—the first breach of contract, he said, which could be charged against his organization in twenty years.

While the local leaders were still defiant a stampede set in for employment, but few of the strikers' applications were accepted, and the company announced that all who were engaged would have to begin at the bottom of the list, forfeiting all the advancement earned by long service. It was stated, further, that the rule against employing men over forty years old would be strictly enforced, so that some who had been in the service ever since the first Elevated road was built, over thirty years ago, would be idle, with slim prospects of getting work anywhere else. It was a pitiful situation, especially for the men with wives and children, and even the general opinion that the strike had been foolishly and frivolously undertaken under rattle-brained leadership did not make its consequences to innocent sufferers any less distressing. The things that made the contest hopeless from the beginning were the existence of a vast mass of available labor which regarded the jobs on the roads as prizes, the presence of a police force competent to give thorough protection to the lines, and the great dis-

treaty. It cut out the President's cherished enactment of the Monroe Doctrine. It inserted a provision that the money to be collected by the agents of the United States should not be subject to the jurisdiction of the Dominican courts, and that the agents themselves should not be subject to such jurisdiction, civil or criminal, without the consent of the President of the United States. It added a disclaimer of any liability on the part of the United



SEARCHING FOR THE REMAINS OF PAUL JONES IN PARIS

States to Santo Domingo or any of its creditors, together with the requirement that all decisions and awards made by the United States, its agents and officers, should be conclusively binding upon the Government and people of Santo Domingo. It provided that the United States should not be bound to consider any claim until the claimant's Government had given its consent that the decision should be accepted as final and conclusive. With these and many minor changes the treaty was commended to the favor of the Senate, and the debate in executive session began.

Coincidentally, Secretary Hay added another chapter to the serial story of Dominican explanations and excuses by giving out a statement asserting that neither the Department of State nor the President had any knowledge of the original Dillingham-Sanchez protocol until they read about it in the newspapers, and that they never had any intention of putting any such agreement into effect without submitting it to the Senate. This leaves the authors of the protocol, who provided for its enforcement at a date before the Senate could possibly act upon it, the official of the State Department who gave out the first "inspired" account of the new programme, and the Administration organ which told circumstantially how the President was going to take possession of the Dominican custom houses without mentioning the matter to the Senate, all marooned together on a

desert island of repudiation. But no step has been taken to discipline any of them, and our Minister to Santo Domingo continues to diplomatize, the State Department officials to issue inspired statements, and the organ to print them.

## THE STANDARD OIL BATTLEGROUND

**C**HARGES, COUNTER-CHARGES, and flanking movements are still vigorously proceeding in the Standard Oil war in the West. When the Standard's agents, operating under the name of the Prairie Oil and Gas Company, proclaimed a boycott

of the Kansas field, thereby precipitating the establishment of a State refinery, they made a false step which they soon had to retrace. But they have now undertaken to accomplish the same results by announcing that they will buy no more Kansas oil testing less than thirty degrees of gravity. This enables them to employ their favorite weapon of discrimination. A producer who has been unfriendly to Standard interests may expect to find his oil failing in the test. One who has been properly amenable may feel confident that his output is of the proper quality. The railroad managers are trying to move from the danger zone between the monopoly and the infuriated community. They have informed the State authorities that they will obey the new Maximum Rate law to the letter, will obey any orders of the Railroad Commissioners, and will not give the Standard Oil Company any advantage over any other patron. This law has already saved some independent producers two-thirds of their usual freight bills. Meanwhile the Santa Fe is again on the rack, trying to explain away the allegation that it has given the Standard illegal rebates to the extent of a million dollars.

The taking of testimony on this point in proceedings brought against the road for violation of the Anti-Trust law began at Independence, Kansas, March 11.

## TROUBLE BREWING IN THE PHILIPPINES

**T**HE ROSY REPORTS OF PEACE and happiness in the Philippines do not seem to cover the whole ground. According to the correspondence of the "Army and Naval Journal" from Manila, "the clouds of war are growing darker with each succeeding day." The 20,000 native troops at the command of the Insular Government are at work in the jungles of Mindanao, Samar, and Luzon, trying to suppress bands of armed natives, described up to the present time as "ladrones" and "pulajanes." It is recognized, says the writer, that "these so-called marauders are organized revolutionists, with headquarters in Manila, having an efficient commissary and levying war taxes in places beyond the lines of the provincial forces." The correspondent describes a number of outbreaks and collisions and states that the general opinion among citizens and officers is that the Insular Government is "up against" a difficult situation. He adds that the suggestion is heard in every direction: "Instead of recalling the troops now in the islands, Uncle Sam had better send out 10,000 more soldiers and restore order." The need for more guns to reclaim the fickle affections of the Filipinos has not been diminished by the failure of Congress to do justice in the matter of the tariff on their goods.

## SCHOOLS AND HOME RULE IN CANADA

**T**HE SCHOOL QUESTION in the Northwest has become as serious for Sir Wilfrid Laurier as it was for Sir Charles Tupper in 1896. The Government in its autonomy bill has insisted on binding the new provinces to maintain separate schools. It holds that the promise of such schools was one of the inducements on which colonists were persuaded to settle in the Northwest. The opponents of the system deny that any such promises were made. They quote the immigration literature issued by the Government to show that the only kind of education guaranteed to the new settlers was that in public schools. The Northwestern representatives object to having their people begin their provincial career with their hands tied, and demand the right to decide their school policy for themselves. In the United States, where all powers not specially granted by the Constitution to the National Government are reserved to the States or to the people, this dispute could not arise, but the Canadian plan of making the Dominion Government the depository of the reserved powers leads to friction when there is a difference of opinion between the central and the local authorities on a matter of local policy.



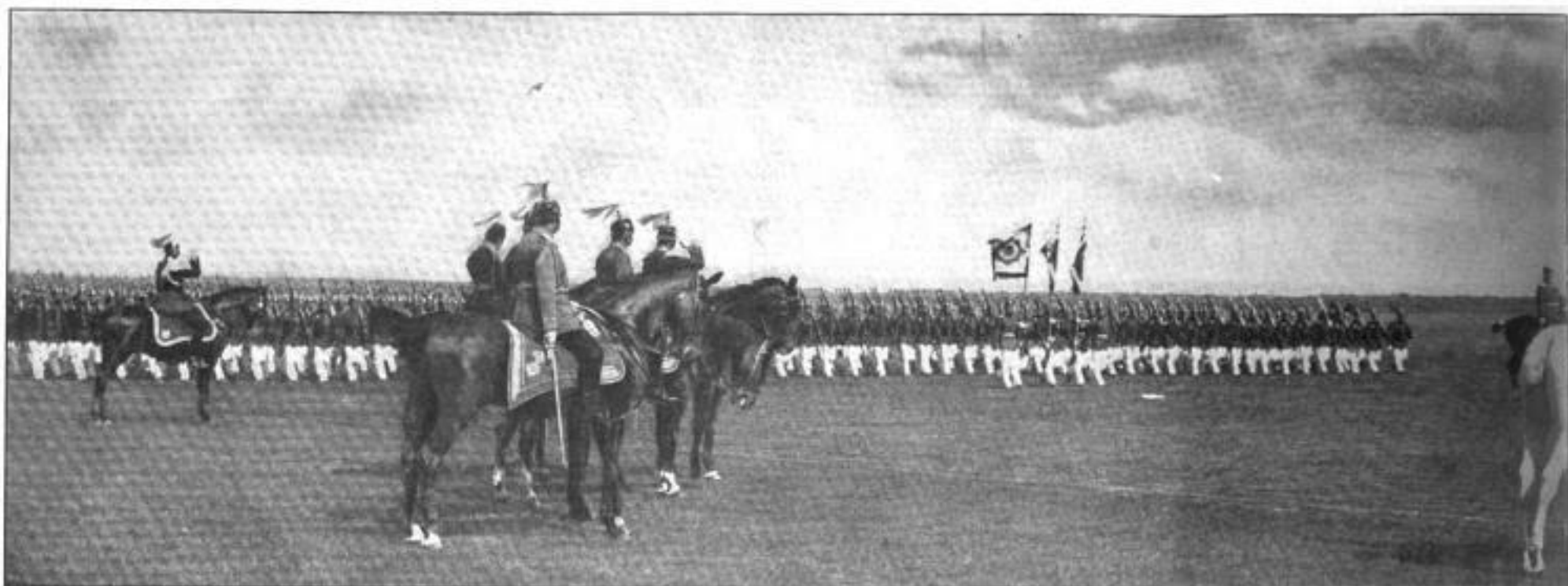
MARDI GRAS IN NEW ORLEANS—THE KING OF THE FESTIVAL IN HIS FLOAT

tances to be traveled, which ensured patronage to the trains whenever they ran and made a boycott impossible.

## DOING THINGS TO THE DOMINICAN POLICY

**W**HEN THE SENATE MET in extra session on March 6 the Committee on Foreign Relations gave the President's Santo Domingo treaty careful and loving consideration. Three days later it reported it favorably, by a strict party vote, with merely such amendments as were needed to transform it from a Roosevelt treaty into a Senate





THE EMPEROR REVIEWING HIS TROOPS AT THE GERMAN ARMY MANEUVERS

## SIXTEEN MILLIONS A WEEK

THE COMPLETE FIGURES tabulated by the clerks of the House and Senate Committees on Appropriations show that at its late short session Congress authorized expenditures footing up \$818,478,914—the greatest amount, gold value, ever appropriated in a single year, whether of war or peace, in American history. It is only fair to say, however, that \$87,000,000 of this—\$57,000,000 for the sinking fund and \$30,000,000 for the redemption of national bank-notes—ought not to be charged to the current cost of running the Government. Thanks to the radical cut made by Congress in the naval estimates, the allowance for warlike purposes is less this year than last. Even yet, however, these objects call for about \$177,000,000, not counting \$138,000,000 for pensions and \$24,000,000 for interest on the war debt. The expenses of the National Government are far in excess of the combined net revenues of all the railroads, telegraphs, and telephones in the United States, with those of the Standard Oil Trust, the Steel Trust, and the Beef Trust thrown in.

## NEW MEN IN OFFICE

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT began his new administration by sending in a considerable list of nominations to the Senate. All the old members of the Cabinet were reappointed except Postmaster-General Wynne, who was succeeded by George B. Cortelyou. Mr. Wynne was transferred to the post of Consul-General to London, a place with less glory, but more pay. Whitelaw Reid was appointed Ambassador to Great Britain, vice Joseph H. Choate, resigned. Robert J. McCormick, who has filled so well the delicate and trying post of Ambassador to Russia during the war, has been shifted to the embassy at Paris made vacant by the resignation of General Horace Porter. George V. L. Meyer, late Ambassador to Italy, takes Mr. McCormick's place in Russia. Edwin H. Conger is promoted from the position of Minister to China to that of Ambassador to Mexico, vice Powell Clayton, resigned, and Henry White makes the long jump from the secretaryship of the embassy at London to the post of Ambassador to Italy. These selections show that we are developing something like a diplomatic service, for every one of the five new Ambassadors has had diplomatic experience, and four of them have reached their places by direct promotion.

There are several similar promotions among the Ministers and Consuls, and the appointment of William W. Rockhill to be Minister to China might fairly come under that head, although it does not so appear on the record. Some new blood is added to the corps by the nomination of William M. Collier as Minister to Spain, Brutus J. Clay to Switzerland, Thomas J. O'Brien to Denmark, Charles H. Graves to Sweden and Norway, and Edward C. O'Brien to Paraguay and Uruguay. Senator Joseph V. Quarles of Wisconsin was named again for a United States District judgeship, while his succes-

sor in the Senate, Mr. La Follette, was not present to give the customary welcome. Most of the nominations were promptly confirmed, the Senate reserving its combativeness for the Santo Domingo treaty.

## THE WORLD'S GREAT SEAPORTS

THE DEPARTMENT OF COMMERCE AND LABOR has prepared some statistics about the shipping of the principal seaports of the world which set forth certain facts that will prove surprising to most persons who have not made a study of the subject. For instance, the figures show that, taking the aggregates of tonnage entered and cleared in the foreign trade, the first of all ports is not London, or New York, or Liverpool, but Hong-Kong. It appears, further:

That London is the second port in the world for foreign trade, Antwerp the third, New York the fourth, Hamburg the fifth, and Liverpool the sixth.



SCIENCE AT CHURCH

Rev. George F. Pentecost preaching into a telephone for the benefit of deaf parishioners

That Buenos Ayres ranks ahead of any seaport in the United States except New York.

That from a maritime point of view our coast line on the Pacific is one of the most backward parts of the shores of that ocean. Singapore has more than twice as much shipping in the foreign trade as all our Pacific ports combined, and there are four ports in Japan—Yokohama, Nagasaki, Kobe, and Moji—each of which surpasses all of ours on the Pacific put together. Shanghai outstrips our entire Pacific Coast two or three times over. Sydney and Melbourne have a deep-sea tonnage far in excess of that of San Francisco or of Puget Sound.

These returns, however, do not take into account the American coasting trade, the most extensive afloat. The tonnage entered and cleared in the domestic commerce of the Great Lakes last year exceeded that in the foreign commerce of the first eight seaports of the world—Hong-Kong, London, Antwerp, New York, Hamburg, Liverpool, Rotterdam, and Cardiff—combined.

## ENCOURAGEMENT FOR THE NEGRO

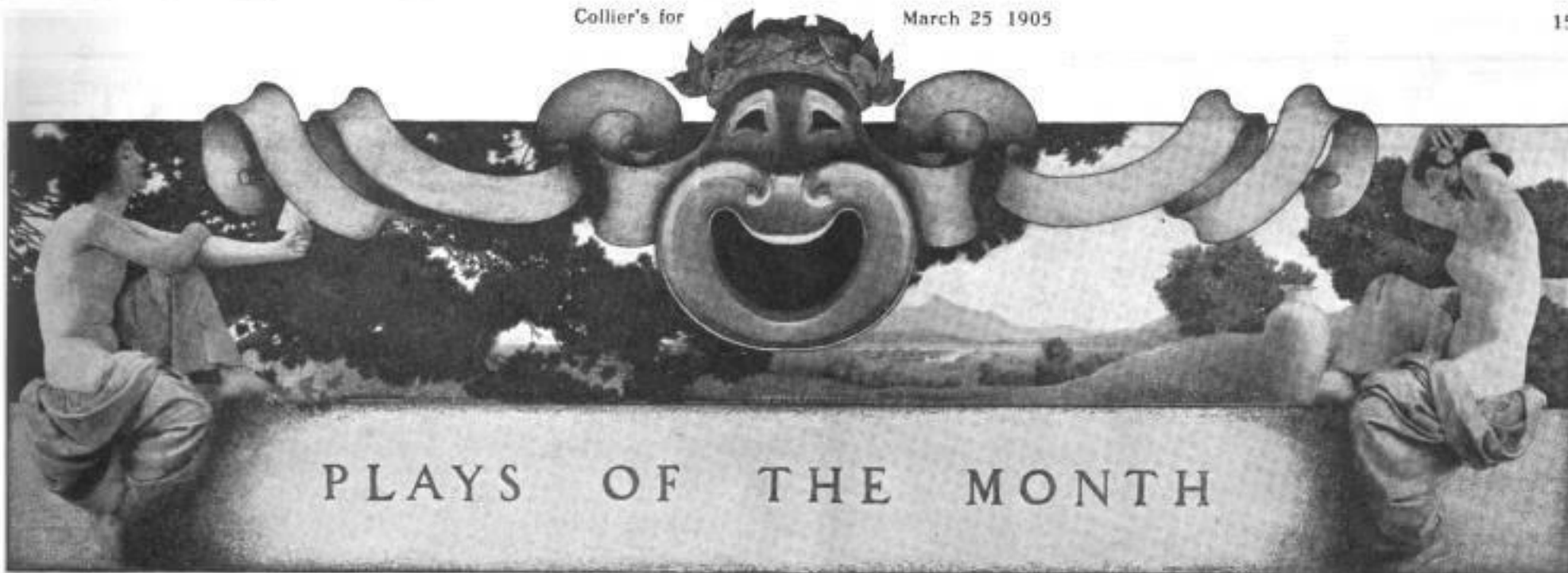
THE ANNUAL NEGRO CONFERENCE at Tuskegee was able to make an encouraging report of progress in matters considerably more important to the black race than the appointment by President Roosevelt of a colored Collector of Internal Revenue at New York. It recorded "the almost total disappearance of lynching during the last four months, due largely to the co-operation of the races in creating public sentiment." It recalled the fact that in forty years the negro had saved more than \$300,000,000 of taxable property, acquired the ownership of 173,352 farms in twelve Southern States, and organized and supported 28,000 churches. It urged him to buy land, get rid of the old one-room cabins, diversify crops, raise fruit, stock, and poultry (his own, not his neighbors'), avoid extravagance and crop mortgages, start bank-accounts, let liquor alone, reduce the number of idlers and vagrants, make labor more trustworthy, keep high and inflexible moral and religious standards, and cultivate patience, co-operation, mutual forbearance, and hard work. A race that can accomplish all that will obviously have no cause to apologize for its existence or feel dread of its future.

## STILL RAIDING NIAGARA

THE "LOCKPORT NIAGARA GRAB" which was vetoed by Governor Odell of New York last year has reappeared in a more flagrant form than ever. It has ceased now to be a local Lockport measure, and has therefore lost the support of the members of the Legislature from that region. The new bill permits the Niagara, Lockport, and Ontario Company to divert sufficient water to develop 400,000 horsepower, which is just about enough to dry up the American Falls. The electric current may be sent into any part of the State without the consent of the local authorities, and rights of way may be condemned for poles and wires wherever the company feels inclined to put them. Moreover, the corporation is authorized to acquire the stock of any or all other power companies in the State, thus having the way cleared for the development of an absolute monopoly of all the water that can be taken from the American side of the Niagara River. In spite of the growth of an enlightened public sentiment, the raids upon Niagara become more impudent from session to session of the New York Legislature. The cataract represents a capitalized value of something like a billion dollars, and no such tremendous asset will be left in the hands of the people if private interests can get a chance at it.

It is to be feared that it is already too late to head off the ruin of the Falls by mere measures of resistance, because some of the franchises improvidently granted by past Legislatures contain no limitation on the amount of water to be diverted. It is quite within the power of physical and financial engineering to impound every drop that now passes over the Falls, and unless radical measures are taken the thing will be done. And most of us may live to see it.





## PLAYS OF THE MONTH

HEADPIECE BY MAXFIELD PARISH



Made Adams as "Amanda Afflick"

"O P O' ME THUMB" was the Cinderella of *Madame Didier's* laundry in Soho—a pale, pinched little orphan, with her hair done up in a little knob on the back of her head, and no good looks and nobody to care for her. That is, nobody cared for the real 'Op O' Me Thumb, but the make-believe one, the one that she told the other girls in the laundry about until they almost believed her, had a rich father, who, when the missing will was found and he was freed from his cruel bondage, was going to drive up to the laundry in his great carriage and take her away with him and dress her in silks and ermine. And she had an absent lover, too, the

mysterious Mr. 'Orace Greensmith, who was coming to claim her some day and who sent her wonderful dream presents of jewels and brooches and things. Mr. 'Orace had left a shirt once at the laundry "to be called for," but he had never come for it, and 'Op O' Me Thumb did it up for him fresh each week and held it almost sacred. One day when the other girls—blooming wenches, with plenty of admirers to tote them off to 'Emstead 'Eath of a bank holiday—had gone away and left her alone, who should come in but Mr. 'Orace himself, a husky young cockney with a kerchief about his neck, poor 'Op O' Me Thumb's Prince Charming. Of course, he didn't understand. It was like trampling on her heart when he grabbed the shirt—the ineffable shirt—and crammed it into a roll. And when she told him that she had ironed it over for him every week, the best he could do was to give a great laugh and want to know if they thought they were going to make him pay for all that just because he hadn't called right away. One by one this big good-humored brute tears down all 'Op O' Me Thumb's golden cobwebs with his great clumsy hands, treads her rainbow bubbles underfoot. When he finally goes swinging out, never to return, little 'Op O' Me Thumb takes the crape off her arm—there's no use pretending any more that she's mourning for some one—and sinks down in a heap under the ironing table alone with the wreck of her poor little heart.

It's a rather melancholy little story, but told with a truth and high humor that justifies it. In its completeness, the inerrant accuracy of its characterization and the exquisite delicacy with which its course is steered between a dingy external realism and a gossamer inner world of dreams, it beams as a tiny perfect star among its bigger lop-sided rivals of the month. Mr. Frederick Fenn and Mr. Richard Bryce are the authors. As 'Op O' Me Thumb Miss Adams almost obliterates herself in appearance, manner of movement, and speech, and reproves those who are given to saying that she is always *Bobbie*. It is a part so fragile that almost any hands but hers would shatter it at the touch. She gives it reality and an ineffable pathos. Her acting is a bit of rare art and imaginative insight.

### Making Pictures into a Play

Mrs. Pipp was somewhat embarrassed with what Count Charniot called her *embonpoint*. "What?" queried her much-abused husband. "Ombongpwoing," said Mrs. Pipp. "I don't know what it is," sighed Mr. Pipp, "but it sounds like a piece of war news." "That's just how much water you draw," said Mr. Pipp, when he was explaining to young John Willing, treasurer in his bank, why Willing wasn't looked upon as an eligible *parti* by Mrs. Pipp, and then he told of the changes that had taken place since he began life back in Ohio, and Mrs. Pipp's father kept a sort of sailor's outfitting shop full of ropes and pulleys and tar and things. "Why, her back hair used to smell of pine tar in those days," says Mr. Pipp. "When I was working I was well every day," he continues, in telling about his retirement from business. "Now I have all

the symptoms of all the diseases in the mineral water advertisements." "They spell it," says Mr. Pipp, after the social invasion of England had begun, "Cuol-mon-deley," but they pronounce it 'Chumley.' We spell it 'J. Wesley Pipp,' but we'll pronounce it 'Jeslip.'"

The higher education of Mr. Gibson's Mr. Pipp, as conducted by Mr. "Gus" Thomas, does not, it will be observed, squeeze any of his raciness out of him. Nobody but Mr. Thomas could have made him talk as he does, could have dramatized a series of black-and-white drawings into the same sort of everyday flesh-and-bloodness. As a play the result is not to be taken very seriously. The level of high comedy which is suggested in the first act is not maintained in the funny though obvious misunderstandings of the second, and the melodrama lugged into the third act, where the villainous Frenchman tries to poison Mr. Pipp with knockout drops, makes the literary achievements of Mr. Nick Carter look pale and academic.

Mr. Digby Bell in the title rôle lacks both in make-up and in manner some of the quaintness and droll wistfulness of the Gibson character, though that slightly sardonic quality, that ironic unction which he puts into the part, is more in keeping with Mr. Thomas's lines, and doubtless truer to the probable personality of a self-made millionaire. It is admirable acting in any case and extremely funny. Mrs. Kate Dennin Wilson as the masterful Mrs. Pipp is equally successful. Miss Janet Beecher and Miss Marion Draughn fit adequately the Gibsonian pattern of pulchritude, which is about all they have to do. There are others in the play and various complications, but after all nothing counts but Mr. and Mrs. Pipp. It is the humor and real-thing Americanism in the characterization of the tyrannized husband and his Malapropian spouse that the piece stands on, and on that it amusingly makes good.

### Plays That Are Also Poetry

The followers of the new Irish literary movement and the devotees of poetic drama have been gladdened of heart of late by the appearance of Miss Margaret Wycherly in some of William Butler Yeats's plays. Miss Wycherly is the leading interpreter of the new Irish drama on the English stage. She is a very beautiful young woman—possessed, as one recent critic austere observes, of "the glory of midnight eyes beaming with the starlight of dreams" and a "voice with the silvery warmth of summer moonlight"—and she brought such a gracious mingling of poetic charm and wholesomeness to the acting of these little exotic plays that one could not help wishing to see her in a robust and more vital sort of drama. "Cathleen ni Houlihan," "The Hour Glass," and "The Land of Heart's Desire" were the three presented—the latter one, at least, of a gossamer substance all but impossible convincingly to subject to the garish tests of the stage. In this a young wife whose head is full of dreams

leaves her husband and the sordid little hut where he and his parents live and follows the fairy child away to "The Land of Heart's Desire," where you never grow old and crafty and fussy and given to wrangling about such things as pigs and money and cheeses. The struggle is there all right enough—the inevitable clash that comes when youth's self-sufficient dreams are first broken in upon by all the apparent harshness and meanness and irreconcilability of what we call the "real" world. But as shown on the stage the fairy child is merely a rather pert little girl in a sort of pert little red-and-green Red Riding Hood dress, while the

husband is a man, tall and strong and good-looking and with a voice and a way of speaking poetry that ought to mean a little something even to a girl like *Maire*. So that when the child, in her squeaky soprano voice, says that she's a fairy and that she can take the young wife outside and whisk her away to the land of heart's desire, you don't believe her for a minute, and you rather wish that she would be a bit more respectful toward her elders and not say such peevish things about the old house and the old folks who are eating supper in the corner—for, after all, we've all got to grow old sometime, and wrinkles will come in spite of Mr. Yeats. For our part, we do not think that *Maire* would have grown up to think of nothing but pigs and cheeses, nor that that fine young man would have done so either, and if Mr. Yeats would have us think so, or that "The Land of Heart's Desire" does more than embody some of youth's growing pains, he isn't writing very great or helpful poetry.

In "The Hour Glass," in which Miss Wycherly donned doublet and hose and played the part of *Teigue* the fool, there are also practical difficulties. An angel with a pasteboard halo broke the illusion here. The angel tells the wise man that he must die within the hour, and that if he doesn't find one person who believes, he must go to hell. The wise man has made everybody in the neighborhood sceptic by his materialistic teaching. (Continued on page 20.)



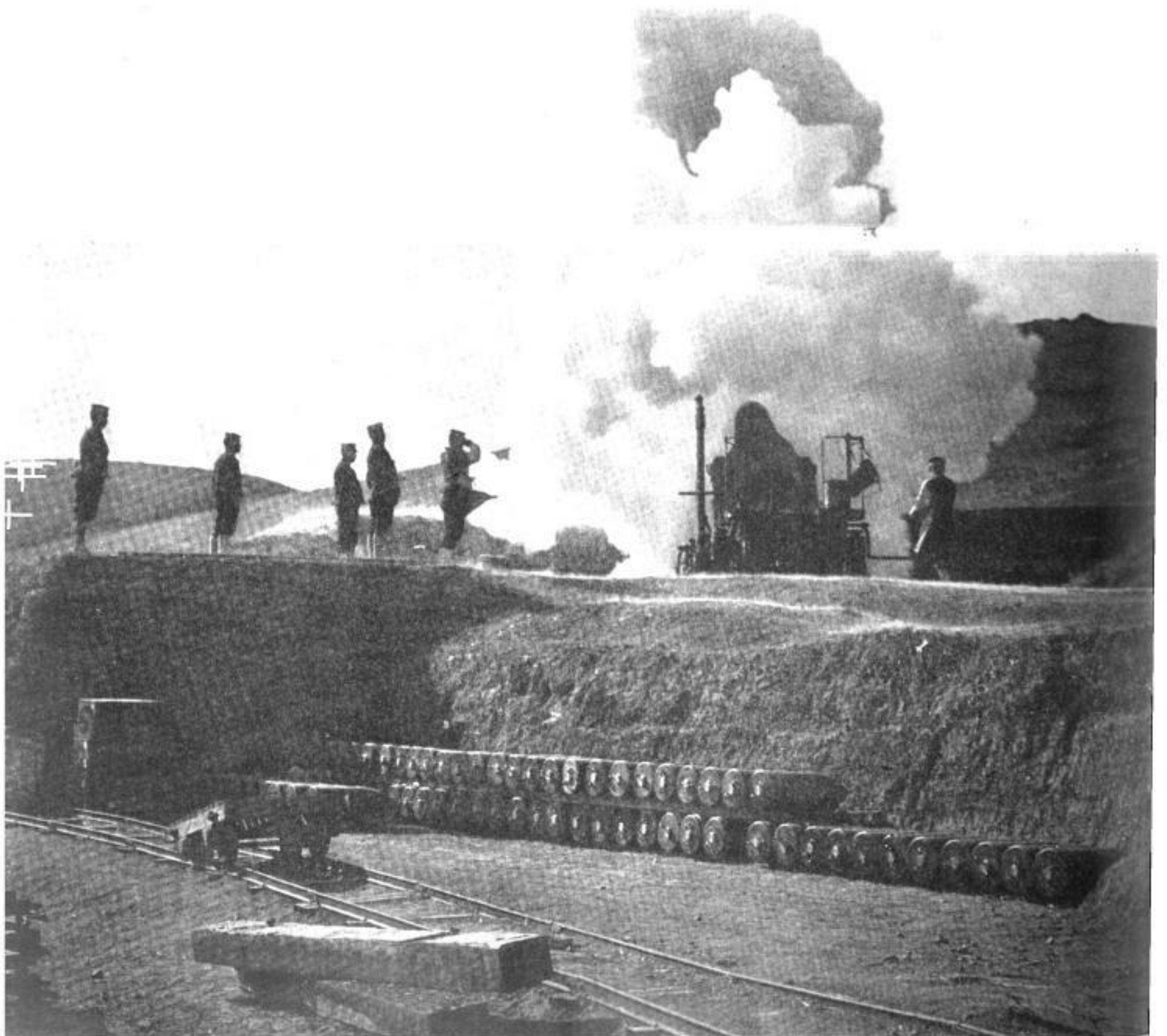
Digby Bell as "Mr. Pipp"



"MR." AND "MRS. PIPP" VISIT THE ANCESTRAL HOME OF "LADY VIOLA FITZMAURICE"  
Second act of "The Education of Mr. Pipp"



# TWO SIDES OF A BOMBARDMENT—

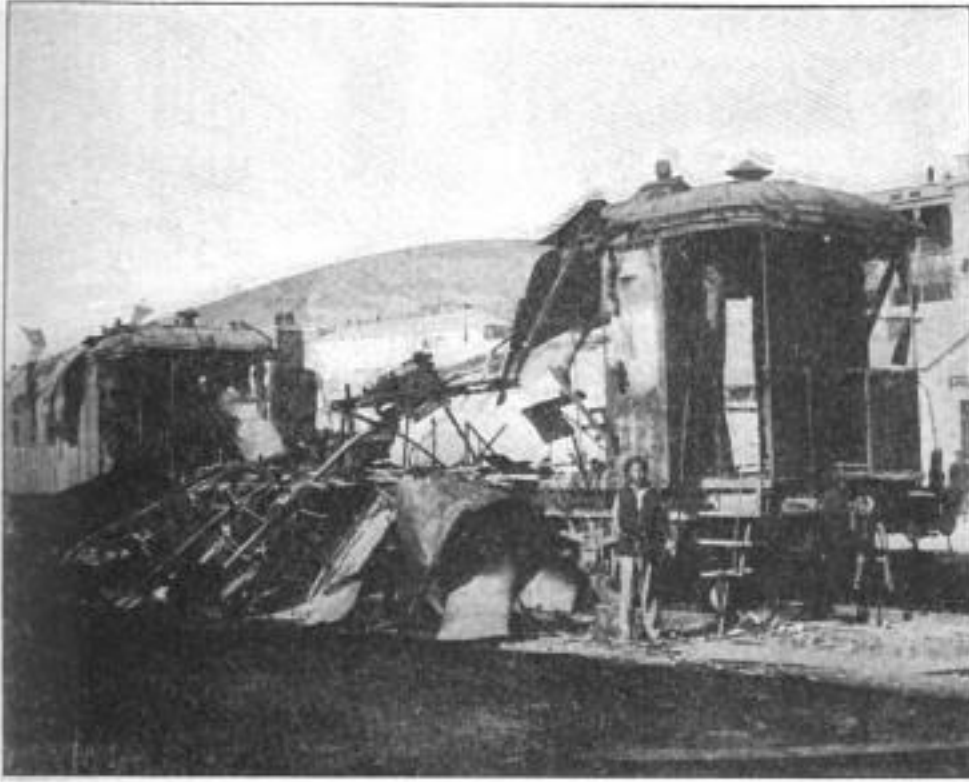


A Japanese 11-inch siege-gun firing 500-pound shells into Port Arthur. The black spot just above the smoke to the left of the gun is a shell in flight. This was one of the guns that sank the Russian ships in the harbor. Five minutes after this remarkable picture was taken the gun was put out of action by a Russian shell.

FROM STEREOGRAPH BY APOLLO G. LORRAINE, NEW YORK



# CAUSE AND EFFECT AT PORT ARTHUR



Scene in the Russian railway yards at Port Arthur. These cars were not wrecked in a collision, but are specimens of the work of the Japanese gunners, whose eleven-inch shells sought out every part of the town.



Burned offices of "Novi Kral," Port Arthur daily, which was published regularly until a few days before the capitulation. During the siege it was printed on white, yellow, or green paper, as happened to be obtainable.



A "bomb-proof" cave occupied by civilians during bombardments. A woman was killed in this one just before the picture was taken. People had to live in these caves for days at a time, and death found many even there.



Some of the pleasures of camera work in a besieged town. This is a photographer's studio in Port Arthur after receiving visits from some of the Japanese shells shown in the picture on the opposite page.



Fire in storehouses of Engineer Corps. These fires often occurred, and when they spread beyond the control of the fire corps, soldiers had to be taken from the defence to fight them while the hostile guns worked overtime.



Russian dead at High Hill, Port Arthur, with Chinese coolies in the background digging graves in a hill between battles. It was in this way that the numbers of the garrison were gradually worn down.

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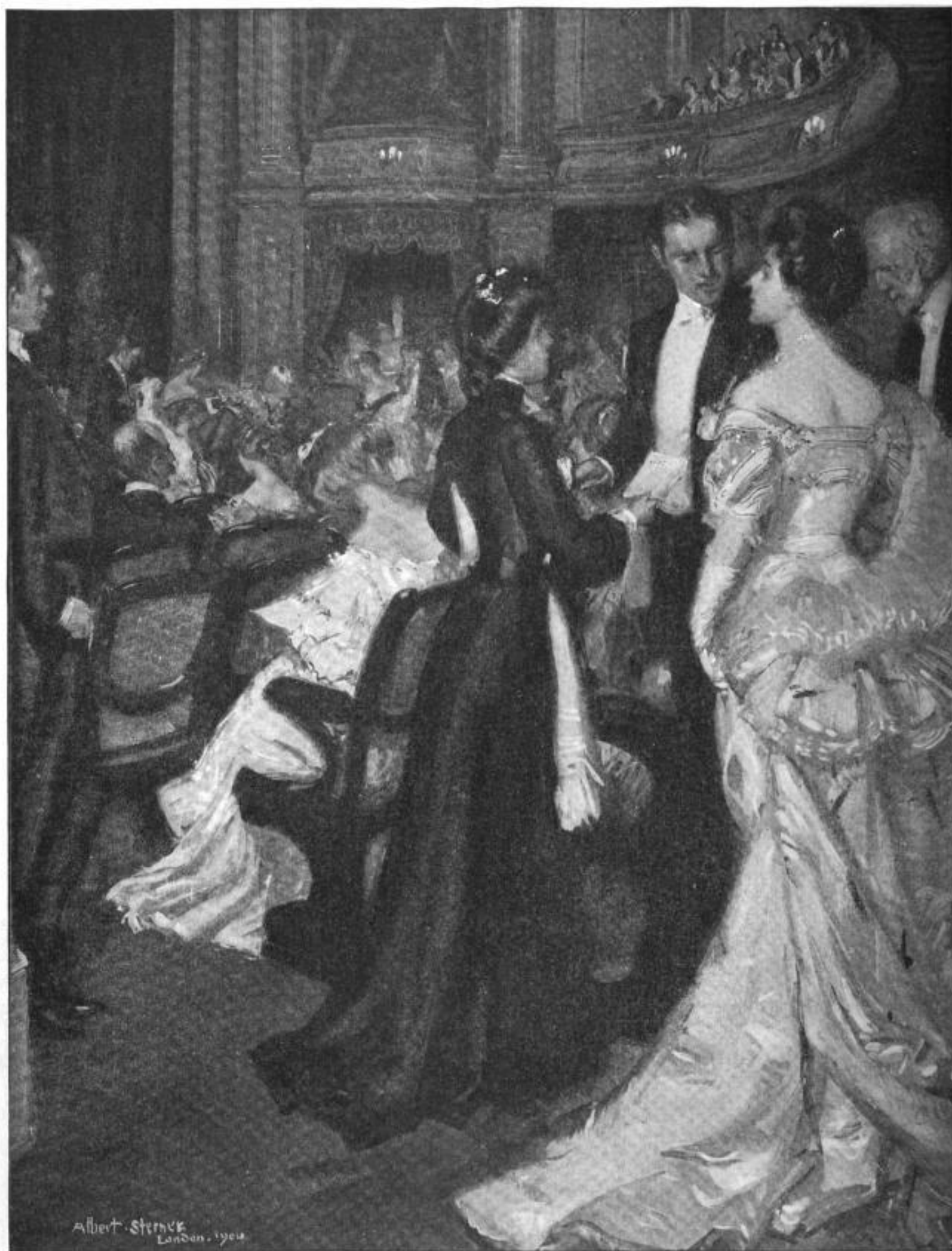




TRUCK

ANNA GIBSON





### AT A LONDON THEATRE

In the best London playhouses there is an air of comfort and quiet luxury not always evident in our own theatres. The auditoriums are usually very small, but the seats and aisles are spacious, and the furnishings and decorations suggest a drawing-room rather than a place of public amusement. This atmosphere is further accentuated by the evening clothes of the men, which are compulsory, and the décolleté dresses of the women. The audience, which is usually late and leisurely, is seated by young women in black dresses, who act as ushers, and charge a small fee for the programmes.

DRAWN BY ALBERT STERNER



# A THIEF IN THE NIGHT

## A New Series

### OF RAFFLES STORIES

By E. W. HORNUNG

Author of "The Amateur Cracksmen," "Dead Men Tell No Tales," "The Rogue's March," etc.

This is the fourth of the new series of nine stories by the author of "Raffles, the Amateur Cracksmen," to be published under the general title of "A Thief in the Night," telling of the further adventures of this elegant and versatile rogue. While each story is complete in itself, all have the same hero and many of the same characters. The fifth tale, "The Field of Philippi," will be published in the May Household Number, April 29

#### IV.—THE CRIMINOLOGISTS' CLUB

Illustrated by  
CYRUS CUNEO

**B**UT who are they, Raffles, and where's their house? There's no such club on the list in Whitaker."

"The Criminologists, my dear Bunny, are too few for a local habitation, and too select to tell their name in Gath. They are merely so many solemn students of contemporary crime, who meet and dine periodically at each other's clubs or houses."

"But why in the world should they ask us to dine with them?"

And I brandished the invitation which had brought me hot foot to the Albany; it was from the Right Hon. the Earl of Thornaby, K.G., and members of the Criminologists' Club, and it requested the honor of my company at dinner, in three weeks' time, at Thornaby House, Park Lane. That in itself was a disturbing compliment: judge then of my dismay on learning that Raffles had been invited too.

"They have got it into their heads," said he, "that the gladiatorial element is the curse of most modern sport. They tremble especially for the professional gladiator. And they want to know whether my experience tallies with their theory."

"I don't believe them!"

"They quote the case of a league player, *sus per coll.*, and any number of suicides. It really is rather in my public line."

"In yours, if you like, but not in mine," said I. "No, Raffles, they've got their eye on us both, and mean to put us under the microscope, or they never would have pitched on me!"

Raffles smiled upon my perturbation.

"I almost wish you were right, Bunny! It would be even better fun than I mean to make it as it is. But it may console you to hear that it was I who gave them your name. I told them you were a far keener criminologist than myself. I am delighted to hear they have taken my hint, and that we are to meet at their grewsome board."

"If I accept," said I, with the austerity he deserved.

"If you don't," rejoined Raffles, "you will miss some sport after both our hearts. Think of it, Bunny! These fellows meet to wallow in all the latest crimes; we wallow with them as though we knew no more about it than themselves. Perhaps we don't, for few criminologists have a soul above murder, and I quite expect to have the privilege of lifting the discussion into our own higher walk. They shall give their morbid minds to the fine art of burgling for a change, and while we're about it, Bunny, we may as well extract their opinion of our noble selves. As authors, as collaborators, we will sit with the flower of our critics and find our own level in the expert eye! It will be a piquant experience, if not an invaluable one; if we are sailing too near the wind, we are sure to hear about it, and can trim our sails accordingly. Moreover, we shall get a very good dinner into the bargain, or our noble host will belie a European reputation."

"Do you know him?" I asked.

"We have a pavilion acquaintance, when it suits my lord," replied Raffles, chuckling. "But I know all about him. He was president one year of the M. C. C., and we never had a better. He knows the game, though I believe he never played cricket in his life. But then he knows most things and has never done any of them. He has never even married, and never opened his lips in the House of Lords. Yet they say there is no better brain in the august assembly, and he certainly made us a wonderful speech last time the Australians were over. He has read everything and

(to his credit in these days) never written a line. All round he is a whale for theory and a sprat for practice, but he looks quite capable of both at crime!"

I now longed to behold this remarkable peer in the flesh, and with the greater ardor since another of the things which he evidently never did was to have his photograph published for the benefit of the curious. I told Raffles that I would dine with him at Lord Thornaby's, and he nodded as though I had not hesitated for a moment. I see now how deftly he had disposed of my reluctance. No doubt, he had thought it all out before; his little speeches look sufficiently premeditated as I set them down at the dictates of an excellent memory. Let it, however, be borne in mind that Raffles did not talk exactly like a Raffles book: he said the things, but he did not say them in so many consecutive breaths. They were punctuated by puffs from his eternal cigarette, and the punctuation was often in the nature of a line of asterisks, while he took a silent turn up and down his room. Nor was he ever more deliberate than when he seemed most nonchalant and spontaneous. I came to see it in the end. But these were early days, in which he was more plausible to me than I can hope to make him appear to another human being. And I saw a good deal of Raffles just then; it was, in fact, the one period at which I can remember his coming round to see me more frequently than I went round to him. Of course, he would come at his own odd hours, often just as one was dressing to turn out and dine, and I can even remember finding him there when I returned, for I had long since given him a key of the flat. It was the inhospitable month of February, and I can recall more than one cosy evening when we discussed anything and everything but our own malpractices; indeed, there were none to discuss just then. Raffles, on the contrary, was showing himself with some industry in the most respectable society, and by his advice I used the club more than ever.

"There is nothing like it at this time of year," said he. "In the summer I have my cricket to provide me with decent employment in the sight of men. Keep yourself before the public from morning to night, and they'll never think of you in the still small hours."

Our behavior, in fine, had so long been irreproachable that I rose without misgiving on the morning of Lord Thornaby's dinner to the other Criminologists and guests. My chief anxiety was to arrive under the aegis of my brilliant friend, and I had begged him to pick me up on his way; but at five minutes to the appointed hour there was no sign of Raffles or his cab. We were bidden at a quarter to eight for eight o'clock, so after all I had to hurry off alone.

Fortunately, Thornaby House is almost at the end of my street that was, and it seemed to me another fortunate circumstance that the house stood back as it did, and does, in its own august courtyard; for, as I was about to knock, a hansom came twinkling in behind me, and I drew back, hoping it was Raffles at the last moment. It was not, and I knew it in time to melt from the porch, and wait yet another minute in the shadows, since others were as late as I. And out jumped these others, chattering in stage whispers as they paid their cab.

"Thornaby has a bet about it with Freddy Vereker, who can't come, I hear. Of course, it won't be lost or won to-night. But the dear man thinks he's been invited as a cricketer!"

"I don't believe he's the other thing," said a voice as brusque as the first was bland. "I believe it's all bunkum. I wish I didn't, but I do!"

"I think you'll find it's more than that," rejoined the other, as the doors opened and swallowed the pair. I leave my feelings to the popular imagination. I flung out limp hands and smote the air. Raffles bidden to what he had well called this "grewsome board," not as a cricketer, but as a suspected criminal! Raffles wrong all the time, and I right for once in my original apprehension! And still no Raffles in sight—no Raffles to warn—no Raffles, and the clocks striking eight!

Well may I shirk the psychology of such a moment, for my belief is that the striking clocks struck down my power of thought and feeling, and that I played my poor part the better for that blessed surcease of intellectual sensation. On the other hand, I was never more alive to the purely objective impressions of any hour of my existence, and of them the memory is startling to this day. I hear my mad knock at the double doors; they fly open in the middle, and it is like some sumptuous and solemn rite. A long slice of silken-legged lackey is seen on either hand; a very prelate of a butler bows a benediction from the sanctuary steps. I breathe more freely when I reach a



Raffles was as excited as any of us now; he outstripped us all



book-lined library, where a mere handful of men do not overflow the Indian rug before the fire. One of them is Raffles; he is talking to a large man with the brow of a demigod, and the eyes and jowl of a degenerate bulldog. And this is our noble host.

Lord Thornaby stared at me with inscrutable stolidity as we shook hands, and at once handed me over to a tall, ungainly man whom he addressed as Ernest, but whose surname I never learned. Ernest in turn introduced me, with a shy and clumsy courtesy, to the two remaining guests. They were the pair who had driven up in the hansom; one turned out to be Kingsmill, Q.C.; the other I knew at a glance, from his photographs, as Parrington, the backwoodsman of letters. They were admirable foils to each other, the barrister being plump and dapper, with a Napoleonic cast of countenance, and the author one of the shaggiest men I have ever seen in evening clothes. Neither took much stock of me, but both had an eye on Raffles as I exchanged a few words with each in turn. Dinner, however, was immediately announced, and the six of us had soon taken our places round a brilliant little table stranded in a great dark room.

I had not been prepared for so small a party, and at first I felt relieved. If the worst came to the worst, I was fool enough to say in my heart, they were but two to one. But I was soon sighing for that safety which the adage associates with numbers. We were far too few for the confidential duologue with one's neighbor in which I, at least, would have taken refuge from the perils of a general conversation. And the general conversation soon resolved itself into an attack, so subtly concerted and so artistically delivered that I could not conceive how Raffles should ever know it for an attack, and that against himself, or how to warn him of his peril. But to this day I am not convinced that I also was honored by the suspicions of the club; it may have been so, and they may have ignored me for the bigger game.

It was Lord Thornaby himself who fired the first shot, over the very sherry. He had Raffles on his right hand and the Wild West novelist on his left. Raffles was hemmed in by the law on his right, while I sat between Parrington and Ernest, who took the foot of the table, and seemed a sort of feudatory cadet of the noble house. But it was the motley lot of us that my lord addressed, as he sat back blinking his baggy eyes.

"Mr. Raffles," said he, "has been telling me about that poor fellow who suffered the extreme penalty last March. A great end, gentlemen, a great end! It is true that he had been ungallant enough to cut a lady's throat, but his own end should take its place among the most glorious traditions of the gallows. You tell them, Mr. Raffles; it will be as new to my friends as it is to me."

"I tell the tale as I heard it last time I played at Trent Bridge; it was never in the papers, I believe," said Raffles gravely. "You may remember the tremendous excitement over the Test Matches out in Australia at the time; it seems that the result of the crucial game was expected on the condemned man's last day, and he couldn't rest until he knew it. We pulled it off, if you recollect, and he said it would make him swing happy."

"Tell 'em what else he said!" cried Lord Thornaby, rubbing his podgy hands.

"The chaplain remonstrated with him on his excitement over a game at such a time, and the convict is said to have replied, 'Why, it's the first thing they'll ask me at the other end of the drop!'"

The story was new even to me, but I had no time to appreciate its points. My concern was to watch its effect upon the other members of the party. Ernest, on my left, doubled up with laughter, and tittered and shook for several minutes; my other neighbor, more impressionable by temperament, winced first and then worked himself into a state of enthusiasm which culminated in an assault upon his shirt cuff with a joiner's pencil. Kingsmill, Q.C., beaming tranquilly on Raffles, seemed the one least impressed until he spoke.

"I am glad to hear that," he remarked in a high bland voice. "I thought that man would die game."

"Did you know anything about him, then?" inquired Lord Thornaby.

"I appeared for the Treasury," replied the barrister with a twinkle. "You might almost say that I measured the poor man's neck."

The point must have been quite unpremeditated; it was not the less effective for that. Lord Thornaby looked askance at the callous silk. It was some moments before Ernest tittered, and Parrington felt for his pencil, and in the interim I had made short work of my back, though it was *Johannisberger*. As for Raffles, one had but to see his horror to feel how completely he was off his guard.

"In itself, I have heard, it was not a sympathetic



"There's a most considerate scheme of pipes"

case?" was the remark with which he broke the general silence.

"Not a bit."

"That must have been a comfort to you," said Raffles dryly.

"It would have been to me," vowed our author, while the barrister merely smiled. "I should have been very sorry to have had a hand in hanging Peckham and Solomons the other day."

"Why Peckham and Solomons?" inquired my lord.

"They never meant to kill that old lady."

"But they strangled her in her bed with her own pillow-case!"

"I don't care," said the uncouth scribe. "They didn't break in for that. They never thought of scragging her. The foolish old person would make a noise, and one of them tied too tight. I call it jolly bad luck on them."

"On quiet, harmless, well-behaved thieves," added Lord Thornaby, "in the unobtrusive exercise of their humble avocation!"

And, as he turned to Raffles with his puffy smile, I felt that we had reached that part of the programme which had undergone rehearsal; it had been perfectly timed to arrive with the champagne, and I was not afraid to signify my appreciation of that small mercy. But Raffles laughed so quickly at his lordship's humor, and yet with such a natural restraint, as to leave no doubt that he had taken kindly to my own old part, and was playing the innocent inimitably in his turn, by reason of his very innocence. It was a poetic judgment on old Raffles, and in my enjoyment of the novel situation I was able also to enjoy some of the good things that accrued from this rich man's table. The saddle of mutton more than justified its place in the menu. But it had not spoiled me for my wing of pheasant, and I was even looking forward to a sweet, when a further remark from the literary light recalled me from the table to its talk.

"But, I suppose," said Parrington to Kingsmill, "it's 'many a burglar *you've* restored to his friends and his relations?'"

"Let us say many a poor fellow who has been charged with burglary," replied the cheery Q.C. "It's not quite the same thing, you know, nor is 'many' the most accurate word. I never touch criminal work in town."

"It's the only kind I should care about," said the novelist, eating jelly with a spoon.

"I quite agree with you," our host chimed in. "And of all the criminals one might be called upon to defend, give me the enterprising burglar."

"It must, indeed, be the breeziest branch of the business," remarked Raffles while I held my breath.

But his tone was as light as gossamer, and his artless manner a triumph of even his incomparable art. Raffles was alive to the danger at last. I saw him refuse more champagne, even as I drained my glass again. But it was not the same danger to us both. Raffles had no reason to feel surprise or alarm at such a turn in a conversation frankly devoted to criminology; it must seem as inevitable to him as it was sinister to me, with my fortuitous knowledge of the suspicions that were entertained. And there was little to put him on his guard in the touch of his adversaries, which was only less light than his own.

"I am not very fond of Mr. Sikes," announced the barrister, like a man who had got his cue.

"But he is prehistoric," rejoined my lord. "A lot of blood has flowed under the razor since the days of sweet William."

"True; you have had Charlie Peace!" cried Parrington, and launched out into such glowing details of that criminal's last moments that I began to hope the diversion might prove permanent. But Lord Thornaby was not to be denied.

"William and Charles are both dead monarchs," said he. "The reigning king in their department is the fellow who gutted poor Danby's place in Bond Street."

There was a guilty silence on the part of the three conspirators—for I had long since persuaded myself that Ernest was not in their secret—and then my blood froze.

"I know him well," said Raffles, looking up.

Lord Thornaby stared at him in consternation. The smile on the Napoleonic countenance of the barrister looked forced and frozen for the first time during the

evening. The wild man of letters, who was nibbling cheese from a knife, left a drop of blood upon his beard. The futile Ernest alone met the occasion with a hearty titter.

"What!" cried my lord. "You know the thief?"

"I wish I did," rejoined Raffles, chuckling. "No, Lord Thornaby, I only meant the jeweler, Danby. I go to him when I want a wedding present."

I heard three deep breaths drawn as one. Then I drew my own.

"Rather a coincidence," observed our host dryly, "for I believe you also know the Milchester people, where Lady Melrose had her necklace stolen a few months afterward."

"I was staying there at the time," said Raffles eagerly. No snob was ever quicker to boast of basking in the smile of the great.

"We believe it to be the same man," said Lord Thornaby, speaking apparently for the Criminologists' Club, and with much less severity of voice.

"I only wish I could come across him," continued Raffles heartily; "he's a criminal much more to my mind than your murderers who swear on the drop or talk cricket in the condemned cell."

"He might be in the house now," said Lord Thornaby, looking Raffles in the face. But his manner was that of an actor in an unconvincing part and a mood to play it gamely to the bitter end, and he seemed imbibed, as even a rich man may be in the moment of losing a bet.

"What a joke if he were!" cried our man of letters.

"Absit omen!" murmured Raffles, in better taste.

"Still, I think you'll find it's a favorite time," argued Kingsmill, Q.C. "And it would be quite in keeping with the character of this man, so far as it is known, to pay a little visit to the President of the Criminologists' Club, and to choose the evening on which he happens to be entertaining the other members."

There was more conviction in this sally than in that of our noble host, but this I attributed to the trained and skilled dissimulation of the bar. Lord Thornaby, however, was not to be amused by the elaboration of his own idea, and it was with some asperity that he called upon the butler, now solemnly superintending the removal of the cloth:

"Leggett! Just send upstairs to see if all the doors are open and the rooms in proper order. That's an awful idea of yours, Kingsmill, or of mine!" added my lord, recovering the courtesy of his order by an effort that I could follow. "We should look fools! I don't know which of us it was, by the way, who seduced the rest from the main stream of blood into this burglarious backwater. Are you familiar with De Quincey's masterpiece on Murder as a Fine Art, Mr. Raffles?"

"I believe I once read it," replied Raffles doubtfully.

"Once?" echoed the literary man.

"You must read it again," pursued the peer. "It is the last word on a great subject; all we can hope to add is some baleful illustration or some bloodstained footnote, not unworthy of De Quincey's text. Well, Leggett?"

The venerable butler stood wheezing at his elbow. I had not hitherto observed that the man was an asthmatic.

"I beg your lordship's pardon, but I think your lordship must have forgotten," (Continued on p. 31)



"To-night I had simply to rag the room a bit"



# EDITORIAL TALKS

By NORMAN HAPGOOD

## THE EPIDEMIC OF EXPOSURE

**W**HENEVER there are abuses to be remedied, adventurers, cranks, and demagogues abound. Gross evils exist in our Government. None of them, however, surpasses the envy which masquerades as justice.

People love violence. Nothing is more diverting than a "roast." It is easy to become popular by being furious. Naturally the ruck of journalists float with the tide. Mark Twain says that he has always been puzzled by man's imprudence. "Men call attention to the monkey's imitation. When it comes to doing things because others are doing them, a million monkeys are about equal to one human being."

The average mind often confuses wealth won against law or morals with wealth which is the fair reward of industry and talent. Many minds distrust distinctions. This newspaper, for instance, has been keenly interested in any new legislation which is likely to diminish railroad evils, as rebates, bribery, and lobbying. It has regretted the failure of attorney-generals to enforce the laws we have. It has, on the other hand, doubted the extent to which a commission could wisely establish rates. This balanced attitude convinces thousands of our readers that we are in the Morgan or Rockefeller employ. "The engineers of the Strumpet Press," observes one subscriber, "the hirelings of the Sadducee (alias Sodhim) bankers, the nascent Tories, among whom I class your outfit, imagine that nobody sees through their sapping and mining operations against this Republic, but they will yet know better."

Hundreds of thousands have been taught the taste of pepper, and they want it hot. Evil consequences must result. Useful agitation will flag. Already, since the sensational press has become flooded with denunciation, true investigators and reformers, of the Steffens and Tarbell type, find their authority diminish. Why listen to facts when diatribes are at hand? The harshest yellow journalism is being imitated in numberless periodicals. Each would fain out-bark Lawson, Hearst, or Russell. Magazines are in danger of becoming as unmeasured as a Hearst news office, where despatches, interviews, and photographs are manufactured daily. In a Chicago journal we read this statement: "Rejane's 'can-can' at James H. Hyde's dinner at Sherry's in New York has involved half a billion dollars and revealed a financial condition that makes all previous frenzies of frenzied financiers appear but mild spasms in comparison. The 'can-can' danced by Rejane on the onyx table at Sherry's has involved \$478,000,000 of money and the welfare of five hundred thousand citizens of the United States." . . . It "has placed in jeopardy the price of a European kingdom and the savings of half a million American citizens."

What difference does it make that no can-can was danced? Spice is popular and spice is cheap.

Newspaper reading is the higher education of most Americans. The common schools prepare them for life. Their ideas are shaped thereafter by what is presented to them in the papers, not so much in the shape of editorial opinion as in the guise of fact. If the contempt for truth and justice which marks sensational dailies gets a hold on the magazines, the possibility of a final victory for the demoralizing forces will be much increased. The tendency to believe any extremes which lie in our direction affects even the most unlikely minds. One of the most attractive recent books in support of Socialism is the "Mass and Class" of Mr. Ghent. As an argument against the whole system of competition he publishes figures which are astounding and persuasive about the almost universal adulteration of our food and drink. I was inclined to accept the truth of every charge he made. But then I came to a place where he printed Mr. Bok's ridiculous fabrication about a day's experience in New York, and printed it without question, apparently as a trustworthy exposition of the truth. My mind began to waver. It was already prepared to object when Mr. Ghent quoted some of Mr. Lawson's rhetoric with no warning that it came from a story in which mendacity and truth are shrewdly and without conscience mingled. The argument of this able Socialist lost with me, just as the arguments of reform lose with open-minded men all over the United States when they see agitation grown reckless, the sense of fair play lost, and the editorial faith pinned to the loudest noise.

Exaggeration creates a spirit which supports not the sincerest leader, but the most extreme denunciator. Chicago is in the throes of such a mix-up now. Mr. Harlan has been a pioneer in the people's cause. He is too honest to sacrifice the best conduct of that cause in order to catch the wild and unthinking elements. He and Judge Dunne both stand for municipal ownership. The only difference is one of method. Yet it will not be easy for Chicago to look at this difference impartially, because the Democrats have taken a position which lends itself the more easily to violent expression. What if they have nominated for office all the franchise-selling aldermen whom real reform had driven from the Council? What of that? Do they not say, "Damn Yerkes and Pierpont Morgan"? If so, they are all right.

Abuses ought to be attacked as Anglo-Saxon soldiers are supposed to fight, without gasconade, with calm hearts and clear heads. Confused ideas and whirling words bring reform movements into disrepute. They will imperil not only the better journalism, but the work of men like Roosevelt, Folk, Hitchcock, and Bristow. Real evils are plentiful and vast. Unfairness is entrenched. The jails are full of poor men and empty of rich. Punishment is inflicted on those who steal what they need. Those go unscathed to whom stealing is a luxury. Corruption in business and politics injures the poor and constitutes a machinery for special privilege. Let us attack these wrongs with boldness and calm, with no reckless agitation, forced "exposures," and appetite for rancor. Exposure is a duty. It is not helped by exposure as a fad.

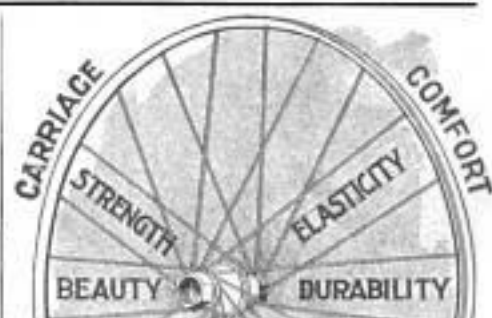
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ST. PETERSBURG, February 14

FOR the time being the Russian revolt has triumphed. True, street demonstrations have been suppressed, many important Liberals imprisoned, and the passive resistance of strikes proved to lack the stability which alone could ensure its effectiveness as a lever for exacting reform. But the people have had their way. Though the details are still obscure, all Russia now knows that for the first time for two centuries something resembling a representative body will be convoked and will sit in St. Petersburg, with, at the very least, power to discuss problems of politics and to petition or advise with the Czar.

The events of the 22d of January may indeed be counted by future historians as the beginning of a revolutionary period. That is, they may mark the beginning of revolutionary as apart from mere anti-governmental feeling. But further than that, no responsible Russian will admit they go.

Two factors, all agree, make any organized uprising of the Russian people at present impossible. The first is the total absence of the moral stimulus and material resources necessary to cope with a government which is both organized and armed. No serious person expected the troops of General Vassilchikov to refuse to fire on the mob. There is, indeed, in the Russian army little of that anti-civilian feeling which is prevalent in Germany, and, to a less extent, in France. But in all armies discipline is inexorable and moral cowardice much more in evidence than humanitarian sentiment. Thus the material factors of revolution were absent. The moral stimulus is equally hard to seek. True, the discontent was widespread. But revolutions are not made with discontent. All the triumphant popular revolts of Europe have been heralded by great spiritual movements; sometimes religious; in the case of France philosophical. But Russia in the sphere of ideas is petrified and inert.

The second reason why no national uprising is possible is that there is no national unity. Even excluding officialdom as irreclaimable, the nation is divided. All declaim fiercely against the present anarchical system of government. But none can agree upon a common policy. At present there are at least five distinct reforming parties, and some of these are divided into almost as many sectional bodies.

Nevertheless, the Zemstvo party is by far the most powerful of the five parties now agitating against the autocracy. It is the only party with any hold upon the mechanism of government. Under normal conditions, the Zemstvos in nearly all the great Russian Governments minister to the local needs by building roads, controlling the only efficient elementary schools, organizing sanitation, fostering agriculture, and even trading on a large scale in the implements of agriculture, books, and a score of other things which the peasants are too necessitous to buy from private dealers. The Zemstsi are men of great influence. Some, like Prince Troubetskoi, are members of powerful Russian families. Others, like Mr. Schipoff, are specialists in everything that relates to local administration. And although the franchise on which the Zemstsi are elected excludes the poorer muzhiks, their party more than any other represents the peasants. For, as far as the agricultural classes are concerned, the present discontent is in origin largely economic. The high protective tariffs and centralized economic system introduced by M. Witte have reduced the landed classes to the verge of ruin and the peasantry to the verge of starvation. In all that relates to political economy, the interests of the nobles and peasants are practically identical. It is for this reason that we find the Zemstvo nobles demanding further emancipation for their former serfs as well as for themselves.

But there is yet another reason why the Zemstvo party is formidable. It is recruited from a class which the autocracy fears. The November Zemstvo meeting in St. Petersburg was an open defiance both of the law of meeting and of the autocracy's will. Tested by the customary Russian standard, the resolutions were frankly treasonable. Yet the rebels dispersed to their homes unscathed. Nor was this the first offence. The fact is, the country party says, and almost does, what it likes. The class from which it has sprung supplies officers to the army, clerks to the Government offices, Ministers to the Czar. The Government would as soon think of arresting Prince Troubetskoi for his open threat of "revolution" as it would of seizing the person of the American Ambassador.

The Zemstvo Liberals, though divided, are on the whole in favor of Constitutionalism through the federation of the Zemstvos—a different thing, it should be noted, from the Zemski Sobor, which is merely a convocation of the four estates of the realm. The second or Literary Liberal party is more inclined to Constitutionalism in the European sense of the word. Many of its leaders are now imprisoned, charged with offences which they certainly did not commit. Maxim Gorky, though the best known in Europe and America, is by no means the most influential. The responsible members of the party condemn his views and aspirations as impracticable and anarchical. The most brilliant, forceful, and eloquent of all the literary group is M. Vladimir Korolenko, the editor of the great review "Russkoe Bagatstvo."

The third class of reformers, the students, are a party in themselves. For obvious reasons they have no avowed leaders. But the vast majority of the



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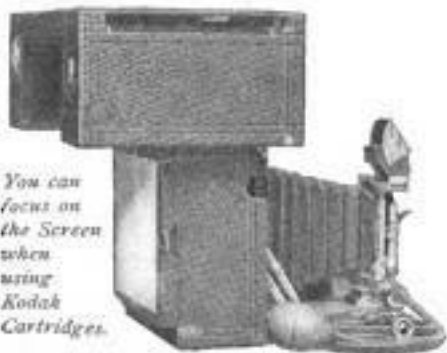
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# OUTLOOK FOR REVOLUTION IN RUSSIA

(Continued from page 25)

University and High School professors sympathize with their rebellious pupils; and at the moment of writing, the students have undertaken to refuse to resume their studies if a single professor is removed from his post as punishment for Liberal sympathies.

The Gopontsi, or Constitutional working-class Liberals, who followed Father Gopon, constitute a fourth party. Despite the events of the 22d, they abjure revolutionary violence. On two occasions I have had long talks with the Putiloff workman who unknown to the authorities is Gopon's successor. He is an intelligent, mild-mannered, and, I am inclined to think, not very resolute man. On both occasions, he affirmed that Gopon's men adhered to the policy of passive resistance by means of strikes and protests.

The Social Democrats are the fifth party. As lately as the trial of Sazonoff, Plehve's assassin, they repudiated violence as a weapon of reform. But their old policy of peaceful propaganda, qualified by occasional assassination, has now been abandoned. At present, the Social Democrats are openly propounding revolution, and calling to arms. The students are Social Democratic in their sympathies. But they constitute a distinct and purely intellectual party.

Detestation of the existing system is the only bond which unites these five parties. The points of disunion are considerable. Thus the students, the workingmen, and many of the Literary Group inveigh against the Zemtsi, as greedy aristocrats. The Social Democrats condemn the Gopon party as feeble and fatuous. Many of the Zemstvo, Literary, and professional Liberals distrust all working-class movements, and predict jacqueries, the butchery of every well-dressed person, and the pillage of cities and country mansions. The whole Zemstvo party, representing primarily the economic interests of the country, distrusts all movements which spring from urban industrialism.

It must be admitted that the supporters of the autocracy are equally divided. This is true not only of the very small unofficial reactionary party which now survives, but also of the official reactionaries themselves. The whole vice of Russian internal policy, indeed, for years past has been the lack of a responsible, corporate body of Ministers, of the Cabinet type, which must in

the nature of things act in unison. Although their functions intermingle and overlap, Ministers are responsible to the Czar only in their individual capacity.

The era of chaos and bloodshed which began on the 22d of January is the result not of any systematic scheme of oppression, but of the incurable weakness of the present governmental system. Strong-willed oppressors would have so organized things that the firing upon Gopon's processionists would have been impossible and needless. But on the Saturday preceding a supreme government did not exist. No policy was decided upon. Meantime, the machine of government, which customarily ignores Czar and Ministers, as it ignores the interests of the people, was acting automatically; and, quite in accord with the law and police regulations, stationing troops



PRINCE TROUBETSKOÏ  
Leader of the Moscow Zemstvo party

in all parts of the capital. Next day, the guns went off by themselves; and from that hour nobody has discovered who was responsible; and indeed no sensible Russian, familiar with his country's institutions, has attempted to fix the responsibility on any one. Irresponsibility, all complain, is the essence of the present system.

With a disaffected people and a disunited government, it may be asked, why does not revolution succeed? The answer is not hard to find. The "machine of government," which exists independently of Ministers and people, is still enormously strong. It has, firstly, the army; and the army, though it may be malcontent and even partly liberalized, is yet far from the stages of discontent and liberalism at which mutiny begins. It has, secondly, a highly centralized administration, every member of which is appointed or dismissed from St. Petersburg. Thirdly, there is the vast system of economic patronage and economic tutelage established by M. Witte during his eleven years' reign as Minister of Finance, and since maintained by his two successors.

So far we have all the elements of fatalistic acquiescence, and none of those elements of passion and will which overthrow governments from below or reform them drastically from above. The fact is, Russia, in common with Europe generally, suffers from the lack of great men. The Ministers are one and all nonentities. There is no Mirabeau among the Zemtsi and no Garibaldi among the Social Democrats.

From the sea of chaos and vacillation, however, one head emerges. All eyes are turned upon M. Sergius Witte, the ex-Minister of Finance, the establisher of the gold standard, the creator of the vast Drink Monopoly, the waver of Tariff Armageddons. Whatever good or evil this man has done—and on that point no two Russians agree—he has at least done nothing petty or feeble. He is not trusted by either party. Yet while half Russia misunderstands and the other half distrusts him, there is a universal consensus of opinion that he is the one man now to the fore equipped with a clear head and a resolute will.

It may be said with confidence that there is no immediate prospect of revolution.

One event, however, may upset all calculations. The meeting of the Zemski Sobor, should it ever take place, will undoubtedly raise an unexampled wave of national excitement and enthusiasm. It will, as likely as not, synchronize with the return of a defeated army from Manchuria. Should the national exaltation communicate itself to the officers and soldiery, no one can say what will result. Should the army once become infected with the hopes inspired by Russia's first taste of representative rule, the revolution, now a remote, unhoped-for thing, would become an accomplished fact.

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## PLAYS OF THE MONTH

(Continued from page 15)

Things are looking pretty bad for him when he is saved by the simple fool, who knows there are angels and things because he has seen them. The third play, "Cathleen ni Hoolihan," being merely allegorical and not attempting the supernatural, comes out truest in the acting. In this play—familiar, of course, as are the others to those who have followed Mr. Yeats's work—a young man is about to be married, when, in the midst of the preparations, a withered old hag knocks at the door of his parents' cottage. She typifies modern Ireland. The family admit her and give her a seat by the fire, and in answer to their sympathetic questions, she hints at her tragic story—how her lands have been taken away from her by strangers, how many men have died for her in the effort to regain them. "You must have had much trouble," the simple folk say. "Few have had more than I have had," she answers. They offer her food and money. She says it is not that she wants. Those only can help her who will give themselves to her. "Lovers I've had," she croons, "many men have died for me." She rises to take up her weary journey. There is cheering in the distance. The French—it is in the times of 1798—have landed. The young man rises, too, his eyes upon her. In the doorway she turns to repeat that those who have red cheeks now will have pale ones before they have done serving her, his bride rushes in and entreats him to stay, but he follows and disappears. The appeal of this is straight and true—true of all patriotism as well as that of Ireland. The task presented to Miss Wycherly in achieving the majesty as well as the appearance of haggard old age is obvious, but she meets it, if with not perfect success, surely with dignity.

### Romance in a Boarding-House

*Abigail* was a sort of Cinderella, only her Cinderellishness didn't hurt. When she came down to New York from New England to earn her living as bookkeeper, and took the attic room in *Mrs. Mirabel's* boarding-house, she was a tremulous little Puritan who had never danced or been to the theatre, and was quite frightened when she found that the cast-off gown which her rich aunt had sent her had no sleeves in it. On one side of *Abigail* lived the selfish-kimono-soprano-lady, always practicing scales, and on the other the good-fellow-artist-girl. The latter, *Sylvia McCann*, had a young cub civil-engineer protégé, *John Kent*, whom she called "Booby," and who called her "Mother." John thought he was in love with the vain soprano-lady, and sent her violets every day, but *Miss McCann*, knowing how much *Abigail* wanted somebody to care for her, intercepted the flowers and put them on the little bookkeeper's bureau. This was all very well, until one day *Abigail* found a note among the violets on which was written "I love you." Then there was the deuce to pay. Poor stupid *John* had to tell the little pale-mouse bookkeeper that there was a mistake, and then, just when she was about heartbroken and he found that it was she he loved after all, stingy old uncle *Timothy* died and left *Abigail* all his millions, and *John* couldn't speak because he was afraid she would think he was a fortune-hunter. So he went away to South America and built a bridge and didn't come back for six months. By that time *Abigail* was living in splendor with her high-life aunt and getting a waste-basketful of letters every morning from men who wanted to marry her or put her picture in their newspapers, or had named their babies after her. One of the papers announced her engagement to the *Duke of Gadsbrook*, and *Abigail*, hearing that *John* was stopping at the Buckingham, called up that hotel on the telephone to tell him that it wasn't so. Naturally, it didn't take *John* long to do the rest.

Miss Grace George is the mistress of a certain wistful sweetness and tremulous earnestness which lends itself very charmingly to the part of *Abigail*. In the good-sort-painter-girl Louise Closser repeats the success she scored last year as the prim typewriter in "Candida." Her dry humor and good, hard sense more than once buck up the somewhat cloying saccharinity of the play. The cub civil engineer is admirably played by Mr. Conway Tearle, who is young and unfinished, but has a fine voice and is refreshingly modest and manly. There is much in the play—written by Mr. H. K. Chambers, a brother of Mr. Haddon Chambers—that suggests Mr. Fitch: the boarding-house atmosphere, the studio dance with its picturesque Japanese lanterns and droll folk with queer clothes and hair. More might well have been made of some of these latter people—their appearance promises so much that it is a pity they say nothing. And the flow of sentiment is so continuous, sincere and true though it is, that a few more squalls of hilarity blowing across its pellucid surface would be viewed with relish by the spectators on shore.

### Children of the Little Father

With Russia in her present state of internal upheaval, Maxim Gorky's "Nachtsyl" ("Refuge for the Night") has almost the immediate "news interest" of a double-leaded cablegram from St. Petersburg in one's morning newspaper. It is less a play, in the constructive sense of the word, than it is a "human document," a reeking cross-section lifted bodily from the lowest depths of contemporary Russian life. As such, it is its own justification, its power and consummate truthfulness giving it reason for being in spite of its ghastly hopelessness and the nightmare stuff of which it is made.

It is impossible to convey here any suggestion of the convincing realism with which the characters are built up by their Russian author and acted by the German players of Irving Place. Criticism of Broadway theatrical standards is nowadays so trite that it almost argues a lack of originality to revert to the excellence of the stock company, but in all seriousness, such acting as its members gave to this Gorky play, such rare intelligence and imagination combined with such simplicity and obliteration of self, make one humble with admiration and respect.

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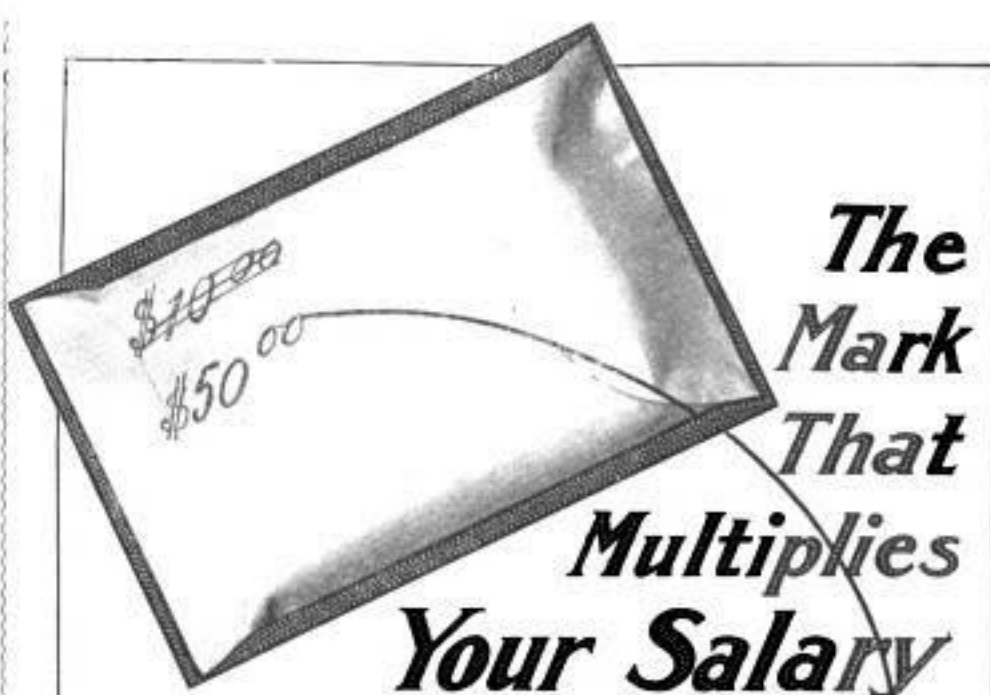
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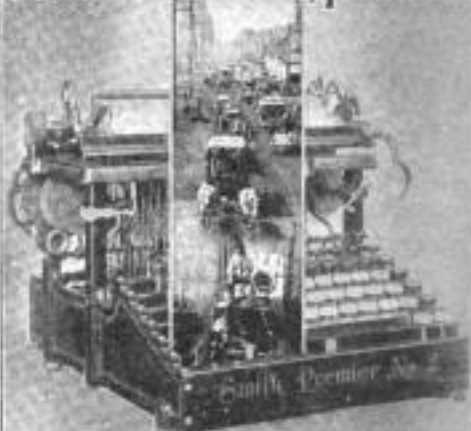
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# A THIEF IN THE NIGHT

(Continued from page 22)

The voice came in rude gasps, but words of reproach could scarcely have achieved a finer delicacy.

"Forgotten, Leggett! Forgotten what, may I ask?"

"Locking your lordship's dressing-room door behind your lordship, my ord," stuttered the unfortunate Leggett, in the short spurts of a winded nan, a few stertorous syllables at a time. "Been up myself, my lord. Outer loor—inner door—both locked inside!"

But by this time the noble master was in a worse case than the man. His ine forehead was a tangle of livid cords; his baggy jowl filled out like a balloon. n another second he had abandoned his place as our host and fled the oom, and in yet another we had forgotten ours as his guest and rushed out eadlong at his heels.

Raffles was as excited as any of us now; he outstripped us all; the herubic little lawyer and I had a fine race for the last place but one, which secured, though the panting butler and his satellites brought up a respectful ear. It was our unconventional author, however, who was the first to volunteer his assistance and advice.

"No use pushing, my lord!" cried he. "If it's been done with a wedge and gimlet, you may smash the door, but you'll never force it. Is there a adder in the place?"

"There's a rope-ladder, somewhere, in case of fire, I believe," said my lord aguely, as he rolled a critical eye over our faces. "Where is it kept, Leggett?"

"William will fetch it, sir."

And a pair of noble calves went flashing to the upper regions.

"No need for him to bring it down," said Parrington, who had thrown back to the wilds in his excitement. "Let him hang it out of the window above your lordship's, and let me climb down and in at the window! I'll undertake to have one or other of the doors open in two twos!"

The fastened doors were at right angles on the landing which we filled between us. Lord Thornaby smiled grimly on the rest of us, when he had nodded and dismissed the author like a hound from the leash.

"It's a good thing we know something about our friend Parrington," said my lord. "He takes more kindly to all this than I do, I can tell you."

"It's grist to his mill," said Raffles charitably.

"Exactly! We shall have the whole thing in his next book."

"I hope to have it at the Old Bailey first," remarked Kingsmill, Q.C.

"Refreshing to find a man of letters such a man of action, too!"

It was Raffles who spoke again, and the remark seemed rather trite for him, but in the tone there was a something that just caught my private ear. And for once I understood: the officious attitude of Parrington, without being seriously suspicious in itself, was admirably calculated to put a previously suspected person in a grateful shade. This literary adventurer had elbowed Raffles out of the limelight, and gratitude for the service was what I had detected in Raffles's voice. No need to say how grateful I felt myself. But my gratitude was shot with flashes of unwonted insight. Parrington was one of those who suspected Raffles, or, at all events, one who was in the secret of those suspicions. What if he had traded on the suspect's presence in the house? What if he were a deep villain himself, and the villain of this particular piece? I had made up my mind about him, and that in a tithe of the time I take to make it up as a rule, when we heard my man in the dressing-room. He greeted us with an impudent shout; in a few moments the door was open, and there stood Parrington, flushed and disheveled, with a gimlet in one hand and a wedge in the other.

Within was a scene of eloquent disorder. Drawers had been pulled out, and now stood on end, their contents heaped upon the carpet. Wardrobe doors stood open; empty stud-cases strewn the floor; a clock, tied up in a towel, had been tossed into a chair at the last moment. But a long tin lid protruded from an open cupboard in one corner. And one had only to see Lord Thornaby's wry face behind the lid to guess that it was bent over a somewhat empty tin trunk.

"What a rum lot to steal!" said he, with a twitch of humor at the corners of his canine mouth. "My peer's robes, with coronet complete!"

We rallied round him in a seemingly silence. I thought our scribe would put in his word. But even he either feigned or felt a proper awe.

"You may say it was a rum place to keep 'em," continued Lord Thornaby. "But where would you gentlemen stable your white elephants? And these were elephants as white as snow; by Jove, I'll job them for the future!"

And he made merrier over his loss than any of us could have imagined the minute before; but the reason dawned on me a little later, when we all trooped downstairs, leaving the police in possession of the theatre of crime. Lord Thornaby linked arms with Raffles as he led the way. His step was lighter, his gayety no longer sardonic; his very looks had improved. And I divined the load that had been lifted from the hospitable heart of our host.

"I only wish," said he, "that this brought us any nearer to the identity of the gentleman we were discussing at dinner; for, of course, we owe it to all our instincts to assume that it was he."

"I wonder!" said old Raffles, with a foolhardy glance at me.

"But I'm sure of it, my dear sir!" cries my lord. "The audacity is his and his alone. I look no further than the fact of his honoring me on the one night of the year when I endeavor to entertain my brother Criminologists. That's no coincidence, sir, but a deliberate irony, which would have occurred to no other criminal mind in England."

"You may be right," Raffles had the sense to say this time, but I think it was my face that made him.

"What is still more certain," resumed the other, "is that no other criminal in the world would have crowned so delicious a conception with so perfect

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## A THIEF IN THE NIGHT

(Continued from page 32)

was touch-and-go at the time. I might have called on you at any moment, and it was something to know I should not have called in vain!"

"But what to do, Raffles?"

"Fight our way out and bolt!" he answered, with a mouth that meant it, and a fine gay glitter of the eyes.

"I shot out of my chair."

"You don't mean to tell me you had a hand in the job?"

"I had the only hand in it, my dear Bunny."

"Nonsense! You were sitting at table at the time. No, but you may have taken some other fellow into the show. I always thought you would!"

"One's quite enough, Bunny," said Raffles dryly. He leaned back in his chair and took out another cigarette. And I accepted of yet another from his case; for it was no use losing one's temper with Raffles, and his incredible statement was not, after all, to be ignored.

"Of course," I went on, "if you really had brought off this thing on your own account, I should be the last to criticise your means of reaching such an end. You have not only scored off a far superior force, which had laid itself out to score off you, but you have put them in the wrong about you, and they'll eat out of your hand for the rest of their days. But don't ask me to believe that you've done all this alone! By George!" I cried, in a sudden wave of enthusiasm, "I don't care how you've done it, or who has helped you. It's the biggest thing you ever did in your life!"

And certainly I had never seen Raffles look more radiant, or better pleased with the world and himself, or nearer that elation which he usually left to me.

"Then you shall hear all about it, Bunny, if you'll do what I ask you."

"Ask, old chap, and the thing's done."

"Switch off the electric lights."

"All of them?"

"I think so."

"There, then."

"Now go to the back window and up with the blind."

"Well?"

"I'm coming to you. Splendid! I never had a look so late as this. It's the only window left alight in the house!"

His cheek against the pane, he was pointing slightly downward and very much askant through a long lane of mews to a little square light like a yellow tile at the end. But I had opened the window and leaned out before I saw it for myself.

"You don't mean to say that's Thornaby House?"

I was not familiar with the view from my back windows.

"Of course, I do, you rabbit! Have a look through your own eye-glass. It has been the most useful thing of all."

But before I had the glass in focus, more scales had fallen from my eyes, and now I knew why I had seen so much of Raffles these last few weeks, and why he had always come between seven and eight o'clock in the evening, and waited at this very window, with these very glasses at his eyes. I saw through them sharply now. The one lighted window pointed out by Raffles came tumbling into the dark circle of my vision. I could not see into the actual room, but the shadows of those within were quite distinct on the lowered blind. I even thought a black thread still dangled against the square of light. It was, it must be, the window to which the intrepid Parrington had descended from the one above.

"Exactly!" said Raffles in answer to my exclamation. "And that's the window I have been watching these last few weeks. By daylight you can see the whole lot above the ground floor on this side of the house, and, by good luck, one of them is the room in which the master of the house arrayed himself in all his nightly glory. It was easily spotted by watching at the right time. I saw him shaved one morning before you were up! In the evening his valet stays behind to put things straight, and that has been the very mischief. In the end I had to find out something about the man, and wire to him from his girl to meet her outside at eight o'clock. Of course, he pretends he was at his post at the time; that I foresaw, and did the poor fellow's work before my own. I folded and put away every garment before I permitted myself to rag the room."

"I wonder you had time!"

"It took me one more minute, and it put the clock on exactly fifteen. By the way, I did that literally, of course, in the case of the clock they found; it's an old dodge to stop a clock and alter the time, but you must admit that it looked as though one had wrapped it up all ready to cart away. There was thus any amount of *prima facie* evidence of the robbery having taken place when we were all at table; as a matter of fact, Lord Thornaby left his dressing-room one minute, his valet followed him the minute after, and I entered the minute after that."

"Through the window?"

"To be sure. I was waiting below in the garden. You have to pay for your garden in town, in more ways than one. 'You know the wall, of course, and that jolly old postern? The lock was beneath contempt.'"

"But what about the window? It's on the first floor, isn't it?"

Raffles took up the cane which he had laid down with his overcoat. It was a stout bamboo with a polished ferrule. He unscrewed the ferrule, and shook out of the cane a diminishing series of smaller canes, exactly like a child's fishing-rod, which I afterward found

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## ATHIEF IN THE NIGHT

(Continued from page 37)

to have been their former state. A double hook of steel was now produced and quickly attached to the tip of the top joint; then Raffles undid the three buttons of his waistcoat, and lapped round and round his waist he beheld the finest of Manila ropes, with the nearest of foot-loops at regular intervals.

"Is it necessary to go any further?" asked Raffles when he had unwound the rope. "This end is made fast to that end of the hook; the other half of the hook fits over anything that comes its way, and you leave your rod dangling while you swarm up your line. Of course, you must know what you've got to hook on to, but a man who has had a porcelain bath with a shower fixed in his dressing-room is the man for me. There's a most considerate scheme of pipes outside, and one of them had a fixing at just the right height. Of course, I had made a reconnaissance by day in addition to many by night; it would hardly have been worth while constructing my ladder on chance."

"So you made it on purpose?"  
"My dear Bunny," said Raffles, as he wound the hemp girdle round his waist once more, "I never did care for ladder-work, but I always said that if I ever used a ladder it should be the best of its kind ever invented. This one may come in useful again."

"But how long did the whole thing take you?"  
"From mother earth to mother earth? About five minutes, to-night, and one of those was spent in doing another man's work."

"What?" I cried. "You mean to tell me you climbed up and down, in and out, and broke into that cupboard and that big tin box, and wedged up the doors and cleared out with a peer's robes and all the rest of it in five minutes?"

"Of course I don't, and, of course, I didn't!"  
"Then what do you mean, and what did you do?"

"Made two bites at the cherry, Bunny! I had a dress rehearsal in the dead of last night, and it was then I took the swag. Our noble friend was snoring next door all the time, but that, if you like, may stand high among my little achievements; for I not only took all I wanted, but left the whole place exactly as I found it, and shut things after me like a good little boy. That took a good deal longer; to-night I had simply to rag the room a bit, sweep up some studs and links, and leave ample evidence of having boned those rotten robes to-night. That, if you come to think of it, was the quintessential Q.E.F.! I have not only shown these dear Criminologists that I couldn't possibly have done this trick, but that there's some other fellow who could and did, and whom they've been perfect asses to confuse with me."

You may figure me as gazing on Raffles all this time in mute and rapt amazement. But I had long been past that pitch. If he had told me now that he had broken into the Bank of England, or the Tower, I should not have disbelieved him for a moment. I was prepared to go home with him to the Albany and find the Regalia in his hat-box. And I took down my overcoat as he put on his. But Raffles would not hear of my accompanying him that night.

"No, my dear Bunny, I am short of sleep and fed up with excitement. You mayn't believe it—you may look upon me as a plaster devil—but those five minutes you wot of were rather too crowded even for my taste! The dinner was at a quarter to eight, for eight, and I don't mind telling you now that I counted on twice as long as I had. But no one came early, and our host wasn't down before twelve minutes to. I didn't want to be the last to arrive. As a matter of fact, I was the first, and in the drawing-room five minutes before the hour. But it was a quicker thing than I care about, when all is said."

And his last word on the matter, as he nodded and went his way, may well be mine; for one need be no criminologist, much less a member of the Criminologists' Club, to remember what Raffles did with the robes and coronet of the Right Hon. the Earl of Thornaby, K.G. He did with them exactly what he might have been expected to do by the gentleman with whom we had gathered, and he did it in a manner so characteristic of himself as surely to remove from their minds the last aura of the idea that he and himself were the same person. Carter Paterson was out of the question, and any labeling or addressing to be deprecated on obvious grounds. But Raffles stabled the whited elephants in the cloak-room at Charing Cross—and sent Lord Thornaby the ticket.

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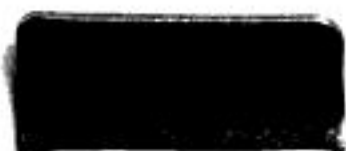
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